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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME XXXIX.—NUMBER 231

JANUARY, 1877

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
THE AMERICAN. XVII., XVIII. <i>Henry James, Jr.</i>	1	Eliot's Admirers Classified. — "The Nerves and the Soul." — My Intimate Enemy. — A New Standard for Prices of Books. — The Alkëstis of Euripides. — A New Verb. — Miss Dickinson's Failure. — Women and Arithmetic. — "A Paper without a Party."	
THE HERONS OF ELMWOOD. <i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>	18	MATIN SONG. Words by <i>Bayard Taylor</i> . Music by <i>John K. Paine</i>	110
FROM PONKAPOG TO PESTH. A Slight Glance at certain Manners and Customs. <i>Thomas Bailey Aldrich</i>	19	RECENT LITERATURE	112
JANUARY. <i>H. H.</i>	30	Warner's In the Levant. — Bryant's Poems. — Holland's The Mistress of the Manse. — Longfellow's The Skeleton in Armor. — Doré's Illustrations of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. — Unger's Etchings after the Old Masters. — Janet et ses Amis. — Gems of the Dresden Gallery; Gems of the Gray Collection; Gallery of Great Artists; The Tidan Gallery. — Clark's The Arabs and the Turks. — Hamerton's Round my House. — Loring's The Farm-Yard Club of Jotham. — Landon's Imaginary Conversations. — French and German: Sainte-Beuve's Chroniques Parisiennes. — Scherer's Études Critiques de Littérature. — Bernays's Der junge Goethe. — Knortz's Amerikanische Skizzen. — Les Cahiers de Sainte-Beuve.	
THE BLACKBIRDS. Comedietta. <i>J. B. Greenough</i>	31	MUSIC	122
LEFT OUT. <i>George Parsons Lathrop</i>	43	Mlle. Anna de Belocca. — Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association and Theodore Thomas's Orchestra.	
BIRTHDAY VERSES. <i>James Russell Lowell</i>	60	EDUCATION	123
WEIMAR IN JUNE. <i>Bayard Taylor</i>	61	The Study of Greek in Harvard College: Defects of the Present System.	
SISTER BEATRICE. <i>Edmund C. Stedman</i>	69		
OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP. XVIII. <i>Frances Anne Kemble</i>	73		
SOME NEW BOOKS OF POETRY. <i>W. D. H.</i>	87		
CHARACTERISTICS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FAIR. VI. Closing Days	94		
THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB	100		
Story's Busts of Shelley and Keats. — Yankee Doodle at the Centennial. — Morris's Treatment of Mediævalism contrasted with Tennyson's. — Bret Harte and the Critics. — The Motive of Daniel Deronda. — Art in Literature. — Æsthetic Advertising. — George			

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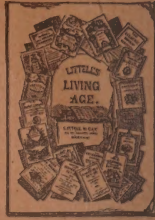
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 *The Prospectus of the Atlantic for 1877 will be found on the next page.*

The Atlantic Monthly

FOR 1877.

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The Publishers have the pleasure of announcing the following attractive features of the ATLANTIC for the ensuing year:—

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Will contribute an unusual number of Poems, and JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, JOHN G. WHITTIER, and OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES will also furnish Poems, and will continue their connection with the magazine, to which, ever since its establishment in 1857, they have been honored contributors. Poetry may also be expected from E. C. STEDMAN, T. B. ALDRICH, and other well-known ATLANTIC poets.

W. D. HOWELLS

Will publish Two Stories in dramatic form, of three numbers each, a novel feature in magazine literature. Mr. HOWELLS will also furnish some charming essays on New England Country Life.

MRS. KEMBLE'S

Chapters of "Old Woman's Gossip" will extend through a considerable portion of the year, and will continue to furnish those delightful pictures of places and people which have given them so wide a popularity.

T. B. ALDRICH

Will contribute a bright story in three parts, following Mr. JAMES's admirable serial, "The American," which will be concluded in an early number.

MARK TWAIN

Will be a frequent contributor to the ATLANTIC during the year.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.,

Has promised a series of papers on Colonial History; Hon. CHARLES HALE will describe Egyptian Life as he observed it during his residence there as Consul General.

ESSAYS ON AMERICAN AUTHORS

Will appear from the pen of Mr. G. P. Lathrop, author of "A Study of Hawthorne."

A VALUABLE SERIES OF PAPERS

On various professions and employments will be furnished by distinguished writers. These will follow somewhat the plan of JOHN FISKE's interesting article on "A Librarian's Work" in the October ATLANTIC, and will describe the *Work of a School Superintendent, a New England Farmer, a Western Farmer, a Managing Editor, a Congressman, a Cotton Manufacturer, a Pennsylvania Iron Master, etc., etc.*

In addition to the stories in dramatic form by Mr. HOWELLS, several

DRAMATIC FANTASIES AND EXTRAVAGANZAS

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The Atlantic for January, 1877,

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The Atlantic Index.

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I. A List of all the Contributions with Names of Contributors annexed.

The custom of signing contributors' names to the articles in the body of the magazine is a recent one, and the first nine volumes appeared, not only without the names of contributors attached to the articles, but without these names in the yearly index accompanying the volumes. It has been a long and difficult task to discover the authorship of many of the articles then published, but the list is now nearly perfect, and the friends of the ATLANTIC will be interested and in some cases surprised at the association of contributions and contributors.

From the outset, the editorial departments of the magazine have been a very important part of the contents, but hitherto the articles there have been strictly anonymous. The plan has now been followed of giving the authorship of a large proportion of the *Anonymous Contributions* to these departments of criticism and opinion.

II. A List of the Contributors, with the Contributions of each.

The contributors to the ATLANTIC represent the foremost names in American literature during the past twenty years. While their names are in the first list, placed against their contributions, a second list has been made for the convenience and interest of readers, in which each contributor's name is followed by the titles of his or her contributions, whether in the body of the magazine, or in the editorial departments. As these contributions will be arranged in the order of their appearance in the magazine, one may see at a glance just what each writer has contributed, and in what succession.

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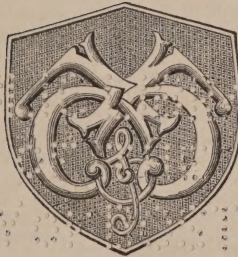
168

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
American, The, VIII., IX., X., XI., XII.	Henry James, Jr. 1, 161, 295, 412, 530
Animal Nature, Studies of	Bayard Taylor 135
Blackbirds, The	J. B. Greenough 31
British Officer in Boston in 1775, A, I., II.	889, 544
Characteristics of the International Fair, VI.	94
Christmas Eve in a Sicilian Abbey	Luigi Monti 143
Croombe	George Parsons Lathrop 595
Crude and Curious Inventions at the Centennial Exhibition, I., II.	Edward H. Knight 517, 645
Dickens's American Notes	Edwin P. Whipple 462
Dickens's Hard Times	Edwin P. Whipple 353
Farmer, Life and Work of the Eastern	George E. Waring, Jr. 584
Fitzgerald's Translations, Mr. Edward	Thomas Sergeant Perry 730
Fitz-Greene Halleck	George Parsons Lathrop 717
From Ponkapog to Pesth	Thomas Bailey Aldrich -19
Left Out	George Parsons Lathrop 43
Maypole of Merrymount, The, I., II.	Charles Francis Adams, Jr. 557, 686
Mechanical Dictionary, A	475
New Books of Poetry, Some	W. D. Howells 87
Newspaper Literary Criticism	E. S. Nadal 312
Old English Guilds and Trade Unions	J. H. A. Bone 278
Old Woman's Gossip, XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI.	Frances Anne Kemble 73, 209, 342, 432
On Sand Island	Sarah J. Pritchard 569
Our Last Year in the Backwoods of Canada	H. B. K. 287
Out of the Question. Comedy. I., II., III.	W. D. Howells 195, 317, 447
Races of the Danube, The	John Fiske 401
Rodman the Keeper	Constance Fenimore Woolson 261
South Carolina, The Political Condition of	A South Carolinian 177
South Carolina Morals	A South Carolinian 467
South Carolina Society	A South Carolinian 670
Teneriffe	S. G. W. Benjamin 330
Wagner Music-Drama, The	Henry T. Finck 603
Wa-ha-toy-a; or, Before the Graders	H. H. 662
Ward of the Three Guardians, The	A. G. Brown, Jr. 697
Weimar in June	Bayard Taylor 61

POETRY AND MUSIC.

Apart, H. H.	277	Hymn of the Dunkers, John G. Whittier	529
April, H. H.	467	January, H. H.	30
Ballad of the French Fleet, Henry W. Longfellow	446	Last Word, A, A. R. Grote	329
Birthday Verses, James Russell Lowell	60	Matin Song, Bayard Taylor. Music by J. K. Paine	110
Castles in Spain, Henry W. Longfellow	601	News from Olympia, Edmund C. Stedman	159
Creole Lover's Song, Edmund C. Stedman. Music by Dudley Buck	492	Old Grave, The	194
Dream, A, W. W. Story. Music by F. Boott	750	Old Mirror, The, Edgar Fawcett	142
Dutch Picture, A, Henry W. Longfellow	176	Peach-Blossom, Bayard Taylor	668
Dying Rose to the Nightingale, The, Alice Williams Brotherton	411	Prodigal, The, Charles H. Noyes	311
First Fan, The, Oliver Wendell Holmes	659	Rosary of Sonnets, A, Henry W. Longfellow	293
Girolamo detto il Fiorentino, W. W. Story	554	Rose Daniels, Marian Douglas	684
Happier Gift, The, Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt	482	Seeking the May-Flower, Edmund C. Stedman	582
Heron's of Elmwood, The, Henry W. Longfellow	18	Sister Beatrice, Edmund C. Stedman	69
House below the Hill, The, Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt	223	Spring Miracles, Elizabeth Akers Allen	568
How not to settle it, Oliver Wendell Holmes	257	Sunset Song, Celia Thaxter. Music by Julius Eichberg	236
		Witch of Wenham Lake, The, John G. Whittier	129
		Wratlaw, R. H. Stoddard	426

EDITORIAL.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB. Absence of Artistic Standards, 220; Advantages of Washington for a Literary Life, 612; Advantages to Fiction of the Duelistic Revival, 616; Æsthetic Advertising, 104; Æsthetic Vagabonds, 747; Alkæstis of Euripides, The, 107; Art in Literature, 104; Artists and Art Criticism, 486; Au-

- tobiographic Form in Novel Writing, The, 227; Balzac's Correspondence, 367; Beaconsfield's (Lord) Vagaries, 235; Book Epidemics, 233; Books with a Following, 362; Boston Tendency in Art, The, 617; Bret Harte and the Critics, 103; Calamitous Increase of Books, 483; Contingent Courage, 360; Corrupting Influences of the Postal Card, 487; Culture, 622; Decorations of Trinity Church, The, 231; Deronda Professorship, The, 489; Dickinson's (Miss) Failure, 108; Dramatic Form in Fiction, 486; Elongated Classics, 225; Endless and Evanescent, 621; Extremists, Two Kinds of, 364; Farm-Villages, 748; Fawcett's (Mr. Edgar) Poetry, 231; Franklin Clock, A, 489; George Eliot's Admirers Classified, 105; George Eliot's Proper Field, 235; Gilbert's (Mr. W. S.) Plays, 232; Gould's (Mrs.) Home for Waifs in Rome, 366; Greek, The Study of, 234; Hardships of the Novelist "of the Day," 620; Harmonious Tints of Insects and Vegetation, 618; Harold in Drama, 489; Hawthorne's Chemistry, 743; Homicidal Excesses of Authors in Fiction, 485; Inconstancy of Heroines, 618; Janauschek (Mme.) in Bleak House, 234; Kingsley, Charles, 365; Lectures, A New Sort of, 488; Literary Conscience, A Lack of, 233; Longfellow's Sonnet on Eliot's Oak, 623; Lost R's, The, 745; Massachusetts Version of Eliot's Oak, A Criticism of the, 749; Moral Difference between Men and Women, A, 233; Morris's and Surrey's Virgil, 621; Morris's and Tennyson's Mediævalism, 102; Motive of Daniel Deronda, The, 104; Mr. James's Method in Fiction, 741; My Intimate Enemy, 106; Nerves and the Soul, The, 106; New Face on a Familiar Fact, A, 234; New Standard of Prices for Books, A, 107; New Verb, A, 108; New York Society in American Fiction, 364; Novelist's Attitude, The, 746; Ourselves as a Lively Gaul beheld us, 745; Overrated Book, An, 738; Paper without a Party, A, 109; Paradoxers, 490; Pepino, 363; Physical Force in Ethics, 487; Pianists as Advertising Agents, 229; Poet who merits Remembrance, A, 619; Prices of Books, 488; "Purely Oriental Thought," 366; Real Character in Daniel Deronda, The, 366; Realism in Literature, Last Excesses of, 610; Removal of Duties on Imported Books, 359; Scarlet Letter on the Stage, The, 363; Story's Busts of Shelley and Keats, 100; Triteness of Situations in Fiction, 744; Turgenev's Greatness, Doubts of, 613; Types not "aesthetically attractive," 368; Unconscious Humorists, 233; Wagner's and Gérôme's Chariot Races, 483; Wandering G's, The, 619; What if I were called on to speak after Dinner, 620; Why Authors should Sketch, 742; Women and Arithmetic, 108; Yankee Accent on English Tongues, A, 485; Yankee Doodle at the Centennial, 102; Yankee Talk, Some, 615.
- RECENT LITERATURE.** Adams's (J. Q.) Memoirs, 239; American Architect and Building News, 376; Auerbach's Nach Dreissig Jahren, 506; Balzac, Correspondance de, 637; Bancroft's History of the United States, 380; Barrett's Carlyle Anthology, 380; Bernays's Der junge Goethe, 121; Birks's Modern Physical Fatalism, 634; Boyesen's Tales from Two Hemispheres, 244; Bret Harte's Thankful Blossom, 500; Bryant's Poems, 113; Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall), 753; Cahiers de Sainte-Beuve, Les, 121; Chadwick's Book of Poems, 376; Charles Kingsley: his Letters and Memories of his Life, 752; Chotteau's Les Français en Amérique, 382; Clark's The Arabs and the Turks, 117; Coin du Monde, Un, 381; Courrière's Histoire de la Littérature Contemporaine en Russie, 249; Curtis's Dottings Round the Circle, 630; Dennis's Studies in English Literature, 504; D'Haussonville's Sainte-Beuve, 250; Dodge's Plains of the Great West and their Inhabitants, 756; Doré's Illustrations of the Ancient Mariner, 114; Etting's Hall of Independence, 244; Field's From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn, 379; Fisher's Californians, 371; Fromentin's Les Maîtres d'Autrefois, 381; Gems of the Dresden Gallery, etc., 116; George Sand's Impressions and Reminiscences, 628; Gobineau's Nouvelles Asiatiques, 760; Great Match, The, 501; Hale's Philip Nolan's Friends, 370; Hamerton's Round my House, 118; Hamerton's Wanderholme, 632; Harriet Martineau's Autobiography, 624; Holland's Mistress of the Manse, 113; Hutton's Essays, 246; Is That All, 500; Janet et ses Amis, 116; Jericho Road, The, 373; Jewett's (Miss) Deephaven, 759; Knortz's Amerikanische Skizzen, 121; Kismet, 500; Landor's Imaginary Conversations, 119; Leighton's Sons of Godwin, 498; Lettres Intimes de Henri IV., 247; Levallois's Corneille Inconnu, 382; Librairie de l'Art, 377; Longfellow's Poems of Places, 375; Longfellow's Skeleton in Armor, 114; Loring's Farmyard Club of Jotham, 119; Mahaffy's Rambles and Studies in Ancient Greece, 634; Mayer's Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 629; Mercy Philbrick's Choice, 243; Merriam's Living Faith, 378; Molinari's Lettres sur les États-Unis et le Canada, 508; Morris's Story of Sigurd, etc., 501; Œuvres de Philartète Chasles, 508; Owen's (Miss) Art Schools of Mediæval Christendom, 378; Preston's (Miss) Troubadours and Trouvères, 369; Sainte-Beuve's Chroniques Parisiennes, 119; Scherer's Études Critiques, 120; Schmidt's Richardson, etc., 248; Schuyler's Turkistan, 759; Sprague and Goodale's Wild Flowers of America, 245; Student Life at Harvard, 378; Tennyson's Harold, 242; Thacher's (Miss) Seashore and Prairie, 246; The Earl of Albemarle's Fifty Years of my Life, 379; Three Memorial Poems, 374; Topin's Romanciers Contemporains, 248; Unger's Etchings, 115; Van Laun's French Literature, 504; Viking Tales of the North, 498; Von Holst's Constitutional History of the United States, 630; Wallace's Geographical Distribution of Animals, 371; Wallace's Russia, 757; Warner's In the Levant, 112; Warner's (Misses) The Gold of Chickaree, 370; Weiss's Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare, 242; Witte's Dante's Vita Nuova, 506; Zola's L'Assomoir, 761.
- MUSIC.** Belocca, 122; Christmas Performance of Händel's Messiah, 385; Essipoff's Concerts, 253; First Concert at Saunders Theatre, 252; Harvard and Thomas Concerts, 122; New Songs, 386; Stainer and Barrett's Dictionary of Musical Terms, 254; Thallon's Boat of my Lover, 256; Unwarrantable Liberties of Performers, 513.
- ART.** Cleaning Paintings, A Simple Method of, 252; Duveneck's Turkish Page, 641; Garrett's Suggestions for House Decoration, 642; Hunt's Pictures, Exhibition of, 251; Loftie's Plea for Art in the House, 642; The Recent Exhibitions of Paintings by Mr. W. A. Gay, Mr. Hamilton Wilde, and Mr. W. E. Norton, 764; Three New England Interiors, 512; Turner's Slave Ship, 510.
- EDUCATION.** A New Laboratory for Women in Boston, 767; Greek in Harvard: Letter from Professor Davidson, 386; Greek in Harvard, Study of, 123; Professor Davidson and Greek in Harvard: Letter from Mr. Edmund Quincy, 644.

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THE AMERICAN.

XVII.

NEWMAN was fond of music and went often to the opera. A couple of evenings after Madame de Bellegarde's ball he sat listening to Don Giovanni, having in honor of this work, which he had never yet seen represented, come to occupy his orchestra-chair before the rising of the curtain. Frequently he took a large box and invited a party of his compatriots; this was a mode of recreation to which he was much addicted. He liked making up parties of his friends and conducting them to the theatre, and taking them to drive on high drags or to dine at remote restaurants. He liked doing things which involved his paying for people; the vulgar truth is that he enjoyed "treating" them. This was not because he was what is called purse-proud; handling money in public was on the contrary positively disagreeable to him; he had a sort of personal modesty about it, akin to what he would have felt about making a toilet before spectators. But just as it was a gratification to him to be handsomely dressed, just so it was a private satisfaction to him (he enjoyed it very clandestinely) to have interposed, pecuniarily, in a scheme of pleasure. To set a large group of people in motion and transport them to a distance, to have special con-

veyances, to charter railway-carriages and steamboats, harmonized with his relish for bold processes, and made hospitality seem more active and more to the purpose. A few evenings before the occasion of which I speak he had invited several ladies and gentlemen to the opera to listen to Madame Alboni—a party which included Miss Dora Finch. It befell, however, that Miss Dora Finch, sitting near Newman in the box, conversed brilliantly, not only during the *entr'actes*, but during many of the finest portions of the performance, so that Newman had really come away with an irritated sense that Madame Alboni had a thin, shrill voice, and that her musical phrase was much garnished with a laugh of the giggling order. After this he promised himself to go for a while to the opera alone.

When the curtain had fallen upon the first act of Don Giovanni he turned round in his place to observe the house. Presently, in one of the boxes, he perceived Urbain de Bellegarde and his wife. The little marquise was sweeping the house very busily with a glass, and Newman, supposing that she saw him, determined to go and bid her good evening. M. de Bellegarde was leaning against a column, motionless, looking straight in front of him, with one hand in the breast of his white waistcoat and

the other resting his hat on his thigh. Newman was about to leave his place when he noticed in that obscure region devoted to the small boxes which in France are called, not inaptly, "bathing-tubs," a face which even the dim light and the distance could not make wholly indistinct. It was the face of a young and pretty woman, and it was surmounted with a coiffure of pink roses and diamonds. This person was looking round the house, and her fan was moving to and fro with the most practiced grace; when she lowered it, Newman perceived a pair of plump white shoulders and the edge of a rose-colored dress. Beside her, very close to the shoulders, and talking, apparently with an earnestness which it pleased her scantily to heed, sat a young man with a red face and a very low shirt-collar. A moment's gazing left Newman with no doubts; the pretty young woman was Noémie Nioche. He looked hard into the depths of the box, thinking her father might perhaps be in attendance, but from what he could see the young man's eloquence had no other auditor. Newman at last made his way out, and in doing so he passed beneath the *baignoire* of Mademoiselle Noémie. She saw him as he approached and gave him a nod and smile which seemed meant as an assurance that she was still a good-natured girl, in spite of her enviable rise in the world. Newman passed into the *foyer* and walked through it. Suddenly he paused in front of a gentleman seated on one of the divans. The gentleman's elbows were on his knees; he was leaning forward and staring at the pavement, lost apparently in meditations of a somewhat heavy cast. But in spite of his bent head Newman recognized him, and in a moment sat down beside him. Then the gentleman looked up and displayed the expressive countenance of Valentin de Bellegarde.

"What in the world are you thinking of so hard?" asked Newman.

"A subject that requires hard thinking to do it justice," said Valentin.

"My immeasurable idiocy."

"What is the matter now?"

"The matter now is that I am a man again, and no more a fool than usual. But I came within an inch of taking that girl *au sérieux*."

"You mean the young lady below stairs, in a baignoire, in a pink dress?" said Newman.

"Did you notice what a brilliant kind of pink it was?" Valentin inquired, by way of answer. "It makes her look as white as new milk."

"White or black, as you please. But you have stopped going to see her?"

"Oh, bless you, no. Why should I stop? I have changed, but she has n't," said Valentin. "I see she is a vulgar little wretch, after all. But she is as amusing as ever, and one *must* be amused."

"Well, I am glad she strikes you so unpleasantly," Newman rejoined. "I suppose you have swallowed all those fine words you used about her the other night. You compared her to a sapphire, or a topaz, or an amethyst—some precious stone; what was it?"

"I don't remember," said Valentin, "it may have been to a sardonx! But she won't make a fool of me now. She has no real charm. It's an awfully low thing to make a mistake about a creature of that sort."

"I congratulate you," Newman declared, "upon the scales having fallen from your eyes. It's a great triumph; it ought to make you feel better."

"Yes, it makes me feel better!" said Valentin, gayly. And then, checking himself, he looked askance at Newman. "I rather think you are laughing at me. If you were not one of the family I would take it up."

"Oh, no, I'm not laughing, any more than I am one of the family. You make me feel badly. You are too clever a fellow, you are made of too good stuff, to spend your time in ups and downs over that class of goods. The idea of splitting hairs about Miss Nioche! It seems to me awfully foolish. You say you have given up taking her seriously; but you take her seriously so long as you take her at all."

Valentin turned round in his place and looked a while at Newman, wrink-

ling his forehead and rubbing his knees. "Vous parlez d'or. But she has wonderfully pretty arms. Would you believe I did n't know it till this evening?"

"But she is a vulgar little wretch, remember, all the same," said Newman.

"Yes; the other day she had the bad taste to begin to abuse her father, to his face, in my presence. I should n't have expected it of her; it was a disappointment; heigho!"

"Why, she cares no more for her father than for her door-mat," said Newman. "I discovered that the first time I saw her."

"Oh, that's another affair; she may think of the poor old beggar what she pleases. But it was low in her to call him bad names; it quite threw me off. It was about a frilled petticoat that he was to have fetched from the washer-woman's; he appeared to have neglected this graceful duty. She almost boxed his ears. He stood there staring at her with his little white eyes, and smoothing his old hat with his coat-tail. At last he turned round and went out without a word. Then I told her it was in very bad taste to speak so to one's papa. She said she should be so thankful to me if I would mention it to her whenever her bad taste was at fault; she had immense confidence in mine. I told her I could n't have the bother of forming her manners; I had had an idea they were already formed, after the best models. She had disappointed me. But I shall get over it," said Valentin, gayly.

"Oh, time's a great consoler!" Newman answered with humorous sobriety. He was silent a moment, and then he added, in another tone, "I wish you would think of what I said to you the other day. Come over to America with us, and I will put you in the way of doing some business. You have got a very good head, if you will only use it."

Valentin made a genial grimace. "My head is much obliged to you. Do you mean the place in a bank?"

"There are several places, but I suppose you would consider the bank the most aristocratic."

Valentin burst into a laugh. "My

dear fellow, at night all cats are gray! When one derogates there are no degrees."

Newman answered nothing for a minute. Then, "I think you will find there are degrees in success," he said with a certain dryness.

Valentin had leaned forward again, with his elbows on his knees, and he was scratching the pavement with his stick. At last he said, looking up, "Do you really think I ought to do something?"

Newman laid his hand on his companion's arm and looked at him a moment through sagaciously narrowed eyelids. "Try it and see. You are not good enough for it, but we will stretch a point."

"Do you really think I can make some money? I should like to see how it feels to have a little."

"Do what I tell you, and you shall be rich," said Newman. "Think of it." And he looked at his watch and prepared to resume his way to Madame de Bellegarde's box.

"Upon my word I will think of it," said Valentin. "I will go and listen to Mozart another half-hour, — I can always think better to music, — and profoundly meditate upon it."

The marquis was with his wife when Newman entered their box; he was bland, remote, and correct as usual; or, as it seemed to Newman, even more than usual.

"What do you think of the opera?" asked our hero. "What do you think of the Don?"

"We all know what Mozart is," said the marquis; "our impression don't date from this evening. Mozart is youth, freshness, brilliancy, facility, — a little too great facility, perhaps. But the execution is here and there deplorably rough."

"I am very curious to see how it ends," said Newman.

"You speak as if it were a *feuilleton* in the Figaro," observed the marquis. "You have surely seen the opera before?"

"Never," said Newman. "I am sure

I should have remembered it. Donna Elvira reminds me of Madame de Cintré; I don't mean in her circumstances, but in the music she sings."

"It is a very nice distinction," laughed the marquis lightly. "There is no great possibility, I imagine, of Madame de Cintré being forsaken."

"Not much!" said Newman. "But what becomes of the Don?"

"The devil comes down—or comes up," said Madame de Bellegarde, "and carries him off. I suppose Zerlina reminds you of me."

"I will go to the foyer for a few moments," said the marquis, "and give you a chance to say that the commander—the man of stone—resembles me." And he passed out of the box.

The little marquise stared an instant at the velvet ledge of the balcony, and then murmured, "Not a man of stone, a man of wood." Newman had taken her husband's empty chair. She made no protest, and then she turned suddenly and laid her closed fan upon his arm. "I am very glad you came in," she said. "I want to ask you a favor. I wanted to do so on Thursday, at my mother-in-law's ball, but you would give me no chance. You were in such very good spirits that I thought you might grant my little favor then; not that you look particularly doleful now. It is something you must promise me; now is the time to take you; after you are married you will be good for nothing. Come, promise!"

"I never sign a paper without reading it first," said Newman. "Show me your document."

"No, you must sign with your eyes shut; I will hold your hand. Come, before you put your head into the noose. You ought to be thankful to me for giving you a chance to do something amusing."

"If it is so amusing," said Newman, "it will be in even better season after I am married."

"In other words," cried Madame de Bellegarde, "you will not do it at all. You will be afraid of your wife."

"Oh, if the thing is intrinsically im-

proper," said Newman, "I won't go into it. If it is not, I will do it after my marriage."

"You talk like a treatise on logic, and English logic into the bargain!" exclaimed Madame de Bellegarde. "Promise, then, after you are married. After all, I shall enjoy keeping you to it."

"Well, then, after I am married," said Newman serenely.

The little marquise hesitated a moment, looking at him, and he wondered what was coming. "I suppose you know what my life is," she presently said. "I have no pleasure, I see nothing, I do nothing. I live in Paris as I might live at Angoulême. My mother-in-law calls me—what is the pretty word?—a gad-about? accuses me of going to unheard-of places, and thinks it ought to be joy enough for me to sit at home and count over my ancestors on my fingers. But why should I bother about my ancestors? I am sure they never bothered about me. I don't propose to live with a green shade on my eyes; I hold that things were made to look at. My husband, you know, has principles, and the first on the list is that the Tuileries are dreadfully vulgar. If the Tuileries are vulgar, his principles are tiresome. If I chose I might have principles quite as well as he. If they grew on one's family tree I should only have to give mine a shake to bring down a shower of the finest. At any rate, I prefer clever Bonapartes to stupid Bourbons."

"Oh, I see; you want to go to court," said Newman, vaguely conjecturing that she might wish him to appeal to the United States legation to smooth her way to the imperial halls.

The marquise gave a little sharp laugh. "You are a thousand miles away. I will take care of the Tuileries myself; the day I decide to go they will be very glad to have me. Sooner or later I shall dance in an imperial quadrille. I know what you are going to say: 'How will you dare?' But I *shall* dare. I am afraid of my husband; he is soft, smooth, irreproachable, everything that you know; but I am afraid of

him — horribly afraid of him. And yet I shall arrive at the Tuileries. But that will not be this winter, nor perhaps next, and meantime I must live. For the moment, I want to go somewhere else; it's my dream. I want to go to the Bal Bullier."

"To the Bal Bullier?" repeated Newman, for whom the words at first meant nothing.

"The ball in the Latin Quarter, where the students dance with their friends. Don't tell me you have not heard of it."

"Oh yes," said Newman; "I have heard of it; I remember now. I have even been there. And you want to go there?"

"It is silly, it is low, it is anything you please. But I want to go. Some of my friends have been, and they say it is awfully *drôle*. My friends go everywhere; it is only I who sit moping at home."

"It seems to me you are not at home now," said Newman, "and I should n't exactly say you were moping."

"I am bored to death. I have been to the opera twice a week for the last eight years. Whenever I ask for anything my mouth is stopped with that: Pray, madame, have n't you an opera box? Could a woman of taste want more? In the first place, my opera box was down in my *contrat*; they have to give it to me. To-night, for instance, I should have preferred a thousand times to go to the Palais Royal. But my husband won't go to the Palais Royal because the ladies of the court go there so much. You may imagine, then, whether he would take me to Bullier's; he says it is a mere imitation — and a bad one — of what they do at the Princess Kleinfuss's. But as I don't go to the Princess Kleinfuss's, the next best thing is to go to Bullier's. It is my dream, at any rate, it's a fixed idea. All I ask of you is to give me your arm; you are less compromising than any one else. I don't know why, but you are. I can arrange it. I shall risk something, but that is my own affair. Besides, fortune favors the bold. Don't refuse me; it is my dream!"

Newman gave a loud laugh. It seemed to him hardly worth while to be the wife of the Marquis de Bellegarde, a daughter of the crusaders, heiress of six centuries of glories and traditions, to have centred one's aspirations upon the sight of a couple of hundred young ladies kicking off young men's hats. It struck him as a theme for the moralist; but he had no time to moralize upon it. The curtain rose again; M. de Bellegarde returned, and Newman went back to his seat.

He observed that Valentin de Bellegarde had taken his place in the baignoire of Mademoiselle Nioche, behind this young lady and her companion, where he was visible only if one carefully looked for him. In the next act Newman met him in the lobby and asked him if he had reflected upon possible emigration. "If you really meant to meditate," he said, "you might have chosen a better place for it."

"Oh, the place was not bad," said Valentin. "I was not thinking of that girl. I listened to the music, and, without thinking of the play or looking at the stage, I turned over your proposal. At first it seemed quite fantastic. And then a certain fiddle in the orchestra — I could distinguish it — began to say as it scraped away, 'Why not, why not?' And then, in that rapid movement, all the fiddles took it up and the conductor's stick seemed to beat it in the air: 'Why not, why not?' I'm sure I can't say! I don't see why not. I don't see why I should n't do something. It appears to me really a very bright idea. This sort of thing is certainly very stale. And then I could come back with a trunk full of dollars. Besides, I might possibly find it amusing. They call me a *raffiné*; who knows but that I might discover an unsuspected charm in shop-keeping? It would really have a certain romantic, picturesque side; it would look well in my biography. It would look as if I were a strong man, a first-rate man, a man who dominated circumstances."

"Never mind how it would look," said Newman. "It always looks well to have half a million of dollars. There

is no reason why you shouldn't have them if you will mind what I tell you—I alone—and not talk to other parties." He passed his arm into that of his companion, and the two walked for some time up and down one of the less frequented corridors. Newman's imagination began to glow with the idea of converting his bright, impracticable friend into a first-class man of business. He felt for the moment a sort of spiritual zeal, the zeal of the propagandist. His ardor was in part the result of that general discomfort which the sight of all uninvested capital produced in him; so fine an intelligence as Bellegarde's ought to be dedicated to high uses. The highest uses known to Newman's experience were certain transcendent sagacities in the handling of railway stock. And then his zeal was quickened by his personal kindness for Valentin; he had a sort of pity for him which he was well aware he never could have made the Comte de Bellegarde understand. He never lost a sense of its being pitiable that Valentin should think it a large life to revolve in varnished boots between the Rue d'Anjou and the Rue de l'Université, taking the Boulevard des Italiens on the way, when over there in America one's promenade was a continent, and one's Boulevard stretched from New York to San Francisco. It mortified him, moreover, to think that Valentin lacked money; there was a painful grotesqueness in it. It affected him as the ignorance of a companion, otherwise without reproach, touching some rudimentary branch of learning would have done. There were things that one knew about as a matter of course, he would have said in such a case. Just so, if one pretended to be easy in the world, one had money as a matter of course; one had made it. There was something almost ridiculously anomalous to Newman in the sight of lively pretensions unaccompanied by large investments in railroads; though I may add that he would not have maintained that such investments were in themselves a proper ground for pretensions. "I will make you do something," he said to Valentin,

"I will put you through. I know half a dozen things in which we can make a place for you. You will see some lively work. It will take you a little while to get used to the life, but you will work in before long, and at the end of six months—after you have done a thing or two on your own account—you will like it. And then it will be very pleasant for you, having your sister over there. It will be pleasant for her to have you, too. Yes, Valentin," continued Newman, pressing his friend's arm genially, "I think I see just the opening for you. Keep quiet and I'll push you right in."

Newman pursued this favoring strain for some time longer. The two men strolled about for a quarter of an hour. Valentin listened and questioned, many of his questions making Newman laugh loud at the *naïveté* of his ignorance of the vulgar processes of money-getting; smiling himself, too, half ironical and half curious. And yet he was serious; he was fascinated by Newman's plain prose version of the legend of El Dorado. It is true, however, that though to accept an "opening" in an American mercantile house might be a bold, original, and in its consequences extremely agreeable thing to do, he did not quite see himself objectively doing it. So that when the bell rang to indicate the close of the *entr'acte*, there was a certain mock-heroism in his saying, with his brilliant smile, "Well, then, put me through; push me in! I make myself over to you. Dip me into the pot and turn me into gold."

They had passed into the corridor which encircled the row of baignoires, and Valentin stopped in front of the dusky little box in which Mademoiselle Nioche had bestowed herself, laying his hand on the door-knob. "Oh, come, are you going back there?" asked Newman.

"Mon Dieu, oui," said Valentin.

"Have n't you another place?"

"Yes, I have my usual place, in the stalls."

"You had better go and occupy it, then."

"I see her very well from there, too," added Valentin, serenely; "and to-night she is worth seeing. But," he added in a moment, "I have a particular reason for going back just now."

"Oh, I give you up," said Newman. "You are infatuated!"

"No, it is only this. There is a young man in the box whom I shall annoy by going in, and I want to annoy him."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Newman. "Can't you leave the poor fellow alone?"

"No, he has given me cause. The box is not his; Noémie came in alone and installed herself. I went and spoke to her, and in a few moments she asked me to go and get her fan from the pocket of her cloak, which the *ouvreuse* had carried off. In my absence this gentleman came in and took the chair beside Noémie in which I had been sitting. My reappearance disgusted him and he had the grossness to show it. He came within an ace of being impertinent. I don't know who he is; he is some vulgar wretch. I can't think where she picks up such acquaintances. He has been drinking, too, but he knows what he is about. Just now, in the second act, he was unmannerly again. I shall put in another appearance for ten minutes—time enough to give him an opportunity to commit himself, if he feels inclined. I really can't let the brute suppose that he is keeping me out of the box."

"My dear fellow," said Newman, remonstrantly, "what child's play! You are not going to pick a quarrel about that girl, I hope."

"That girl has nothing to do with it, and I have no intention of picking a quarrel. I am not a bully nor a fire-eater. I simply wish to make a point that a gentleman must."

"Oh, damn your point!" said Newman. "That is the trouble with you Frenchmen; you must be always making points. Well," he added, "be short. But if you are going in for this kind of thing, we must ship you off to America in advance."

"Very good," Valentin answered, "whenever you please. But if I go to

America I must not let this gentleman suppose that it is to run away from him."

And they separated. At the end of the act Newman observed that Valentin was still in the baignoire. He strolled into the corridor again, expecting to meet him, and when he was within a few yards of Mademoiselle Nioche's box saw his friend pass out, accompanied by the young man who had been seated beside its fair occupant. The two gentlemen walked with some quickness of step to a distant part of the lobby, where Newman further perceived them stop and stand talking. The manner of each was perfectly quiet, but the stranger, who looked flushed, had begun to wipe his face very emphatically with his pocket-handkerchief. By this time Newman was abreast of the baignoire; the door had been left ajar, and he could see a pink dress inside. He immediately went in. Mademoiselle Nioche turned and greeted him with a brilliant smile.

"Ah, you have at last decided to come and see me?" she exclaimed. "You just save your politeness. You find me in a fine moment. Sit down." There was a very becoming little flush in her cheek, and her eye had a noticeable spark. You would have said that she had received some very good news.

"Something has happened here!" said Newman, without sitting down.

"You find me in a very fine moment," she repeated. "Two gentlemen—one of them is M. de Bellegarde, the pleasure of whose acquaintance I owe to you—have just had words about your humble servant. Very big words too. They can't come off without crossing swords. A duel—that will give me a push!" cried Mademoiselle Noémie, clapping her little hands. "C'est ça qui pose une femme!"

"You don't mean to say that Belle-garde is going to fight about *you*!" exclaimed Newman, disgustedly.

"Nothing less!" and she looked at him with a hard little smile. "No, no, you are not *galant*! And if you prevent this affair I shall owe you a grudge—and pay my debt!"

Newman uttered an imprecation which, though brief, — it consisted simply of the interjection "Oh!" followed by a geographical, or more correctly, perhaps, a theological noun in four letters, — had better not be transferred to these pages. He turned his back without more ceremony upon the pink dress and went out of the box. In the corridor he found Valentin and his companion walking towards him. The latter was thrusting a card into his waistcoat pocket. Mademoiselle Noémie's jealous votary was a tall, robust young man with a thick nose, a prominent blue eye, a Germanic physiognomy, and a massive watch-chain. When they reached the box, Valentin with an emphasized bow made way for him to pass in first. Newman touched Valentin's arm as a sign that he wished to speak with him, and Bellegarde answered that he would be with him in an instant. Valentin entered the box after the robust young man, but a couple of minutes afterwards he reappeared, largely smiling.

"She is immensely tickled," he said. "She says we will make her fortune. I don't want to be fatuous, but I think it is very possible."

"So you are going to fight?" said Newman.

"My dear fellow, don't look so mortally disgusted. It was not my own choice. The thing is all arranged."

"I told you so!" groaned Newman.

"I told *him* so," said Valentin, smiling.

"What did he do to you?"

"My good friend, it does n't matter what. He used an expression — I took it up."

"But I insist upon knowing; I can't, as your elder brother, have you rushing into this sort of nonsense."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Valentin. "I have nothing to conceal, but I can't go into particulars now and here."

"We will leave this place, then. You can tell me outside."

"Oh no, I can't leave this place; why should I hurry away? I will go to my orchestra-stall and sit out the opera."

"You will not enjoy it; you will be preoccupied."

Valentin looked at him a moment, colored a little, smiled, and patted him on the arm. "You are delightfully simple! Before an affair a man is quiet. The quietest thing I can do is to go straight to my place."

"Ah," said Newman, "you want her to see you there — you and your quietness. I am not so simple! It is a poor business."

Valentin remained, and the two men, in their respective places, sat out the rest of the performance, which was also enjoyed by Mademoiselle Nioche and her truculent admirer. At the end Newman joined Valentin again, and they went into the street together. Valentin shook his head at his friend's proposal that he should get into Newman's own vehicle, and stopped on the edge of the pavement. "I must go off alone," he said; "I must look up a couple of friends who will take charge of this matter."

"I will take charge of it," Newman declared. "Put it into my hands."

"You are very kind, but that is hardly possible. In the first place, you are, as you said just now, almost my brother; you are about to marry my sister. That alone disqualifies you; it casts doubts on your impartiality. And if it did n't, it would be enough for me that I strongly suspect you of disapproving of the affair. You would try to prevent a meeting."

"Of course I should," said Newman.

"Whoever your friends are, I hope they will do that."

"Unquestionably they will. They will urge that excuses be made, proper excuses. But you would be too good-natured. You won't do."

Newman was silent a moment. He was keenly annoyed, but he saw it was useless to attempt interference. "When is this precious performance to come off?" he asked.

"The sooner the better," said Valentin. "The day after to-morrow, I hope."

"Well," said Newman, "I have certainly a claim to know the facts. I can't consent to shut my eyes to the matter."

"I shall be most happy to tell you the facts," said Valentin. "They are very simple, and it will be quickly done. But now everything depends on my putting my hands on my friends without delay. I will jump into a cab; you had better drive to my room and wait for me there. I will turn up at the end of an hour."

Newman assented protestingly, let his friend go, and then betook himself to the picturesque little apartment in the Rue d'Anjou. It was more than an hour before Valentin returned, but when he did so he was able to announce that he had found one of his desired friends, and that this gentleman had taken upon himself the care of securing an associate. Newman had been sitting without lights by Valentin's faded fire, upon which he had thrown a log; the blaze played over the richly-encumbered little sitting-room and produced fantastic gleams and shadows. He listened in silence to Valentin's account of what had passed between him and the gentleman whose card he had in his pocket—M. Stanislas Kapp, of Strasbourg—after his return to Mademoiselle Nioche's box. This hospitable young lady had espied an acquaintance on the other side of the house, and had expressed her displeasure at his not having the civility to come and pay her a visit. "Oh, let him alone!" M. Stanislas Kapp had hereupon exclaimed. "There are too many people in the box already." And he had fixed his eyes with a demonstrative stare upon M. de Bellegarde. Valentin had promptly retorted that if there were too many people in the box it was easy for M. Kapp to diminish the number. "I shall be most happy to open the door for *you*!" M. Kapp exclaimed. "I shall be delighted to fling you into the pit!" Valentin had answered. "Oh, do make a rumpus and get into the papers!" Miss Noémie had gleefully ejaculated. "M. Kapp, turn him out; or, M. de Bellegarde, pitch him into the pit, into the orchestra—anywhere! I don't care who does which, so long as you make a scene." Valentin answered that they would make no scene, but that the gentleman would be so good as to step into the corridor

with him. In the corridor, after a brief further exchange of words, there had been an exchange of cards. M. Stanislas Kapp was very stiff. He evidently meant to force his offense home.

"The man, no doubt, was insolent," Newman said; "but if you had n't gone back into the box the thing would n't have happened."

"Why, don't you see," Valentin replied, "that the event proves the extreme propriety of my going back into the box? M. Kapp wished to provoke me; he was awaiting his chance. In such a case—that is, when he has been, so to speak, notified—a man must be on hand to receive the provocation. My not returning would simply have been tantamount to my saying to M. Stanislas Kapp, 'Oh, if you are going to be disagreeable'"—

"You must manage it by yourself; damned if I'll help you!" That would have been a thoroughly sensible thing to say. The only attraction for you seems to have been the prospect of M. Kapp's impertinence," Newman went on. "You told me you were not going back for that girl."

"Oh, don't mention that girl any more," murmured Valentin. "She's a bore."

"With all my heart. But if that is the way you feel about her, why could n't you let her alone?"

Valentin shook his head with a fine smile. "I don't think you quite understand, and I don't believe I can make you. She understood the situation; she knew what was in the air; she was watching us."

"A cat may look at a king! What difference does that make?"

"Why, a man can't back down before a woman."

"I don't call her a woman,—she's a polecat!" cried Newman, with an echo of his Western observations.

"Well," Valentin rejoined, "there is no disputing about tastes. It's a matter of feeling; it's measured by one's sense of honor."

"Oh, confound your sense of honor!" cried Newman.

"It is vain talking," said Valentin; "words have passed, and the thing is settled."

Newman turned away, taking his hat. Then pausing with his hand on the door, "What are you going to use?" he asked.

"That is for M. Stanislas Kapp, as the challenged party, to decide. My own choice would be a short, light sword. I handle it well. I'm an indifferent shot."

Newman had put on his hat; he pushed it back, gently scratching his forehead, high up. "I wish it were pistols," he said. "I could show you how to locate a bullet!"

Valentin broke into a laugh. "What is it some English poet says about consistency? It's a flower, or a star, or a jewel. Yours has the beauty of all three!" But he agreed to see Newman again on the morrow, after the details of his meeting with M. Stanislas Kapp should have been arranged.

In the course of the day Newman received three lines from him, saying that it had been decided that he should cross the frontier with his adversary, and that he was to take the night express to Geneva. He should have time, however, to dine with Newman. In the afternoon Newman called upon Madame de Cintré, but his visit was brief. She was as gracious and sympathetic as he had ever found her, but she was sad, and she confessed, on Newman's charging her with her red eyes, that she had been crying. Valentin had been with her a couple of hours before, and his visit had left her with a painful impression. He had laughed and gossiped, he had brought her no bad news, he had only been, in his manner, rather more affectionate than usual. His fraternal tenderness had touched her, and on his departure she had burst into tears. She had felt as if something strange and sad were going to happen; she had tried to reason away the fancy, and the effort had only given her a headache. Newman, of course, was perforce tongue-tied about Valentin's projected duel, and his dramatic talent was not equal to satirizing Madame de Cintré's presentiment as

pointedly as perfect security demanded. Before he went away he asked Madame de Cintré whether Valentin had seen his mother.

"Yes," she said, "but he did n't make her cry."

It was in Newman's own apartment that Valentin dined, having brought his portmanteau, so that he might adjourn directly to the railway. M. Stanislas Kapp had positively declined to make excuses, and he, on his side, obviously, had none to offer. Valentin had found out with whom he was dealing. M. Stanislas Kapp was the son and heir of a rich brewer of Strasbourg, a youth of a sanguineous — and sanguinary — temperament. He was making ducks and drakes of the paternal brewery, and although he passed in a general way for a good fellow, he had already been observed to be quarrelsome after dinner. "Que voulez-vous?" said Valentin. "Brought up on beer, he can't stand champagne." He had chosen pistols. Valentin, at dinner, had an excellent appetite; he made a point, in view of his long journey, of eating more than usual. He took the liberty of suggesting to Newman a slight modification in the composition of a certain fish-sauce; he thought it would be worth mentioning to the cook. But Newman had no thoughts for fish-sauce; he felt thoroughly discontented. As he sat and watched his amiable and clever companion going through his excellent repast with the delicate deliberation of hereditary epicurism, the folly of so charming a fellow traveling off to expose his agreeable young life for the sake of M. Stanislas and Mademoiselle Noémie struck him with intolerable force. He had grown fond of Valentin, he felt now how fond; and his sense of helplessness only increased his irritation.

"Well, this sort of thing may be all very well," he cried at last, "but I declare I don't see it. I can't stop you, perhaps, but at least I can protest. I do protest, violently."

"My dear fellow, don't make a scene," said Valentin. "Scenes in these cases are in very bad taste."

"Your duel itself is a scene," said Newman; "that's all it is! It's a wretched theatrical affair. Why don't you take a band of music with you out-right? It's d—d barbarous and it's d—d corrupt, both."

"Oh, I can't begin, at this time of day, to defend the theory of dueling," said Valentin. "It is our custom, and I think it is a good thing. Quite apart from the goodness of the cause in which a duel may be fought, it has a kind of picturesque charm which in this age of vile prose seems to me greatly to recommend it. It's a remnant of a higher-tempered time; one ought to cling to it. Depended upon it, a duel is never amiss."

"I don't know what you mean by a higher-tempered time," said Newman. "Because your great-grandfather was an ass, is that any reason why you should let our temper take care of itself; it generally seems to me quite high enough; I am not afraid of being too meek. If your great-grandfather were to make himself unpleasant to me, I guess I could fix him, yet."

"My dear friend," said Valentin, smiling, "you can't invent anything that will take the place of satisfaction for an insult. To demand it and to give it are equally excellent arrangements."

"Do you call this sort of thing satisfaction?" Newman asked. "Does it satisfy you to receive a present of the carcass of that coarse fop? does it gratify you to make him a present of yours? If a man hits you, hit him back; if a man libels you, haul him up."

"Haul him up, into court? Oh, that is very nasty!" said Valentin.

"The nastiness is his, — not yours. And for that matter, what you are doing is not particularly nice. You are too good for it. I don't say you are the most useful man in the world, or the cleverest, or the most amiable. But you are too good to go and get your throat cut for a prostitute."

Valentin flushed a little, but he laughed. "I shan't get my throat cut if I can help it. Moreover, one's honor has n't two different measures. It only knows

that it is hurt; it does n't ask when, or how, or where."

"The more fool it is!" said Newman.

Valentin ceased to laugh; he looked grave. "I beg you not to say any more," he said. "If you do I shall almost fancy you don't care about — about" — and he paused.

"About what?"

"About that matter — about honor."

"Fancy what you please," said Newman. "Fancy while you are at it that I care about you — though you are not worth it. But come back without damage," he added in a moment, "and I will forgive you. And then," he continued, as Valentin was going, "I will ship you straight off to America."

"Well," answered Valentin, "if I am to turn over a new page, this may figure as a tail-piece to the old." And then he lit another cigar and departed.

"Blast that girl!" said Newman as the door closed upon Valentin.

XVIII.

Newman went the next morning to see Madame de Cintré, timing his visit so as to arrive after the noonday breakfast. In the court of the *hôtel*, before the portico, stood Madame de Bellegarde's old square carriage. The servant who opened the door answered Newman's inquiry with a slightly embarrassed and hesitating murmur, and at the same moment Mrs. Bread appeared in the background, dim-visaged as usual, and wearing a large black bonnet and shawl.

"What is the matter?" asked Newman. "Is Madame la Comtesse at home, or not?"

Mrs. Bread advanced, fixing her eyes upon him; he observed that she held a sealed letter, very delicately, in her fingers. "The countess has left a message for you, sir; she has left this," said Mrs. Bread, holding out the letter, which Newman took.

"Left it? Is she out? Is she gone away?"

"She is going away, sir; she is leaving town," said Mrs. Bread.

"Leaving town!" exclaimed Newman. "What has happened?"

"It is not for me to say, sir," said Mrs. Bread, with her eyes on the ground. "But I thought it would come."

"What would come, pray?" Newman demanded. He had broken the seal of the letter, but he still questioned. "She is in the house? She is visible?"

"I don't think she expected you this morning," the old waiting-woman replied. "She was to leave immediately."

"Where is she going?"

"To Fleurières."

"To Fleurières? But surely I can see her?"

Mrs. Bread hesitated a moment, and then clasping together her two hands, "I will take you!" she said. And she led the way up-stairs. At the top of the staircase she paused and fixed her dry, sad eyes upon Newman. "Be very easy with her," she said; "she is most unhappy!" Then she went on to Madame de Cintré's apartment; Newman, perplexed and alarmed, followed her rapidly. Mrs. Bread threw open the door, and Newman pushed back the curtain at the farther side of its deep embrasure. In the middle of the room stood Madame de Cintré; her face was pale and she was dressed for traveling. Behind her, before the fire-place, stood Urbain de Bellegarde, looking at his finger-nails; near the marquis sat his mother, buried in an arm-chair, and with her eyes immediately fixing themselves upon Newman. He felt, as soon as he entered the room, that he was in the presence of something evil; he was startled and pained, as he would have been by a threatening cry in the stillness of the night. He walked straight to Madame de Cintré and seized her by the hand.

"What is the matter?" he asked, commandingly; "what is happening?"

Urbain de Bellegarde stared, then left his place and came and leaned upon his mother's chair, behind. Newman's sudden irruption had evidently discomposed both mother and son. Madame de Cintré stood silent, with her eyes resting upon Newman's. She had often looked

at him with all her soul, as it seemed to him; but in this present gaze there was a sort of bottomless depth. She was in distress; it was the most touching thing he had ever seen. His heart rose into his throat, and he was on the point of turning to her companion, with an angry challenge; but she checked him, pressing the hand that held her own.

"Something very grave has happened," she said. "I cannot marry you."

Newman dropped her hand and stood staring, first at her and then at the others. "Why not?" he asked, as quietly as possible.

Madame de Cintré almost smiled, but the attempt was strange. "You must ask my mother, you must ask my brother."

"Why can't she marry me?" said Newman, looking at them.

Madame de Bellegarde did not move in her place, but she was as pale as her daughter. The marquis looked down at her. She said nothing for some moments, but she kept her keen, clear eyes upon Newman, bravely. The marquis drew himself up and looked at the ceiling. "It's impossible!" he said softly.

"It's improper," said Madame de Bellegarde.

Newman began to laugh. "Oh, you are fooling!" he exclaimed.

"My sister, you have no time; you are losing your train," said the marquis.

"Come, is he mad?" asked Newman.

"No; don't think that," said Madame de Cintré. "But I am going away."

"Where are you going?"

"To the country, to Fleurières; to be alone."

"To leave me?" said Newman, slowly.

"I can't see you, now," said Madame de Cintré.

"Now — why not?"

"I am ashamed," said Madame de Cintré, simply.

Newman turned toward the marquis. "What have you done to her — what

does it mean?" he asked with the same effort at calmness, the fruit of his constant practice in taking things easily. He was excited, but excitement with him was only an intenser deliberateness; it was the swimmer stripped.

"It means that I have given you up," said Madame de Cintré. "It means that."

Her face was too charged with tragic expression not fully to confirm her words. Newman was utterly shocked, but he felt as yet no resentment against her. He was amazed, bewildered, and the presence of the old marquise and her son seemed to smite his eyes like the glare of a watchman's lantern. "Can't I see you alone?" he asked.

"It would be only more painful. I hoped I should not see you—I should escape. I wrote to you. Good-by." And she put out her hand again.

Newman put both his own into his pockets. "I will go with you," he said.

She laid her two hands on his arm. "Will you grant me a last request?" and as she looked at him, urging this, her eyes filled with tears. "Let me go alone—let me go in peace. I can't call it peace—it's death. But let me bury myself. So—good-by."

Newman passed his hand into his hair and stood slowly rubbing his head and looking through his keenly-narrowed eyes from one to the other of the three persons before him. His lips were compressed, and the two lines which had formed themselves beside his mouth might have made it appear at a first glance that he was smiling. I have said that his excitement was an intenser deliberateness, and now he looked grimly deliberate. "It seems very much as if you had interfered, marquis," he said slowly. "I thought you said you would n't interfere. I know you don't like me; but that doesn't make any difference. I thought you promised me you would n't interfere. I thought you swore on your honor that you would n't interfere. Don't you remember, marquis?"

The marquis lifted his eyebrows; but he was apparently determined to be

even more urbane than usual. He rested his two hands upon the back of his mother's chair and bent forward, as if he were leaning over the edge of a pulpit or a lecture-desk. He did not smile, but he looked softly grave. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "I assured you that I would not influence my sister's decision. I adhered, to the letter, to my engagement. Did I not, sister?"

"Don't appeal, my son," said the marquise, "your word is sufficient."

"Yes—she accepted me," said Newman. "That is very true; I can't deny that. At least," he added, in a different tone, turning to Madame de Cintré, "you *did* accept me?"

Something in the tone seemed to move her strongly. She turned away, burying her face in her hands.

"But you have interfered now, have n't you?" inquired Newman of the marquis.

"Neither then nor now have I attempted to influence my sister. I used no persuasion then, I have used no persuasion to-day."

"And what have you used?"

"We have used authority!" said Madame de Bellegarde in a rich, bell-like voice.

"Ah, you have used authority," Newman exclaimed. "They have used authority," he went on, turning to Madame de Cintré. "What is it? how did they use it?"

"My mother commanded," said Madame de Cintré.

"Commanded you to give me up—I see. And you obey—I see. But why do you obey?" asked Newman.

Madame de Cintré looked across at the old marquise; her eyes slowly measured her from head to foot. "I am afraid of my mother," she said.

Madame de Bellegarde rose with a certain quickness, crying, "This is a most indecent scene!"

"I have no wish to prolong it," said Madame de Cintré; and turning to the door she put out her hand again. "If you can pity me a little, let me go alone."

Newman shook her hand quietly and firmly. "I'll come down there," he

said. The *portière* dropped behind her, and Newman sank with a long breath into the nearest chair. He leaned back in it, resting his hands on the knobs of the arms and looking at Madame de Bellegarde and Urbain. There was a long silence. They stood side by side, with their heads high and their handsome eyebrows arched.

"So you make a distinction?" Newman said at last. "You make a distinction between persuading and commanding? It's very neat. But the distinction is in favor of commanding. That rather spoils it."

"We have not the least objection to defining our position," said M. de Bellegarde. "We understand that it should not at first appear to you quite clear. We rather expect, indeed, that you should not do us justice."

"Oh, I'll do you justice," said Newman. "Don't be afraid. Please proceed."

The marquise laid her hand on her son's arm, as if to deprecate the attempt to define their position. "It is quite useless," she said, "to try and arrange this matter so as to make it agreeable to you. It can never be agreeable to you. It is a disappointment, and disappointments are unpleasant. I thought it over carefully and tried to arrange it better; but I only gave myself a headache and lost my sleep. Say what we will, you will think yourself ill-treated, and you will publish your wrongs among your friends. But we are not afraid of that. Besides, your friends are not our friends, and it will not matter. Think of us as you please. I only beg you not to be violent. I have never in my life been present at a violent scene of any kind, and at my age I can't be expected to begin."

"Is *that* all you have got to say?" asked Newman, slowly rising out of his chair. "That's a poor show for a clever lady like you, marquise. Come, try again."

"My mother goes to the point, with her usual honesty and intrepidity," said the marquis, toying with his watch-guard. "But it is perhaps well to say

a little more. We of course quite repudiate the charge of having broken faith with you. We left you entirely at liberty to make yourself agreeable to my sister. We left her quite at liberty to entertain your proposal. When she accepted you we said nothing. We therefore quite observed our promise. It was only at a later stage of the affair, and on quite a different basis, as it were, that we determined to speak. It would have been better, perhaps, if we had spoken before. But really, you see, nothing has yet been done."

"Nothing has yet been done?" Newman repeated the words, unconscious of their comical effect. He had lost the sense of what the marquis was saying; M. de Bellegarde's well-selected diction was a mere humming in his ears. All that he understood, in his deep and simple indignation, was that the matter was not a violent joke, and that the people before him were perfectly serious. "Do you suppose I can take this?" he asked. "Do you suppose it can matter to me what you say? Do you suppose I can seriously listen to you? You are simply crazy!"

Madame de Bellegarde gave a rap with her fan in the palm of her hand. "If you don't take it you can leave it, sir. It matters very little what you do. My daughter has given you up."

"She does n't mean it," Newman declared after a moment.

"I think I can assure you that she does," said the marquis.

"Poor woman, what damnable thing have you done to her?" cried Newman.

"Gently, gently!" murmured M. de Bellegarde.

"She told you," said the old lady. "I commanded her."

Newman shook his head, heavily. "This sort of thing can't be, you know," he said. "A man can't be used in this fashion. You have got no right; you have got no power."

"My power," said Madame de Bellegarde, "is in my children's obedience."

"In their fear, your daughter said. There is something very strange in it. Why should your daughter be afraid of

you?" added Newman, after looking a moment at the old lady. "There is some foul play."

The marquise met his gaze without flinching, and as if she did not hear or heed what he said. "I did my best," she said, quietly. "I could endure it no longer."

"It was a bold experiment!" said the marquise.

Newman felt disposed to walk to him, clutch his neck with his fingers, and press his windpipe with his thumb. "I need n't tell you how you strike me," he said; "of course you know that. But I should think you would be afraid of your friends—all those people you introduced me to the other night. There were some very nice people among them; you may depend upon it there were some honest men and women."

"Our friends approve us," said M. de Bellegarde; "there is not a family among them that would have acted otherwise. And however that may be, we take the cue from no one. The Bellegardes have been used to set the example, not to wait for it."

"You would have waited long before any one would have set you such an example as this," exclaimed Newman. "Have I done anything wrong?" he demanded. "Have I given you reason to change your opinion? Have you found out anything against me? I can't imagine."

"Our opinion," said Madame de Bellegarde, "is quite the same as at first—exactly. We have no ill-will toward yourself; we are very far from accusing you of misconduct. Since your relations with us began you have been, I frankly confess, less—less peculiar than I expected. It is not your disposition that we object to, it is your antecedents. We really cannot reconcile ourselves to a commercial person. We fancied in an evil hour that we could; it was a great misfortune. We determined to persevere to the end, and to give you every advantage. I was resolved that you should have no reason to accuse me of a want of loyalty. We let the thing certainly go very far; we introduced you

to our friends. To tell the truth, it was that, I think, that broke me down. I succumbed to the scene that took place on Thursday night in these rooms. You must excuse me if what I say is disagreeable to you, but we cannot release ourselves without an explanation."

"There can be no better proof of our good faith," said the marquise, "than our committing ourselves to you in the eyes of the world the other evening. We endeavored to bind ourselves—to tie our hands, as it were."

"But it was that," added his mother, "that opened our eyes and broke our bonds. We should have been most uncomfortable! You know," she added in a moment, "that you were forewarned. I told you we were very proud."

Newman took up his hat and began mechanically to smooth it; the very fierceness of his scorn kept him from speaking. "You are not proud enough," he observed at last.

"In all this matter," said the marquise, smiling, "I really see nothing but our humility."

"Let us have no more discussion than is necessary," resumed Madame de Bellegarde. "My daughter told you everything when she said she gave you up."

"I am not satisfied about your daughter," said Newman; "I want to know what you did to her. It is all very easy talking about authority and saying you commanded her. She did n't accept me blindly, and she would n't have given me up blindly. Not that I believe yet she has really given me up; she will talk it over with me. But you have frightened her, you have bullied her, you have *hurt* her. What was it you did to her?"

"I did very little!" said Madame de Bellegarde, in a tone which gave Newman a chill when he afterwards remembered it.

"Let me remind you that we offered you these explanations," the marquise observed, "with the express understanding that you should abstain from violence of language."

"I am not violent," Newman answered, "it is you who are violent! But I don't know that I have much more to

say to you. What you expect of me, apparently, is to go my way, thanking you for favors received, and promising never to trouble you again."

"We expect of you to act like a clever man," said Madame de Bellegarde. "You have shown yourself that already, and what we have done is altogether based upon your being so. When one must submit, one must. Since my daughter absolutely withdraws, what will be the use of your making a noise?"

"It remains to be seen whether your daughter absolutely withdraws. Your daughter and I are still very good friends; nothing is changed in that. As I say, I will talk it over with her."

"That will be of no use," said the old lady. "I know my daughter well enough to know that words spoken as she just now spoke to you are final. Besides, she has promised me."

"I have no doubt her promise is worth a great deal more than your own," said Newman; "nevertheless I don't give her up."

"Just as you please! But if she won't even see you,—and she won't,—your constancy must remain purely Platonic."

Poor Newman was feigning a greater confidence than he felt. Madame de Cintré's strange intensity had in fact struck a chill to his heart; her face, still impressed upon his vision, had been a terribly vivid image of renunciation. He felt sick, and suddenly helpless. He turned away and stood for a moment with his hand on the door; then he faced about and after the briefest hesitation broke out with a different accent. "Come, think of what this must be to me, and let her alone! Why should you object to me so—what's the matter with me? I can't hurt you, I would n't if I could. I'm the most unobjectionable fellow in the world. What if I am a commercial person? What under the sun do you mean? A commercial person? I will be any sort of a person you want. I never talked to you about business. Let her go, and I will ask no questions. I will take her away, and you shall never see me or hear of me again. I will stay in America if you like. I'll sign a pa-

per promising never to come back to Europe! All I want is not to lose her!"

Madame de Bellegarde and her son exchanged a glance of superior irony, and Urbain said, "My dear sir, what you propose is hardly an improvement. We have not the slightest objection to seeing you, as an amiable foreigner, and we have every reason for not wishing to be eternally separated from my sister. We object to the marriage; and in that way," and M. de Bellegarde gave a small, thin laugh, "she would be more married than ever."

"Well, then," said Newman, "where is this place of yours—Fleurières? I know it is near some old city on a hill."

"Precisely. Angoulême is on a hill," said Madame de Bellegarde. "I don't know how old it is. We are not afraid to tell you."

"It is Angoulême, is it? Very good," said Newman. "I shall immediately follow Madame de Cintré."

"The trains after this hour won't serve you," said Urbain.

"I shall hire a special train!"

"That will be a very silly waste of money," said Madame de Bellegarde.

"It will be time enough to talk about waste three days hence," Newman answered; and clapping his hat on his head, he departed.

He did not immediately start for Fleurières; he was too stunned and wounded for consecutive action. He simply walked; he walked straight before him, following the river, till he got out of the *enceinte* of Paris. He had a burning, tingling sense of personal outrage. He had never in his life received so absolute a check; he had never been pulled up, or, as he would have said, "let down," so short; and he found the sensation intolerable; he strode along, tapping the trees and lamp-posts fiercely with his stick and inwardly raging. To lose Madame de Cintré after he had taken such jubilant and triumphant possession of her was as great an affront to his pride as it was an injury to his happiness. And to lose her by the interference and the dictation of others, by an impudent old woman and a pretentious

fop stepping in with their "authority"! It was too preposterous, it was too pitiful. Upon what he deemed the unblushing treachery of the Bellegardes Newman wasted little thought; he consigned it, once for all, to eternal perdition. But the treachery of Madame de Cintré herself amazed and confounded him; there was a key to the mystery, of course, but he groped for it in vain. Only three days had elapsed since she stood beside him in the starlight, beautiful and tranquil as the trust with which he had inspired her, and told him that she was happy in the prospect of their marriage. What was the meaning of the change? of what infernal potion had she tasted? Poor Newman had a terrible apprehension that she had really changed. His very admiration for her attached the idea of force and weight to her rupture. But he did not rail at her as false, for he was sure she was unhappy. In his walk he had crossed one of the bridges of the Seine, and he still followed, unheedingly, the long, unbroken quay. He had left Paris behind him, and he was almost in the country; he was in the pleasant suburb of Auteuil. He stopped at last, looked around him without seeing or caring for its pleasantness, and then slowly turned and at a slower pace retraced his steps. When he came abreast of the fantastic embankment known as the Trocadero, he reflected, through his throbbing pain, that he was near Mrs. Tristram's dwelling, and that Mrs. Tristram, on particular occasions, had much of a woman's kindness in her utterance. He felt that he needed to pour out his ire, and he took the road to her house. Mrs. Tristram was at home and alone, and as soon as she had looked at him, on his entering the room, she told him that she knew what he had come for. Newman sat down heavily, in silence, looking at her.

"They have backed out!" she said. "Well, you may think it strange, but I felt something the other night in the air." Presently he told her his story; she listened, with her eyes fixed on him. When he had finished she said quietly, "They want her to marry Lord Deep-

mere." Newman stared. He did not know that she knew anything about Lord Deepmere. "But I don't think she will," Mrs. Tristram added.

"*She* marry that poor little cub!" cried Newman. "Oh, Lord! And yet, why did she refuse me?"

"But that isn't the only thing," said Mrs. Tristram. "They really could n't endure you any longer. They had overrated their courage. I must say, to give the devil his due, that there is something rather fine in that. It was your commercial quality in the abstract they could n't stand. That is really aristocratic. They wanted your money, but they have given you up for an idea."

Newman frowned most ruefully, and took up his hat again. "I thought you would encourage me!" he said, with almost childlike sadness.

"Excuse me," she answered very gently. "I feel none the less sorry for you, especially as I am at the bottom of your troubles. I have not forgotten that I suggested the marriage to you. I don't believe that Madame de Cintré has any intention of marrying Lord Deepmere. It is true he is not younger than she, as he looks. He is thirty-three years old; I looked in the Peerage. But no—I can't believe her so horribly, cruelly false."

"Please say nothing against her," said Newman.

"Poor woman, she *is* cruel. But of course you will go after her and you will plead powerfully. Do you know that as you are now," Mrs. Tristram pursued, with characteristic audacity of comment, "you are extremely eloquent, even without speaking? To resist you a woman must have a very fixed idea in her head. I wish I had done you a wrong, that you might come to me in that fine fashion! But go to Madame de Cintré at any rate, and tell her that she is a puzzle even to me. I am very curious to see how far family discipline will go."

Newman sat a while longer, leaning his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, and Mrs. Tristram continued to temper charity with philosophy and compassion with criticism. At length she

inquired, "And what does the Count Valentin say to it?" Newman started; he had not thought of Valentin and his errand on the Swiss frontier since the morning. The reflection made him restless again, and he took his leave. He went straight to his apartment, where, upon the table of the vestibule, he found a telegram. It ran (with the date and place) as follows: "I am seriously ill; please to come to me as soon as possible. V. B." Newman groaned at this miserable news, and at the necessity of deferring his journey to the Château de

Fleurières. But he wrote to Madame de Cintré these few lines; they were all he had time for:—

"I don't give you up, and I don't really believe you give me up. I don't understand it, but we shall clear it up together. I can't follow you to-day, as I am called to see a friend at a distance who is very ill, perhaps dying. But I shall come to you as soon as I can leave my friend. Why should n't I say that he is your brother? C. N."

After this he had only time to catch the night express to Geneva.

Henry James, Jr.

THE HERONS OF ELMWOOD.

WARM and still is the summer night,
As here by the river's brink I wander;
White overhead are the stars, and white
The glimmering lamps on the hill-side yonder.

Silent are all the sounds of day;
Nothing I hear but the chirp of crickets,
And the cry of the herons winging their way
O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood thickets.

Call to him, herons, as slowly you pass
To your roosts in the haunts of the exiled thrushes;
Sing him the song of the green morass,
And the tides that water the reeds and rushes.

Sing him the mystical song of the hern,
And the secret that baffles our utmost seeking;
For only a sound of lament we discern,
And cannot interpret the words you are speaking.

Sing of the air, and the wild delight
Of wings that uplift and winds that uphold you,
The joy of freedom, the rapture of flight
Through the drift of the floating mists that enfold you;

Of the landscape lying so far below,
With its towns, and rivers, and desert places;
And the splendor of light above, and the glow
Of the limitless, blue, ethereal spaces.

Ask him if songs of the Troubadours,
 Or of Minnesingers in old black-letter,
 Sound in his ears more sweet than yours,
 And if yours are not sweeter and wilder and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,
 Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,
 Some one hath lingered to meditate,
 And send him unseen this friendly greeting;

That many another hath done the same
 Though not by a sound was the silence broken;
 The surest pledge of a deathless name
 Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.

Henry W. Longfellow.

FROM PONKAPOG TO PESTH.

A SLIGHT GLANCE AT CERTAIN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

I.

THE reader will probably not find Ponkapog set down in any but the very latest gazetteer of the period. It is the Indian name of a little New England village from which the writer sallied forth, a year ago, "strange countrees for to see." Ponkapog scarcely merits a description, and Pesth—the farthest point east to which his wanderings led him—has been too often described. He is thus happily relieved of the onus of making strictly good the title of this paper, whose chief merit, indeed, is that it treats of neither Pesth nor Ponkapog.

It was a roundabout road the writer took to reach the Hungarian capital,—a road that carried him as far north as Inverness, Scotland, and as far south as Naples. But the ground he passed over had been worn smooth by the feet of millions of tourists and paved three deep with "books of travel." He was too wise to let anything creep into his note-

book beyond a bit of landscape here and there, a street scene in sepia, or an outline sketch of some custom or peculiarity that chanced to strike his fancy,—and these he offers modestly to the reader.

II.

There is one thing which sometimes comes near taking the joy out of the heart of foreign travel. It is one of those trifles which frequently prove a severer test to philosophy than calamities. In the East this thing is called *bakhshish*, in Germany *trinkgeld*, in Italy *buonamano*, in France *pourboire*,¹ in England—I do not know how it is called in England, but it is called for pretty often. In whatever soft, insidious syllable it may wrap itself, it is nothing but hateful. A piece of money which is not earned by honest service, but is extracted from you as a matter of course by any vagabond who may start

beggar woman, he was struck by the incongruity. "Oh," he exclaimed, "you are a 'poor boy,' too, are you? Come, now, that's a little too steep!"

¹ We met a fellow-countryman in Paris who fell into a singular error concerning this word "pourboire." He thought it was the French for "poor boy," and on being accosted one day by a very old

out of the bowels of the earth, like a gnome or a kobold, at the sound of your footfall, is a shameless coin: it debases him that gives and him that takes.

Everywhere on the Continent the tourist is looked upon as a bird to be plucked, and presently the bird himself feebly comes to regard plucking as his proper destiny, and abjectly holds out his wing so long as there is a feather left on it. I say everywhere on the Continent, but, indeed, a man of ordinary agility might walk over the greater part of Europe on the outstretched palms of the lower classes. Russians and Americans have the costly reputation of being lavish of money on their travels, — the latter are pictured by the fervid Italian imagination to reside in gold-mines located in California and various parts of the State of New York, — and are consequently favorites. The Frenchman is too artful and the Briton too brusque to cut up well as victims. The Italian rarely ventures far from his accustomed flea, but when he does, like the German (who, on the other hand, is fond of traveling), he voyages on a most economical basis. He carries off the unburnt candle-end, and his gratuities are homœopathic. In spite of his cunning, I have no doubt — I should be sorry to doubt — that his own countrymen skin him alive.

In Italy one is besieged by beggars morning, noon, and night; a small coin generally suffices, and a little good-nature always goes a great way; for they are a childish race; there is something innocent in their deepest strategy, and something very winning in the amiability with which they will accept the situation when their villainy is frustrated. Sometimes, however, when the petitioner is not satisfied with your largess, — as always happens when you give him more than he expected, — he is scarcely polite. I learned this from a venerable ex-sailor in Genoa. "Go, brigand!" was the candid advice of that ancient mariner. He then fell to cursing my relatives, the family tomb, and everything appertaining to me — with my coin warming in his pocket.

It is fair to observe that the Italian beggar usually renders tribute to an abstract idea of manhood by assuming that he has done you some sort of service. This service is not generally visible to the unaided eye, and I fancy that the magnifying glass of sufficient power to enable you always to detect it has yet to be invented. But it is to his everlasting praise that he often does try to throw a veil of decency over the naked injustice of his demand, though he is too apt to be content with the thinnest of fabrics. I have paid a Neapolitan gentleman ten sous for leaning against a dead-wall in front of a hotel window. The unexpectedness and the insinuating audacity of the appeals frequently take away your presence of mind and leave you limp. There was an old son of Naples who dwelt on a curb-stone near the Castel dell' Ovo. Stumbling on his private public residence quite unintentionally one forenoon, I was immediately assessed. Ever after he claimed me, and finally brought his son-in-law to me and introduced him as a person combining many of the most desirable qualities of a pensioner. One of his strong points was that he had been accidentally carried off to America, having fallen asleep one day in the hold of a fruit vessel.

"But, sir," I said, "why should I give you anything? I don't know you."

"That is the reason, signor."

At bottom it was an excellent reason. If I paid the father-in-law for the pleasure of knowing him, was it not logical and just that I should pay the son-in-law for the much greater pleasure I had had in not knowing him? The slightest thing will serve, in Italy, for a lien upon your exchequer. An urchin who turns himself into a Catherine-wheel at your carriage side, or stands on his head under the very hoofs of your horses, approaches you with the confidence of a prodigal son. A three-day old nose-gay thrown into your lap gives a small Italian maiden in one garment the right to cling to the footboard of your *vettura* until you reimburse her. In driving from Pompeii to Sorrento, no fewer than fifty of these floral tributes will be show-

ered upon you. The little witches who throw the flowers are very often pretty enough to be caught and sculptured. An inadvertent glance towards a fellow sleeping by the roadside places you at once in a false position. I have known an even less compromising thing than a turn of the eyelid to establish financial relations between the stranger and the native. I have known a sneeze to do it. One morning, on the Mole at Venice, an unassuming effort of my own in this line was attended by a most unexpected result. Eight or ten young ragamuffins, who had been sunning themselves at a gondola-landing, instantly started up from a recumbent posture and advanced upon me in a semicircle, with "Salute, signor, salute!" One of these youths disturbed a preconceived idea of mine by suddenly exclaiming, —

"I am a boy Americano, dam!"

As I had not come so far from home to relieve the necessities of my own countrymen, and as I reflected that possibly this rogue's companions were also profane Americanos, I gave them nothing but a genial smile, which they divided among them with the resignation that seems to be a national trait.

The transatlantic impostor, like Mephistopheles, has as many shapes as men have fancies. Sometimes he keeps a shop, and sometimes he turns a hand-organ. Now he looks out at you from the cowl of a mediæval monk, and now you behold him in a white choker, pretending to be a verger. You become at last so habituated to seeing persons approach in *formâ pauperis*, that your barber seems to lack originality when he "leaves it to your generosity," though he has a regular tariff for his local patrons. He does not dare name a price in your case, though the price were four or five times above his usual rate, for he knows that you would accept his terms unhesitatingly, and his existence would be forever blighted by the reflection that he might have charged you more.

These things, I repeat, cease to amaze one after a while, though I plead guilty to a new sensation the day a respectable Viennese physician left it to my

generosity. I attempted to reason with Herr Doctor Scheister, but quite futilely. No, it was so he treated princes and Americans. It was painful to see a member of a noble profession, not to say the noblest, placing himself on a footing with grooms and barbers and venders of orange-wood walking-sticks. But the intelligent Herr Doctor Scheister was content to do that.

In many cities the street beggar is under the strict surveillance of the police; yet there is no spot in Europe but has its empty palm. It is only in Italy, however, that pauperism is a regular branch of industry. There it has been elevated to a fine art. Elsewhere it is a sordid, clumsy make-shift, with no joy in it. It falls short of being a gay science in France or Germany, or Austria or Hungary. In Scotland it is depressing. The guide-books give disheartening accounts of mendicancy in Ireland; but that must be in the interior. I saw nothing of it along the coast, at Dublin and Cork. I encountered only one beggar in Ireland, at Queenstown, who retired crest-fallen when I informed him in English that I was a Frenchman and did n't understand him.

"Thru for ye," he said, "bad 'cess to me, what was I thinkin' ov!"

On the rising and falling inflection of that brogue I returned to America quite independently of a Cunard steamer. I had to call the man back and pay my passage.

In England you are subjected to a different kind of pillage. There are beggars enough and to spare in the larger cities; but that is not the class which preys upon you in Merrie England. It is the middle-aged housekeeper, the smart chambermaid, the elegiac waiter and his assistant, the boy in buttons who opens the hall door, the frowzy subterranean person called Boots, the coachman, the ostler, and one or two other individuals whose precise relevancy to your affairs will always remain a pleasing mystery to you, but who nevertheless stand in a line with the rest in the hall of the wayside inn, at your departure, and expect a gratuity. They each

look for a fee ranging from two to ten shillings sterling, though a very magnificent charge for attendance has already been recorded in your bill, which appears to have been drawn up by an amateur mathematician of somewhat uncertain touch as yet in the intricate art of addition.

The English cousin of the American working-man, who would feel inclined to knock you down if you offered him money for telling you the time of day, will very placidly pocket a fee for that heavy service. In walking the streets of London you never get over your astonishment at that eminently respectable person in black — your conjecture makes him a small curate or a tutor in some institution of learning — who, after answering your trivial question, takes the breath out of you by suggesting his willingness to drink your 'ealth.

On the whole, I am not certain that I do not prefer the graceful, foliage-like, vagabond ways of Pietro and Giuliana to the icy mendicency of Jeemes.

III.

They have a fashion across the water, particularly on the Continent, of making much of their dead. A fifteenth or a sixteenth century celebrity is a revenue to the church or town in which the distinguished ashes may chance to repose. It would be an interesting operation, if it were practicable, to draw a line between the local reverence for the virtues of the deceased and that strictly mundane spirit which regards him as assets. The two are so nicely dovetailed that I fancy it would be quite impossible, in most instances, to say where the one ends and the other begins.

In the case of the good Cardinal Borromeo, for example. The good cardinal died in 1584. He is one of the loveliest figures in history. Nobly born, rich, and learned, he devoted himself and his riches to holy deeds. The story of his life is a record of beautiful sacrifices and unselfish charities. He gave nearly all his possessions to the poor, leaving him-

self at times as destitute as a Franciscan friar. During the great plague at Milan in 1576, he sold what was left of his plate and furniture to buy bread for the famishing people. When he died, all Italy wept for him like one pair of eyes. He lies in the crypt of the cathedral at Milan. It is dark down in the crypt; but above him are carvings and gildings and paintings, basking in the mellow light sifted through the immense choir windows, —

"Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings."

Above the fretted roof the countless "statued pinnacles" lift themselves into the blue air. How magical all that delicate needle-work of architecture looks by moonlight or sunlight!

"O Milan, O the chanting quires,
The giant windows' blazoned fires,
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory!
A mount of marble, a hundred spires!"

When they show you the embalmed body of Borromeo, — for it is really the body and not merely the sarcophagus they show you, — the *custode*, a priest, lights the high candles on either side of the silver-encrusted altar. The cardinal's remains are kept in an hermetically-sealed case of rock crystal set within a massive oak coffin, one side of which is lowered by a windlass. There he lies in his jeweled robes, with his gloved hands crossed on his bosom and his costly crosier at his side, just as they laid him away nearly three centuries ago. The features are wonderfully preserved, and have not lost the placid expression they wore when he fell asleep, that look of dreamy serenity peculiar to the faces of dead persons. The head is bald, and as black as ebony. There were services going on the day we visited the cathedral. Above us the crowds came and went on the mosaic pavements, but no sound of the outside world penetrated to the dim, begemmed chapel where Carlo Borromeo, count, cardinal, and saint, takes what rest he can. We stood silent in the unflaring candlelight, gazing on the figure which had been so beloved in Milan in its time. Presently the black-robed custode turned the noiseless crank, and the coffin side slow-

ly ascended to its place. It was all very solemn and impressive,—too impressive and too solemn altogether for so small a sum as five francs.

I am but an intermittent worshiper of saints; yet I have an ineradicable belief in good men like Carlo Borromeo, and, as he has long since finished his earthly tasks, I think it would be showing the cardinal greater respect to bury him than to exhibit him. He nearly spoiled my visit to Milan. I resolved to have nothing more to do with the dead, directly or indirectly. But the dead play a very prominent part in the experience of the wanderer abroad. The houses in which they were born, the tombs in which they lie, the localities they made famous by their good or evil deeds, and the works their genius left behind them are necessarily the chief shrines of his pilgrimage. You leave London with a distincter memory of the monuments in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's than of the turbulent streams of life that surge through the Strand. Mr. Blank, to whom you bore a letter of introduction, is not so real a person to you as John Milton, whose grave you saw at St. Giles's, Cripple-gate, or De Foe, who sleeps in the melancholy Bunhill Fields Burial Ground,—the scene of "the great pit in Finsbury," in his history of the London plague. You catch yourself assisting, with strange relish, at the burning of heretics at Smithfield. Ridley and Latimer stand before you in flesh and bone and flame at Oxford. Thomas à Becket falls stabbed at your feet on the stone flagging in Canterbury Cathedral. At Holyrood, are not Darnley and pallid Ruthven, in his steel corselet, forever creeping up that narrow spiral staircase leading to the small cabinet where Rizzio is supping with the queen? You cannot escape these things if you would. Your railway carriage takes you up at one famous grave and sets you down at another. In Paris, where the very atmosphere thrills with intense life, you are brought at each step face to face with the dead. What people are these that flit in groups up and down the brill-

iant boulevards? *They* are not sipping absinthe and taking their ease,—the poor ghosts, old and new! Can you stand in the Place de la Concorde and not think of the twenty-eight hundred persons who were guillotined there between 1793 and 1795? A few minutes' walk from the crowded *cafés* leads you to the morgue, "the little Doric morgue," as Browning calls it. The gilded dome of the Invalides keeps perpetually in your mind "the terror of Europe," held down by sixty tons of porphyry, in the rotunda,—the grandest tomb in the world. The neatly-swept asphalt under your feet ran blood but yesterday. Here it was, near the Tuileries, the insurgents had a barricade. Those white spots which you observe on the façade of yonder building, the Madeleine, are bits of new stone set into the sacrilegious shot-holes. On the verge of the city, and within sound of its feverish heart-throb, stretch Père la Chaise, and Montmartre, and Mont Parnasse, pathetic with renowned names.

I suppose that a taste for church-yards and cemeteries is a cultivated taste. At home they were entirely disconnected in my mind with any thought of enjoyment; but after a month on the other side I preferred a metropolitan graveyard to almost any object of interest that could be presented to me. A cemetery at home suggests awkward possibilities; but nothing of the kind occurs to you in rambling through a foreign burial-ground. You wander along the serpentine walk as you would stroll through a picture-gallery. You as little think of adding a mound to the one as you would of contributing a painting to the other. You survey the monoliths and the bas-reliefs and the urns and the miniature Athenian temples from the stand-point of an unbiased spectator who has paid his admittance fee and expects entertainment or instruction. Some of the pleasantest hours I passed in sight-seeing were spent in grave-yards. The Jewish cemetery at Prague, with its smoky Gothic synagogue of the thirteenth century (the *Altneuschule*), and the ancient church-yard of St. John at

Nuremberg, where the remains of Albert Dürer once rested, and where Hans Sachs and many another worthy of his day still rest, were among the most notable things we saw. The engraved brass plates — the P. P. C. cards, so to speak, of the departed aristocracy of Nuremberg — on the horizontal slabs of St. John's are very quaint, with their crests, and coats-of-arms, and symbols of gentility. At Prague the stones are marked with pitchers and hands, to designate the descendants of the tribes of Levi and Aaron. They claim to have one stone that dates as far back as A. D. 606. Some of the graves are held in great veneration; that of Rabbi Abignor Kara, who died in 1439, is often made the point of pilgrimage by Jews living in distant lands. Within the yard is a building where the funeral rites are performed, and grave-clothes are kept for all comers. The dead millionaire and the dead pauper are arrayed in the same humble garb, and alike given to earth in a rough board coffin. The Jewish custom, like death itself, is no respecter of persons. There is a fine austerity in this.

It was always a vague satisfaction to observe that the mortuary sculptures of the Old World were every whit as hideous as our own. The sepulchral designs in churches abroad are generally in the worst style of Middle Age realism. A half-draped skeleton of Death, plunging his dart into the bosom of some emaciated marble girl, seems to have been a consoling symbol to the survivors a few centuries ago. This ghastly fancy is constantly under your eyes. If I call it ghastly I give expression to the effect it produced on me at first. It would not be honest for me to affirm that I did not like it at last. I became so accustomed to this skeleton and his brother monstrosities that when we visited those three grim chambers under the Church of the Capuchins at Rome, and saw the carefully polished skulls of hundreds of monks wrought into pillars and arches and set upon shelves, I looked at them as complacently as if they had been a lot of exploded percussion-caps. "It

is a pity they can't be used again," I thought; and that was all. I began to believe the beautiful economy of nature to be greatly overrated.

This is the burial-place of the Capuccini, who esteem it a blissful privilege to lie here for a few years in consecrated earth brought from Jerusalem, and then, when their graves are wanted for fresher brothers, to be taken up and transformed into architectural decorations. The walls and recesses and arched ceilings of these chapels (which are beneath the church but not under ground) are thus ornamented with the brotherhood skillfully arranged in fanciful devices, the finger-joints and the fragile links of the vertebral column being wrought into friezes and light cornices, and the larger bones arranged in diamonds and hearts and rounds, like the sabres and bayonets in an armory. Here and there on the ceiling is a complete skeleton set into the plastering, quite suggestive of an outline by Flaxman or Retsch. It requires a highly cultivated taste to appreciate this. The poor monks! they were not very ornamental in life; but time is full of compensations. Death seems to have relieved them of one unhappy characteristic. "There is no disagreeable scent," says the author of *The Marble Faun*, describing this place, "such as might have been expected from the decay of so many holy persons, in whatever odor of sanctity they may have taken their departure. The same number of living monks would not smell half so unexceptionably." The Capuchin golgotha is more striking than the Parisian catacombs, for the reason that its contracted limits do not allow you to escape from the least of its horrible grotesqueness. In the catacombs you are impressed by their extent rather than by anything else.

Rome is one enormous mausoleum. There the Past lies visibly stretched upon his bier. There is no to-day or to-morrow in Rome; it is perpetual yesterday. One might lift up a handful of dust anywhere and say, with the Persian poet, "This was once man." Where everything has been so long dead, a death of

to-day seems almost an impertinence. How quickly and with what serene irony the new grave is absorbed by the universal antiquity of the place! The block of marble over Keats does not appear a day fresher than the neighboring Pyramid of Caius Cestius. Oddly enough, we saw no funeral in Rome. In almost every other large city it was our fortune, either as we entered or departed, to meet a funeral cortege. Every one stands uncovered as the train crawls by, the vehicles come to a halt at the curbstone, the children stop their play, heads are bowed, golden locks and gray, on every side. As I have said, though in a different sense, they make much of their dead abroad. I was struck by the contrast the day we reached home. Driving from the steamer, we encountered a hearse straggling down Broadway. It attracted as much reverential attention as would be paid to an ice-cart.

I happened to witness a picturesque funeral in Venice. It was that of a chorus-boy, in a church on one of the smaller canals somewhere west of the Rialto. I stumbled on the church accidentally that forenoon, and was not able to find it again the next day, — a circumstance to which the incident perhaps owes the fairy-like atmosphere that envelops it for me. The building had disappeared, like Aladdin's palace, in the night.

They were performing a mass as I entered. The great rose window behind the organ and the chancel windows were darkened with draperies, and the colossal candles were burning. The coffin, covered with a heavily embroidered pall, stood on an elevated platform in front of the magnificent altar. The inlaid columns glistening in the candle-light, the smoke of the incense curling lazily up to the frescoed dome, the priests in elaborate robes kneeling around the bier, — it was like a masterly composed picture. When the ceremonies were concluded, the coffin was lifted from the platform by six young friars and borne to a gondola in waiting at the steps near the portals. The priests, carrying a huge golden crucifix and several tall gilt torches, unlighted, crowded into the bow and

stern of the floating hearse, which was attached by a long rope to another gondola occupied by oarsmen. Following these were two or three covered gondolas whose connection with the obsequies was not clear to me, as they appeared to be empty. Slowly down the narrow canal, in that dead stillness which reigns in Venice, swept the sombre flotilla, bearing its unconscious burden to the Campo Santo. The air was full of vagrant spring scents, and the sky that arched over all was carved of one vast, unclouded turquoise. In the deserted church were two old crones scraping up the drippings of the wax candles from the tessellated pavement. Nothing except time is wasted in Italy.

I saw a more picturesque though not so agreeable a funeral in Florence. The night of our arrival was one of those unearthly moonlight nights which belong to Italy. The Arno, changed to a stream of quicksilver, flowed swiftly through the stone arches of the Ponte Vecchio under our windows, and lured me with its beauty out-of-doors, though a great clock somewhere near by had just clanged eleven. By an engraving I had seen in boyhood I recognized the bridge of Taddeo Gaddi, with its goldsmith shops on either side. They were closed now, of course. I strolled across the bridge and back again once or twice, and then wandered off into a net-work of dingy streets, traversed by one street so very narrow that you saw only a hand's breadth of sapphire sky between the tops of the tall buildings. Standing in the middle of the thoroughfare, I could almost touch the shutters of the shops right and left. At the upper end of the street, which was at least three quarters of a mile in length, the overhanging fronts of the lofty houses seemed to meet and shut out the dense moonlight. In the desperate struggle which took place there between the moon and the gloom, a hundred fantastic shadows slipped from coigne and cornice and fell into the street below, like besiegers flung from the ramparts of some old castle. Not a human being nor a light was anywhere visible. Suddenly I saw what, for an instant, I took

to be a fallen star in the extreme distance. It was moving. It approached in a zigzag course. It broke into several stars; these grew larger; then I discovered they were torches. A low monotonous chant, like the distant chorus of demons in an opera, reached my ear. The chant momentarily increased in distinctness, and as the torches drew nearer I saw that they were carried by fifteen or twenty persons marching in a square, in the middle of which was a bier supported by a number of ghostly figures. The procession was sweeping down on me at the rate of six miles an hour; the trailing pall flapped in the wind caused by the velocity of the march. When the cortege was within twenty or thirty yards of me, I noticed that the bier-bearers and the persons who held the flambeaux were shrouded from forehead to foot in white sheets with holes pierced for the eyes. I never beheld anything more devilish. On they came, occupying the whole width of the narrow street. I had barely time to crowd myself into a projecting doorway, when they swept by with a rhythmical, swinging gait, to the measure of their awful threnody. I waited until the muffled chant melted into the distance, — and then I made a bee-line for the hotel.

In Italy the hour of interment is graduated by the worldly position of the deceased. The poor are buried in the daytime; thus the expense of torches is avoided. Illuminated night-funerals are reserved for the wealthy and persons of rank. At least, I believe that such is the regulation, though the reverse of this order may be the case. At Naples, I know, the interments in the Camposanto Vecchio take place a little before sunset. Shelley said of the Protestant Burying Ground at Rome that the spot was lovely enough to make one in love with death. Nobody would dream of saying that about the Camposanto at Naples, — a parallelogram of several hundred feet, inclosed on three sides by a high wall and on the fourth by an arcade. In this dreary space, approached through a dismal avenue of cypresses, are three hundred and sixty-six deep pits, one of

which is opened each evening to receive the dead of that day, and then sealed up, — one pit for each day of the year. I fancy that the extra pit must be for leap-year. Only the poorest persons, paupers and waifs, are buried here, if it can be called buried. The body is usually left unattended at the arcade, to await its turn.

There is a curious burial custom at Munich. The law requires that every man, woman, and child who dies within city limits shall lie in state for three days in the Leichenhaus (dead house) of the Gottesacker, the southern cemetery, outside the Sendling Gate. This is to prevent any chance of premature burial, an instance of which many years ago gave rise to the present provision. The Leichenhaus is comprised of three large chambers or *salons*, in which the dead are placed upon raised couches and surrounded by flowers. A series of wide windows giving upon the arcade affords the public an unobstructed view of the interior. The spectacle is not so repellant as one might anticipate. The neatly-kept, well-lighted rooms, the profusion of flowers, and the scrupulous propriety which prevails in all the arrangements, make the thing as little terrible as possible. On the Sunday of our visit to the Gottesacker, the place was unusually full of bodies awaiting interment, — old men and women, young girls, and infants. Some were like exquisite statues, others like wax-figures, and all piteous. Attached to the hand of each adult was a string or wire connected with a bell in the custodian's apartment. It would be difficult to imagine a more startling sound than would be the sudden kling-kling of one of those same bells!

But I have been playing too long what Balzac calls a *solo de corbillard*.

IV.

I once asked an American friend, who had spent many years in foreign travel, to tell me what one thing most impressed him in his various wanderings. I supposed he was going to say the Pyr-

amids. His reply was, "The politeness and consideration I have met with from every one except traveling Englishmen and Americans."

I was afterwards told, by an impolite person, that this politeness was merely a surface polish; but it is a singularly agreeable sort of veneer, and much better worth bringing home than bronzes and specimens of the old masters. Specimens of the old masters you can get — painted to order — in this country, but the veneer is a more difficult affair.

What if the smoothness is all on the surface? Some one says that if any of us were peeled, a savage would be found at the core. It is a very great merit, then, to have this savage wrapped in numerous folds and rendered as hard to peel as possible. For the most part, the pilgrim abroad comes in contact with only the outside of men and things. The main point is gained if that outside is pleasant. Likely enough your *conciierge* at Paris was a *pétroleuse* in the days of the Commune; but does she not smile upon you with the brightness of a two-franc candle when she sees you coming in at ever so much o'clock at night?

The American at home enjoys a hundred conveniences which he finds wanting in the heart of European civilization. Many matters which we consider as necessities here are regarded as luxuries there. A well-appointed private house in an American city has perfections in the way of light, heat, water, ventilation, drainage, etc., that are not to be obtained even in palaces abroad. The traveler is constantly amused by the primitive agricultural implements which he sees employed in some parts of France, Italy, and Germany, by the ingenuous devices they have for watering the streets of their grand capitals, and by the strange disregard of economy in man-power in everything. A water-cart in Berlin, for illustration, requires three men to manage it: one to drive, and two on foot behind to twitch right and left, by means of ropes, a short hose with a sprinkler at the end.

"I wondered what they would be at
Under the lindens."

This painful hose, attached to a chubby Teutonic-looking barrel, has the appearance of being the tail of some wretched nondescript animal whose sufferings would, in our own land, invoke the swift interposition of Mr. Bergh. That this machine is wholly inadequate to the simple duty of sprinkling the street is a fact not perhaps worth mentioning. The culinary utensils of Central Germany are, I venture to say, of nearly the same pattern as those used by Eve, — judging by some earthenware and iron-mongery I caught a glimpse of in the kitchen of the Rothe Ross at Nuremberg. I saw in Italy a wheelbarrow that must have been an infringement of an Egyptian patent of 500 B. C. I forget in what imperial city it was I beheld a tin bath-tub shamelessly allowing itself to be borne from door to door and let out by the job. In several respects the United States are one or two centuries in advance of Europe; but in that little matter of veneering I have mentioned, we are very far behind her.

The incivility which greets the American traveler at every stage in his own domains is so rare an accomplishment among foreign railway, steamboat, and hotel officials, that it is possible to journey from Dan to Beersheba — certainly from Ponkapog to Pesth — without meeting a single notable instance of it. I think that the gentlemen of the Dogana at Ventimiglia were selected expressly on account of their high breeding to examine luggage at that point. In France — by France I mean Paris — even the drivers of the public carriages are civil. Civilization can go no further. If Darwin is correct in his theory of the survival of the fittest, there will ultimately not be a single New York hackman left on the face of the earth. We shall have to import Parisians. I am not positive but we shall also run short of railway conductors and ticket-sellers. We have persons occupying these posts here who could not hold similar positions in Europe fifteen minutes.

The guard who has charge of your carriage on a continental railway, so far from being the haughty autocrat who on

our own cars too often snatches your ticket from you and snubs you at a word, is the most thoughtful and considerate of men; he looks after the welfare and comfort of your party as if that were the specialty for which he was created; he never loses countenance at your daring French or German, or the graceful New England accent you throw upon your Italian; he is ready with the name of that ruined castle which stands like a jagged tooth in the mouth of the mountain gorge; he does not neglect to tell you at what station you may find an excellent *buffet*; you cannot weary him with questions; he will smilingly answer the same one a hundred times; and when he is killed in a collision with the branch train, you are not afraid to think where he will go, with all this kindness.

I am convinced that it is the same person, thinly disguised as the proprietor of a hotel, who receives you at the foot of the staircase as you step down from the omnibus, and is again the attentive and indefatigable chamberlain to your earthly comfort. It is an old friend who has been waiting for you these many years. To be sure, as the proprietor of a hotel the old friend makes you pay roundly for all this; but do you not pay roundly for food and shelter in taverns on your native heath, and get no civility whatever, unless the hotel-clerk has lost his mind? Your continental inn-keeper, of whatever nationality, keeps a paternal eye on you and does not allow you to be imposed upon by outsiders. If you are to be imposed upon, he attends to that trifling formality himself, and always graciously. Across three thousand miles of sea and I know not how many miles of land, I touch my hat at this moment to the landlord of that snuffy little hostelry at Wittenberg, who awoke me at midnight to excuse himself for not having waited upon us in person when we arrived by the ten o'clock train. He had had a card-party — the Herr Professor Something-splatz and a few friends — in the coffee-room, and really, etc., etc. He could n't sleep, and did n't let me, until he had made his excuses. It was downright charming in you, mine host

of the Goldner Adler; I thank you for it, and I'd thank you not to do it again.

Every American who has passed a week in rural England must have carried away, even if he did not bring with him, a fondness for our former possessions. The solid hospitality he has received at the comfortable old inns nestled in leaves and mosses by the roadside is sure to figure among his pleasantest reminiscences. It lies in his recollection with Stratford and Canterbury and Grassmere; as he thinks of it, it takes something of the picturesqueness of those ruined abbeys and cathedrals which went so far to satisfy his morbid appetite for everything that is wrinkled and demolished in the way of architecture. It was Shenstone who said, —

"Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
Whate'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

The foreign traveler will scarcely be inclined to sigh over that. If he is, he will have cause to sigh in many an English village and in most of the leading cities across the Channel. I know of one party that can think with nothing but gratitude of their reception at the Hotel —, one raw April night after a stormy passage from Dover to Calais and a cheerless railway ride thence to Paris. Rooms had been bespoken by telegraph, and when the wanderers arrived at the Rue de Rivoli they found such exquisite preparation for their coming as seemed to have been made by well-known gentle hands reaching across the Atlantic. In a small salon adjoining the parlor assigned to the party, the wax candles threw a soft light over the glass and silver appointments of a table spread for their repast. A waiter arranging a dish of fruit at the buffet greeted them with a good evening, as if he had been their servitor for years, instead of now laying eyes upon them for the first time. In the open chimney-place of the parlor was a wood fire blazing cheerfully on the backs of a couple of brass griffins who did not seem to mind it. On the mantel-piece was an antique clock, flanked by bronze candlesticks that would have taken your heart in a *bric-à-brac* shop. The furni-

ture, the draperies, and the hundred and one nicknacks lying around on tables and *étagères*, showed the touch of a tasteful woman's hand. It might have been a room in a *château*. It was as unlike as possible to those gaudy barracks — fitted up at so much per yard by a soulless upholsterer — which we call parlors in our own hotels. Beyond this were the sleeping apartments, in the centre of one of which stood the neatest of *femmes de chambre*, with the demurest of dark eyes, and the pinkest of ribbons on her cap. She held in her hand a small copper pitcher of hot water, and looked like Liotard's pretty painting of the Chocolate Girl come to life. On a toilette-table under a draped mirror was a slender vase of Bohemian glass holding two or three fresh tea-roses. What beau of the old *régime* had slipped out of his tomb to pay madam that gallantry?

Outside of the larger cities on the Continent you can get as wretched accommodations as you could desire for an enemy. In most of the German and Italian provinces, aside from the main routes of travel, the inns are abominable beyond description; but the people are invariably courteous. I hardly know how to account for the politeness which seems to characterize every class abroad. Possibly it is partly explained by the military system which in many countries requires of each man a certain term of service; the soldier is disciplined in the severest school of manners; he is taught to treat both his superior and his inferior with deference; courtesy becomes second nature. Certainly it is the rule and not the exception among continental nations. From the threshold of a broken down *châlet* in some loneliest Alpine pass you will be saluted graciously. You grow skeptical as to that "rude Carinthian boor" who, in Goldsmith's poem, —

"Against the houseless stranger shuts the door."

I am aware that all this is strangely at variance with the statements of other chroniclers. Every man must accept his own experience. There are small, uncomfortable souls everywhere, if one is minded to look for them. My memory,

luckily, is so coarsely woven a sieve that particularly small, uncomfortable souls sift through. I think it has caught nothing in this sort, except the landlord of the Argyll Arms at Inverary, and him I have n't the slightest use for. For me, the brutality of the Saxons still lies exclusively between the covers of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's *Saxon Studies*. His criticisms may be as just as they are lively; Mr. Hawthorne passed three or four years in Saxony, and I spent ten or twelve days there; my experience weighs nothing against his; but I would not exchange with him.

No French, Italian, or Saxon gentleman, so far as I have observed, enters or leaves a café of the better class without lifting his hat, especially if there are ladies present. As he hurries from the railway carriage at his station, — a station at which the train halts for perhaps only a few seconds, — he seldom neglects to turn on the step and salute his fellow-passengers. It is true, for the last hour or two he sat staring over the top of his journal at your wife or sister; but to be a breaker of the female heart is what they all seem to aspire to, over there. It appears to be recognized as not ill-bred to stare at a lady so long as there is anything left of her. It is in that fashion American ladies are stared at by Frenchmen and Germans and Italians, who, aside from this, are very polite to our countrywomen, — marvelously polite when we reflect that the generality of untraveled foreigners, beyond the Straits of Dover, regard us, down deep in their hearts, as only a superior race of barbarians.

They would miss us sadly if we were to become an extinct race. Not to mention other advantages resulting from our existence, our desire to behold their paintings and statuary and the marvels of their architecture — to which they themselves are for the most part only half alive, especially in Italy — keeps a thousand of their lovely, musty old towns from collapsing. They understand this perfectly, and do whatever lies within them to interest us; they are even so obliging as to invent tombs and historic

localities for our edification, and come at last to believe in them themselves. In that same Wittenberg of which I have spoken, they will show you the house of Hamlet! and at Ferrara, a high-strung, sympathetic *valet-de-place*, if properly encouraged, will throw tears into his voice as he stands with you in a small cellar where by no chance is it probable that Tasso was immured for seven years, or even seven minutes. PRIGIONE DI TASSO! I have as genuine a prison of Tasso at Ponkapog. Though their opinion of us is not always as flattering as we could wish, it shall not prevent me from saying that these people are the most charming and courteous people on the globe, and that I shall forget the Madonna at Dresden, the Venus in the Louvre, and the Piazza of St. Mark as I saw it once by moonlight, before I forget an interview I witnessed one day in the Rue de l'École de Médecine, between a fat, red-faced concierge and a very much battered elderly French gentleman, whose redingote, buttoned closely up to his chin, threw vague but still damaging suspicions on his supply of linen.

"Pardon, madame," said the decayed old gentleman, lifting his threadbare silk hat by its curled brim with indescribable grace as he approached, "is M. . . . within?"

"I think not, but I will see."

"I am pained" (*Je suis désolé*) "to give you the trouble."

"It is no trouble, monsieur."

"Merci, madame."

The concierge disappeared. Presently she returned, loaded to the muzzle with the information that M. . . . was unfortunately not at home.

"A thousand pardons, madame, but will you have the amiability to give him this" (presenting a card that had seen better days) "as soon as he returns?"

"Certainly, monsieur."

"Madame, I am sensible of your kindness."

"Do not speak of it."

"Bonjour, madame."

"Bonjour, monsieur."

This poor gentleman's costume was very far on its way to a paper-mill; but adversity had left his manners intact, and they were fit for palaces.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

JANUARY.

O Winter! Frozen pulse and heart of fire!
What loss is theirs who from thy kingdom turn
Dismayed, and think thy snow a sculptured urn
Of death! Far sooner in midsummer tire
The streams than under ice. June could not hire
Her roses to forego the strength they learn
In sleeping on thy breast. No fires can burn
The bridges thou dost lay where men desire
In vain to build.

O Heart, when Love's sun goes
To northward, and the sounds of singing cease,
Keep warm by inner fires, and rest in peace.
Sleep on content, as sleeps the patient rose.
Walk boldly on the white, untrodden snows.
The winter is the winter's own release!

H. H.

THE BLACKBIRDS.

COMEDIETTA.

CHARACTERS.

ALFRED OF SILURIA	King.
GELOSA	Queen.
JANE	Maid.
JOHN	Servant.
BIANCO }	Princes.
NERO }	
VOLATILE	Princess.
TRILLETINO	Page.
<i>Guards, Attendants, etc.</i>	

ACT I.

*Hall of palace. Queen sitting at dinner.
Enormous pie on the table. John wait-
ing. Musicians, etc.*

Queen. John, tell his majesty the dinner's served, for doubtless he has quite forgotten it.

John. I'll go, your majesty. *[Exit.]*

Queen. These men are so provoking with their ways; each worse than other. My departed lord would rave like bedlam were the dinner served a minute late. The king is just as bad; he never knows when 't's dinner time at all.

Enter John.

John. His majesty will be here in an instant.

Queen. An instant, yes! His instants are like days in Jupiter; he's no idea of time. A sun-dial under a cloudy sky would know as well. *[Calls.]* Alfred Silurian! Why don't you come?

King [without]. Yes, my love, as soon as I have finished one word more of this inscription.

Queen. Bother your inscriptions, the paltry things! They never had a sense when men could read them, much less have they now. Do come!

Enter King, looking at a coin.

King. Oh rare and beautiful! A Pharaoh's coin, two tigers gamboling upon a bank, on the reverse a legend, FULEPAUP: in English, Make your game. A glorious coin!

Queen. Oh, do let your coins alone

and come to dinner! How can you be engaged in that useless nonsense!

King. Entrancing science! And it all began with only half a sixpence.

Queen. Yes, I see, Alfred Silurian; you can't blind me; I see it plainly, 't is a love affair; there is a woman in it. It's a pledge, — some giddy thing you've broke a sixpence with.

King. What cause for jealousy? 'T was years ago, long ere I married, and she wed a duke; I have not seen her now these twenty years.

Queen. No cause! I should like to know if there's no cause when a married man keeps tokens of a first love. A rival is a rival, married or single, dead or alive. To think that I have wasted my blooming youth on a faithless profligate that treasures in his bosom a prior attachment! What monsters of iniquity men are!

King. I should n't think you would have tried a second monster.

Queen. Oh, my poor departed husband was the one exception. I was his only love.

King. I should n't be surprised. He was too ill-tempered to be civil to more than one woman in his life.

Queen. How dare you thus abuse my first love! Sweet-tempered angel, look at him.

[Takes a locket from her bosom and holds it to him open.]

King. That is a pleasant expression.

Queen. No, that's you, you odious creature! *[Turning it over.]* The other side. There, see those transcendent features. It serves me right for marrying again. To be deceived by a treacherous. . . .

King. Good! go on: such scolding is one of the tribulations men get to heaven by. I shall soon be ready to be canonized.

Queen. Never! I'll be no means of

grace to you. I'll be a patient and obedient wife first. You shall never have a chance to claim credit for your forbearance to me; I will be the injured one myself.

King. Well, either way you like. Both have their compensations.

Queen. Then do let's cut the pie.

King. What is it?

Queen. Blackbirds.

King. No!

Queen. Yes, four-and-twenty fat ones.

King. Delicious! 'Tis my favorite game.

Queen. I had forgotten that. I never would have had them. Next time I'll ask you first.

King. I'll say the contrary, and checkmate you.

Queen. Then I will have it as you say, and spite you so.

King. Then I'll double again. I shall always be one move ahead. But to-day, by accident, we both agree. You cannot change it now. So I'll cut the pie. Strike up the music.

[Musicians play. King begins to cut the pie. Chorus is heard very gently, "Sing a song of sixpence."]

Queen. Hark! what's that?

King *[stopping]*. Oh, it's nothing but a Christmas carol outside.

Queen. No! Listen! it is in the pie. Just hear what they're singing. About a sixpence. It's a reproof to you. The powers above take notice of your faithlessness.

King. Pshaw, nonsense! That's a woman's whim. The song's a common one. Anybody can sing it.

Queen. No. It's ominous. I have a presentiment.

King. Bah, of course you have; women always do.

Queen. This is of some great event. Pray Heaven it may be prosperous.

King. Let us hope so, by all means. So here goes.

[King begins to take off the cover. It flies up and there come out first a princess, who runs and falls at the

*feet of the Queen, then two princes, Nero and Bianco, who cross swords in front.*¹

Princess. Dear lady, help me! Pray don't let them fight!

Nero. Fool!

Bianco. Knave!

King. What means this broil, and wherefore came you here?

Nero. Your majesty . . .

Bianco. Sire . . .

Nero. May it please your majesty, this milksop here . . .

Bianco. Revered sire, this ill-scheming villain . . .

Nero. May it please your majesty, this milksop here has had the weakness . . .

Bianco. Revered sire, this ill-scheming villain has the presumption . . .

Nero. May it please your majesty, this milksop here has had the weakness to become enamored . . .

Bianco. Revered sire, this ill-scheming villain has the presumption to propose . . .

Nero. May it please . . .

King. Untimely rioters, be silent — hold your tongues! If you can't agree to talk one at a time, let this young woman tell us something. What are you here for? Who are you? Why this unseemly altercation?

Princess. Your majesty, I am a poor orphan brought up at a neighboring castle. These are two young gentlemen that live there. A most unheard-of chance has brought us here.

In a forest where the boughs enlacing
Wove a canopy of green,
Passed a comely youth and maid slow pacing
Mossy trunks between.
Chorus. Oh, tragic history,
Oh, wondrous mystery,
A youth and maid were seen.

Quickly starting from a neighboring thicket,
With his flashing rapier bare,
Pouring fierce oaths like an open spicket,
Stood a rival there.

Chorus. Oh, tragic history,
Oh, wondrous mystery,
Behold the frightened pair!

Not a word he to the maiden uttered,
But with scorn the youth addressed,

¹ The appearance of the princes can be easily managed by means of a pine table with a hole in it about as large as a flour barrel, over which the pie, made

of pasteboard, rests. A cloth conceals the place under the table, and guards or attendants or musicians will conceal the communication behind the scenes.

"If you know which side your bread is buttered,
Go, young man, go West."

Chorus. Oh, tragic history,
Oh, wondrous mystery,
Here's jealousy confessed!

Thrust and parry in an angry scrimmage
Did those jealous rivals bold.
Stood the maiden like a plaster image,
Chilled with horror cold.

Chorus. Oh, tragic history,
Oh, wondrous mystery,
Oh, fury uncontrolled!

Then some sorceress or kindly fairy
Rivals, maid, and retinue
Changed to blackbirds, and to regions airy
Chattering off they flew.

Chorus. Oh, tragic history,
Oh, wondrous mystery,
Oh, what an awful stew!

Caught and baked were we with paste around us,
Seasoned à la sauce Tartare;
Then you took the cover off and found us,
And so here we are.

Chorus. Oh, tragic history,
Oh, wondrous mystery,
That is too strong by far!

King. 'T is marvelous indeed!

Queen. I told you so, and has a deep
significance.

King. But say, young woman, know
you these two rivals well?

Princess. I only saw them rarely in
the park.

Queen. Have you encouraged them?

Princess. So as a maid not impolite
might give encouragement to flattering
youths inclined to flirt, — no more.

Queen. A dangerous sport, the cause
of many woes!

King. Quite like her sex; their web
has many threads, and each may catch
a fly.

Queen. Their natural prey. But not
too many; one is quite enough.

Princess. I'm sure I meant no harm.
Men are such fools!

Nero. She has as good as accepted
me.

Bianco. 'T is false! She's sworn un-
dying constancy to me.

Nero. She smiles a greeting when we
meet.

Bianco. Conceited puppy! She presses
my hand at parting.

Nero. She trembles when I enter the
apartment.

Bianco. She may well, seeing so con-
scienceless a reprobate. But she blushes
whenever I address her.

Nero. She ought to blush for shame,
a girl of sense, to speak to such a ninny.

Bianco. She wears the flowers I give
her.

Nero. She is the idol of my soul's
devotion.

Bianco. She is my sovereign mistress.
I will maintain my claim against the
universe.

Nero. I will exterminate any pre-
sumptuous rival that dares mention her
name.

Bianco. The Princess Volatile is mine.

Nero. Liar! She's mine.

[*They fight.*

King. Ho, guards, arrest them. [*They
give up their swords.*] Young woman,
speak; which is the favored lover?

Princess. May it please your majesty,
I cannot yet decide.

King. Then take one of them forth-
with; the other shall be executed in-
stantly. Prepare the block!

Queen. For shame — to force a wom-
an's inclination in such haste! Give her
time. We'll entertain them in the pal-
ace and await the event. Whichever
one she choose, the other'll doubtless
hang himself and save us trouble.

[*Gesture of assent from Bianco and
of dissent from Nero.*

King. No. They've spoiled our roy-
al dinner, they disturb the peace. And
more, I doubt me much they may be
tramps. Perhaps 't is their intent to
rob the palace.

Queen. Suspicious monster! I'm sure
their tale is true.

King. Silence, woman, you're an un-
balanced sentimentalist! Go read *The
Nation!* The public peace demands it.
Let them be confined. Guards, conduct
them to the Square Tower.

Queen. Oh, never mind, my dears!
It will not be severe. You'll find the
cells attractive. They're furnished by
the Household Art Company on plans of
Eastlake.

Princess. Oh!

Nero. Has n't your majesty a con-
venient dungeon?

Bianco. Or a comfortable rack? We
should prefer them much.

Queen. Ungrateful creatures! I am

President of the Criminal Comfort Society. You'll find all modern conveniences, Psyche mirrors . . .

Princess. Oh, how charming!

Queen. Electric bells and speaking-tubes. I'll call a meeting instantly to bewail your fate, and circulate petitions for your discharge.

King. Enough. Conduct them, guards. [*They go out with guards.*] These people touch me strangely. The maiden is of a rare beauty. She, at least, might lodge more regally.

Queen. Never! I'll have no gay coquettes inside the palace. You deceitful creature, with your broken sixpences and tokens, you are not to be trusted! I'll countermine your schemes. Don't even speak to her but in my presence. But the girl is an attractive creature. She reminds me of my dear departed — Ah!

King. Well, what now?

Queen. My lost Amanda! Her envious relatives stole her away after my husband's death. She should be just her age. Can it be she?

King. Oh, gammon! She might more likely be the child of . . .

Queen. Silence! Don't dare to speak of her, the brazen creature, the rival of your lawful wife. This girl is infinitely handsomer. My husband had such hair and eyes.

King. A hideous, squinting lout, of sinister aspect. I knew him well.

Queen. Unfeeling wretch! — to trifle with the sorrow of a wife and mother.

Enter Maid, with fruit.

Maid. Will you have dessert now?

Queen. Oh, what is it?

King. I will have none. I have no appetite for mortal food. These things unhinge my soul.

Queen. You're thinking of that jade and her sixpence. You know you are.

King. Woman, leave me; your vile suspicions are unseasonable.

Maid. 'T is apples of Sodom, your majesty, and sour grapes.

Queen. Ugh! take them away, I've had a surfeit of them. I'll drown my sorrows with my bread and honey in the kitchen. [*Exit Queen.*]

King. Maid, remove the dinner, but beware lest thou disturb the cover of the pie. It holds a legion of enchanted folk. Already has it sent forth three whose state and history perplex us much.

Maid. Oh my! [*Exit King.*] Enchanted people? I should like to see them so. And it's so lonesome here. Heighho! John's of no use; he's such a stupid dolt. Oh, if one should be a prince, and marry me!

I should like a handsome lover,
Tall and fair with eyes of blue,
Round whose full-arched temples hover
Crispy curls of chestnut hue.
But if such I can't discover,
Why, a plainer one will do;
Lovers now, alas, are few,
So a plainer one will do.

I should like a high-born lover,
Rich in generous virtues too,
One whose pride of birth shall cover
No base deed nor thought untrue.
But if such I can't discover,
Why, a humbler one will do.
Lovers now, alas, are few;
So a humbler one will do.

I should like a wealthy lover,
Who with costly gifts will woo,
So that I may live in clover,
Diamonds wear and fashions new.
But if such I can't discover,
Why, a poorer one will do.
Lovers now, alas, are few;
So a poorer one will do.

I should like a constant lover,
Ne'er his love to change or rue,
But to find till life is over
Charms in me still fresh and new.
But if he should prove a rover,
Why, another one will do.
Flying love I'll ne'er pursue,
For another one will do.

Oh dear, I was born a princess, I am sure. I must have been changed at nurse. I feel sometimes a lofty spirit. This servile life is irksome to me. I feel I have a destiny. I will try the pie for just one . . . Oh, mercy, suppose it should be a woman! Horrors, one less chance for me! I won't risk it. Oh, pooh, it's sure to be a man! The men always crowd out first everywhere. I must — I must. Oh, I wonder what he'll be like! If it should be a prince! [*Steps cautiously to the pie.*] I will — no, I won't. What should I do with him? Oh, I could hide him somewhere; or perhaps he'd run away with me. Would n't that be divine! Oh!

[*Takes up the cover. A page jumps out and falls at her feet.*]

Page. Ah, to what heavenly regions have I soared? or if thou art of mortal mold, fair maid, what land is this, that boasts such beauty rare?

Maid. I'm but a simple serving maid, fair sir.

Page. Then are you, sure, of noble birth, by arts of sorcery to servile tasks abased.

Maid [*aside*]. I always said so. I knew it all the time.

Page. Ah, deign to turn on me those beauteous eyes, that I may bask in their effulgent gleam.

Maid. Your looks and language please me, certainly; but if I be of lineage high, it fits me not to be too forward with strange folk.

Page. I'm not a stranger, for our souls have met in other states of being . . .

Maid. Hark!—what's that? Oh, mercy, 't is the king! What shall I do? Oh, go, run, hide!

Page. Let him come in; I fear him not.
Maid. Courageous heart! But women, timid souls, are filled with fear. Spare me the test.

Page. Then show me a hiding-place.

Maid. Here, here, a bag. Some call it pocket. It is meant for rye.

[*Puts him in the bag and sets him in the corner.*]

Enter King.

King. Come, lazy maid, why this delay? The table here? 'T will soon be supper-time, and nought prepared. For now I do bethink me, we have had no dinner. Once and again I've counted o'er my coins, and shrewdly does my stomach cry for food. And why this pocket full of rye? It should not thus be standing in the banquet-hall of kings.

Maid. Oh, don't disturb it, your majesty. Maybe it is enchanted like the pie. Perhaps a man is in it.

[*King draws back.*]

King. 'T were well to try. I'll pierce it with my sword.

Maid. Please don't! If it's enchanted, the least bit of a hole might let the creature out.

King. 'T is true. I'll take it with me to the well and throw it in, so I'll dissolve the charm.

Maid. Oh, gracious me! The water will be spoiled. [*Aside.*] 'T would be a shame to have one's love drowned like a kitten five days old.

King. I'll risk the water, so we break the spell. What ho, attendants, take the bag away!

[*Enter two attendants, who take up the bag and carry it out, the King marching ahead. Page throws kisses at the Maid through a hole in the bag behind their backs.*]

Maid [*to Page as they go out*]. Cling to the bucket and I'll draw you up. [*Soliloquizes.*] Pray Heaven I lose him not! So sweet of speech. So handsome too. John's such a stupid dolt. The looking-glass can tell me more than he.

[*Takes out a pocket mirror and prinks.*]

Queen [*outside*]. Jane, you silly girl, come here. You're always loitering, crimping your hair, or fribbling up yourself with gewgaws. Flounces and furbelows become not serving maids. I'll give you warning instantly.

Maid. She envies me that I am fair and young. Give me warning indeed! I'll leave her for my charming prince and give her none. Coming, ma'am.

[*Exit. Curtain.*]

ACT II.

Prison cell. Princess sings.

Two lovers sue my hand to gain,
And tell with sighs their anxious pain.
I'd gladly wed ere beauty wane,

Which shall it be?
Which shall it be?
I can't marry both of them,
So which shall it be?

The one ambitious, keen, and bold,
Well fit the reins of state to hold,
And win advancement, fame, and gold.
Which, etc.

The other ardent, generous, fond,
Dreaming of love, and naught beyond,
Formed but to bless the marriage bond.
Which, etc.

If pride and power could satisfy
The yearnings of the heart that cry,
I'd wed the clever one, nor sigh,
Which, etc.

If love and youth would always stay,
And keep all worldly cares at bay,
I'd take the ardent one, nor say,
Which, etc.

But since love must abandon pride,
And greed of power sweeps love aside,
I cannot, though I would, decide.
Which, etc.

Princess [taking photographs from the table]. Bianco, Nero, wherefore are ye two? O niggard Nature, to divide the stuff meant for but one! Why must I choose between? If only, Nero, you were fair and fond, or you, Bianco, wise, 't were easy done. But in you, alas, I see high power and wealth; in you fond love alone and marriage bliss. I'll trust to chance; kind Venus, give me aid. [Shuffles the photographs and starts to draw, then stops.] No, drawing one, the other I must lose. Oh, sad necessity! I dare not draw. I'll take the clever one. What woman e'er would lose the chance to hear her female friends, all choked with envy, say, "She married well"? But then my heart would starve. I'll choose for love. I should be wretched, though, without the pomp of brilliant retinue and life in state. Either's a sorry lot. I'll wait and see. Stand there, ambitious Nero! [Puts Nero's picture on table in frame.] I will think of thee by day and roll in luxury. [Kisses Bianco's picture and puts it in her bosom.] But thou, Bianco, lie here next my heart and fill my dreams with bliss. [A noise in the wall.] Dear me, what's that! [Bianco digs a hole in the wall and enters.] Why, Bianco, how came you here? I am glad you came. It is very lonely here.

Bianco. Ah, princess, might I always cheer your loneliness as well!

With sighs my choked words mingling
My veins with passion tingling,
Thy love I sue.
Thy bright eyes' lambent flashes,
Streaming through long dark lashes,
Have pierced me through.
Thy form of such perfection,
Its motion seems reflection
Of some sweet strain,
Thy virtues far excelling
The temple fair their dwelling,
My peace have slain.

Princess. Oh, how enchanting! I wish you would always woo me so. No,

on the whole you'd better not! I should be so charmed with the wooing I should forget to be won, and that would be a pity. But how came you here?

Bianco. Oh, the air was so bad in my cell. I am fastidious about ventilation, and I cut through.

Princess. Now, don't affect indifference. It is n't nearly so becoming. You came to see me, you know you did. Go on with your wooing. You do better in the impassioned rôle.

Bianco. Of course I did. What walls could keep me from you?

Princess. Is that a conundrum? You must n't ask them.

Bianco. Exasperating enchantress, you drive me to madness. You have no heart.

Princess. Oh, yes, I have — in preparation, as the publishers say; out in a few days.

Bianco. Then I may hope?

Princess. Of course you may do that. Men always do. They think their wretchedness a greater claim to women's sympathy. Pray, how much have you to give in return for all these perfections that you sang just now?

Bianco. Oh, nothing, I know. I cannot hope to match such gifts of mind and person. But indeed I love you.

Princess. Oh, you told me that before.

Bianco. True, I am not worthy; I was a fool to dream of it.

Princess. No doubt; all men are that.

Bianco. I'll sue no more. I see my rival sneering at me from yon picture. He is preferred. I'll find some quick device to stop the flurry of this beating heart.

Princess. Don't be a goose. It would be very foolish to quit the world seeing another's photograph, at least without inquiry. Kurtz takes them well and sells them cheap enough. Girls' albums are all full of them. I have another here, not so ill-looking, either.

[Takes his from her bosom.]

Bianco. Oh, ecstasy! I am preferred, then.

[Seizes her hand.]

Princess. Oh, not so fast. I have not said so. You jump at conclusions.

Bianco. At least a ray of hope lights my despair. I will be patient.

[*A noise.*

Princess. There's a noise! Don't let yourself be seen. Hide, hide, in here!

[*Showing him a place. Nero climbs over the wall on the other side.*

Nero. Princess adored by gods and men, I find you thus alone. Accept my suit and make me happiest of men. All my gifts are at your service. You shall rise with me to heights sublime of power. We will sit on pinnacles of greatness.

Princess. I should think 't would be uncomfortable; and they say the air is thin up there. Love would lack nutriment.

Nero. Bah! such romantic passion is a fancy less substantial than moonbeams. My love is of a thicker fabric. It thrives best in elevation.

Princess. I fear 't is tough and leathery, like lichens on a mountain-top.

Nero. But it can stand the strain of life. Ah, now I see you keep my picture there to gaze upon; 't is well; I knew you were a girl of sense. My hope's confirmed. I seal your sweet consent.

[*Tries to kiss her, but she slips away.*

Princess. Wait; my lips give signals only from my heart. You have n't touched that yet. The mind is in the eye, so look your fill. But I hear some one. Go, hide!

[*Shows him another hiding-place.*

Enter King.

King. Fair maiden . . .

Princess. Ah, your majesty. This visit augurs well for clemency. I hope my indecision may be pardoned.

King. I pray you, pardon my intrusion. Your advent hath stirred thoughts in me of times now long since passed. Pray, have you any coins—a sixpence, say—about you?

Princess [*aside*]. Mercy, is the king insane? [*Aloud.*] You speak in riddles, sire.

King. A half would do.

Princess [*aside*]. I'll humor him; they say it's the safest course. [*Aloud.*] I have n't even half a one, your majesty; I spent the last for cream-cakes at the pastry cook's.

King. 'T was natural; I only hoped you might perhaps have half a one. You're very like a maid I knew and broke a sixpence with.

Princess. I am sure I am not the one.

King. Maybe she had a child. If you be she, I fain would know, and do her kindness, too.

Princess. Alas, I have not even such a token of my mother. I never knew her. She is dead, they say. But I sometimes think she may be living, and I may find her.

King. Pray Heaven you may, since you're not her I seek. Besides, the queen once lost a child, and you might take its place. But hush, I heard a step. I fear the queen might find me here, and so her jealous mind would fire, and ruin all. I'll hide.

Princess. Here, then. [*Hides him.*

Enter Queen.

Queen. Poor girl!

Princess. Ah, your majesty.

Queen [*aside*]. She more and more reminds me of him. Can it be she? I'll sound her. [*Aloud.*] My dear, you must be lonely here without your mother.

Princess. I am used to that, your majesty; I never had one.

Queen [*aside*]. 'T is more suspicious. I am pierced with doubts. [*Aloud.*] There are many such. Did she die in your childhood?

Princess. They told me so.

Queen. Have you anything of hers to know her by?

Princess. Nothing. I only have a little bib I wore in infancy, curious wrought and fair.

Queen. Oh, show it me! I had a daughter that was stolen away.

Princess. Dear me! I left it at the castle where I dwelt.

Queen. Oh run, fly, bring it! But stay; some one comes. Don't breathe a word, the thing is secret. Hide me quick. [*Hides her.*

Enter Maid.

Maid. Sweet lady, I am come to comfort you. You must want attendance. You have doubtless always had a train.

Princess. Oh, yes. I went abroad with twenty servitors. They were with me then when I became a blackbird, and were changed with me.

Maid. It must be charming so to live in state.

Princess. 'T was often irksome. If I had my little page I should be happy to be rid of them.

Maid [*aside*]. Her page! It must be he. Oh dear, she loves him! How could she help it? [*Aloud.*] So you had a page. You liked him well?

Princess. Indeed, he was the loveliest of lads, gay, brave, and gentle, formed to dazzle maids.

Maid. Think you he followed you?

Princess. I'm sure he did. I fear he's still enchanted in the pie.

Maid [*aside*]. If she discovers him, he's lost to me. She mourns for him, that's sure; I'll ask her more. [*Aloud.*] What if I release him?

Princess. I should be very grateful. I'll give you choice of twenty more as fair as he.

Maid. And even him?

Princess. Yes, him as well as any, if he pleases you.

Maid. Oh, heavenly lady, I'll serve you ever for such a boon.

Princess. Why do you set your heart on him? Many are more beautiful than he.

Maid [*falling on her knees and hiding her face in the princess's lap*]. I have already rescued him and he is mine. I love him.

Princess. You well deserve him, then. He's yours, if he consent.

Maid. He will, I know.

Princess. How do you know that?

Maid. He told me so.

Princess. The rogue! It's just his way. But hark! I think I heard something. Quick, in here. You might be blamed. [*Hides her.*] So now they are caged. I'll just step out and take the air. And why not turn the key?

[*Goes out and turns the key in the lock.*

They come out one at a time, beginning at the centre and following down the right, each one running back when the next one appears. Then in order

down the left in same manner. Then the King comes out.

King. All quiet? Where is the maid? No one here?

[*Looks around. Queen comes out.*

Queen. Yes, I am here. Sink through the floor and hide from light of day, detected villain!

King. My dear, it is n't day, it's evening; and besides, there's no trap-door. You may put out the light if you like, and we shall all be hid.

Queen. Never! I'll watch you.

King. You wrong me. I only came to see if she had half a sixpence with her.

Queen. That's a blind. You praised her comeliness even in my presence. I know you well. You have been singing love-songs to beguile her.

King. I have forgotten how to sing since I married you. I thought she had a look of one . . .

Queen. Again my rival! I shall burst with rage.

King. I'll say no more. But this maid might well supply your loss. She has no mother, so she says.

Queen. I will adopt such one as pleases me. 'T is my concern.

King. As you like. She's nothing to me. She has not the token.

Queen. If I thought she could be the child of that base huzzy, she should not live a minute in the palace. But where is she? You have removed her.

King. No, I hid, and found her gone. But how came you here? You have been tampering with my prisoners. Leave affairs of state to me.

Queen. I only thought she might know something of my daughter.

[*Nero comes out.*

Nero. She might well, your majesty. Perhaps 't is she herself. She is an orphan.

King. How came you here?

Nero. I heard a noise, and feared there might be mischief brewing. So I rushed to rescue my affianced mistress.

[*Enter Bianco.*

Bianco. 'T is false. The mischief is his own. He wished to carry off the maid.

King. Bless my soul, this is too much. Such quarreling is enough to split the kingdom. She must choose at once. If not, I'll hang you both and lay the burden on her conscience. But till we find her, I decree a general amnesty.

Enter Maid.

Maid. And may I be included too?

King. Gracious! what are you doing here with these young men?

Queen. The lazy maid, she's always gadding.

Maid. I came, like all the rest of you, to see the lady. I had a better right than any man.

King. 'Sh! Say no more. Everybody is pardoned.

King. Grace and pardon for all peccadilloes,
In peace lay your heads on your pillows;
But let music first sound,
Let the measure go round,
And care be consigned to the billows.

Chorus. Then bury the hatchet, the hatchet, the hatchet,
And keep a millennial day;
This moment of gladness, oh, snatch it,
oh, snatch it,
And each one enjoy what he may.

Queen. I banish my jealous suspicion
Of the king, on one simple condition,
That he never shall name
That brazen-faced dame,
But leave her to go to perdition.

Chorus. Then bury, etc.

Nero. I wait for my lady's decision,
With my rival avoiding collision;
My wrath I'll repress
In hope to possess
The fair creature that dazzles my vision.

Chorus. Then bury, etc.

Bianco. My soul that with sorrow is yearning,
The passion my bosom is burning,
I'll console for a while,
And with sweet hope beguile,
My suspense into confidence turning.

Chorus. Then bury, etc.

Maid. With joy my whole being is thrilling,
My lover to wed me is willing;
The princess says yes,
And relieves my distress
At the loss of a young man so killing.

Chorus. Then bury, etc.

[*They try to get out, but find the door locked.*]

King. Caught, cribbed, caged, trapped, confined. The locksmith, ho! A lucky chance you put in bells and tubes. [*Rings and speaks.*] What, ho! We can't get out.

Muffled voice outside. Coming, sir, coming.

King. Then while the night away with merriment.

[*They sing the chorus, and dance. Curtain.*]

ACT III.

Court of the palace, with a well.

Princess. Oh, what a lark! I wish I could have seen them when they met. I trust they got out safe. [*Laughs.*] But I'm choked with laughing. I am so thirsty. And here's a well, old oaken bucket and all, just like the song. How delightful! I wonder if I could n't draw some water. [*Takes hold of the rope.*] Mercy! I did n't know it was so heavy. [*Drops it down again. A groan from below.*] What's that? Everything is enchanted here. . . . Pshaw, how silly! It was only the creaking of the rope. [*Tries again and draws it up. The Page comes up, hanging to the rope. Screams.*] Here's a man. Murder! fire! thieves! help! . . .

Page. Oh, don't be alarmed.

Princess. Why, it's only my page! For goodness' sake, how in the world did you come here?

Page. That heartless maid — she hid me in a pocket of rye and the king threw me down the well. She said she'd rescue me. But she's played me false. Confound her!

Princess. But 't was she that broke the charm and let you out. I thought you were in love with her.

Page. And so I was, but I discard her, the unfeeling wretch!

Princess. Pray, don't be angry; I think she loves you.

Page. Why did she almost drown me, then?

Princess. Maybe for romance. She wanted to receive her dripping lover to her arms as Hero did Leander. Or perhaps to tease you. It is a girl's privilege to tease the man she loves.

Page. But do you really think she loves me?

Princess. I'm very sure; she told . . . But it won't do to tell secrets. Your sex is quite conceited enough, already.

Page. You've seen her, then? Delightful! I can guess the secret. I will forgive her, but I'll pay her off in teasing.

Princess. Oh, yes; that's fair. But here come the king and the rest. Keep your wits about you.

Enter King and others, except Nero.

King. Treacherous jade! What are you here for?

Princess. I was very thirsty, and I stepped out to the well to drink.

King. But you locked us in! The royal family under lock and key! It's a capital offense.

Princess. Did I? I quite forgot there was a catch. I beg your royal pardon. But how did you get out? I am so sorry.

King. We waited for the locksmith. But who's this strange young man, here?

Princess. It is my pretty page. He was enchanted like the rest.

King. Who let him out? Why, this is rank revolution. I gave strict orders . . .

Enter Maid, with clothes.

Maid. May it please your majesty, I let him out. I only wanted one; I thought you would n't mind. Besides, it was before the amnesty. You pardoned us all, you know.

King. Good gracious! Why, the kingdom's upside down! I'll . . . I'll . . . I'll . . . abdicate, . . . I'll . . .

All. Oh!

Queen. Give me the fellow; I have use for him.

King. Woman, let my prerogative alone.

Queen. 'T is my affair. You need n't be alarmed. Go, fly, young man, and get the princess's bib, the one she wore in infancy. Bring it, and look for pardon at our hands. Go!

Princess. It's in the bureau, second drawer, left hand.

[*He goes to wing. Changed to a black-bird, he flies across from that side and pecks the Maid's nose.*]

Maid. Oh, my nose, my nose! [*Puts her hand to her nose.*] It's gone, and I shall be a fright.

Queen. Quick, the royal court-plaster. No, I have it here. [*Puts some on.*]

King. Goodness! here's more magic. Go hang a horseshoe on the kitchen door. I will surround the palace with a charm.

Maid. Oh, don't, your majesty. Perhaps he could n't come back.

Queen. On your life don't break the spell.

King. I will go, then, and count my coins till he come back.

Enter Nero.

Nero. Speaking of coins, I have a half a sixpence here. Will't please your majesty to accept it? It will add to your collection.

King. Merciful heavens! a sixpence? Let me see it, quick! [*Nero hands it to him.*] It is, it is! It has the same device.

Queen. So have all sixpences.

King. Silence, woman! Nero, how came you by this?

Nero. My mother gave it me long since.

King. Your mother! It must be he. And now I think of it, he looks like her. Son of my earliest love, come to my arms.

[*They embrace.*]

Queen. Oh, this is too much! To receive before my very eyes my rival's child. Offspring of that deceitful woman, go, leave my presence!

King. Never; he shall stay. We do adopt him as our heir apparent. Nay, we'll make an era. We will proclaim ourself, by act of parliament, Emperor of Alaska and the Sandwich Isles. He shall be regent of those outer realms, and styled Imperial Highness. He shall wed the maiden if he condescend to take her. She must consent. No woman ever yet refused a crown.

Queen. I will not brook this insult. I will make the world too hot to hold him. Bianco shall be my special favorite and espouse the princess under my protection. Now choose.

Princess. Oh dear! This is a trying case. . . . I'll . . . take the crown.

King. There, I told you so. She's wise as she is beautiful. She cannot be your child.

Queen. I would disown her, if she were. No, I'll keep her with me to enjoy the misery she brings upon herself.

King. No doubt you will torment her cleverly enough. You have rare gifts that way.

Bianco. All women have; even when they love. But I will seek a remedy to ease my galled spirit.

Nero. Try glycerine, 't is excellent for galls.

Bianco. What readiest way to end my wretched life?

Nero. I've seen it in the papers that freezing was an easy way.

Bianco. 'T is well. I will sit down and freeze me in her bitter coldness.

Princess. Oh do, Bianco. There's a dear. I could n't bear to have you live. . . . And I'll be just as cold as ice. You will not suffer long. [*Bianco sits down.*] Good-by.

Bianco. You'll find a half a sixpence when I'm dead, hung by a ribbon on my neck. Bury it with me. It was my mother's gift in infancy.

Queen. How touching! What affection! There's a youth of different stamp, no offspring of that heartless flame of yours. Young woman, see what a heart you've thrown away.

Princess. I always knew he had a heart.

Bianco. 'T is yours until it cease to beat.

Princess. You're a dear good creature. But 't would never do. Be reasonable now; don't make a fuss.

King. Come, then, we'll celebrate the nuptials. Bless you! [*The blackbird flies across the stage again, the other way, with the bib in his beak. The Queen screams.*] For goodness' sake what is the matter now?

Queen. The bib, the bib. [*Enter Page with the bib.*] Quick, let me see it. It is, I am, thou art, she is, we are, it is, it is!

King. Speak, say, tell, explain! What means this great ado? Run for the doctor, somebody! The queen is in a fit.

Queen. It is my child. That faded yellow coronet I wrought myself.

[*They embrace. Chorus.*

Sweet infant stolen from the crib,
Welcome to princely joys ad lib.,
Won by the bib.

The bib, the bib, the blessed bib,
With rocket, Bengal light, and squib
We hail the bib.

Speak, orators, in language glib;
Write, chroniclers, with fresh-cut nib;
Tell of the bib.

The bib, the bib, the blessed bib,
With rocket, Bengal light, and squib
We hail the bib.

Sail, racing yachts, with close-hauled jib;
Groan, tables, with the fat ox-rib;
Honor the bib.

The bib, the bib, the blessed bib,
With rocket, Bengal light, and squib
We hail the bib.

King. A lucky chance. How things come out. It surely was a wondrous pie. I hoped she'd find her mother. And indeed she much resembles her. At least she favors not that hideous knave, her father.

Queen. She is his very image. Revile thou not that choicest type of manhood.

King. Enough, the two shall wed and thus end all suspicious jealousy.

Queen. Agreed. I'm sorry for this poor enamored youth. But 't is an affair of state. You must devote yourself, Bianco, for your country.

Bianco. Oh, I do, I do! I feel the fire of patriotism in my veins. See, I am resigned.

[*Assumes a heroic attitude in his seat.*

King. Farewell, Bianco; I will see your funeral rites performed right handsomely.

Queen. Farewell; we will remember you occasionally.

Princess. Oh yes, Bianco, I will strew flowers on your grave, say once a year, till you're forgotten. Good-by, dear.

Nero. Farewell; I do forgive you.

[*They weep.*

Page. If your majesties have done, here's half a sixpence that I found hard by. 'T was in the road, as thrown from some high window in the palace.

Nero. Pshaw, 't is not a coin—a little paltry piece of tin.

King [*taking it*]. Yes, 't is a sixpence, but it's not so ancient. The date's a modern one, not five years since. And see, it fits the one you gave me. A curious coincidence. You say you had this from your mother many years ago?

[*Nero tries to get out of sight.*

Queen. He's slipped away. No doubt it is a scheme of his to win your favor. He cut a sixpence in two and threw away the other half. He is astute enough.

Princess. Shame! 'T was a heartless trick. He's not the son, then.

King. 'T is clear, he is an impostor.

Maid. I'm certain, now I look at him, he is the low-born creature that I was changed at nurse for.

King. No doubt, no doubt. You must be, then, of gentle blood.

Princess. If he's a villain, I may break the match.

King. Of course. And I renounce him. He's no son of that sweet angel. Let him be put under the pump and banished.

Page. Put him in the well.

Princess. No, put him in the pie.

King. Good! What ho, bring in the pie. [Exit John.]

Nero. But, your majesty, I pray for grace. I am an honest man. I never stole. The sixpence was my own.

King. True, there are few who do not steal, and they deserve encouragement. We pardon you.

Queen. But your majesty says often, "Let no guilty man escape."

King. 'Sh! That's in dispatches, and is meant for show. What do women know of politics? He must, however, stay away a while, until the thing blows over. Say till to-morrow or next day.

Queen. But meantime we must find another husband for the princess.

King. Yes; why not the page?

Maid. Oh, your majesty, that's worse than stealing.

King. I did not know he loved the maid. . . .

Page. I did love her, but since she left me in the well my ardor's cooled. So if your majesty insists . . .

Maid. Ungrateful creature, 't was to save your life.

Page. Oh, that makes a difference, and if their majesties allow, I would fain espouse her instead of the princess.

King. Does the maid incline?

Maid. I would have had him, but 't was he that nipped my nose.

Page. I only tried to kiss you, and you dodged.

Maid. I did n't mean it.

Page. I promise I will not offend again.

Maid. You need n't promise, I will pardon you.

Page. Do your majesties consent?

Queen. By all means, take the flibbertigibbet. You're welcome to her.

King. She's no worse than others, and of gentle blood. 'T is well. We'll have the wedding in place of the princess's. We are entitled to a festival after all this worry. The princess must wait. [Screams outside.]

Enter John.

John. Oh, mercy, your majesty, the cover of the pie fell off and twenty stout fellows rushed out! They're rummaging the pantry for provisions.

King. Good! I'm glad they're all out. We shall have no more enchantment. Let them come in and dance a measure at the wedding.

Princess. Your majesty, Bianco also has a coin.

King. Bless me, so he has; I'd quite forgotten him. Let's see it.

Bianco. Look at it here. It is a talisman my mother gave me. I would die with it upon me.

King [comparing his own]. What! it seems to fit. I do distrust my skill in coins. But 't is the same.

All. It is.

King. You must be the son. 'T is you I make my heir.

Page. There's a half sixpence that is worth a crown.

Princess. Then it all comes right, after all. My dear Bianco, you may thaw out now.

Bianco. And may I wed the princess?

King. No doubt, if she be willing and the queen consents.

Bianco. Then shall I be blessed at last, sweet princess?

Princess. Oh yes, of course. 'T was you I wanted all the time, but circumstances, you know . . .

Bianco. Oh, acme of delight! My head whirls, dizzy with ecstasy.

Princess. It ought. "Love makes the world go round" always.

Bianco. I sit among the stars.

Princess. The best place. The stars sit in the stage boxes. But it's expensive, unless you're one yourself.

Bianco. Go on, I do not mind your gibes. My heart's so full of bliss there is no cranny left for sorrow.

Princess. Oh, that is too sweet! I can't resist it; I will gibe no more.

[*Gives him her hand. He embraces her.*

Bianco [to the *Queen*]. Ah, may I hope, your gracious majesty, still to retain your favor, even though I be descended from the hated fair and wear the token of the severed coin?

Queen. You do belie such lineage, young man, and must affect your father I consent.

Bianco. So I may wed your new-found daughter, then?

Queen. Such union heals all woes. Take him, my dear.

King. A worthy son-in-law. So let the priest be sent for, and the nuptials made forthwith, now when she's in the humor. Heaven knows what turn her fickle fancy next may take.

[*Sings with chorus.*

No more the love-sick youth shall sigh;
Sing a song of sixpence!
The maid no more his suit deny;
Sing, etc.
The future now is love's ally;
A pocket full of rye, of rye!
Four and twenty in a pie,
Four and twenty blackbirds!

The cortege gay to church shall hie,
While rustic swains throw glances sly
At blushing maids that cry, Oh, fie!

Let German bands the horse-hair ply,
Skip, whirl, and slide, ye dancers spry;
Champagne shall foam and corks shall fly.

Let streaming bunting hide the sky,
Let colored fires all nature dye,
Let salvos wild the cannon try!

Their wedded bliss shall age defy,
Around them swarm the smaller fry,
And keep the generous line for aye.

J. B. Greenough.

LEFT OUT.

It was a heavy-hearted winter's night.

But down the broad stairway of Steinway Hall there poured a great stream of light, which enabled certain muddy-looking street-boys, hanging about the pilared entrance, to observe a mass of satisfied people gravitating toward the sidewalk, at the close of a symphony concert. Among these people were Philip Tetlow and his wife, all unconscious of an adventure which was about to befall them.

Philip Tetlow — a man perhaps twenty-eight years old, with a face serious even to dryness, in repose, but frank as a boy's when quickened by pleasure, interest, or sympathy — was an advertising agent. In an interval when other forms of advertising were dull, he had suddenly resolved to announce his own

marriage; having previously gained the consent of Miss Lucy Sporling, of Middletown, Connecticut. It was not often that they spent their dollars in going to one of Thomas's concerts; but to-night they had taken this enormous risk, and felt themselves fully repaid. So translated were they by the music that not until they had been nearly run over by a street car at the corner of Fourteenth Street did they notice that the heavy-hearted night had begun to fling down large, ragged snow-flakes at them, in a sullen sort of sport.

Crossing Union Square, they waited for the particular little one-horse car that was to carry them off into that obscure region west of Jefferson Market, where sundry streets take an abrupt turn and slink off toward the Hudson, then — de-

spairing, perhaps, of any better fortune — plunge into the river and are lost. The car did not come at once, and the Tetlows paced the sidewalk in front of a great jewelry warehouse, now closed and dark, waiting. Just below this sombre, iron-fronted pile, a glare of intemperate light burst forth from a wine room, lighting up the big flakes that reeled slowly downward, and shone over the sidewalk already wet with melting snow. It was here that Tetlow became dimly conscious of a figure standing near him, on the edge of the glare — an oldish man with a long, woeful beard, rusty in hue but straggling into gray here and there, who was dressed in pale blue trousers and a bleached brown coat that glistened with moisture from the increasing snow-fall. The creature was pleading miserably, in a faint voice. Tetlow hardly perceived that he was begging until they had passed him. But music had opened his heart.

"I've a great mind to go back," he murmured hurriedly, to his wife, with his fingers rummaging in his pocket.

"Is it too late?" she asked.

Both had a furtive air, seeming to know that if they had had their account-books with them, or if some acquaintance of average scientific morality had been by, they could have been at once convicted of a gross offense against the maxims of society. But impulse prevailed; Tetlow turned back.

The moist, disheveled spectre took the gratuity in a pallid, inappreciative way, though trying to form some expression of thanks. Tetlow was glad not to be burdened with a "God bless you." But he had hardly rejoined his wife, with that restless, embarrassed feeling which is the reward of virtue in such cases, when he heard feeble steps hurrying behind him. He looked around. There was the spectre again!

The outcast waited blankly an instant, then, "Hope you'll excuse it, sir," he began; "I—I could n't help it. I"—Here his words became a confused mumbling; but Tetlow saw that they were an inquiry, and he caught the word "mistake."

"Mistake?"

"Did you"—the dingy wanderer seemed to collect himself, and to shake off the lethargy of cold and starvation—"did you give me a fifty-cent bill, just now?" he asked.

"Yes," said Tetlow. "At least I meant to. Was n't it one?"

"Meant to?" repeated the beggar, with a flash in his eyes that seemed like that of anger, but with a tremulous tone which showed it to be born of emotion. "Well, sir, I did n't know; but—my God, sir! I never had such a thing happen before." The man stopped, and his beard shook as if his throat was working behind it. He could say no more.

Tetlow was so astonished that he too could say nothing.

"No, sir," resumed his strange companion, presently. "Many's the time I've had to beg on these here streets; and no one thought of giving me more than ten cents, maybe. I came after ye, because I could n't believe it; oh, if you *did n't* make a mistake, I wanted to know it—wanted to make sure."

The two men gazed at each other silently; there was nothing about the beggar that recalled to Tetlow any one whom he knew, yet it seemed as if that wan face floating there before him in the mingled light and darkness was almost more familiar to him than any in the world, except his own. Within the instant, he had grown to know it so well that he felt sure he should never forget it.

"Young man," said this shelterless being solemnly, once more collecting his voice, "you're one out of a thousand, I tell you. You have made an eepoe in my life." And as he spoke, a ruined, far-off superiority was restored to him; it pervaded his heavy, slouchy form, insinuated itself through his grievously poor garments, shone in his soiled, tired face. "You've made an eepoe in my life," he repeated, so that the uncouth word seemed like an echo of itself returning from some dim inner chamber of despair.

Tetlow, with his wife beside him, feel-

ing the whole thing to be queer, unprecedented, uncomfortable, and not knowing what reply to make, was still held there by a spell which he could not shake off. While the haggard man had been speaking, he had noticed a glistening on his cheeks; for the big snow-flakes were still tumbling out of the dark, in their gloomy sportiveness, flitting through the arid gas - light, and silently melting on the gaunt face there. But Tetlow now caught sight of a different moisture in the outcast's eyes; and presently thin, straggling tears began to slip down upon the melancholy countenance. Overcome with sorrowful emotion, he stretched out his hand and took the beggar's.

"Thank ye, sir," said the latter, shaking it very much but with little strength. It seemed as if he were anxious enough to respond, but were so unused to all friendly interchanges that he hardly knew, any longer, how even to grasp the hand of fellowship. "But I must n't keep you standing," he said, suddenly; "and the lady." Here he made an ill-defined movement of courtesy toward Mrs. Tetlow; an unpolished movement, quickly lost in his prevailing slouchiness, yet so strong in its sincerity that it went straight to the dear little lady's heart.

He began moving away, still facing the two.

"I'm glad to have done you any good," said Tetlow, awkwardly. Then the wine-room glare in which he had first seen the man roused a sense of responsibility. "Don't spend the money for liquor," he said, shyly.

"I won't — no," said the man, with an ambiguous, receding manner.

So lifeless was the response, so much was his energy sunken, that he seemed to be retiring from manhood into spectrehood again.

"Good night," said Tetlow.

"Good night," returned the wraith, through the snow-flakes. "God help you, sir. I shall never" —

But just then the little one-horse car came down the square, and relieved the amateur benefactor.

It was very late, however, before Tet-

low could compose himself to sleep, that night. His mind was full of earnest pity for the vagabond who had for a moment come so close to him and then been left behind like a drowning man in the wake of a ship. Pity? Yes, and a kind of despairing fury was mixed with it, such as the lost man himself might feel, if no effort were made to save him.

A few days later, when the episode had retired to a comfortable distance in his memory, Tetlow found it convenient to go to the Cooper Institute reading-room. On a winter's day one sees a motley assembly there. At first, the spectacle of so many seedy or dubious persons among them is puzzling. Is the appetite for news, you ask, stimulated in proportion to the increase of poverty? So blank and indeterminate, too, does life become, when food and occupation are mostly gone, that you can fancy these vagrants have been led hither by a delirious hope of finding their own deaths announced in the papers, and the enigma of their starved lives solved by a line or two of print. But the mystery lessens if you look at the thermometer: the morning papers and seventy-two degrees of heat within doors, here, are better than thirty degrees and no literature outside.

Just as Tetlow had finished his inspection of the files, and was about to go, the figure of one of these shabby loiterers, just passing out of the doorway, attracted his notice. With a shiver he recognized in it the very man whom he had begun to hope he might forget. He knew that it was selfish to forget; but it was vexatious to have the man reappear and irritate his conscience. He held back, for a moment, fearing to overtake the beggar. As he did so, he saw that the policeman stationed near the door was looking pointedly after the man.

"A good chance," reflected Tetlow.

"I'll ask if he knows him."

The policeman, pink and solid as to face, massive, blue, many-buttoned as to person, gazing with mixed wonder and scorn at the vanishing outcast, turned with great relief on hearing Tetlow's voice.

"Know him?" said he; "I know him, if you can call it knowing with a cuss like that. I don't believe he knows himself rightly. But he's here most every day, off and on — when he an't in mischief somewheres else."

"Does — does he drink?" inquired Tetlow, thinking to settle a doubt which had risen in his mind.

"I s'pose so," answered the officer stolidly. "I never see him but here. He don't drink here, but" — with a disgusted half-smile — "he *eats*. Yes, sir," he proceeded, seeing Tetlow attentive, "that man an't got no more sense of decency than to come here and eat! Food for the mind, you see;" he pointed toward the long desks filled with flapping pages of print; "but this here pauper, he wants to make a restyront of it. I've seen him," continued the officer, with an air of very impressive accuracy, "I've seen him come on a cold day and sit pretty much all day after one o' them files, never turning a page, sir. And there he'll sit with his old shiny coat buttoned tight acrost his chist, and about noon-time he'll haul out a greasy sandwich, and gnaw it right over the newspaper — the dirty beast! He got some grease on the paper, one day, and I told him he'd better not try that on again. I thought that 'd be the last of him, for it scared him. But, damn 'em, you've no idea how these fellows stick. I'd turn him and some o' those others out o' here pretty quick, only my orders does n't allow of it."

"What made him go out so early to-day?" asked Tetlow, rather angry, yet so much impressed by the official's righteous ferocity that he rather dreaded to be turned out himself, if he asked many questions.

"Well, the fact is," returned the roundsman, with a deserving air, "he makes me sick, that bloke, an' I could n't put up with him no longer. I thought I'd stretch a point, and so I just walks up to him and says, 'Look here, Johnny, this an't a-goin' on forever. Either you or me has got to leave this hall, and it's better for you by a long sight if we don't leave it together.' That fetched

him, sir." The licitor was unable to repress a chuckle. "He warn't proof agin that little dodge, and so he just turned tail and walked out where he belongs."

"Well, where *does* he belong?" demanded Tetlow, earnestly.

"Why, outside."

"*Outside?*"

"Yes; in the streets. Where else would you put him? We can't lock him up."

"Oh, of course not," assented Tetlow.

But his mind did not assent at all. The confusion, the discomfort and pity and protest, that had prevailed there a few nights before, in thinking of the poor outcast's situation, all came back to him with increased tumultuousness. He went out, hoping to get sight of the pauper somewhere. But the silent, squalid image of the victim did not cross his path again.

Tetlow went toward his office, in the lower part of Chatham Street, but his mind was still uneasy. "We can't lock him up," he meditated. "No, that's true enough. But to say he belongs outside! Outside where? In the streets? The next move, then, is to put him outside of *them* — outside of everything. O wise generation that lays out streets! For without them what should we do with our loose human beings? We might be forced to hang or imprison them all; unless, perchance, we were driven to show a love so untiring for them that they should be restored to order and fitness. But we don't *all* belong in the streets, and why don't we? Who's to decide whether this particular man belongs there or not?"

It may seem strange that Tetlow should so suddenly have become sensitive to the sufferings of an outcast fellow-creature. We all go to charming concerts, we all encounter unfortunate beings: we do not all become sensitive to the woes of others. But to most of us there comes some moment or some hour when we see clearly the dark depths of life, and cease to deceive ourselves. Tetlow's hour had come. Of

late the earth had seemed to him an unusually well arranged and desirable place. Of late, too, he had begun to turn the universe over in a new light, with some reference to its fitness for possible children of his own to be born in. This made the revulsion severe when it came.

Yet it was with some satisfaction as well as regret that he said to Mrs. Spurling-Tetlow, that evening, "Any way, I shan't probably see the poor fellow again. It was a chance that I came across him twice, and it won't happen a third time." In this he was mistaken. In New York, probably more than in any other large city, when a face or figure once claims your attention, you are apt to encounter it again, and often. The current of the crowds moves in ellipses on the long avenues; the ratio of your steps with some other person's steps causes you to catch up with him; then you lose him, catch him again, and finally ratio and linear measure carry him away from you forever. You meet him a given number of times, and after that you could not encounter him if you were to spend a year's walking in the attempt. Tetlow's chances with the vagrant stranger had not yet run out.

A few days later there came a comfless thaw, accompanied by slow, drizzling rain. This time, Tetlow, passing along a side-street not far from his home, came up with and passed an ill-clad, heavy, rain-soaked man, who carried something tightly grasped in his fist. As Tetlow went by, he glanced back and recognized the pauper, who, lifting the shut hand, disclosed a small greenish apple, and took the merest nibble from it. He seemed not to notice his benefactor's presence, but shuffled on uneagerly, indifferent to everything around — though again holding the apple firmly, as if it was all that life had left him. Tetlow took a few steps on his forward way, then, changing his mind, turned and went up to the man.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

The nameless fellow turned his eyes slowly and heavily on Philip. "How are you, sir?" he asked. His voice

betrayed no feeling; there was no change in his face.

"You know me, then?"

"Do you think I'll ever forget?"

"I thought you had already; you looked so uncomfortable."

"Yes, I saw you watching me," was the answer. It was made quietly, with no effort to excite compassion, but the tone meant, "I knew you were sorry for me."

"Then why did n't you speak?"

"It is n't for me to claim acquaintance," said the outcast; not meanly, but with a tarnished sort of urbanity.

"But why do you stay out in the cold rain?" demanded Tetlow, nervously. "Where are you going?"

"Nowhere."

The man's appearance was so quietly, doggedly dejected, he was so manifestly discouraged beyond the power of mere words or fifty-cent pieces to restore him, that Tetlow saw he had fallen several degrees in the scale of hope since that memorable concert night.

"But you asked me for money, you know, the other time," he said. "Why did n't you just now?"

So far as the other's dimly-expressing countenance could, it showed surprise at the question. "Why?" he repeated, with an accent strangely like that of reproach. "That was at night; I never can beg by day. Besides," he began, with greater impulsiveness, as if about to reveal a more weighty motive. But with that word he paused.

Tetlow felt the reproach. The man, he saw, had been too proud to remind him of that intimate passage between them, at the snowy corner in the midst of night. He had prized too highly the kindness once done him, to risk coupling with it any rebuff at another time. "Is there any way of getting relief besides begging?" asked Tetlow, after reflection.

"None that I know of. I want to get work; but no one will give me any, now, it's so long since I was washed, and my clothes are so bad they don't like my looks."

"Have you tried to get in at any of

the places for poor — for the destitute?"

"I tried at the church where I used to be a member," said the vagabond.

"You're a church-member, then?" Tetlow asked, in surprise. The fact struck him as almost comical that a member of a Christian church should be found in this miserable, neglected plight upon the streets.

"I was a Baptist once," returned the man, as if in doubt whether his immersion in poverty, since, had not annulled his former consecration.

"Well, could n't your people help you?"

"They did n't know me. No one remembered; they wanted me to come again and see a committee or a board. I got kind of discouraged, and quit."

Tetlow mused.

"Have you ever tried the St. John's Guild, an Episcopal order?" he inquired.

"No."

"I believe they help men," Tetlow rejoined, feeling that his way of dealing with the case was decidedly feeble. "They're not Baptists, but then it really don't make much difference."

"No," said the other. "They're all pretty much the same."

He spoke in a broad, unsectarian way, defining his position as a liberal Christian; but to Tetlow there seemed a bitter satire in the words.

What now most touched his heart was the utter absence of complaint in the luckless man's demeanor. His effusiveness at their first meeting had even made him suspicious; but this noiseless despair penetrated every fibre of his being.

"How long have you been thrown out in this way?" he asked, breaking off his reverie.

"I don't know," was the answer.

"How? Don't know?"

"No. I can't tell when I last had a bed. I've had work, sometimes, — now one thing, now another, — and then I'd slip up again. 'Pears to me it's like a sickness where you keep a-spectin' to get well all the time, and then you go back. Only, when you're sick the real way, you're in bed; but this kind o'

sickness is jist when you an't got no bed at all."

The idea was half ludicrous, yet it filled Tetlow with compassion.

"You must let me do *something*," he said, with unruly emotions tugging at his voice. He could endure inaction no longer. "Could n't you come and get something to eat, with me?"

"Was you going to get something?" said the man, with repressed eagerness. "I would like to eat," he added, simply. "Yes."

Under shelter of Tetlow's umbrella they retraced the street toward Sixth Avenue, the guide suiting his steps to the slow, shuffling gait of his charge — a gait which long experience had seemingly taught him would wear well.

"By the way," asked Philip, "what's your name?"

"Philip Erne, sir."

"Philip!" echoed Tetlow, surprised. To have his own name come from such a source was like suddenly seeing his face in a mirror that should reflect it pale, sick, and wretched. Somehow he revolted at telling the beggar that their first names were the same. He merely said, "My name is Tetlow." In a moment he inquired, "Were you born in New York?"

"Yes," said Erne, continuing in a gradual, reminiscent voice, "I was born in a street you would n't remember. 'Tain't there any longer. That was in old days; it was down near Canal and Centre streets." After a pause, he said, "'T was a good quarter o' the city, them times. We was n't badly off, least not before my father died. But he did n't leave no money."

"What was his trade?" asked Tetlow, with interest.

"He was a commodore."

"A skipper?"

"No; commodore in our navy. He meant me to go in the navy, too; and if he'd lived some longer, I'd have been a middy. But when he died, that way, I told mother I'd learn a trade; and I went to shoe-making."

"And what first brought your misfortunes?" suggested Tetlow.

"Well, trade was n't good, and I went to the war. Ever since, things have gone wrong. I was took by the rebels and kept five months in And'sonville."

They had now come to Sixth Avenue. Pausing a moment, Tetlow selected a small, cheap eating-house, which had an air of flashy neatness, and took his new friend to it.

"Will you have a beefsteak and some ale?" Tetlow asked his charge.

"Thank you; was you going to take ale?"

"Yes."

"I'd rather have coffee."

The trap had been adroitly laid to detect any habit of drinking. But Erne showed no suspicion of it.

"Won't you have any kind of liquor?" urged Tetlow.

"No. I found out in the army that coffee goes further, a good deal. Much obliged."

Tetlow, greatly relieved, ordered coffee and steak, and himself took ale, though he did not want it. While he sipped, and Erne ate, their conversation went back to the war. Erne related his harrowing prison-experience minutely, but in the dull, quiet way that was usual with him: how he had lain down night after night unprotected on the ground, with thousands of other men crowded so close that they could scarcely turn; how many of the prisoners "got kind o' crazy, they'd suffered so much," and went up to the dead-line to be shot; these, and things much more terrible, he told without a change of voice, and without pausing in the process of feeding himself.

"But how did you ever live through it?"

"Very few men could have got through all I did; but I was strong then." A look of resolution and endurance came into the massive outline of Erne's face while he spoke, as if the mere memory of his sufferings called up unconsciously all his fortitude. "Sometimes I felt pretty near wild, myself. I never did get really so; but I was so starved I'd dream of nights that some one asked me

to sit down to a splendid dinner, with everything nice you could think of, and — well, I never eat so much in my life as I thought I did then. But I'd wake up as hungry as ever in the morning."

"The starving," said Tetlow, presently, "seems more cruel than the shooting."

"Well, the rebs could n't help that. They had n't much of anything themselves. Why, right here in New York I've had to go through just the same thing again. People don't think nothing about it here. And how can you expect 'em to? We an't fighting for 'em now."

These military recollections supplied Tetlow with a plan for relief. "Can't you get a pension?" he inquired, at length.

"No. I only had a flesh-wound. Of course if I'd been killed there'd have been a pension — if any one could have drawn it."

It seemed as if Erne's wits were a little askew: he did not see the grotesqueness of what he was saying. Tetlow laughed, but he regretted it the next moment, for Erne's face suddenly struck him as having grown sadder and darker.

The meal ended and paid for, it seemed impossible to turn the ragged veteran adrift again, without further help. Tetlow found that under his coat Erne had only the remnant of a cotton shirt. He bought him a blue flannel one, gave him change enough to get a light supper and a night's shelter at one of the cheap lodging-houses in the lower part of the city, and told him to come to his own rooms the next day at an early hour.

In the intervals of his business, that day, Tetlow ferreted out the names of several charity-establishments for men, which he thought might be applied to on Erne's behalf; and in the evening he called on the wife of the minister at whose church he worshiped. It was a church beyond Tetlow's means; the minister drew a large salary, and it was with some trepidation that Tetlow, who attended service regularly, but sat in such places as Providence and the sexton as-

signed, approached the costly parsonage. But he knew the lady to be a beneficent person.

After sketching the circumstances of his meeting with Erne, "Long exposure," he said, "has made him rheumatic, and he needs rest. He only asks for a few days' shelter, and is anxious to work. Now, what's the best place for him?"

"But, as I understand, he is not quite an invalid?"

"No," said Tetlow.

"Not helpless?"

"I'm afraid not," Tetlow confessed, though fondly hoping that the less serious Erne's case, the better it would be for him.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" exclaimed the minister's wife, with as much compassion as if Erne had been a hopeless cripple. "If he had been really sick, I could have got him a bed in a hospital."

"Then he won't do, as he is?"

"Never in the world."

"I suppose he'd better be *out* of the world," said Tetlow, despondently.

"Yes, almost," was the answer.

"What other chance is there, then? Any?"

"Is he over sixty and under ninety?" began Tetlow's interlocutor, categorically.

"Under ninety, yes, certainly. But not over sixty. Why?"

"Because," said the lady, "there's another affair, a Home for Old Men, where I could put him, if he were just between those ages. And you said he was temperate. Are you sure he's not a reforming drunkard?" This query was put with almost tender persuasiveness.

Tetlow, grieved at loss of so fair a chance for reform, told the bitter truth.

"Then I'm sure I don't know what can be done," said the listener. "This is precisely the most difficult kind of case to deal with."

"I don't seem to have managed it quite right, at least," observed Tetlow, with a dash of irony in his voice.

"No," said the minister's wife, good-humoredly, "you have not painted your

man in nearly glaring enough colors to make him a success."

This way of taking it mollified and encouraged Tetlow. "Can you tell me about *these* places?" he propounded, pulling out the memorandum which he had made. "Here's The Preserving Providence: what's that for?"

"Oh, that's only for finding employment for poor men of good character. They have no lodgers."

"And The Paupers' Bower? That *sounds* very favorable. Would n't it be the right sort of place?"

"Dear me," sighed the victim of his importunity; "it's nothing in the world but a free reading-room, open day and evening. They can buy tea there, however."

"Oh," murmured Tetlow, discomfited. But he rallied to the attack with a fresh name, The Rock in the Desert. This, however, proved to be merely a benevolent society for the free distribution of milk in small glasses, to be drunk on the premises.

"Milk at one place, and tea at the other," Tetlow commented. "Would n't it be better to put them together?"

"You would be a benefactor if you could do it," said the lady. "What all these schemes need is union and coöperation, to make them efficient."

"Well, can you tell me anything good about The Wanderers' Home? I overlooked that, just now. I'm sure I ought to succeed at a home."

"If this were anything else," said the minister's wife, "it would be ludicrous. Don't you know what The Wanderers' Home is? It merely gives information to strangers about their relatives, — when they have any, — and forwards artisans who are passing through the city. You see, although the charities of New York are really vast, the big institutions are for big classes and extreme cases; they swallow camels mostly, and strain at the hungry gnats. These little places are carried on by enthusiasts or theorists."

"There's only one other on my list at all," said Tetlow, feeling quite discouraged; "and that's The Bethlehem."

"That I don't know at all," said his adviser.

"Well, then, I'll try it!" he exclaimed, with fervor.

"My ignorance recommends, does it?" laughed the lady.

Tetlow warmly disclaimed the idea, but rose to take his leave.

"Could you wait a moment?" she asked him, gently. "I may find some old clothes that your candidate might call for."

She left the room, and was gone a few moments, announcing as she came back that no old clothes could be found. "But I wish you would give him this," she added, handing Tetlow a folded bank-note.

The simple man did not discern that this had been the sole object of her search. He went his way with many thanks, and as he came to the nearest street-light could not forbear to draw out the paper dollar for inspection. He was astounded to find the figure on the bill a five. A rush of gratitude filled his heart. How strange that he should be scanning this unexpected bounty, under the gaslight, just as Erne had gazed at his, and with the same sort of emotion! The next moment, seeing the street dusky and deserted beyond, Tetlow indulged in a bolt down it at double-quick, to relieve himself. And the minister's wife was surprised to receive from him, on the following day, a respectful ecstacy of written thanks.

Tetlow had been careful to ask the number of Erne's regiment, and his company. He now wrote to a friend at the Brooklyn navy-yard, for information as to Erne's father, and asked him to address a note to some one who could examine the regimental record.

In accordance with the appointment they had made, the houseless Philip came, in the morning, to the benevolent and sheltered one, and they went together to The Bethlehem. It proved to be a small, shabby house in the shabbiest part of Pearl Street. The two Philips stepped into a room part office and part dining-hall, yet not very much of either. An oil-cloth, with a great deal of brown

coloring-matter and a great deal of abysmal perspective in it, covered the floor; near the windows stood several tables, set, and arrayed in thin cloths that would have been transparent if they had not been so dirty; on the other side of the room were a shiny wooden railing, a desk, a table holding some books and pamphlets, together with a school globe; and a barren, disconsolate-looking clock was fixed against the wall.

A young woman in a dark woolen gown and ornamental pinafore, whose doubtfully gleaming hair, brushed wavily along the forehead, gave her the look of having been cut out of some child's illustrated book, was hovering near the untidy tables, but on seeing the visitors she made haste to place herself officially behind the small railing, at the same time busily dissolving in her cheek a lump of sugar, just purloined from the other part of the room.

"I want to get shelter here for this man," said Tetlow with special firmness, because the place seemed particularly doubtful. "I suppose you can arrange it."

"I'll see, sir," said the young woman, unconsciously delighting him by her tacit admission. She stepped to a whispering-tube in the wall, and called through it, "Mr. Niddock!"

"Sit down," said Tetlow to Erne, taking a chair for himself also.

So soon as he was seated, he found himself overwhelmed by a sudden distaste for his mission. It was not that he did not hope and expect to succeed; neither was it that he distrusted Erne. But he was so much younger than this mature street-waif that there seemed something anomalous in the situation. To be in a position of patronage toward this elderly man was odious. He had felt the falseness of the relation on the previous day; but the newness, the excitement and sympathy, of the occasion had veiled it. He now became clearly aware that there was a constraint in his position which he could by no amount of effort break down. He could not seem to place Erne on a level with himself. Suppose the man had been his

uncle, in decent circumstances; he would have treated him with well-defined respect. This he could not do with Erne, yet he was persuaded that, to make his benevolence a manly one, he ought to achieve it. The whole affair irked him in a way that he could not have foreseen a few hours before.

With brief delay, Mr. Niddock appeared. He was a small old man with a deeply marked, eccentric countenance, the side-scenery of which was supplied by some long curls of hair that had once been brown, but had now faded into a displeasing yellow. His step and attitude were springy and his manner was effervescent; almost flightily so, Tetlow thought.

"How do you do, gentlemen?" he said, coming forward in an eager, excitedly welcoming way. "Anything I can do for you?" And he shook hands with both of them very plentifully.

He made no distinction whatever between them, and this was evidently managed expressly to put Erne at his ease. Tetlow keenly took to heart the difference between this and his own conduct; he wished that in speaking to the girl he had not called Erne "this man." He glanced at him quickly, now; but Erne avoided the glance, and with an awkward movement shifted his footing and knotted his hands together.

"My name is Tetlow," explained that gentleman. "And this is Mr. Erne. He would like to get lodging here for a few days, till he feels better and can take a fresh start." He was about to put in vouchers for Erne's trustiness, but Mr. Niddock answered quickly.

"Very natural," he said, with antiquated liveliness. "Are you in the mood for some breakfast, Mr. Erne?"

"Better have some," threw in Tetlow, anxious to make amends for any former coolness.

"Thank you," said Erne, gravely. Perhaps he already suspected Tetlow's weariness. At all events, of the three, his demeanor was now the most austere reserved.

"We can't give you any great choice,"

said the Bethlehem proprietor, with an artificial laugh. "Where we have so many friends coming in, you see, we have to calculate hospitalities pretty close."

"Don't you keep coffee?" asked Erne, his sombreness lifting like a fog and giving a glimpse of anxiety.

"Yes, yes; we'll give you a cup of coffee and some bread. Will you take anything with it?" Mr. Niddock added, with a manner of grisly playfulness. "You'd better not, though. It may not agree with you."

Erne gazed at him with a slow surprise, as if to say, "Why not?"

"Because the last guest we had asked for 'something else;' he was a dyspeptic, he said; and the only something else we had was nothing. But he said 'nothing did n't agree with him.' I thought you might be the same way."

Here Mr. Niddock laughed with very successful violence, bringing into his face an amount of color and a number of unsuspected wrinkles that made him look almost like another individual. Tetlow, too, smiled in sympathy.

"Well," said Erne, with no answering light of humor in his face, yet showing a certain appreciation; "I've tried nothing a good deal, and I don't think it *does* agree with me, so I'll take my grub without it this time, if you'd be so good."

Mr. Niddock nodded his extreme satisfaction at this reply, and called to the picture-book girl, "Samarita, go and get this gentleman some breakfast, will you? And keep the coffee hot!"

His manner was so savory of the feast that Tetlow, as he spoke, well-nigh felt an-hungered.

"Queer name, Samarita," observed Mr. Niddock, incidentally, when the girl had left the room. "She's a niece of mine from the country. I got her to come down because I thought her name would be appropriate. But you must excuse me a moment, while I take a run up-stairs."

Tetlow acquiesced, thinking that perhaps the old gentleman preferred this particular form of exercise to that of walking on a level. But when Samar-

ita reëntered the room with a tray holding a very small cup, beside which lay a diminutive roll something larger than a thread spool, he fancied that the benevolent proprietor might have retired to hide his mortification at the slightness of the provision. At all events, Mr. Niddock returned almost on the instant when Erne had dispatched the slender refreshment, and began with vivacious dolefulness to explain that he could not possibly accommodate the wanderer, that day.

In spite of his better resolutions, Tetlow suffered a momentary relapse into annoyance at the thought of having Erne's affairs hang longer in the balance.

"But there's a man up-stairs whom I've notified to leave to-morrow," said Niddock; "and Erne can have his bed."

"Then he'll be sure to get in to-morrow?" queried Tetlow, by way of clincher.

"To-morrow night; oh, yes," said Mr. Niddock.

"Do you support this house yourself, sir?" asked Tetlow of Mr. Niddock, as he and his charge turned toward the door.

"Yes, I do what I can. I have some property, and I made up my mind, a while ago, to devote the rest of my life to helping others. But I can't always meet expenses; they *will* overrun; and then I beg, or else pray for help. A prayer is pretty sure to be answered; begging's more uncertain."

When the two Philips came out of The Bethlehem, they walked along the street till they reached a convenient doorway, where Tetlow stopped to tell his companion of the gift from the minister's wife.

Erne was so dazed by her generosity that he could make no remark upon it. "Who's the lady, did you say?" he asked. "What's her name?" His lip trembled as he said, with a touch of awe in his voice, "She must be a very good woman. I wish I could tell her how much it does for me," he went on, holding the green bill one end in each hand and gazing vacantly at it, as if he hoped to find words upon it that would express

his meaning better. Then he lifted his eyes with a sad impatience at his inadequate utterance.

"Well," remarked Tetlow, hastily, "that will help you to manage, you know, till you get in at Niddock's; and then you can buy a coat with part of it."

Erne did not at once respond; he seemed a little uneasy.

"I wish I could do something for this," he presently said. "I'm not well enough to work much yet, you see. But it seems queer to take so much money without doing anything for it."

Tetlow managed to reassure him. "But now," he continued, preparing to quit the convenient doorway, for it seemed proper to get rid of Erne's affairs for the time, "how will you arrange, to-night? Forty cents will get you a bed at the lodging-house where you went before, won't it? Then" — Erne having assented — "you'd better go there to-night. To-morrow, that's Friday, you put up at Niddock's. By Monday would you be ready to call at my office and let me know how you are?"

"If that would suit you, sir," said Erne, with a gleam of that old, disused courtesy which had once before caught Tetlow's attention.

"Well, then, suppose we go along; it's too cold, I find, standing here."

He was prepared to bid Erne good-by; but, to his surprise, the latter did not lead up to it. Instead, he stepped out of the doorway, and seemed to await Tetlow. Accordingly, they started off together. The disbursement of the five dollars had dispelled the slight constraint which seemed to be clutching hold of them while in The Bethlehem; and now Erne was apparently unwilling to have an abrupt parting.

As they walked on side by side, without at first saying anything, there stole over Tetlow a queer sensation. Erne seemed to be clinging to him, bodily, though in reality he was not even touching him. Was the sensation like that of some one who has plunged into a stream to save a drowning person, and finds the weight more than he can carry to shore? But very soon a pleasanter image arose,

and Erne now appeared merely a hungry and forsaken man, who had received the boon of a delicious dream, and was trying to keep up its illusions by an effort not to wake. With this thought a warm rush of simple and generous emotion came pouring into Tetlow's heart.

"It's all real, Erne! You need n't be afraid that it won't last; you have friends, now, and they'll stick by you." This was what he longed to say impetuously, at the moment; but the words scattered themselves unheard within his mind, and he merely remarked, "It's pleasant to think that we've got something arranged, at last. Is n't it?"

"Yes, it'll do me good," Erne replied, in a brooding voice. "I want to get this rheumatism out of me, and then I can work."

"How on earth have you managed, nights," queried his friend, "when you did n't have any money?"

"Oh, I had very good nights," said Erne, deprecatingly, as if he had perhaps seemed to complain. "When it's too cold to walk, I go to the police stations. That's very bad; there's too many of us together, and there's cursing and tricks and singing, but you get warm even when you can't sleep. I'd rather get a good lot of straw down a cellar-way, as I did it sometimes. But there was a good many nights, this year, when I could stay out all night."

Tetlow reflected a moment. "Do you mean *walking* all night?"

"Yes, you can keep very comfortable that way," answered Erne. "I generally worked around from the Battery up the west side, — not along the river, there's too much wind there, — up to Fifty-Ninth Street or somewhere there. Then you turn and come over to Broadway and walk down the Bowery here, and if you walk slow and stiddy that's pretty near as much as you want for one night."

"The length of the city, twice!" murmured Tetlow. "If you go six or eight miles like that, how do you get any sleep?"

"Well, you can't sleep much, of course. But then, it's better than the

stations. And along toward morning, some o' those saloons for the car-drivers and the newspaper men gets open and makes it kind of cheerful. There's places where the steam and the fires make the side of the houses or the sidewalk warm, and you can steal a sleep there before it comes day-time."

"Steal a sleep!" Tetlow mentally echoed. "Is even that gift of God denied him?"

They walked for some moments without further remark. Then Tetlow halted, saying abruptly, "I must go to my office now." Erne seemed suddenly to fear that he might have accompanied his patron too far. "But we shall meet on Monday again," Tetlow cheerily reminded him.

The other Philip simply gave a nod. With this they parted. But Erne was not yet roused from his dream; it was only a momentary break.

That afternoon, on his way up town, after business, Tetlow sought out the little church which Erne had mentioned to him. It was a small edifice with a great many cornices, moldings, flutings, and miscellaneous protuberances. The color was that of molasses candy, and the two little spires looked as if they had been drawn out at a pulling of the candy, and inadvertently left so. Finding a little black sign with the sexton's address on it stuck into the gewgaw moldings near the door, he was able to get at the sexton himself, and through him at the minister, who referred him to a Mr. Bumpus, of the church committee, to be seen in the Sunday-school room, the next day, at four o'clock.

At the appointed time, Tetlow, going to the basement room, was confronted with Mr. Bumpus, a small, knotty, red-nosed man, who thoughtfully prodded his rough-shaven chin while listening to Tetlow, and then polished his smooth, red nose officially with a handkerchief, for an instant, before replying.

"I will bring the matter before the board, Mr. Tetlow. That much I can do for you."

"How soon does the board meet?"

"Not till next month, unfortunately. We've just had one meeting."

"And I am to sustain the man for a month, I suppose," said Tetlow with perhaps pardonable indignation, "fattening him to be served up at your board."

"We must examine the church records, at least," returned Mr. Bumpus, with an ominous air of long-suffering, "to test your candidate's claim. Besides," he continued, with a half-concealed pride, "we are struggling under a heavy load of debt at present, for this new house of ours." He glanced for a moment upward, as though to indicate the molasses candy walls and pinnacles above.

Tetlow left this cautious gentleman promptly, and went home much embittered. As he sat before the fire, that evening, encouraged by his wife's honest sympathy, he gave vent to his gloom.

"Poor Erne is stored away for to-night at The Bethlehem," he observed. "But who knows what may become of him three days from now? How strange that a man should be so utterly without a place, part, or lot in the world! We mortals, after all, are like figures on a slate, always arranged in a problem, and obliterated in a moment to make room for a new calculation. But poor Erne don't even seem to belong to the sum, as it stands just now. He might be got in, if he were just something else than what he is. If he were his own father he might retire on half-pay. If he were helplessly sick, he could go to a hospital. And if he were a criminal, he'd be taken care of completely. But just because Erne has physical endurance, and because he's honest and temperate, he's left to his own devices."

Who that knows human nature will be unprepared to hear that even while Tetlow was thus arraigning the system of things, there was creeping over him a doom-like weariness of his championship of Erne? The very apathy of society which he condemned became alluring to him, and tempted him to drop the

whole troublesome business. He knew that Erne was under cover for this one night, at least, but he said to himself that if it had not been so, and if, instead, the pauper had been shivering now on the sidewalks, he should hardly feel like taking a step to succor him. The very things which had before assisted his sympathy now repressed it. The thought of the child that might be born to him, which had but a few days earlier made him more keenly alive to Erne's misery, seemed to-night to arouse only a spirit of parsimony and self-preservation. The novelty of the situation was gone. Charity, they say, begins at home: it ends almost anywhere.

Tetlow knew, of course, that this was all wrong, and he tried to shake off the mood. But it was not so easy. When he reached his office, next day, the drowsy and disorderly boy who opened it of mornings and had stayed there by direction on Tetlow's going to the church, announced, "Gentleman here after you went. Same one that called before. Said he could n't wait 'bout the advertising. Go somewhere else." This dismal news revived Tetlow's dissatisfaction. Feeling very sour, he nevertheless pursued his business with great energy, making some politic calls and starting up prospects of employment, so that he grew more hopeful before night. But his heart had imperceptibly hardened towards Erne.

It was with a sort of disgust that he recalled, on his way to business, the next Monday, that this was the date set for the reappearance of the outcast. An hour later, as he sat, fretful and uneasy, reading the newspapers at his desk, he heard a slight, shuffling step, then a subdued, disconnected tapping at the office door, and Erne appeared on the threshold, timid, quiet, yet with an obscurely hopeful air. Tetlow turned around.

"Well?" he said, perhaps a shade austere. He himself noticed this, and went on more genially, though without much welcome, "Oh, how are you? I did n't expect you quite so soon."

Erne had taken half a step forward. He paused.

"I — I would n't have come, sir, only" —

"I know; yes. I told you to; I remember, of course." The moment he had said this, Tetlow wished that he had used the word "asked," in place of "told."

Erne remained near the door, falteringly expectant, as it seemed; Tetlow remarked that he looked somewhat stronger and fresher than hitherto, though still unkempt and worn and pitiable enough. "Come in, why don't you?" he asked. Erne hereupon drew nearer, but caught the eye of the disorderly office-boy fixed with contemptuous inquiry upon him, and again hesitated. The very room began to seem mysteriously hostile to him.

"Did you stay at The Bethlehem, nights," asked Tetlow, "after I left you?"

"Once — Friday."

"Why not after that?" inquired the benefactor with some sharpness.

"Well," answered Erne, "there an't any Bethlehem much, any more."

"What do you mean?" demanded the other, trying to face this remarkable sentence squarely.

"Some creditors had everything attached, Saturday morning," was the reply. "We was all turned out, and the sheriff come in. Niddock, he did n't give up, though; said he would run the place for his creditors, as an eating-house, till he'd paid." Erne waited, turning his old felt hat over in his hands, and added, "He'll have to stiffen his coffee some, if he wants pay-boarders."

Tetlow began to laugh, at thought of this catastrophe coming upon the one devotedly miscellaneous friend of the poor whom he had met. But his mirth was quickly checked. He remembered that Erne would now be thrown back on *his* hands. Again that strange semi-hallucination of this big, helpless man clinging bodily to him attacked his senses. He wondered if Erne were not one of those creatures he had heard of, whom it is useless to befriend, because they represent gravitation in human nature

and are continually slipping to the bottom of the heap. A picture rose before his mind of this man forever returning upon him, haunting him, becoming a life-long burden. His laughter died away, and he grew very serious as he said, "I suppose you've spent most of that five dollars, then?"

Erne delayed answering. He seemed ill at ease, and glanced out of the unwashed office window with an absent, far-seeking expression. Not till long afterward did Tetlow see the meaning of this look. It was a retrospect into the gray past, a dim foresight into the equally cheerless future. The question about that meagre sum of money had sharply recalled his utter helplessness, and he was loath to force that helplessness again upon his befriender.

"Well?" repeated Tetlow, to hasten the answer.

"Oh," said Erne, with an effort. "I had to spend some, but — I've got plenty. Plenty," he repeated.

"How much have you got left?"

"A dollar and a half, sir." The words came with an air of contrition, as if the speaker expected some chastisement. "I bought some shoes," he explained, glancing down at the new coverings of his feet.

"All right," said Tetlow, in answer. "You'll need something, then, to-day."

Erne advanced to the desk, and took the offered piece of money. Instantly Tetlow was smitten with chagrin for not having risen and gone to him. But nothing would go aright, this morning. He was anxious to get rid of the man, and the desire showed itself in these small mis-moves. Erne gave no sign of perceiving this; but Tetlow, all the same, felt as if he were under moral surveillance, as if the beggar had been brought hither by some presiding power, to make record of his, Tetlow's, unworthy motives.

"You're looking better," he said, abruptly, eying Erne full in the face. "You'll be able to make your way easier, now that you're well." He fancied that the words would seem cordial; but in his heart he wished to say, "Be-

ing better, you 'll have no further claim on me."

But Erne took little impression from what was actually said; he heeded only these words in the heart. "Yes, I'm better," he said, in a strange, bewildered, yet passive voice, reminding Tetlow of its muffled tones at their first meeting. "I shall get along all right, now. I'm very grateful to you, Mr. Tetlow."

The words had the sound of a farewell. Yet he stood there indecisively, as before; and he was merely making answer, as before, to Tetlow. Could his speech really forebode what its sad internal echo seemed to mean—a parting?

"Oh, no—not grateful, Erne," rejoined Tetlow, lightly. But again the words and the manner had lost their cunning; their would-be cheer was simply freezing.

Tetlow could bear this no longer. The occasion seemed critical, and he was resolved to have an end of it, one way or other. If his action should seem abrupt or hasty, he thought it might be excused by his having as yet no absolute proof of Erne's genuineness. He got up and led the way to the passage outside of the door; but on his way an idea crossed him which modified his intention. Erne had followed, drawn by his wounded instinct, feeling perhaps that he was to be turned away peremptorily. Tetlow closed the door, and they stood alone in the passage.

"Have you any one dependent on you?" Tetlow asked, half cautiously.

He thought the query a stretch of imagination, and ventured on it with doubt. But it had just occurred to him, and conscience would not let him dismiss it.

Erne's face fell, or rather faded. It took on such a weary, colorless sadness that expression seemed departing from his features.

"No," he responded, in a low voice. "I have no wife—nobody. She died after my children."

"You had children, too?"

The shock of surprise was so acute that Tetlow could not withhold the question.

"I had two fine boys," said Erne, slowly, in a remote-sounding tone.

"And when was it?"

"When they died? It was in the war." Erne took hold of the chipped and battered banister of the stairs, unconsciously pressing it hard with his big hand. His eyes seemed clouded with many memories. "My wife wrote me one of 'em was very sick; then, pretty soon, that he was dead. I tried to get a furlough. Before it came, she wrote that the other one was gone, too." Erne paused. His hand had left the banister, and was working nervously at the old felt hat. The subdued voluminous roar of the streets, as it circled up into the gloomy hall-way, was almost like the rush and hum of bitter recollections made audible. Then Erne resumed, in a tone that seemed to proceed out of this same hoarse murmur, vague, drowsy, yet penetrating, "I did n't want my furlough much, then: it came just after the second young 'un died. But I went home. I almost think we was both glad when it run out and I went back to the army. But then I was taken prisoner. I never saw my wife again"—

There was a long silence; but at length the narrator said, with almost a sigh, "Mebbe 't was all right. I've been on the streets ever since, starving a spell and working a spell. What could I have done for 'em?"

Tetlow was deeply and strangely affected. Till now he had been busy with the man's present state, which seemed mournful enough. He had had a sub-consciousness of power, a flattering sense of patronage, so long as he thought that Erne's discomforts could be alleviated. But now he was thoroughly humbled in presence of so pathetic a revelation; all the more because Erne had hitherto reserved this dismal evidence of his individuality so completely, and had been willing to pass for a man who had no memories. You may as well try to build a pier of air, as to supply people with the joy you wish for them, when once the elements of it have been given and the combination has failed or come to an end. And Tetlow felt strongly the

hopelessness of this situation. Saddened, self-accused, abashed, he at this instant lost the sense of superiority which had all along beset him, in dealing with Erne. The two men, just for that brief space, were like two atoms brought together in a great void world of emotion. He stretched out his hand, and Erne met it with his. Did either recall that in their several meetings since the first, they had not shaken hands again till now?

"You'll come and see me again?" urged Tetlow, with contrite persuasion. "I went to your church, Saturday," he continued, hoping that this might convince Erne of his cordiality, "and the board is going to consider your case. They don't meet for a month. But you'll come before then?"

"Oh, I'll get ahead by myself, now I've got a start," said Erne. But his face still wore that lost, faded look. It seemed almost as if chill night were gathering and closing around him once more, and as if in a moment he would be swallowed up by it.

"But let me know whether you get ahead or not," Tetlow again besought.

"Thank you, sir," mumbled Erne, indistinctly, as he turned and clumsily began to descend the stair. Again there was that dim sound of farewell in his voice. He seemed in haste to be gone. Tetlow could think of no way to stay him. Suddenly Erne paused, and said, as if he were afraid the matter had been forgotten before, "Please thank that lady." But he did not look up or back. "You've taken a heap o' trouble for me, sir," he added, as he began to move again.

"Good-by," said Tetlow, sadly, yet with warmth. He found himself unable to say anything else.

But Erne did not seem to hear. Perhaps his own heavy footfalls as he crept down the flight, holding by the smooth-worn rail, had drowned Tetlow's voice. Presently he reached the floor below, and passed out of sight.

Tetlow went back into his office, full of an inexplicable depression. He had scarcely sat down to his desk when he was seized by an impulse to go out and

search for Erne again, to make sure that he should not lose sight of him. The shapeless roar of the streets made its dull way into his back-room, and seemed to remind him how hopeless would be an attempt to find any one in this great city, with no more clew than he now had as to Erne's whereabouts. But there floated before Tetlow continually, persistently, through all that day, the simple squalid picture of Erne going down the barren, dirty staircase without answering the "good-by;" still going down without turning his head, and then passing out of sight as he reached the landing below. And there came back to him his own words of the Saturday night: "But who knows what may become of him three days from now?" When he found himself at home in the evening, he confessed his uneasiness to his wife. He described the interview and the memory of it that had clung to him. "It fills me with a queer foreboding," he said. "I'm afraid Erne will never come back."

Mrs. Tetlow tried to reassure him. But there was a faltering in her voice: she, too, felt the foreboding.

Many days passed, and nothing was heard of Erne. Meantime, an answer came from the navy-yard friend to whom Tetlow had written, which sustained Erne's assertions about his father and the regiment in which he had served.

One Sunday, as Tetlow was coming out of church, the minister's wife asked him about his charge. "I remember how hard it seemed to get just the right thing for him. Did you succeed? And how is the poor fellow now?"

Tetlow was inwardly consumed with shame at the question, it brought home so keenly the responsibility he had tired of. Unbidden, the words rang in his ear, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" Here he had been pleading for this man a few weeks before, and already he had abandoned him — did not even know whether he was alive or dead. To beg for a man, to take money for him, and then not to know what had become of him! Tetlow could not have felt more humiliated if he had

been guilty of stealing the petty trust fund that had been placed with him.

"I succeeded partly," he said, in a halting way. "But I—I cannot say what has become of my poor friend, now. I've lost sight of him."

"So soon?" said the minister's wife, with a graceful air of reproach. She had merely abbreviated the solemn words which had just recurred to Tetlow.

It was clear that she rated the offense lightly, and if Tetlow had been of a less serious bent he would have taken comfort from the fact. But he went home pondering, full of remorse.

When the month appointed by Mr. Bumpus was out, Tetlow went to the little church with a hope of some tidings of Erne there. The committee-man met him with a self-approving air, and announced that the board had examined the records and found Erne's name, and would try to get him some work if his address could be given them. "*That* much we can do, sir," was his climax.

"Then you have n't seen him since?" asked Tetlow, wearily.

"No," said Mr. Bumpus. "Have you his address?"

"Call on me in a month," retorted the other, sarcastically, "and perhaps I can give it to you."

Never again could Tetlow come upon any trace of Erne. That strange law of motion, those mysterious adjustments of ratio and linear measure which had brought about their meeting, now intervened as firmly to keep these two men apart. Thrice had they been brought together, and a bond had been formed; but now the bond was broken. At first Tetlow sought relief among his friends. But one, when he said sadly, "I shall never see the man again," answered, "Why in the name of reason should you want to?" Another preached to him the heinousness of giving promiscuous relief to the poor, and thereby encouraging intemperance and crime.

"What good can your theory do *me*?" demanded Tetlow. "All I care for is this. He came into my life as if predestined, and his fate was in my hands for a few days. I might have restored

him to a place in life, and given him the poor boon of my steady friendship in place of what he had lost. But when I had half saved him, I let him go again. And through him I might have reached a nobler relation with all the oppressed and sorrowing. Who knows?"

This thought, with all the memories that accompanied it, became a terrible burden to Tetlow. It was with a bitter yearning that he longed to get sight of Erne once more, to have his opportunity over again, to cherish the lost man as a brother. He repeatedly put short notices into some of the papers, so worded that they should convey an appeal to Erne's eye if they ever met it. But they resulted in nothing.

"If I could only hear that he was dead," he once exclaimed, "it would be better than this suspense. For then I should know that in one way at least he had got fitted into the system of things."

Another time, when an unknown man was reported to have been found floating dead in the Hudson, near one of the ferries, Tetlow was struck by the description, and went to look upon the drowned. But it was not Erne.

And it was strange to see how his mind busied itself with Erne's whole past, and speculated again and again upon the episodes of that humble life. Nothing would console him. He seemed to feel a kind of jealousy that he should know so little about it. He fought, as it were, with the relentless oblivion which had snatched away this fellowship of sympathy and buried it beyond his reach.

On that last day when he saw Erne, he had feared that the outcast might haunt his life. He does haunt it. But how different is this spectral presence from the actual fellowship which Tetlow dreaded! There is no sordid annoyance, no vulgar importunity, like that which he expected. Yet Erne is ever present to him in thought. That man who had lost his place in life, who had once shared the gentlest human ties, and then, when they were loosed, had drifted away into the circle of sorrowing semi-ghosts whose

shade defines the steady light of prosperity, — that poor being appears again and again before him. Not always in dreams; sometimes, also, he rises during a pause in the busiest day, to fix a pallid, unreproaching gaze on his unfaithful friend; or again he is the companion of late mus-

ings, when the wintry night scourges the city streets with a cruel wind; but always when his image comes it is like the form of some lost duty, some exiled power of loving-kindness, banished from the world when this same fellow-creature was cast out into misery.

George Parsons Lathrop.

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

WRITTEN IN A CHILD'S ALBUM.

'T WAS sung of old in hut and hall
How once a king in evil hour
Hung musing o'er his castle wall,
And, lost in idle dreams, let fall
Into the sea his ring of power.

Then, let him sorrow as he might,
And pledge his daughter and his throne
To who restored the jewel bright,
The broken spell would ne'er unite;
The grim old ocean held his own.

Those awful powers on man that wait,
On man, the beggar or the king,
To hovel bare or hall of state
A magic ring that masters fate
With each succeeding birthday bring.

Therein are set four jewels rare:
Pearl winter, summer's ruby blaze,
Spring's emerald, and, than all more fair,
Fall's pensive opal, doomed to bear
A heart of fire bedreamed with haze.

To him the simple spell who knows
The spirits of the ring to sway,
Fresh power with every sunrise flows,
And royal pursuivants are those
That fly his mandates to obey.

But he that with a slackened will
Dreams of things past or things to be,
From him the charm is slipping still,
And drops, ere he suspect the ill,
Into the inexorable sea.

James Russell Lowell.

WEIMAR IN JUNE.

JUNE is late in reaching Northern Germany, but all the fairer for its delay. The region is a field where two climates meet and contend, so that, while snow-drops often come with February and violets with March, as in England, the air keeps its raw chillness into May, and frost is a possibility until after the three dreaded days of Pancratius, Servatius, and Bonifacius. Then the sun gains suddenly in power, and the long, lingering twilights seem to come all at once. Gardens that have been wearily budding for a month make a glorious show of lilac, white and red thorn, and laburnum blossoms; the hard, green globes of the peony burst into heavy roses, that lean on the gleaming sward; but not until the first bud on the rose-tree opens is it really June.

There are also two varieties of climate in Thuringia, depending on the elevation of the soil. A difference of four or five hundred feet is equivalent to several degrees of latitude. The river Saale and its tributaries possess the deepest valleys, and there the chestnut and walnut thrive almost as luxuriantly as in Baden, the vine is cultivated, and the harvest begins three weeks earlier than on the windy upland region. The wine country of the Saale, beginning near Rudolstadt, extends even to the famous Golden Mead, at the foot of the Hartz. About Naumburg and Rossbach, where the Hussites were conquered by the children, and Frederick the Great scattered the French army like chaff with the wind of his charge, you see nothing but vineyards. It is rather an acrid juice which they yield, and the rest of Germany delights in ridiculing its claim to the noble name of wine. This is one of the places where three men are required to drink a glass, — one to swallow the beverage, and two to hold him during the act! Claudius, in his Rhine-Wine Song, says, —

“Thuringia’s land, for sad example, bringeth
A stuff that looks like wine,

But is not : he who drinketh never singeth,
Nor gives one cheerful sign.”

It would be wrong, however, to infer a corresponding sourness in the temper of the inhabitants. They manage to extract, through that fine human distillation which no chemistry can quite fathom, the same genial and kindly mellowness of nature from those “berries crude” as the Markgräfer or the vintager of the Palatinate from his warmer growths. To be sure, there is here a sober Saxon exterior, and some aspects of life are faced with apparent severity; but frankness, fidelity, and a warm good-fellowship are the prevailing characteristics. At Nebra, in the valley of the Unstrut, I once stopped at a tavern called “The Inn of Care,” the sign whereof was a man with a most lugubrious face, leaning his head upon his hand. Perhaps it was meant to symbolize the condition of the outside world; for certainly there was no care, nor sign of the like, within the walls of the cheerful and home-like hostel.

In speaking of the population of the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, I use the name of Saxon in its modern geographical sense. The ancient tribe, the Thuringians, were a decidedly more genial and impressible people than their tough and stubborn Saxon neighbors on the north. The best modern representatives of the latter are the Scotch, who also retain much of their physical character. During the early Middle Ages the Sorbs (or Servians) pressed into Thuringia as far as the Saale, but the traces of their Slavic blood are now found principally in the mountain districts. Even in the kingdom of Saxony a great part of the so-called “Saxon” population is strongly mixed with the Slavic element; yet as the mixture usually reaches beyond all traditions of ancestry, it shows itself only in features or temperament, not in general character and habits. The Saxons, then, are a strong, toiling, patient race; capable

of warm and constant attachments; naturally intelligent, social, and with a tolerable sense of humor; given to enthusiasms and equally liable to prejudices, yet neither so stubborn nor so egotistic as the North-Germans; and only delayed somewhat in their further development by their adherence to an easy, conventional habit of life.

When I returned to Weimar in June, the great sweep of upland around the city seemed quite as monotonous in its silver-gray mantle of rye-fields as under the brown stubble of October; only the gardens and the park beside the Ilm showed the bloom and delight of summer. It was a new pleasure to go back to my old quarters at the Russischer Hof, to find the old circle of friends at the reserved end of the dining-table, and to hear art and literature taken up and discussed as if at the point where I had withdrawn from the conversation six months before. The streets, now, were full of old acquaintance; odors of linden-blossoms floated into the library through open windows, and when, in company with Schöll and Köhler, I walked to Ober-Weimar for the afternoon coffee, the park meadows were literally mats of wild flowers.

Yet there was less of the past in the air than during those fading autumn days. Ghosts seem to like the smell of dead leaves better than that of opening roses: the overpowering life of Nature which filled the beautiful valley banished every shadowy foot from its paths, and the lives of the great poets receded far away from ours. One melody, only, floated everywhere: it was the perfect voice of the time, and every word was so steeped in the only musical tones which could convey its spirit to the ear, that neither could possibly be remembered alone. Goethe gave one, Beethoven the other; and whoever knows both knows them for life:—

“ Wie herrlich leuchtet
Mir die Natur!
Wie glänzt die Sonne,
Wie lacht die Flur!
Es dringen Blüten
Aus jedem Zweig,
Und tausend Stimmen
Aus dem Gesträuch,

Und Freud' und Wonne
Aus jeder Brust:
O Erd', O Sonne,
O Glück, O Lust!”

I am forced to quote the original, because no one can translate Goethe and Beethoven at the same time. Is it not singular how few poets have sung of the opening summer? I think there is scarcely a quotable verse in English before Lowell's Day in June—which was published twenty years before it trickled through the widening layers of appreciation and reached the universal public. How many accomplished musical scholars have I not found who were quite ignorant of this perfect idyl of Beethoven!—perfect, because it exactly repeats Goethe's words in the inarticulate speech of a kindred art.

Thus we come back again to Goethe, as we always must in Weimar. There may be some persons in the little capital who now and then pass an entire day of their lives without thinking of Goethe or hearing his name uttered, but I imagine they are very few. The stranger, of course, does not seek to escape him. I could not get out of my bed in the morning and take the first eastward look from the window without finding Herder, Musaeus, and Bertuch in the spire of the Stadtkirche and the trees of the Erholung; nor walk through the streets without noticing one that led into the Schillerstrasse or the Goethe-Platz; nor look off into the country without seeing a road that made for the Ettersburg, or Tieffurt, or Berka; nor pick up a newspaper, read a programme, or meet a friend, without the suggestion of one or all of the names.

During this last visit I saw a great deal of one of the most estimable of women, whom I never supposed I was seeing for the last time. Although old—I believe just as old as the century—and somewhat infirm, there was so much freshness of feeling in her speech, such eager human interest in all true and good things, that her spiritual life seemed competent to bear up the failing body for many years longer. When, six or seven months ago, Alwine Frommann died, one of the most intimate remain-

ing links between Goethe and our generation was lost. Daughter of the former, and sister of the present Friedrich Frommann, the publishers in Jena, she knew the poet almost as a member of her family. He was the welcome friend who brought her toys when she was a little girl, the teacher and kindly counselor of her years of early maidenhood, and the honored and beloved old man whose memory was a blessing, as it was a pride, to her whole life. Minna Herzlieb, the "Ottilie" of Goethe's *Wahlverwandschaften*, was her foster-sister; and I heard the same simple, truthful, and easily intelligible story of Goethe's relations to Minna, from her own lips, as Mr. Andrew Hamilton (through whom I made the acquaintance of Alwine Frommann) has lately published in *The Contemporary Review*.

No author has ever been so persistent in misjudged in regard to his relations with women as Goethe. The world forgets that during the greater part of his life he was the object of the intensest literary jealousy and hostility, and that the most of the stories now current had their origin therein. The scandal occasioned in Weimar by his marriage to Christiane Vulpius—another part of his life which has never yet been correctly related—is an additional source of misconception. The impression thus produced, combined with a false apprehension of Goethe's true character as a man, have kept alive to this day the most unfounded slanders. Schiller's life contains exactly the same number of love-passages, but they ceased to be remembered against him after he had married a refined and noble-natured patrician lady. Goethe offended the sentiment of the circle in which he moved less by his non-marriage than by his final marriage with the plebeian Christiane, the much-maligned woman whose memory still waits for justice. Old prejudices and slanders have a tremendous local vitality. It is rather a sorry business to pry into the intimacies of an individual life, even for the sake of explanation or defense; but one who undertakes the study of Goethe has no

alternative. When the beautiful eyes of Minna Herzlieb looked at me from the wall, as I listened to Alwine Frommann's story of days now nearly seventy years gone by, and I saw many a simple relic of a man's guarded tenderness for a girl's transient enthusiasm, which made the relation clear in its innocence, I could but lament anew the reluctance of the world to give up its belief in evil.

A Weimar friend, one day, gave me an amusing illustration of the blunders which even the most careful writer may make. When Mr. Lewes was in Weimar, collecting materials for his biography of Goethe, my friend, who had made his personal acquaintance, told him a story illustrative of the sentimental admiration which women, in Lavater's day, lavished upon him. The Marchesa Branconi, mistress of the Duke of Brunswick, famous alike for her beauty and her wit (Goethe and Karl August visited her in Switzerland), sent her garters to Lavater, as the most marked sign of homage which she could render. When the biography was published, my friend was amazed to find that the lines from the marchesa's letter were attributed to Lavater, who was thus made guilty of sending both garters and "gush" to her! Assuredly, no man ever gained a wider reputation by means of a softer head, than Lavater; but he was hardly idiotic enough for an act like this.

Alwine Frommann was a charming specimen of the old Weimar society. She had that low, clear, gentle voice which invites confidences, and she received them frankly because she was always ready to return them. Whenever she said to a man, "I feel that I can trust you," I cannot imagine that the trust was ever betrayed. Her eyes were still youthfully soft, and her smile exquisitely sweet. In her dark silk dress, cap, and the lace which was her only ornament, leaning forward in her earnestness as she spoke and making slight gestures with her delicate hands, she brought something of the storied "Wednesday Circle," nearly all the members of which she had known, vividly into my imagination. For many years

she was companion and reader to the present Empress Augusta, and the Empress's nieces, the Princesses of Saxe-Weimar, were her most devoted friends. When I last called upon her, she exclaimed, "If you had only been ten minutes sooner! The dear princesses have just left."

Soon, however, she returned to the one topic about which she was never weary of talking or I of listening. "It was simply impossible to know Goethe without loving him," she said. "When I grew up to girlhood, and began to hear and understand the old scandals, supposing them to be true, I said to myself, 'I cannot have such a man for a friend; I will not see him when he comes again!' Well, he came; so frank, so kindly, so fatherly and considerate to me in every word and thought, that I could neither remember my resolution nor believe the stories."

"Do you think this was the usual impression he made?" I asked.

"Always, — that is, where he felt free and unconstrained. Our servants were devoted to him, because, with all his personal dignity, he was so kind and *human* in his treatment of them. I remember we had once a cook, a young woman from the country, who took great pains to observe what dishes he particularly relished. When he visited Jena he usually lived in our garden-house, and his meals were carried to him there. So, the next time he came over from Weimar, the cook prepared the dinner she thought he would like. Goethe was tired and hungry, and was so touched by this attention to his tastes that he said to her, 'Thou art a good child!' took her head between his two hands, and kissed her on the forehead. She rushed back to the house, breathless, her hands clasped, and her eyes shining as I never saw them before, and said to us, 'Oh, he kissed me on the forehead!' And for days afterward she moved about the house with such a quiet, serene, solemn air, that one could only believe that she felt the kiss as a consecration. Yes, and for me, too, his friendship is a consecration."

There was a touch of sadness and absence in her tone as she said this, and the vision of the eye went back with the memory in a pause which I did not dare to disturb, except to say farewell. As she sits there, facing the portrait of Minna Herzlieb, with her thin hands clasped under her lace shawl, and the bouquet of red roses which the Princess Elizabeth had brought from Belvedere on the table, I still see her.

From another lady, intimate with the Goethe family from childhood, I heard many picturesque anecdotes of Weimar life; but she was too young to have known more than the close of the great era. One of the distinctest figures in her memory was that of Frau von Pogwisch, the mother of Ottilie, Goethe's daughter-in-law, a tall, determined, masculine lady, with a passion, accompanied by a talent (the two are not always found together!), for playing upon the bugle. What free and clear individualities the women of that day show! How they strove to keep pace with the men in all current knowledge, reading history and philosophy, studying languages and arts, criticising and corresponding! Yet I cannot discover that any one was the less attractively feminine, or made herself unhappy by the longing for a prohibited political destiny.

Furthermore, they seem to have been good housekeepers. Even the enemies of Christiane Vulpius were compelled to allow her that virtue. Schiller's Lotte kept good count of her groschen when she took table-boarders in Jena, and I dare say she would have made both ends meet evenly but for her husband's rather thoughtless hospitality. It was hardly fair to bring in six guests for a late supper, when there was only a small bit of roast veal and a big dish of lettuce in the house. Frau von Stein, at her estate of Kochberg, was once surprised by a message that the duke would arrive in an hour or so, to dine with her. There was small time for preparation, and very little in the house. A good, savory soup, to be sure: no German household can fail there; some potatoes, and a single haunch of venison, the latter a

lucky gift, just received. Orders were given, house and hostess put on their best appearance, the duke arrived, and dinner was announced. All went well until the venison came, when — oh, woe! — the attendant footman awkwardly tilted the dish in carrying it to the table, and the haunch fell upon the floor.

Frau von Stein, "with death in her heart" (as the French novelists say), smiled and serenely said, "Take it away, and bring the other!"

The haunch was taken out, regarnished, and brought back again. The hostess took her carving-knife and fork, sliced the most tempting portion, and offered it to Karl August, with the words, "Will your royal highness have a piece of *this*?"

"Thank you," he answered, "if you please, I will take a piece of the *first*." He was too shrewd not to perceive the artifice, and too plain in his habits to care for the accident.

I made the acquaintance, in Weimar, of Count York von Wartenberg, son of Field-Marshal York of the Napoleonic wars, a gentleman of fine taste and culture; and Baron Wendelin von Maltzahn, whose scholarship needs no other illustration than his edition of Lessing's works. In fact, there is scarcely any province of the society of the place without a few distinguished members; but the culture of the aristocratic class seems most prominent because it is so unusual elsewhere. The house of the State Councilor, Stichling, the grandson of Herder, is the centre of the most agreeable circle; and those old friends, Chief-Librarian Schöll and the artist Preller, know how to make the evenings speed with anecdote and friendly repartee.

My summer visit was all too brief. I could only verify a few points, and perform the pleasant social duties required by the hospitality I had enjoyed, when the time came for me to say farewell. The grand duke and his family were then staying at the Belvedere, a summer castle on an airy hill, about three miles from Weimar, and I spent part of two days very delightfully there. Nothing could have been more frank, genial, and

unrestrained than the spirit which prevailed at that summer court. The view southward from the hill overlooks the valley of the Ilm, and ranges over scattered forests to the uplands dividing it from the Saale, a landscape such as one often sees in the English county of Kent. To the north, over Weimar, the Ettersberg rises in a dark, level line. Although so near to the city, the place has an unexpected air of privacy and seclusion. Since the days of the Duchess Anna Amalia, it has been a favorite residence of the reigning family.

One road yet remained to be trodden, — the old highway crossing the uplands from Weimar to Jena. There is now a roundabout connection by rail between the two places, scarcely a saving of time and certainly no increase of comfort, in fine weather; but the German people, like the Americans, imagine that it is both. The old road, which, even a hundred years ago, brought Weimar and Jena as near as the opposite suburbs of a great capital, will soon be deserted except by country carts and an occasional pilgrim from abroad.

Fortunate in having such an accomplished scholar as Mr. Andrew Hamilton for a companion, a gentleman whose studies during his ten years' residence in Weimar made him the best possible guide and commentator, I set out one bright morning in an open post-chaise. After climbing the hill beyond the Ilm, we passed the Webicht, a local name for a grove lying between Weimar and Tiefurt. It is a natural wood, with undergrowth of thickets and scattered planting of wild-flowers, such as we see everywhere in this country. I first knew it in its late autumn garb, with the accessories of falling leaves and wheeling ravens, from the lovely picture of Baron von Gleichen-Russwurm (Schiller's grandson).

As we turned to the southeast across the high, rolling country, Weimar soon dropped behind us into the valley of the Ilm, and became invisible; the Belvedere rose a little above the horizon line, but in all other directions the landscape was as lonely and monotonous as Central

Russia. It was that season when grass is not quite ripe for the scythe, wheat and rye are just coming into head, beets and potatoes have been hoed, and the farmers have a few idle days; consequently the broad miles of cultivated land on either side were almost deserted. Yet it was a region where a poetic brain would involuntarily begin, or go on with, its work, — just enough suggestion in the open expanse of sky, in occasional low, distant gleams of blue, and in the two or three dells that deepened to the northward, disclosing sheltered meadows and groves.

There are three or four little villages on or near the road. I remember the names of Umpferstedt and Hohlstedt, and the brown old buildings of the latter, clustering about a big Lutheran church, as dark and heavy in appearance as the square bastion of a fortress. There were always lilacs, peonies, and snow-balls — the unfailing flowers of the Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon peoples — in the garden; there was linen bleaching on the grass-plots beside the pool; there were two women to be seen gossiping in the shade, and possibly two men behind their beer, in the tavern; the toll-man lifting his bar from the highway, and glad of a chance to exchange a few wise remarks with our postilion; and lastly, the goose-girl, with her bare feet, her long stick, and her quacking flocks. These features seem sufficiently picturesque, when you set them together for the reader of another land; yet, divested of its rich associations, the road from Weimar to Jena is about as uninteresting as any twelve miles in the world.

The upland drains to the northward, and its highest crest forms the rim of the Saale valley. Thus Napoleon, by climbing it from Jena under cover of an autumn fog, secured at once the advantage of position. The battle was fought mostly to the eastward of the highway, over a continuance of the undulating plain. Here Rossbach was avenged, even as Sedan has avenged Jena. The people do not make a show of the battleground, for an obvious reason, as they

do at Leipzig and Waterloo. Yet the battle here was a wholesome, if an exceedingly bitter lesson: here the feudal spirit really fell, with the sword in its heart, although it maintained a galvanic semblance of life until 1848. The highest part of the field, now overgrown with pines, is called the Napoleonsberg.

We descend into the Mühlthal (mill valley), at present, by a new and admirable piece of road-engineering. Mr. Hamilton, pointing it out to me, said, "The Botenfrau never went this way; she took yonder path, which you can see rising straight through the woods." Ah, the Botenfrau! I had almost forgotten that classic personage. Many of her sisters still travel, in shine or rain, the mountain-roads of Thuringia; nay, have not I, myself, entrusted her with messages, and money for purchases, and has she not always faithfully rendered account? The "messenger-woman" is an ancient institution in the land. She has her stated days, when she makes her appearance with a deep, square basket, slung knapsack-wise to her shoulders, with her ever-reliable memory and her unchallenged honesty, to take your commission for a volume of poetry or a leg of mutton, to borrow for you of a friend or pay an importunate enemy. On the second day, punctually to the hour, you will see her again, — all your business promptly attended to for a very trifling charge, and a budget of gossip thrown in, which you cannot be cruel enough to refuse hearing.

I wonder what Schiller and Goethe would have done without their messenger-woman. She undoubtedly took five hours for the walk between Jena and Weimar, for she gossiped and had her beer at Hohlstedt and Umpferstedt; but the manuscript scene of Wallenstein which Schiller sent in the morning was in Goethe's hands in the afternoon, and the latter could frequently return his criticism by ducal *estafette* before the author had gone to bed. Not only manuscripts passed between the two. The messenger-woman very often carried Teltow beets to Goethe, and fresh pike or perch to Schiller. (I cannot under-

stand how either should be much of a delicacy: Teltow beets are dark roots, like stunted parsnips, with a flavor half bitter and half medicinal; and the Elbe pike is as coarse a fish as ever tempted an inland palate.) Sometimes the messenger carried birthday presents, sometimes money, often proof-sheets; and it is startling to think what hostilities of the Schlegels, and Bürger, and Kotzebue, may have been stowed away in the same basket! If we had any tears to spare, we would drop one to thy memory, good messenger-woman! We know thou wert tanned and leathery of visage, stouter of leg than the Graces, and as garrulous as any Muse; yet thou wert the go-between of the Olympians, a peasant-Iris, and shalt not wholly lack the honor thou couldst not comprehend!

Descending into the Mühlthal, we soon emerged into the broad, warm, luxuriant valley of the Saale. Here the bluffs and forelands of the upper region have almost the dignity of mountains, as they stand apart to leave ample space for the town and its garden suburbs, and the spacious river-meads. Here, below, there was no breeze, and the June sun had its voluptuous will; every mansion and cottage was clasped in a ring of blossoming rose-trees. And such roses! richly-fed and tenderly-tended *rémon-tants*, opening great circles of white, pink, crimson, maroon, or salmon-colored petals, such as Persia or Cashmere never dreamed of. The rose, indeed, is but a gypsy in the Orient: here she is princess of an ancient line, and the commonest gardener loves her better than Hafiz. How could one echo, looking on this peerless perfection of bloom, and inhaling the breath that turns sense into soul, the mournful afterthought of Omar Khayyâm?

"Yes, but where leaves the rose of yesterday?"

As we drove into the city, my friend pointed out the old Frommann house, where Alwine's childhood was passed. There is still a little garden attached to it, and also a garden-house, but the latter is surely too new to have been Goethe's residence from sixty to seventy years

ago. We stopped at The Black Bear, the same hostel wherein Luther spent one night, wearing a trooper's armor and calling himself "Squire George," on his secret journey from the Wartburg to Wittenberg. There was quite a crowd in the little university town, by reason of Bach's Passion being given in the church; and thus the Frommann family was not at home when we first called there.

Through Mr. Hamilton's kind offices, however, I made the acquaintance of a lady who was familiar with the court of Duke Karl August, and had known Goethe in the still fresh and vigorous beginning of his age. As a young girl, she was one of the principal performers in a masque which he wrote, on the occasion of the Empress of Russia's visit to Weimar; and her account of the kindly patience with which he drilled her and other maidens in their tasks was very vivid and delightful. They all went to his house to rehearse, and in such a state of fright that the most of them were on the point of running away. The imposing presence of the poet, his deep, powerful voice, and the supreme place in German literature which was then, at least, universally conceded to him, affected both the sense and the imagination. But the lady who told the story concealed her trepidation and stood her ground. Goethe, she soon saw, was pleased with her apparent self-possession, even as he seemed to be annoyed by the shyness of her companions. He praised while he corrected her delivery of his verses, declaimed them for her, and instructed her so gently, yet so wisely, that her performance was a famous success. She represented a Genius, with wings, gauze, and spangles; her part was to address the empress, face to face. "I felt Goethe's eye on me," she said to us; "and I thought only of *him* while I spoke. I forgot all about the empress, and everybody was astonished at the coolness with which I looked at her."

There is no great significance in this anecdote, by itself. But it is one of hundreds which I heard, and which produce the same impression of a grand, no-

ble, and simply humane personality. I cannot go further, now, into any presentation of Goethe as a character, for this is a part of the larger task which led me to Weimar; yet I cannot help now and then dropping such illustrative details as entered into my experience in making acquaintance with those who knew the poet and the circumstances and associations of his life. From a long study of his works and the special literature they have called forth, I went to the place — as was, in fact, inevitable — with a tolerably complete mental outline of the man; and it was my greatest cheer and satisfaction, when I left Weimar to return home, to find that I was only obliged to add the necessary light and shade, with scarcely the need of a variation in the drawing.

After dinner, Bach's *Passion* being ended, we found Friedrich Frommann, and were received like old friends. The quaint old house, with its long and winding passages leading to chambers looking upon little verdurous courts, where there was no sound of the streets, quite fascinated me. The dark wooden floors, the simple yet comfortable furniture, the few choice pictures and busts, the absence of mere show, of every sign of struggle and emulation, and the not-to-be-described atmosphere of art and taste and thought which they who know never fail to detect with their first sniff of the air, — all these were blissfully welcome. Herr Frommann and his daughter bestowed upon us the hospitality of the house in full unreserve. His sister, Alwine, had given me no letter of introduction; she simply said, "My brother will expect to see you, when you go to Jena," and the introduction was thereby already made.

I here feel inclined to enter a protest against the astonishing distortions of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's *Saxon Studies*. I cannot but suspect that the author, who has so much original as well as inherited talent, must have had some unpleasant personal experience which has insensibly colored his pictures. It is difficult, otherwise, to account for exaggerations which themselves so clearly proclaim

their character, and therefore defeat their purpose.

I have found as true, — in America, England, Russia, Sweden, France, and Italy, — but nowhere truer gentlemen and ladies, than in Germany. To doubt this is simply to doubt the quality of our own original stock. Furthermore, although the general *average* of culture may be higher (and I think it is, in our Atlantic States), there is no country where high culture includes a larger class than in Middle and Northern Germany. To learn this, one must not be merely a member of an American colony, in a capital; one must know the various circles of society, especially in the smaller principalities, freely and familiarly. I assume, of course, that the narrower prejudices which spring from convention and habit must be given up. I have known certain persons to be inexpressibly shocked because, in accordance with old customs, the pudding comes before the roast and salad, on some very respectable German tables.

But the Germans have one fault which especially grates upon American nerves, because each individual of us is sensitive with the consciousness that he represents the nation. Almost every intelligent German has his fixed theory, wherein each fact of our day is fitted into its place, and he finds it very inconvenient to change their relative position. Consequently, whenever he hears something that conflicts with the theory, he abruptly rejects it, and is very often unconsciously discourteous in his manner of doing so. At a public supper in Weimar, for example, I sat beside an official who gravely stated that the laws of the United States had permitted the slave trade with Africa until the year 1861! When I quietly told him he was mistaken, he cried, "But it's true! it's a well-known fact!" Then I was provoked to say, "Sir, this is a subject which I, as an American, understand, but which you, as a German, do not; I demand, therefore, that you shall not contradict me again!" The blank surprise on the man's face was a study; I saw at once that his contradiction was only the pre-

vailing habit of his class, and repented me of my temporary irritation.

This form of egotism is constantly encountered, although it is not often so offensively expressed. It is a species of *chauvinisme* which, like individual vanity, is seldom consciously possessed by a people. I dare say our American variety makes itself felt quite as aggressively by any other nation.

We drove back to Weimar towards sunset, when every long swell of the upland or crest of a distant wood was outlined by a keen, golden edge of light. The valley of the Ilm opens suddenly, like that of the Saale, only half as deep and broad, but made very picturesque by the old mill and bridge, the high-towered castle and the park. The old paths of the poets, visible through the gaps in the heavy foliage, were doubly cool and

secluded in the evening shadow. Families sat at tables in their gardens and took their tea in the open air. Beyond, on the avenue stretching away to Belvedere, gleams of fresh color moved to and fro; and we met no face which had not cast away its anxious look of labor, in a glad surrender to the influences of the hour. The scene recalled Goethe's line:

"Here is the people's proper heaven!"

Another day of farewells, and I left Weimar. There is no Fountain of Trevi there, the drinking of whose waters would insure me a return; but I might have taken a parting cup at the fountain which is guarded by the lovely bronze group of Death and Immortality. Perhaps the acceptance of an earnest task is a better guarantee than either, for it seems to give a presumptive right to the years required to perform it.

Bayard Taylor.

SISTER BEATRICE.

A CLOISTER tale — a strange and ancient thing
 Long since on vellum writ in gules and or:
 And why should Chance to me this trover bring
 From the grim dust-heap of forgotten lore,
 And not to that gray bard still measuring
 His laureled years by music's golden score,
 Nor to some comrade who like him has caught
 The charm of lands by me too long unsought?

Why not to one who, with a steadfast eye,
 Ingathering her shadow and her sheen,
 Saw Venice as she is, and, standing nigh,
 Drew from the life that old, dismantled queen?
 Or to the poet through whom I well descry
 Castile, and the Campeador's demesne?
 Or to that eager one whose quest has found
 Each place of long renown, the world around;

Whose foot has rested firm on either hill, —
 The sea-girt height where glows the midnight sun,
 And wild Parnassus; whose melodious skill
 Has left no song untried, no wreath unwon?

Why not to these? Yet, since by Fortune's will
This quaint task given me I must not shun,
My verse shall render, fitly as it may,
An old church-legend, meet for Christmas Day.

Once on a time (so read the monkish pages),
Within a convent — that doth still abide
Even as it stood in those devouter ages,
Near a fair city, by the highway's side —
There dwelt a sisterhood of them whose wages
Are stored in heaven: each a virgin bride
Of Christ, and bounden meekly to endure
In faith, and works, and chastity most pure.

A convent, and within a summer-land,
Like that of Browning and Boccaccio!
Years since, my greener fancy would have planned
Its station thus: it should have had, I trow,
A square and flattened bell-tower, that might stand
Above deep-windowed buildings long and low,
Closed all securely by a vine-clung wall
And shadowed on one side by cypress tall;

Within the gate, a garden set with care:
Box-bordered plots, where peach and almond trees
Rained blossoms on the maidens walking there,
Or rustled softly in the summer breeze;
Here were sweet jessamine and jonquil rare,
And arbors meet for pious talk at ease;
There must have been a dove-cote too, I know,
Where white-winged birds like spirits come and go.

Outside, the thrush and lark their music made
Beyond the olive-grove at dewy morn;
By noon, cicalas, shrilling in the shade
Of oak and ilex, woke the peasant's horn;
And, at the time when into darkness fade
The vineyards, from their purple depths were borne
The nightingale's responses to the prayer
Of those sweet saints at vespers, meek and fair.

Such is the place that, with the hand and eye
Which are the joy of youth, I should have painted.
Say not, who look thereon, that 't is awry —
Like nothing real, by rhymesters' use attainted.
Ah well! then put the faulty picture by,
And help me draw an abbess long since sainted.
Think of your love, each one, and thereby guess
The fashion of this lady's beauteousness.

For in this convent Sister Beatrice,
Of all her nuns the fairest and most young,

Became, through grace and special holiness,
 Their sacred head, and moved, her brood among,
Dévoté d'âme et très-fervente au service;
 And thrice each day, their hymns and Aves sung,
 At Mary's altar would before them kneel,
 Keeping her vows with chaste and pious zeal.

Now in the Holy Church there was a clerk,
 A godly-seeming man (as such there be
 Whose selfish hearts with craft and guile are dark),
 Young, gentle-phrased, of handsome mien and free.
 His passion chose this maiden for its mark,
 Begrudging heaven her white chastity,
 And with most sacrilegious art the while
 He sought her trustful nature to beguile.

Oft as they met, with subtle hardihood
 He still more archly played the traitor's part,
 And strove to wake that murmur in her blood
 That times the pulses of a woman's heart;
 And in her innocence she long withstood
 The secret tempter, but at last his art
 Changed all her tranquil thoughts to love's desire,
 Her vestal flame to earth's unhallowed fire.

So the fair governess, o'ermastered, gave
 Herself to the destroyer, yet as one
 That slays, in pity, her sweet self, to save
 Another from some wretched deed undone;
 But when she found her heart was folly's slave,
 She sought the altar which her steps must shun
 Thenceforth, and yielded up her sacred trust,
 Ere tasting that false fruit which turns to dust.

One eve the nuns beheld her entering
 Alone, as if for prayer beneath the rood,
 Their chapel-shrine, wherein the offering
 And masterpiece of some great painter stood,
 The Virgin Mother, without plume or wing
 Ascending, poised in rapt beatitude,
 With hands cross-wise, and intercession mild
 For all who crave her mercy undefiled.

There Beatrice — poor, guilty, desperate maid —
 Took from her belt the convent's blessed keys,
 And with them on the altar humbly laid
 Her missal, uttering such words as these
 (Her eyes cast down, and all her soul afraid):
 "O dearest mistress, hear me on my knees
 Confess to thee, in helplessness and shame,
 I am no longer fit to speak thy name.

“ Take back the keys wherewith in constancy
Thy house and altar I have guarded well!
No more may Beatrice thy servant be,
For earthly love her steps must needs compel.
Forget me in this sore infirmity
When my successor here her beads shall tell.”
This said, the girl withdrew her as she might,
And with her lover fled that self-same night;

Fled out, and into the relentless world
Where Love abides, but Love that breedeth Sorrow,
Where Purity still weeps with pinions furred,
And Passion lies in wait her all to borrow.
From such a height to such abasement whirled
She fled that night, and many a day and morrow
Abode indeed with him for whose embrace
She bartered heaven and her hope of grace,

Until he left her, ruined and alone,
Unknowing by what craft to gain her bread
In the hard world that gives to Want a stone.
What marvel that she drifted whither led
The current, that with none to heed her moan
She reached the shore where life on husks is fed,
Sank down, and, in the strangeness of her fall,
Among her fellows was the worst of all!

After black years their dismal change had wrought
Upon her beauty, and there was no stay
By which to hold, some chance or yearning brought
Her vagrant feet along the convent-way;
And half as in a dream there came a thought
(For years she had not dared to think or pray)
That moved her there to bow her in the dust
And bear no more, but perish as she must.

Crouched by the gate she waited, it is told,
Brooding the past and all of life forlorn,
Nor dared to lift her pallid face and old
Against the passer's pity or his scorn;
And there perchance had ere another morn
Died of her shame and sorrows manifold,
But that a portress bade her pass within
For solace of her wretchedness or sin.

To whom the lost one, drinking now her fill
Of woe that wakened memories made more drear,
Said, “ Was there not one Beatrice, until
Some time now gone, that was an abbess here? ”
“ That was? ” the other said. “ Is she not still
The convent's head, and still our mistress dear?

Look! even now she comes with open hand,
The purest, saintliest lady in the land!"

And Beatrice, uplifting then her eyes,
Saw her own self (in womanhood divine,
It seemed) draw nigh, with holy look and wise,
The aged portress leaving at a sign.
Even while she marveled at that strange disguise,
There stood before her, radiant, benign,
The blessed Mother of Mercy, all aflame
With light, as if from Paradise she came!

From her most sacred lips, upon the ears
Of Beatrice, these words of wonder fell:
"Daughter, thy sins are pardoned; dry thy tears,
And in this house again my mercies tell,
For in thy stead, myself these woeful years
Have governed here and borne thine office well.
Take back the keys: save thee and me alone
No one thy fall and penance yet hath known!"

Even then, as faded out that loveliness,
The abbess, looking down, herself descried
Clean-robed and spotless, such as all confess
To be a saint and fit for Heaven's bride.
So ends the legend, and ye well may guess
(Who, being untempted, walk in thoughtless pride)
God of his grace can make the sinful pure,
And while earth lasts shall mercy still endure.

Edmund C. Stedman.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

XVIII.

My friend left us after a visit of a few weeks, taking my sister to Ireland with her on a visit to Ardgillan.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, *December 21.*

MY DEAREST H—: My aunt Dall brought me home word that you wished me to send a letter which should meet you on your arrival at Ardgillan; and I would have done so, but that I had previously promised myself that I would do nothing this day till I had copied out the fourth act of *The Star of Seville*, and you

know unless I am steady at my work this week, I shall break my word a second time, which is *impossible*, as it ought to have been at first.

[A tragedy in five acts, called *The Star of Seville*, at which I was working, is here referred to. My father had directed my attention to the subject by putting in my hands a sketch of the life and works of Lope de Vega, by Lord Holland. The story of *La Estrella de Sevilla* appeared to my father eminently dramatic, and he excited me to choose it for the subject of a drama. I did so, and Messrs. Saunders and Ottley

were good enough to publish it; it had no merit whatever, either dramatic or poetical (although I think the subject gave ample scope for both), and I do not remember a line of it.]

However, it is nine o'clock; I have not ceased writing except to dine, and my act is copied; and now I can give you an hour before bed-time. How are you? and how is dear A——? give her several good kisses for me; she is by this time admirable friends with all your circle, I doubt not, and slightly, superficially acquainted with the sea. Tell her she is a careless little puss though, for she forgot the plate with my effigy on it for Hercules [Miss S——'s nephew] which she was to have given my aunt to pack up. I am quite sorry about it; tell him, however, he shall not lose by it, for I will send him both a plate with the Belvidera and a mug with my own natural head on it, the next time you return home.

I stood in the dining-room listening to your carriage wheels until I believe they were only rolling in my imagination; you cannot fancy how doleful our breakfast was. Henry was perfectly enraged at finding that A—— was gone in earnest, and my father began to wonder how it had ever come to pass that he had consented to let her go. After breakfast, Dall and I walked to Mr. Cartwright's (the dentist), who fortunately did not torture me much; for if he had, my spirits were so exceedingly low that I am sure I should have disgraced myself and cried like a coward. As soon as we came home I set to work, and have never stopped copying till I began this letter, when, having done my day's work, I thought I might tell you how much I miss you and dear A——.

My father is gone to the theatre upon business to-night; my mother is very unwell, and Dall and Henry, as well as myself, are stupid and dreary.

My dear H——, tell me how you bore the journey and the cold, and how dear A—— fared on the road; how you found all your people, and how the dell and the sea are looking. Write to me very soon and very long. You have let several

stitches fall in one of the muffetees you knit for me, and it is all running to ruin; I must see and pick them up at the theatre on Thursday night. You have left all manner of things behind you; among others, Channing's two essays. I will keep all your property honestly for you, and shall soon have time to read those essays, which I very much wish to do.

A large supply of Christmas fare arrived from Stafford to-day from my god-mother, and among other things, a huge nosegay for me. I was very grateful for the flowers; they are always a pleasure, and to-day I thought they tried to be a consolation to me.

Now I must break off. Do you remember Madame de Sévigné's "Adieu; ce n'est pas jusqu'à demain — jusqu'à samedi — jusqu'aujourd'hui en huit; c'est adieu pour un an"? and yet I certainly have no right to grumble, for our meeting as we have done latterly is a pleasure as little to have been anticipated as the events which have enabled us to do so, and for which I have so many reasons to be thankful. God bless you, dear H——; kiss dear little A—— for me, and remember me affectionately to all your people. I am yours ever truly,

FANNY.

Dall sends her best love to both, and all; and Henry bids me tell A—— that the name of the Drury Lane pantomime is Harlequin and Davy Jones, or Mother Carey's Chickens; ours is yet a secret; he will write her all about it.

Mr. Cartwright, the eminent dentist, was a great friend of my father's; he was a cultivated gentleman of refined taste, and an enlightened judge and liberal patron of the arts. If anything could have alleviated the half-hour's suspense before one obtained admission to his beautiful library, which was on some occasions (of, I suppose, slight importance) his "operating-room," it would have been the choice specimens of lovely landscape painting by the first English masters, which adorned his dining-room. I have sat by Sir Thomas Lawrence at the hospitable dinner-table, where Mr. Cartwright gave his friends the most

agreeable opportunity of using the teeth which he preserved for them, and heard in his house the best classical English vocal music, capitally executed by the first professors of that school, and brilliant amicable rivalry of first-rate pianoforte performances by Cramer, Neukomm, Hummel, and Moscheles, who were all personal friends of their host.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
January 3, 1831. }

MY DEAR H——: I promised you, in the interesting P. S. I annexed to my aunt Dall's letter, to write to you to-day, and I sit down this evening to fulfill my promise. My father is gone out to dinner, my mother is asleep on the sofa, Dall reclines dozing in that blissful arm-chair you wot of, and Henry, happier than either, is extended snoring before the fire on the softest, thickest, splendidest colored rug (a piece of my mother's workmanship) that the most poetical canine imagination could conceive; I should think an earthly type of those heavenly rugs which virtuous dogs, according to your creed, are destined to enjoy.

[My friend Miss S—— held (without having so eloquently advocated) the theory of her and my friend Miss Cobbe, of the possible future existence of animals; such animals at any rate as had formed literally a precious part of the earthly existence of their owners, and in whom a certain sense, so nearly resembling conscience, is developed, by their obedience and attachment to the superior race, that it is difficult to consider them *unmoral* creatures. Perhaps, however, if the choice were given our four-footed friends to share our future prospects and present responsibility, they might decline the offer, "Thankfu' they werena' men, but dogs."]

Dear H——, the pleasant excitement of your society assisted the natural contentedness or indifference of my disposition to throw aside many reflections upon myself and others, the life I lead and its various annoyances, which have been unpleasantly forced upon me since your departure; and when I say that I do not feel happy, you will not count it merely

the blue-devil-ish fancy of a German brain or an English (that is bilious) stomach.

I think the season of the year, the closing and opening of one of the measured periods of time into which we divide our lives, the recurrence of which generally brings wanderers back, at least for a season, to their homes, and forms a rallying point for kindred scattered by circumstances, has made me melancholy. The new year has begun, and finds us separated from two of our dear ones, and ignorant even of the abode or fate of one of them. I have a feeling, not of dissatisfaction or discontent so much as of sadness and weariness, though I struggle always and sometimes pretty successfully to rouse myself from it.

You say you wish to know what we did on Christmas Day. I'll tell you. In the morning I went to church, after which I came home and copied The Star of Seville till dinner-time. After dinner my mother, who had proposed spending the evening at our worthy pastor's, Mr. Sterky's, finding my father disinclined for that exertion, remained at home and went to sleep; my father likewise, Dall likewise, Henry likewise; and I copied on at my play till bed-time: *voilà*. On Monday, contrary to my expectation, I had to play Euphrasia before the pantomime. Give my love to dear A——. Henry has, I know, told her all about that festive performance, or I would have done so; in the mean time tell her she respects me more than I deserve and much more than I desire, if she will not write me a "stupid letter;" she ought to know, better than that, how much pleased I should be to hear from her in any style. You know we were to spend Christmas Eve at my aunt Sidons's; we had a delightful evening and I was very happy. My aunt came down from the drawing-room (for we danced in the dining-room on the ground floor) and sat among us, and you cannot think how nice and pretty it was to see her surrounded by her clan, more than three dozen strong; some of them so handsome, and many with a striking likeness to herself, either in feature or expres-

sion. Mrs. Harry and Cecy danced with us, and we enjoyed ourselves very much; I wished for dear A—— exceedingly. Wednesday we dined at Mrs. Mayow's.

[My mother's dear friend, Mrs. Mayow, was the wife of a gentleman in a high position in one of our government offices. She was a West Indian creole, and a singularly beautiful person. Her complexion was of the clear olive-brown of a perfectly Moorish skin, with the color of a damask rose in her cheeks, and lips as red as coral. Her features were classically symmetrical, as was the soft, oval contour of her face; her eyes and hair were as black as night, and the former had a halo of fine lashes of the most magnificent length. She never wore any head-dress but a white muslin turban, the effect of which on her superb dark face was strikingly handsome, and not only its singularity but its noble and becoming simplicity distinguished her in every assembly, amid the various fantastic head-gear of each successive Parisian "fashion of the day." As a girl she had been remarkably slender, but she grew to an enormous size, without the increased bulk of her person disfiguring or rendering coarse her beautiful face.]

Thursday I acted *Lady Townley* and acted it abominably ill, and was much mortified to find that Cecilia had got my cousin Harry to chaperon her two boys to the play that night; because, as he never before went to see me act, it is rather provoking that the only time he did so I should have sent him to sleep, which he gallantly assured me I did. I do not find cousins so much more polite than brothers (one's natural born plagues) as to warrant Praed's assertion in the song, —

"Have you ever a cousin, Tom?
Does she happen to sing?
Sisters, we've all by the dozen, Tom,
But a cousin's a different thing."

Harry's compliment to my acting had quite a brotherly tenderness, I think. Friday, New Year's Eve, we went to a ball at Mrs. G——'s, which I did not much enjoy; and yesterday, New Year's Day, Henry and I spent the evening at Mrs. Harry's. There was no one there

but Cecy and her two boys, and we danced, almost without stopping, from eight till twelve.

[The lads my cousin Cecilia called her boys were the two younger sons of her brother George Siddons, Mrs. Siddons's eldest son, then and for many years after collector of the port at Calcutta. These lads and their sisters were being educated in England, and were spending their Christmas holidays with their grandmother, Mrs. Siddons. The youngest of these three schoolboys, Henry, was the father of the beautiful Mrs. Scott-Siddons of the present day. It was in the house of my cousin George Siddons, then one of the very pleasantest and gayest in Calcutta, that his young nephew, Harry, son of his sister-in-law, my dear Mrs. Harry Siddons, was to find a home on his arrival in India, and subsequently a wife in Harriet, the second daughter of the house.]

I like Cecilia much better than I did formerly. She used to seem to me to want *humanizing*; but I have taken to her much more cordially ever since she said she liked to see us young things dancing; that is a benevolent emotion, akin to pure philanthropy, for which I should not have given her credit; moreover, she last night gave me two spontaneous kisses, by which I was the more flattered and pleased because her disposition and manner have always appeared to me the reverse of caressing; in short, if I can but "keep my eye upon her," I think I shall get very fond of her, but if I once lose sight of her, I am afraid the next time we meet we shall have all our work to do over again. Mrs. Harry is not very well, though I think she tries to keep herself from dwelling upon Harry's departure as much as she can; but the dark cloud of approaching separation is already throwing its shadow over them all; and the other night at Mrs. G——'s ball, Sally [his sister] said to me, as she watched Harry dancing, with the tears in her eyes, "It is what he has wished and what he has chosen, therefore we are content. He leaves us under every advantage, with the finest appointment, and goes to uncle George's

house, which will be at once his home; therefore we ought to be thankful, but parting for ten years is a sore trial." I cannot think what his mother will do; though I cannot think why I say that, for I know she will bear her trial with patient courage and uncomplaining, unselfish resignation. Willy [her second son] returns to Switzerland to his school at Hofwyl, under Dr. de Fellenberg, on Tuesday.

I am to act Juliet to-morrow, and Calista on Thursday; Friday and Saturday I am to act Mrs. Haller and Lady Townley at Brighton. I shall see the sea, that's one comfort, and it will be something to live upon for some time to come. Next Wednesday week I am to come out in Bianca, in Milman's Fazio. Do you know the play? It is very powerful, and my part is a very powerful one indeed. I have hopes it may succeed greatly. Mr. Warde is to be my Fazio, for, I hear, people object to my having my father's constant support, and wish to see me act *alone*; what geese, to be sure! I wonder whether they think my father has hold of strings by the means of which he moves my arms and legs! I am very glad something likely to strike the public is to be given before Inez de Castro (a tragedy of Miss Mitford's), for it will need all the previous success of a fine play and part to carry us safely through that.

I have not seen Mr. Murray again; I conclude he is out of town just now. And now that I have told you all the news of the past, and some of the future, I will answer what you say about A—— in your letter. As to her *reverence* for me, that I should be tempted to regret, for I most certainly do not deserve it; though, at the same time that I feel quite unfit to be her model, the fear of having a bad influence upon any one must always act as a strong check upon me; but it is to very little purpose that one cultivates good principles if every breath of circumstance is to make one swerve from them. Oh, my dear H——, for all my conceit, I assure you I am, for the most part, anything but well pleased with myself. I will leave off this letter, and go

to bed and sleep, which is pleasanter and wholesomer than self-contemplation. I long for you both back very much; we all of us miss dear A——, and I especially want you. I am glad that though she is altogether more amiable than I am, you do not like her better, — as well, I should not mind, — but not better; however, I had better not say this, for you will yet have time to do so, and if you do, why, I'll manage to make up my mind to it.

We have made all inquiries about poor, dear A——'s trunk, and of course as soon as we hear of it, it will be sent to her; I am very sorry for her, poor, dear little child, but I advise her, when she does get them, to put on each of her new dresses for an hour by turns, and sit opposite the glass in them. Good-by, dear H——. Your affectionate

F. K.

My father will, I am sure, make such arrangements for me in Dublin as will enable me to come to Ardgillan for a day or two. My mother bids me tell you to say all manner of "thanks and obligations" to Mrs. T——, "to whom," she says, with a most conscious look, "I suppose I ought to have written." So mind, dear H——, you get her off well with your sister.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
6th January, 1831. }

DEAREST H——: I have only time to say two words to you, for I am in the midst of preparations for our flight to Brighton, to-morrow. Thank you for your last letter; I liked it very much and will answer it at length when we come back to town.

Mr. Murray has got my MSS., but I have yet heard nothing about it from him. My fire is not in that economical invention, the "miserable basket" [an iron frame fitting inside our common-sized grate to limit the extravagant consumption of coal], but well spread out in the large comfortable grate; yet I am sitting with my door and windows all wide open; it is a lovely, bright, mild spring day. I do not lose my time any more of a morning watching the fire kindling, for the housemaid lights it be-

fore I get out of bed, so my poetry and philosophy are robbed of a most interesting subject of meditation.

With regard to what you say about A——, I do not know that I expected her to love, though I was sure she would admire nature; she is very young yet, and her quick, observant mind and tendency to wit and sarcasm make human beings more amusing, if not more interesting, to her than inanimate objects. It is not the beauty of nature alone, as it appeals merely to our senses, that produces that passionate love for it which induces us to prefer communion with it to the intercourse of our fellows. The elevated trains of thought, and the profound and sublime aspirations which the external beauty of the world suggests, draw and rivet our minds and souls to its contemplation, and produce a sort of awful sense of companionship with the Unseen, which cannot, I think, be an experience of early youth. For then the volatile, vivid, and various spirit, with its sympathizing and communicative tendency, has a strong propensity to spend itself on that which can return its value in like commodity; and exchange of thought and feeling is a preponderating desire and necessity, and human fellowship and intercourse is naturally attractive to unworn and unwearied human nature. I suppose the consolatory element in the beautiful *unhuman* world in which we live is not often fully appreciated by the young, they want comparatively so little of it; youth is itself so thoroughly its own consoler. Some years hence, I dare say A—— will love both the sea and sky better than she does now. To a certain degree too, the love of solitude, which generally accompanies a deep love for nature, is a kind of selfishness that does not often exist in early life.

I am desired to close this letter immediately; I have therefore only time to add that I act Calista to-night here, Mrs. Haller to-morrow at Brighton, and Saturday, also there, Lady Townley. On Monday I act Juliet here, and on Wednesday Bianca in Fazio, — when pray for me! Now you know where to

think of me. I will write to you a *real* letter on Sunday.

You ask me if we all thought your blunder about A——'s trunk very stupid. Yes, indeed we did, and I abused you for it, like a true friend (to stop everybody else's mouth), more than any one else did, or dared.

Kiss A—— for me, and do not be unhappy, my dear, for you will soon see me again; and in the mean time I advise you, as you think my picture so much more agreeable than myself, to console yourself with that.

Dall has got such a nice name for me, — "Spit-fire!" and only because I told her I should like to make her ribs a grid-iron to broil her heart upon, which oh I wish I had invented myself! but 't is a pleasant conception of Lord Byron's, which I have merely adopted and quoted, thinking it enchanting. Good-by. Your affectionate FANNY.

The fascination of sitting by a brook and watching the lapsing water, or on the sands the oncoming, uprising, breaking, and melting away of the white wave-crests, is, I suppose, matter of universal experience. I do not know whether watching fire has the same irresistible attraction for everybody. It has almost a stronger charm for me; and the hours I have spent sitting on the rug in front of my grate and watching the wonderful creature sparkling and glowing there have been almost more than I dare remember. I was obliged at last, in order not to waste half my day in the contemplation of this bewitching element, to renounce a practice I long indulged in of lighting my own fire; but to this moment I envy the servant who does that office, or should envy her but that she never remains on her knees worshipping the beautiful, subtle spirit she has evoked, as I could still find it in my heart to do.

I think I remember that Shelley had this passion for fire-gazing; it's a comfort to think that whatever he could *say*, he could never *see* more enchanting things in his grate than I have in mine; but indeed, even for Shelley, the motions

and the colors of flames are unspeakable.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
January 9, 1831. }

DEAR H——: I promised you a letter to-day, and if I can do so now, at least I will begin to keep my promise, though I think it possible my courage may fail me after the first side of my sheet of paper. We arrived in town from Brighton this afternoon at four o'clock, and though it is not yet ten I am so weary, and have so much to do to-morrow (rehearsing Fazio and acting Juliet), that I think I shall not sit up much longer to-night, even to write to you.

We found my mother tolerably well, and Henry, who had been out skating all day, in great beauty and high spirits. I must now tell you what I had not room for when I wrote you those few lines in A——'s letter.

Mr. Barton, a friend of John's who traveled with him in Germany, and whose sister has lately married John Sterling (of whom you have often heard us speak), called here the other day, and during the course of a long visit told us a great deal of the very beginning of this Spanish expedition, and of the share Mr. Sterling and Richard Trench [the present venerable archbishop of Dublin] had in its launching.

It seems (though he would not say whence they derived them) that they were plentifully supplied with funds, with which they purchased and manned a vessel destined to carry arms and ammunition to Spain for the purposes of the revolutionists. This ship they put under command of an experienced *smuggler*, and it was actually leaving the mouth of the Thames with Sterling and Mr. Trench on board it, bound for Spain, when by order of Lord Aberdeen it was stopped. Our two young gentlemen jumped into a boat and made their escape, but Mr. Sterling, hearing that government threatened to proceed against the captain of the captured vessel, came forward and owned it as his property, and exonerated the man, as far as he could, from any share of the blame attaching to an undertaking in which he

was an irresponsible instrument. Matters were in this state, with a prosecution pending over John Sterling, when the ministry was changed, and nothing further has been done or said by government upon the subject since.

My brother had gone off to Gibraltar previously to all this, to take measures for facilitating their landing; he is now quietly and I hope comfortably wintering there. Torrijos, it seems, is not at all disheartened, but is waiting for the propitious moment, which, however, from the appearance of things I should not consider likely to be at hand just yet. Mr. Sterling has, I understand, been so seriously ill since his marriage that at one time his life was despaired of, and even now that he is a little recovered he is ordered to Madeira as soon as he can be moved. This is very sad for his poor bride.

Of our home circle I have nothing to tell you. My father, Dall, and I had a very delightful day on Saturday at Brighton. After a lovely day's journey, we arrived there on Friday. Our companion in the coach luckily happened to be a son of Dr. Burney's, who was an old and intimate friend of my father's, and they discoursed together the whole way along, of all sorts of events and people: of my uncle John and my aunt Siddons, in their prime; of Mrs. Jordan and the late king; of the present one, Harlowe, Lawrence, and innumerable other folk of note and notoriety. Among other things they had a long discussion on the subject of Hamlet's feigned or — as my father maintains and I believe — real madness; all this formed a very amusing accompaniment to the history of Sir Launcelot du Lac, which I was reading with much delight when I was not listening to their conversation.

I like all that concerns the love adventures of these valorous knights of yore; but their deadly blows and desperate thrusts, their slashing, gashing, mashing, mangling, and hewing bores me to death. The fate of Guinevere interested me deeply, but Sir Launcelot's warlike exploits I got dreadfully weary of; I prefer him greatly in hall

and bower rather than in tournament and battle-field.

We got into Brighton at half-past four and had just time to dine, dress, and go to the theatre, where we were to act *The Stranger*. The house was very full indeed, but my reception was not quite what I had expected; for whether they were disappointed in my dress (Mrs. Haller being traditionally clothed in droopacious white muslin, and I dressing her in gray silk, which is both stiff and dull looking, as I think it should be) or whether, which I think still more likely, they were disappointed in my "personal appearance," which, as you know, is neither tragical nor heroic, I know not, but I thought their welcome rather cold; but the truth is, I believe my London audience spoils me for every other. However, the play went off admirably, and I believe everybody was satisfied, not excepting the manager, who assured me so full and *enthusiastic* a house had not been seen in Brighton for many years.

Our rooms at the inn [the old Ship was then the famous Brighton hotel] looked out upon the sea, but it was so foggy when we entered Brighton that although I perceived the *motion* of the waves through the mist that hung over them, their color and every object along the shore was quite indistinct. The next morning was beautiful. Dall and I ran down to the beach before breakfast; there are no sands, unluckily, but we stood ankle-deep in the shingles, watching the ebbing tide and sniffing the sweet salt air for a long time with great satisfaction. After breakfast we rehearsed *The Provoked Husband*, and from the theatre proceeded to take a walk. I do not know whether you were ever at Brighton; but if you were not I am afraid my description will hardly show it to you. The cliffs rise all along the coast from Brighton to Hastings, and so on to Dover, where they attain a great height. There are, as I told you, no sands, but when the tide is up it nearly washes the foot of the cliffs. For about two miles we walked along a fine esplanade crowning the heights,

with the sea stretched out below us to the horizon, on one hand, and on the other every variety of style of building that the not very chaste taste of our modern architects could suggest, — squares, crescents, terraces, all magnificent *stucco* edifices, without, perhaps, much individual beauty or elegance; but, seen from the sea, or *en masse* at an *appropriate* distance, I dare say the whole would have the appearance of some of Martin's incredible ranges of architecture, and look imposing — that is, imposturing — enough.

All this was very fine, but still it was streets and houses; and there were crowds of gay people parading up and down, looking as busy about nothing and as full of themselves as if the great awful sea had not been close beside them. In fact, I was displeased with the levity of their deportment, and the contrast of all that fashionable frivolity with the grandest of all natural objects seemed to me incongruous and discordant; and I was so annoyed at finding myself by the sea-side and *yet* still surrounded with all the glare and gayety of London, that I think I wished myself at the bottom of the cliff and Brighton at the bottom of the sea. However, we walked on and on, beyond the Parade, beyond the town, till we had nothing but the broad open downs to contrast with the broad open sea, and then I was completely happy. I gave my muff to my father and my fur tippet to Dall, for the sun shone powerfully on the heights, and I walked and ran along the edge of the cliffs, gazing and pondering, and enjoying the solemn sound and the brilliant sight, and the nervous excitement of a slight sense of fear as I peeped over at the depth below me. From this diversion, however, my father called me away, and, to console me for not allowing me to run the risk of being dashed to pieces, offered to run a race up a small hill with me, and beat me hollow.

We had walked about four miles when we halted at one of the Preventive Service stations to look about us. The tide had not yet come in, but its usual height when up was indicated, first by a deli-

cate, waving fringe of sea-weed, like very bright green moss, and then, nearer in shore, by an incrustation of chalk washed from the cliffs, which formed a deep embossed silver embroidery along the coast as far as eye could see. The sunshine was dazzling, and its light on the detached masses of milky chalk which lay far beneath us made them appear semi-transparent, like fragments of alabaster or carnelian. I was wishing that I *could but* get down the cliff, when a worthy sailor appeared toiling up it, and I discovered his winding staircase cut in the great chalk wall, down which I proceeded without further ado. I was a little frightened, for the steps were none of the most regular or convenient, and I felt as if I were hanging (and at an uncomfortable distance from either) between heaven and earth. I got down safe, however, and ran to the water's edge, danced a galop on one smooth little sand island, waited till the tide, which was coming up, just touched my toes, gave it a kick of cowardly defiance, and then showed it a fair pair of heels and scrambled up the cliff again, very much enchanted with my expedition.

I think a fight with smugglers up that steep staircase at night, with a heavy sea rolling and roaring close under it, would be glorious! When I reached the top my father said it was time to go home, so we returned. The Parade was crowded like Hyde Park in the height of the season [Thackeray called Brighton London-super-Mare], and when once I was out of the crowd and could look down upon it from our windows as it promenaded up and down, I never saw anything gayer: carriages of every description — most of them open — cavalades of ladies and gentlemen riding to and fro, throngs of smart bonnets and fine dresses; and beyond all this the high tide, with one broad, crimson path across it thrown by the sun, looking as if it led into some enchanted world beyond the waters.

I thought of dear A——; for though she is seeing the sea, — and I think the sea at Ardgillan, with its lovely mountains on one side and Skerries on the oth-

er, far more beautiful than this, — I am sure she would have been enchanted with the life, the bustle, and brilliancy of the Parade combined with its fine sea view, for I, who am apt rather selfishly to wish myself alone in the enjoyment of nature, looked at the bright, moving throng with pleasure when once I was out of it.

Our house at the theatre at night was very fine; and now, as you are perhaps tired of Brighton, you will not be sorry to get home with me; but pray communicate the end of our "land sorrow" to A——. We were to start for London Sunday morning at ten [a journey of six hours by coach, now of less than two by rail], and my father had taken three inside places in a coach, which was to call for us at our inn. I ran down to the beach and had a few moments alone there. It was a beautiful morning, and the fishing boats were one by one putting out into the calmest sleepy sea. I longed to ask to be taken on board one of them; but I was summoned away to the coach, and found on reaching it that, the fourth place being occupied by a sickly looking woman with a sickly looking child nearly as big as herself in her lap, my father, notwithstanding the coldness of the morning, had put himself on the outside. Dall, who does not mind being inconvenienced herself to any amount, but cannot bear that my father should be so, was much annoyed, and muttered all sorts of imprecations on the insatiable greed of gain of coach office agents who, for the sake of the price of half a place, stuff an undue number of sufferers in their "leathern conveniences," or oblige those who will not submit to this imposition to pay "inside" and travel "out." But the indomitable sweetness of her natural disposition very soon getting the better of her indignation, she presently suggested to the forlorn female that, as my father was not coming, she had better relieve herself by putting the child in his place. This was declined for some time, until I again remonstrated on her continuing to burden herself while there was a vacant seat; whereupon, not without some reluctance on its own part, the

burden was transferred from its mother's knees to a place by my aunt. It had not been there long before its tender parent, looking anxiously in its ominously yellow face, observed, "You see, mem, last time she sat that way, with her back to the *osses*, she were so awful sick!" With the utmost trepidation I proposed an instant change of seats with me, which was rapidly effected, and to shut the universe (which was beginning to heave) from my sight, — such is the power of imagination and sympathy, — I went to sleep; from which blessed refuge of the wretched I was recalled by a powerful and indescribable smell, which, seizing me by the nose, naturally induced me to open my eyes. Mother and daughter were each devouring a lump of black, strong, greasy plum cake; as a specific, I presume, against (or for?) sickness in a stage-coach.

The late Duke of Beaufort, when Marquis of Worcester, used frequently to amuse himself by driving the famous fast Brighton coach, the Highflyer. One day, as my father was hastily depositing his shilling gratuity in his driver's outstretched hand, a shout of laughter and a "Thank ye, Charles Kemble," made him aware of the gentleman Jehu under whose care he had performed the journey.

Wednesday, January 12, 1831.

DEAREST H—: I received your letter dated the 7th the night before last, and purposed ending this long epistle yesterday evening with an answer to it, but was prevented by having to go with my mother to dine with Mrs. L—, that witty woman and more than middle-aged beauty you have heard me speak of. I was repaid for the exertion I had not made very willingly, for I had a pleasant dinner. This lady has a large family and very large fortune, which at her death goes to her eldest son, who is a young man of enthusiastically religious views and feelings; he has no profession or occupation, but devotes himself to building chapels and schools, which he himself superintends with unwearied assiduity; and though he has never taken

orders, he preaches at some place in the city, to which crowds of people flock to hear him; none of which is at all agreeable to his mother, whose chief anxiety, however, is lest some one of the fair Methodists who attend his exhortations should admire his earthly expectations as much as his heavenly prospects, and induce this young apostle to marry her for her soul's sake; all which his mother told mine, with many lamentations over the godly zeal of her "serious" son, certainly not often made with regard to young men who are likely to inherit fine fortunes and estates. One of this young gentleman's sisters is strongly imbued with the same religious feeling, and I think her impressions deepened by her very delicate state of health. I am much attracted by her gentle manner, and the sweet, serious expression of her face, and the earnest tone of her conversation; I like her very much.

Indeed, external influences and circumstances *do* affect me much more than they ought, dear H—, and it is a dose of humility poured down one's throat when one contrasts one's own weakness with the strength of all that surrounds one, and the prevailing power of events against feeling, reason, and even principle.

My mother is reading Moore's *Life of Byron*, and has fallen in love with the latter and in hate with his wife. She declares that he was originally good, generous, humble, religious, — indeed, everything that a man can be short of absolute perfection. She thinks me narrow-minded and prejudiced because I do not care to read his life, and because, in spite of all Moore's assertions, I maintain that with Byron's own works in one's hand his character cannot possibly be a riddle to anybody. I dare say the devil may sometimes be painted blacker than he is; but Byron has a fancy for the character of Lucifer, and seems to me, on the contrary, *très pauvre diable*. I have no idea that Byron was half fiend, half man (at least no more so than all of us are); I dare say he was not at all really an atheist, as he has been reputed; indeed, I do not think Lord Byron,

in spite of all the fuss that has been made about him, was by any means an uncommon character. His genius was indeed rare, but his pride, vanity, and selfishness were only so in degree. You know, H——, nobody was ever a more fanatical worshiper of his poetry than I was: time was that I devoured his verses (poison as they were to me) like “raspberry tarts;” I still know, and remember with delight, their exquisite beauty and noble vigor, but they don’t agree with me. And, without knowing anything of his religious doubts or moral delinquencies, I cannot at all agree with Mr. Moore that upon the showing of his own works Byron was a “good man.” If he was, no one has done him such injustice as himself; and if *he* was *good*, then what was Milton? and what genial and gentle Shakespeare?

What an inhuman long letter I have written you, dear H——! I hope it has not been a dreadful infliction; it is such a pleasure, and just now a great relief to me, to go on gossiping with you, for it prevents me from thinking of what makes me very nervous—that to-night is my first time of acting in Fazio. I am to stand alone too, without my father. Mr. Warde has been put into the part of Fazio, and the play thus really rests upon my shoulders. I turn very sick as I think of my first words.

I must tell you that Henry is preparing himself to fall headlong into love with Mrs. Norton. He has latterly expressed the most ardent desire to meet her, which my mother has informed him shall not be accomplished through her agency; but the beautiful “Caroline” is just now sitting to Mr. Hayter, with whom Henry is very intimate. He has seen her picture at Hayter’s studio, and though he has scrupulously kept away, hitherto, on the days he knows she is there, I am in hourly expectation of hearing that he has met her at the door or passed her on the stairs, and has become cinders and ashes for her sake; while my mother is in an incessant *blaze* of apprehension for his,—which fiery comparisons remind me of far other things.

Our newspapers have become most melancholy literature of late, full of the results of these special commissions and of the executions of these unhappy incendiaries. You must keep Dublin quiet or we shall not come there this summer, and that would be a terrible disappointment!

Should you like to be M. de Polignac? [lately removed from the head of the French ministry, at the time of the breaking up of the government of Charles X.] What a number of poems and plays he will have time to write now, if he wishes and can. If I were Sir Launcelot du Lac, I would start for Poland, and to-day rather than to-morrow. Poor Poland! I have great faith in that cause, which is a noble one, though, as Cleopatra says, “Some innocents ’scape not the thunder-bolt,” and as Beatrice says, “I wish I were a man” to venture my life in such a quarrel.

Good-by, dear H——; write me a long “thank you” for this longest of mortal letters, and believe that I am your ever affectionate F. A. K.

I began living upon my allowance on New Year’s Day, and am keeping a most rigorous account of every farthing I spend. I have a tolerable “acquisitiveness” among my other organs, but think I would rather get than keep money, and to earn would always be pleasanter to me than to save. I act in Fazio to-night, Friday, and Monday next, so you will know where to find me on those evenings.

Monday, 27th.

DEAR H——: Horace Twiss has been out of town, and I have been obliged to delay this for a frank. You will be glad, I know, to hear that Fazio has made a great hit. Milman is coming to see me in it to-night; I wish I could induce him to write me such another part.

We are over head and ears in the mire of chancery again. The question of the validity of our—the great theatre—patents is now before Lord Brougham; I am afraid they are not worth a farthing. I am to hear from Mr. Murray some day this week; considering the features of my handwriting, it is no wonder

it has taken him some time to become acquainted with the MSS.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
January 29, 1831. }

MY DEAR H—: I have here by me three things, calling themselves letters, from you; the last, indeed, is something deserving the name, but the first two are mere complaints about my silence sprawled at the utmost possible extension over half sheets of paper, "Have I forgotten you," etc., and such like unworthy absurdities; but if conviction in the shape of my last letter does not overwhelm you, I do not intend that reproaches in this should annihilate you. In speaking as you do about want of perseverance and love of admiration in young people, I think you can hardly know how well calculated to produce those results our education has been; the harvest is what might have been expected from the seed that was sown. All our occupations have been of a desultory and exciting kind, and all our doings and sayings have been made matter of surprise and admiring comment; of course, therefore, we are disinclined for anything like serious or solid study, and naturally conclude that sayings and doings so much admired and wondered at *are* admirable and astonishing. A— is possessed of strong powers of ridicule, and the union of this sarcastic vein with a vivid imagination seems to me unusual; their prey is so different that they seldom hunt in company, I think. When I heard that she was reading Mathilde (Madame Cottin), I was almost afraid of its effect upon her. I remember at school, when I was her age, crying three whole days and half nights over it; but I certainly overrated her sensibility. Her letter to me contained a summary, abusive criticism of Mathilde as a book, and ended by presenting to me one of those ludicrous images which I abhor, because, while they destroy every serious or elevated impression, they are so absurd that one cannot defend one's self from the "idiot laughter" they excite, and leave one no associations but grinning ones with one's romantic ideals. Mathilde

bald!— which after all is nonsense, because though nuns cut off their hair they don't shave their heads; still, Mathilde even with a stiff little curly crop is what I should call an image decidedly destructive of the weeping, aching passion of woe with which I closed the book. Her letters are very clever and make me laugh exceedingly, but I am sorry she has such a detestation of Mrs. Marcet and natural philosophy. As for her letters being shown about, I am not sorry that my indiscretion has relieved A— from a restraint which, if it had only been disagreeable to her, would not have mattered so much, but which is calculated to destroy all possibility of free and natural correspondence, and inevitably renders letters mere compositions and their young authors vain and pretentious. I have always thought the system a bad one, for under it, if a girl's letters are thought dull, she feels as if she had made a failure, and if they are laughed at and passed from hand to hand with her knowledge, the result is much worse; and in either case what she writes is no longer the simple expression of her thoughts and feelings, but samples of wit, ridicule, and comic fancy which are to be thought amusing and clever by others than those to whom they are addressed.

You say my mother in her note to you speaks well of my acting in Bianca. It has succeeded very well, and I think I act some of it very well; but my chief pleasure in its success was certainly her approbation. She is a very severe critic, and, as she censures sharply, I am only too thankful when I escape her condemnation. I think you will be pleased with Bianca. I was surprised when I came to act it at finding how terribly it affected me, for I am not naturally at all jealous, and in this play, while feigning to be so, it seemed to me that it must be really the most horrible suffering conceivable; I am almost sorry that I can imagine it well enough to represent it well.

You say that we love intellect, but I do not agree with you; I do not think intellect excites love. I do not even think that it increases our love for those we do love, though it adds admiration to

our affection. I certainly do admire intellect immensely; mental power, which allied to moral power, goodness, is a force to uphold the universe.

I have forsworn all discussions about Byron; my mother and I differ so entirely on the subject that, as I cannot adopt her view of his character, I find it easier to be silent about my own. Perhaps her extreme admiration of him may have thrown me into a deeper disapprobation than I should otherwise have expressed. He has many excuses, doubtless: the total want of early restraint, the miserable influence of the injudicious mother who alternately idolized and victimized him, the bitter castigation of his first plunge into literature and then the flattering, fawning, fulsome adoration of his habitual associates, of course were all against him; but after all one cannot respect the man who strikes colors to the enemy as one does the one who comes conqueror out of the conflict. I now believe that there is a great deal of unreality in those sentiments to which the charm of his verses lent an appearance of truth and depth; in fact, his poetical feelings will sometimes stand the test of sober reflection quite as little as his grammar will that of a severe application of the rules of syntax. He has written immensely for mere effect, but all young people read him, and young people are not apt to analyze closely what they feel strongly, and, judging by my own experience, I should think Byron had done more mischief than one would like to be answerable for. When I said this the other day to my mother, she replied by referring to his *Don Juan*, supposing that I alluded to his profligacy; but it is not *Don Juan* only or chiefly that I think so mischievous, but *Manfred*, *Cain*, *Lucifer*, *Childe Harold*, and through them all Byron's own spirit, — the desponding, defiant, questioning, murmuring, bitter, proud spirit, that acts powerfully and dangerously on young brains and throws poison into their natural fermentation.

Since you say that my perpetual quotation of that stupid song, *Old Wilson is Dead*, worries you, I will renounce my

delight in teasing you with it. The love of teasing is, of course, only a base form of the love of power. Mr. Harness and I had a long discussion, the other night, about the *Cenci*; he maintains your opinion, that the wicked old nobleman was absolutely mad; but I argued the point stoutly for his sanity, and very nearly fell into the fire with dismay when I was obliged to confess that if he was not mad, then his actuating motive was simply *the love of power*. Do you know that that play was sent over by Shelley to England with a view to Miss O'Neill acting *Beatrice Cenci*? If it were ever possible that the piece could be acted, I should think an audience might be half killed with the horror of that entrance of *Beatrice* when she describes the marble pavement sliding from beneath her feet.

Did my mother tell you in her note that Milman was at the play the other night and said I had made *Bianca* exactly what he intended? I wish he would write another tragedy. I think perhaps he will, from something Murray said the other day. That eminent publisher still has my MSS. in his possession, but you know I can take things easily, and I don't feel anxious about his decision. I act in *Fazio* Monday and Wednesday, and Friday and Saturday Mrs. Beverley and *Belvidera* at Brighton.

You speak of the compatibility of vanity and selfishness with genius, in Byron; one cannot help thinking the highest genius scorns partnership with such rubbish; Milton was not vain or selfish, neither was gentle Shakespeare; Goethe, however, was both. Simplicity seems to me always a characteristic of greatness, and Byron was absolutely deficient in that; but pooh! we have his poetry, and as for his life — why cannot people let dead bodies be?

I was inexpressibly relieved by receiving a letter from my brother, and the intelligence that if I answered him he would be able to receive my reply, which I made immediate speed to send him.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — I cannot tell you how very grateful I feel for once more being permitted to hold communion with you; how happy I am in the hope of seeing you once more and hearing your voice in the home from which you have been too long absent, and which you left under such unexpected circumstances. But at the same time that I joyfully hail your return among us, I must make use of this only opportunity I may have of telling you what we have felt on the subject of your absence. When you are with us again I trust we shall all have forgotten it, and I may then find no fitting occasion to lay before you what we have thought of the step you have taken; and yet I think you ought to know it, and may perhaps best do so through me. I received the first intelligence of your being in Spain at Liverpool, on my way home from Ireland, and should, according to your desire, have kept the contents of your letter concealed, at least for a time, but that the postmark was on it, and it came inclosed in a note from Victoire [my aunt, who was then staying in London with my mother], full of questions and conjectures as to your whereabouts; this Dall read aloud before my father, who of course asked whence your letter was dated; thus both Dall and my father knew of your plans as soon as I did.

It is useless to say anything about the shock and surprise which we all experienced; we determined, however, to keep it a secret from my mother until our return to town, and soon after we reached home her miserable anxiety about you induced my father to break the news to her. My dear brother, could you have known the pain you have inflicted, I think you would have felt there was a nearer sphere of duty which you overstepped in seeking a wider one beyond it. However, of course, these keener emotions passed away — nobody can live upon anguish — and we became accustomed, though not reconciled, to the idea of your being exposed to danger at a distance from us, and engaged in a sphere of action so different from what

we all had wished and you had proposed to yourself. You wrote that you believed yourself called upon by duty to act as you have done, and we could only feel that you were strangely mistaken, and regret that so much precious time and such fine natural powers, to whose increase every pains and advantage had been afforded, were yet awhile to remain unprofitable talents in your keeping; but I always remembered — and it enabled me to bear tolerably well the first news of your departure, and has comforted me since whenever I thought of you — that God was your keeper, and that he could mercifully protect you under your error, and in his own good time make it apparent to you. Circumstances, which are his agents, are now once more bringing you to your home and family, but I fear there is much of uncertainty and anxiety resulting from your absence itself to cloud your return. You speak of propping the cause of law and order with your abilities, but I know of no way in which you can achieve this but by the practice of some profession demanding a long course of tedious preparation and generally unprofitable labor. The wretched state of the country and the present aspect of parliamentary politics render any hope of government employment, even in a subordinate position, very vague and uncertain. But only come back, and when you are once more with us we shall better understand, perhaps, what your present wishes are; and I am sure my dear father will spare no effort to assist you in any career which you steadfastly resolve to follow.

England is rocking with the earthquake which has shaken Europe, and is certainly in need of all the support which her best and wisest men can give her; but it is neither fiery eloquence, nor brilliant intellect alone which will now avail her. Every Englishman who hopes to help in upholding the safety of the country and to rescue it from the convulsions with which it is threatened, must be steadfast in adhering with determined perseverance to the course which his judgment points out, and clear-sightedness is full as necessary as conviction.

Certainly order is not preserved by each man quitting his own appointed sphere to regulate that of others, but by adhering bravely to the post which has been assigned him and fulfilling conscientiously its duties, and thus, by the influence of his example and the exercise of his faculties, enlightening, instructing, and guiding others. England wants such men at this crisis undoubtedly.

My dear brother, our own private affairs are hardly less perplexing than the public ones: my father is overwhelmed with anxieties and vexations; I believe no less than six lawsuits are pending over that unlucky theatre, and his situation is becoming daily more difficult and more painful. Had you been here, perhaps you might have been of use to him; I am sure you could have helped, at all events, to cheer and support him under his load of labor and trial. I have reason to be grateful for the mental and bodily health which luckily preserve me from depression; they leave me little disposition, and my constant work little leisure, for low spirits. Dall sends you her affectionate love; so does Henry. A—— is at this moment in Ireland, with my friend Miss S——. We saw Mr. Donne a short time after his marriage, and he and his wife were to have dined with us, but she was unfortunately very ill and did not come. I regretted this extremely, you had spoken so highly of her to me; besides, the woman that de-

lightful person married must have been a delightful person. Poor Mr. Sterling is, I fear, dying; not, as you imagine, of disappointment and grief at the miscarriage of the Spanish insurrection, but of very decided and serious disease of the lungs. Mr. Barton called upon us to excuse Mrs. Sterling's not having done so; but ever since their marriage she has been in close attendance as nurse upon her husband. Her brother says John Sterling is ordered to a milder climate. If he recovers at all, I shall envy them: two people just united and much attached to each other going together away from everybody to live alone under the blessed sky of the south! Perhaps, however, his activity and energy of mind may render this enforced suspense of all intellectual exertion irksome to him.

Good-by; God bless you. Come back to us all and you will be welcome to all, and to none more than your affectionate sister,
FANNY.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON, — My brother John is alive, safe and well, in Gibraltar. You deserve to know this, but it is all I can say to you. My mother has suffered so much that she hardly feels her joy; it has broken her down, and I, who have borne up well till now, feel prostrated by this reprieve. God be thanked for all his mercies! I can say no more.
F. A. K.

Frances Anne Kemble.

SOME NEW BOOKS OF POETRY.

THOSE who have read *A Woman's Poems* and *A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles* will think a new book from Mrs. Piatt amongst the best gifts of a year which has not been poor in verse, whatever else it has lacked. No woman now writing has a more characteristic style; and in taking up a fresh collection of her

poems you may be sure that no wavering or uncertain appeal will be made to your interest. If the range of her poetry is narrow, it goes deep; it gains in poignancy for loss of breadth, and in the present volume¹ her peculiar intensity

¹ *That New World, and Other Poems.* By Mrs. S. M. B. PIATT. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1876

becomes an edge, a point of the keenest pathos. If so few words could justly dismiss it, we should content ourselves with saying that it was the most entire expression of Bereavement we know in literature, for that defines if it does not fully praise the book.

The first poem, *That New World*, with its sarcasm full of heart-ache, —

"How gracious we are to grant the dead
Those vague, wide lands in the foreign sky,
Reserving this world for ourselves instead,"

and the thrill of that sometimes intolerable longing, —

"And yet if these empty eyes could see
One, only one from that voyage divine,
With something, anything, sure for me —
... the scent of one lily to tell
That it grew outside of this world, at most;
... or a shell

That whispers of some unearthly coast,"

is the key-note to the rest, but it is not penetrated with the sharpest vibrations of the sorrow which inspires them. These one feels in a degree scarcely less than terrible in such a poem as this: —

COMFORT—BY A COFFIN.

Ah, friend of mine,
The old enchanted story! Oh,
I cannot hear a word!
Tell some poor child who loved a bird,
And knows he holds it stained and still,
"It flies—in Fairyland!"
Its nest is in a palm-tree, on a hill;
Go, catch it—if you will!"

Ah, friend of mine,
The music (which ear hath not heard?)
At best wails from the skies,
Somehow, into our funeral cries!
The flowers (eye hath not seen?) still fail
To hide the coffin lid;
Against this face, so pitiless now and pale,
Can the high heavens avail?

Ah, friend of mine,
I think you mean—to mean it all!
But then an angel's wing
Is a remote and subtle thing,
(If you could show me any such
In air that I can breathe!)
And surely Death's cold hand has much, so much,
About it we can touch!

Ah, friend of mine,
I know, I know—all you can know!
All you can say is—this:
"It is the last time you can kiss
This only one of all the dead,
Knowing it is the last;
These are the last tears you can ever shed
On this fair fallen head."

Not one of these striking poems is without some sad and joyless grace

which we do not know in any other touch than this poet's. Read, for example, the mystical verses, *Enchanted*, and you must feel the spell, and recognize your own impulse—your own, however rare—in that of her who

"sat in a piteous hut
In a wood where poisons grew!"

We sometimes still talk of Poe's weird power, but here is a poem that surpasses his careful elaborations in its wild fascination as the thing surpasses the picture of the thing. Along with her ability to dramatize the most elusive moods of the soul, there are often simple passages in Mrs. Piatt's work that move one inexpressibly with their far-reaching sense, as in the poem on *Lady Franklin*: —

"In shadowy ships, that freeze,
We think of men who sail, the frozen-fated;
Tears, if you will, for these.
But oh, the truest searcher of the seas
In the blown breath of English daisies waited."

One of the tenderest poems is the fairy tale called *The Gift of Empty Hands*, and among the grimmest—quiet, cold in the irony that moans and weeps in others—is *The King's Memento Mori*. We name these pieces without quoting them, because we expect the reader to go for them to the book, where there are many that we cannot give, like *Her Cross* and *Mine*, a whole drama in six stanzas; *Counting the Graves*, one of those colloquies with a child in which the simple answers are darkened with a complex, melancholy meaning; *Answering a Child*, another colloquy between mother and child concerning life and death; and *My Birthright*, the saddest of the earth-bound poems; *Folded Hands*, the tragedy of aspiration beyond the power of performance—a difficult something very thoroughly felt and triumphantly expressed. Certain of the poems strike one with awe for the fierce sincerity with which the cut-flowers of consolation are thrust aside, and the ineffable loss through death is confronted. Such a one is that called *No Help*, with its tremendous close: —

"God cannot help me, for God cannot break
His own dark law—for my poor sorrow's sake."

We Two is another such poem, with

that strain of tragic irony in it which is somewhere felt in nearly all the pieces, and which in the poem, *Giving up the World*, is so poignant:—

GIVING UP THE WORLD.

So, from the ruins of the world alone
Can heaven be builded? Oh,
What other temples must be overthrown,
Founded in sand or snow!

But, heaven cannot be built with jeweled hands?
Then— from my own I wring
Glitter of gold, the gifts of many lands;
The seas their pearls I fling.

Heaven must have flowers— after the worm has
crossed
Their blush, the wind their breath?
After the utter silence of the frost
Has made them white with death?

Heaven must have music—but the birds that sing
In that divinest nest
Thither must waver, wounded in the wing
And wounded in the breast?

Heaven must be lighted—at the fallen light
Of moon, and star, and sun?
Ah me! since these have made the earth too bright,
Let the dark Will be done!

To say of Mrs. Piatt's poems that they are morbid is criticism quite too easy not to be contemptible. That is so plain that we have not to inquire about it; but it is no selfish or egotistic morbidity. In the rush of these hopeless tears, this heart-broken scorn of comfort, this unreconciled patience of grief, is the drama of the race's affliction; in the utter desolation of one woman's sorrow the universal anguish of mortality is expressed. It is not pessimism; it does not assume to be any sort of philosophy or system; it is simply the bitter truth to a phase of human experience through which all men must pass; and the reader need not be told that such poems were lived before they were written.

There is, of course, a monotony in the book, but it is like a rhythmical repetition—not the monotony that wearies; and even this repetition of the same theme is less frequent than it seems at first. For compensation, if any is needed, we have an elevation—a rapture—away from all commonness and pettiness of thought. In an increasing clearness, more perhaps than in anything else, the book shows growth of artistic faculty;

we have heretofore had to blame the author for obscurity, of which we still find traces; and we could have wished, for the sake of the sad unity which we feel in the first two groups of poems, that those entitled *With Children* had not been included. They have their charm, their quaint, life-like grace, but it is a lapse to come to them from the others, and one feels a painful crudeness, almost, in their realistic humor after reading, for instance, so striking a poem as this:—

THE ALTAR AT ATHENS.

"TO THE UNKNOWN GOD."

Because my life was hollow with a pain
As old as—death: because my eyes were dry
As the fierce tropics after months of rain:
Because my restless voice said "Why?" and
"Why?"

Wounded and worn, I knelt within the night,
As blind as darkness—Praying? And to
Whom?—

When you cold crescent cut my folded sight,
And showed a phantom Altar in my room.

It was the Altar Paul at Athens saw.
The Greek bowed there, but not the Greek
alone;
The ghosts of nations gathered, wan with awe,
And laid their offerings on that shadowy stone

The Egyptian worshiped there the crocodile,
There they of Nineveh the bull with wings;
The Persian there, with swart sun-lifted smile,
Felt in his soul the writhing fire's bright stings

There the weird Druid held his mistletoe;
There for the scorched son of the sand, coiled
bright,
The torrid snake was hissing sharp and low;
And there the Western savage paid his rite.

"Allah!" the Moslem darkly muttered there;
"Brahma!" the jeweled Indies of the East
Sighed through their spices, with a languid
prayer;
"Christ?" faintly questioned many a paler
priest.

And still the Athenian Altar's glimmering Doubt
On all religions—evermore the same.
What tears shall wash its sad inscription out?
What Hand shall write thereon his other
name?

It is a pleasure for every one loving literature to find, in this new book of Mrs. Piatt's, the development of her genius rather than of her mannerisms. Our geniuses are not so many that we can afford to have any of them fall a prey to eccentricity or self-conceit—which way madness and Browningism lie.

The same sort of symmetrical growth which delights the critical sense in Mrs. Piatt's book is a source of satisfaction in Mr. Aldrich's new volume.¹ Whatever was good—whatever formed the not easily namable charm—in his poetry from the first, remains here; after much experimenting with exotics in times past, he now gives us at last a flower whose airy grace and whose perfume—not too richly nor yet too delicately sweet—are quite its own. The garden-ground in which it grows is not vast, but then you are not asked to enjoy any waste land; in those charming parterres, with their outlook over a lovely country, every inch is jealously tended and made delightful. It seems to us that Mr. Aldrich's work in prose during the several years when he was writing little verse has been of as good use to him as pleasure to his readers. It has mellowed that side of his talent without whose maturity we are sure we should have lacked one of the finest graces of the poetry here offered us; and we are ready to say that his humor has saved alive a poet who seemed doomed at first by his too great daintiness and sensuous sentiment. We do not mean that it appears otherwise than sparingly in these poems; it is a light, a color at most, but where it falls we are not sure but it bestows the very finest effect of his fine art. It is not the humor, quite, of *vers de société*, and the reader will understand it better when we recall a passage from *The Old Castle*, printed among the Interludes in our November number. Musing upon the ruin about him the poet asks,—

"Where are those
Who, in steel or hose,
Held revel here and made them gay?
Where is the laughter
That shook the rafter—
Where is the rafter, by the way?"

Here the last line is not merely a stroke of such picturesque force that you lift your head with a start to stare into the hollow where the roof was; but the light, electric rush of the after-thought in it, coming upon the quasi-conventional pensiveness of the preceding verses, cu-

riously and greatly enriches them. It is a spirit which diffuses itself through the whole poem in question, and is the life-breath of what seem to us the best pieces in the book: *The Flight of the Goddess*, *On an Intaglio Head of Minerva*, *In an Atelier*, *Latakia*, and others whose winning lightness is known to the readers of the magazine and all the widely-copying newspapers. It is found in its last refinement in a little poem not before printed.

NOCTURNE.

ITALY.

Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the fleX shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain's folds between.

She smiles on her white-rose lover,
She reaches out her hand
And helps him in at the window—
I see it where I stand!

To her scarlet lip she holds him,
And kisses him many a time—
Ah, me! it was he that won her
Because he dared to climb!

In this the delicate luxury of the fancy is just touched—no more—with the gayety which gives its charm to the pieces mentioned, and to several others yet. It becomes very graceful and amusing satire in *Tita's Tears*, one of the new pieces, with that quality of surprise of which Mr. Aldrich has made himself master in some of his sketches. *Across the Street* is still another poem of the same mood as the *Nocturne*, but the last is the most artistic in conceit and perfect in expression.

Of the workmanship of the various poems in the book you can only say that in one it is more exquisite than in another; less than exquisite it never is. We suppose that the group of sonnets at the close of the volume show the cunning of the artist's hand more than the rest. Their patient—not too patient—finish is from a conscience about the sonnet which will not suffer the faintest slight of it. We find them all good, but

¹ *Flower and Thorn*. Later Poems. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877

there are three that particularly please us : Even This will Pass Away, Barberries, and Sleep. In the last there is a strain of feeling as high and serious as it is sweet, which springs from the universal experience and will prolong itself in every heart:—

“ When to soft Sleep we give ourselves away,
And in a dream as in a fairy bark
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To purple day-break — little thought we pay
To that sweet bitter world we know by day.
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
So high in heaven no human eye may mark
The thin swift pinion cleaving through the
gray.

Till we awake ill fate can do no ill,
The resting heart shall not take up again
The heavy load that yet must make it bleed;
For this brief space the loud world's voice is still,
No faintest echo of it brings us pain.
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed? ”

Another order of pieces in the present volume seems almost as characteristic of the author as those we first mentioned. To this belong *An Untimely Thought*, *Rencontre*, *Identity*, and *Destiny*. They recall Heine in their unlabored suggestiveness, but in sentiment, tone, and manner they are entirely remote from that poet. Indeed, Mr. Aldrich's charm is French and classic, as distinguishable from German and Romantic; or it is even better to say that it is American and his own.

There are a score of epigrammatic quatrains in the book, showing the same sensitive, artistic conscience in their finish as the sonnets; they are all neat, and some are very clever and lovely. The best, to our thinking, is this:—

GRACE AND STRENGTH.

Manoah's son, in his blind rage malign,
Tumbling the temple down upon his foes,
Did no such feat as yonder delicate vine
That day by day untired holds up a rose.

It would not have been the best, however, if the strong effect in the last line of the following had not been weakened by what seems to us the mistaken colloquiality:—

MASKS.

Black Tragedy lets slip her grim disguise
And shows you laughing lips and roguish eyes;
But when, unmasked, gay Comedy appears,
’Tis ten to one you find the girl in tears.

Our saying that the two longest poems

in the book — *Spring in New England* and *The Legend of Ara-Cœli* — are not so fine nor so characteristic as the shorter ones will be felt by those who read them, we hope, to be chiefly praise of the latter. *The Spring in New England* has taken its place among the poems to be read and reprinted on every Decoration Day; and there is no fault in the skill with which the legend is handled. Nevertheless our greater pleasure is in other pieces, and in these too, we think, is more largely the evidence of that increased mastery in the poet which we so gladly recognize.

The genuine poetic quality of Mr. Weeks¹ we were prompt to acknowledge in a notice of his first volume, printed some five years ago. This quality there asserted itself in spite of the strong infusion of Tennyson, and gave us hopes of something more distinctly good from the author — hopes which the present volume, but for the poet's untimely death, must strongly encourage. Because it is the last of his work, it is an achievement the more interesting, and sympathetic criticism will find it full of the pathos of arrested processes and intentions. The poet has passed beyond the imitative stage, and for good or ill, whatever is here is his. Whether he would have given us hereafter something of stronger clutch is a question which can now never be settled, but that he could have given us poems increasingly lovely, with clear, original thought and direction in them, there is no doubt. The whole book has an oddly experimental character, even in its most finished pieces. The author seems, in the short miscellaneous poems which form a good half of it, to be inquiring whether there is not some untried region of literature lying closer to the arts of design than any yet explored. Almost all of them have the character of paintings or etchings, and seem to be occupied with the presentation of a scene or an attitude rather than an idea. The reader will instantly feel this in such a poem as this, called *A Hill-Top*:—

¹ *Twenty Poems*. By R. K. WEEKS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1876.

" Little more than a rock nearly bare,
 Rough with lichens gray-green, and a line
 Of pale-yellow grass, here and there,
 A few daisies, a tree, and a vine.

" But the woodbine 's aglow and astream
 Like a cloud that the sunseting fires,
 And star-like the still daisies gleam,
 And flame-like the cedar aspires."

This is very realistic, unmistakable nature; you have the spot actually before you, as if some American student of the French school had painted it for you; and the poem has no more explicit thought than many a French landscape has; you put into it whatever sentiment you will.

The dramatic poem of *Andromeda's Escape* is avowedly tentative, the old fable being used to hold the new wine of strictly modern feeling. The result is sometimes almost that of intentional burlesque, but the frankness of the artist and our interest in his attempt will not let us laugh. Yet no degree of respectful tenderness can prevent our seeing that the dramatic effects slip through his fingers like clews of sand. This is not the case in the two ballads, *How Roland blew the Horn*, and *Gudrun*. In the latter especially there is a bold use of the simplest phrase and the most naïve forms, which not only strongly serves the purpose but offers an interesting study of a fresh and pleasing achievement, and makes one wish that Mr. Weeks could have applied his fearless art in balladry to some theme of our own life. More than in his other work, we feel in the *Gudrun* that his death is a loss to literature.

We never thought the machinery of *The Echo Club*¹ a very fortunate conception. It was hard, beyond accomplishment almost, to keep at its due lightness the dialogue of four supposed characters who meet to write parodies of the modern poets, and we cannot say that Mr. Taylor has triumphed in the difficult task. The comment is well enough, but the critical analysis of the authors parodied is not of unusual fineness, and too much of the talk consists

of needless apology for taking the liberty to travesty, and of protest that no harm is meant. A parody is really a tribute to a certain quality and manner in a poet so individual that they cannot be mistaken for those of another writer; and when it is simply and purely a parody, as these of Mr. Taylor are, and not an ill-mannered, ill-tempered satire of the author, it is obviously a service and not a slight. It assembles and refreshes the reader's impressions, and gives the author a more distinct and tangible form. It is, to a certain extent, the finest sort of criticism, while it does not assume to describe or limit the genius upon which it plays. Mr. Taylor is not an admirer of all the people he burlesques, but of most he is, and he is generally very good-natured. Even his severity with Mr. Joaquin Miller is quite as much in sorrow as in anger. As to the parodies themselves, which are of the prominent modern English and American poets, they seem to us the best parodies ever written. They are not merely imitations of particular poems, but of a distinguishing mood and aim of each poet's art, and in indicating this they are deliciously done nearly always. Our readers must remember the miraculous likeness of the burlesques of Browning, and we promise them that they shall not have less than their original pleasure in reperiusing those matchless pieces of fun; Mr. Taylor seems, in fact, to have a special gift for mocking a poet who has not waited for the parodist to make him ridiculous, but has hastened himself to "join the choir invisible" of his deriders; and at the end of the volume, here, there is a most ingenious review of *The Inn Album*, written in such *Inn-Albuminous* blank verse that one half suspects it to be the result of a plot between Mr. Taylor and Mr. Browning to palm off some genuine Browning upon us in place of the imitation. Mr. Swinburne's peculiar treble is also caught with a mocking-bird's felicity, and there is an extremely good reflection of Tennyson's idyllic manner; there is just a bit, but very exquisite, of Mr. William Morris; and the parody

¹ *The Echo Club, and other Literary Diversions.*
 By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: James R. Osgood &
 Co. 1876.

of Mr. Dante Rossetti might have been painted alternately from that gentleman's own palette and inkhorn.

"Fair-tinted cheeks, clear eyelids drawn
In crescent curves above the light
Of eyes whose dim uncertain dawn
Becomes not day : a forehead white
Beneath long yellow heaps of hair :
She is so strange she must be fair.

"Her nose is keen as pointed flame ;
Her crimson lips no thing express ;
And never dread of saintly blame
Held down her heavy eyelashes.

"An azure carpet, fringed with gold,
Sprinkled with scarlet spots, I laid
Before her straight, cool feet unshod :
But she nor sound nor movement made

"And I was shamed through all my mind
For that she spoke not, neither kissed,
But stared right past me. Lo ! behind
Me stood, in pink and amethyst,
Sword-girt and velvet-habited,
A tall, gaunt youth with frowzy head,

"Wide nostrils in the air, dull eyes,
Thick lips that simpered, but, ah me !
I saw with most forlorn surprise,
He was the Thirteenth Century,
I but the Nineteenth."

Whoever has felt the stalwart strength, the broad movement, and the full, wholesome life of Mr. Lowell's poetry will receive a fresh and vigorous impression of these traits, as well as his more delicate qualities, from the volume in which his poems are now presented complete.¹ Such a reader will hardly fail, either, of making his reflections, as he meets the older and the newer friends in the book, upon the fact that here is a man who has himself been part of all that he has sung, not only in the sense in which all poets are so, but in the special way in which a robust, courageous, and positive personality identifies itself with the feelings and events of its time. Any political history of the years since the great moral revolt against slavery began to ennoble our politics would be incomplete without notice of the share taken by literature in the struggle, and we know not what author could so well stand for the self-righting national instinct in regard to it as Lowell. He is not one whom you class merely as antislavery; he is not

partisan or sectarian; he is humane, and too full of the clear light of humor to be humanitarian. Not scorning the wrong too fiercely to remember that there are men in it, he has never, on the other hand, sentimentalized political sinners, and his blows were delivered from a hand that was kinder to the oppressed than to the oppressors. This volume witnesses how strong and many they were both when he spoke for himself and when he let the true New England heart speak in the homely New England tongue for him; and here, too, you see perhaps more clearly than before how in the thick of the strife he was inventing types of Cervantean character, adding to poetry a new strain, and creating in literature an American kind. As you go through the book, you perceive with an increasing sense how this poet has always been and is *ours*. When you come to the war-poems — that mighty group beginning with *The Washers of the Shroud* and ending with the *Commemorative Ode* and the last of the *Biglow Papers* — you see that they represent the literature of the war. Other things remain, too, beautiful, touching, and grand, but without these the war would have no literature which could stand monumentally distinct and solid. In the contemplative poems which he has printed since is almost the sole recognition which the misgivings of patriotism during the last six years have received in literature proper. We do not mean to go into any extended consideration of his poetry here; we have been noting a very obvious side of it, and as concerns art a superficial aspect. What treasures of sweetness, of tenderness, of wise humor and wise pathos underlie this, no one need be told. The characteristics of his poetry are now part of a cultivated American's literary consciousness. The wit that always championed the wronged weak — not the merely weak — against the strong, the sense of beauty so high and fine as scarcely to have left the verse sensuous enough, the keen passion for Nature and the intimate knowledge of all her moods, the music native and fresh as the rhythms of his own June, the imagery drawn

¹ *The Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell*. Household Edition. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

fragrant and living from the familiar fields and skies, the clear and joyous inspirations, — one knows these as one knows the strong thought that drives dangerously near the borders of prose, the hard-packed metaphors pushed one upon another, the humor that sometimes escapes into fun, the lofty psalm that loses itself in the echoes of the sounding-board, the whole noble art which now and then too generously forgets that it is equally noble with truth and duty. The Biglow Papers, the poems of the war, the group of pieces represented by The Ca-

thedral, the totally different group which we shall recall by *Auf Wiedersehen*, the still different strain of *The Vision of Sir Launfal* and its order, were sufficient witnesses of a many-sidedness in which the same genius was felt so potently that six lines of any one of the poems declared its authorship; yet the volume that sets them all compactly before us is rich in novel suggestion; and one somehow feels as never before how vast is the range of the poet's achievement, how great and many and various are the things he has done.

W. D. H.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FAIR.

CLOSING DAYS.

VI.

DURING the past six months it has been a constant subject of discussion whether the Exhibition would mark a new era for this country in the training and development of our artistic and æsthetic faculties. The frequency of the question has led me to look at the show both as a whole and in detail. To begin with, it is to be remembered that it exhibits the productions of an inartistic age. One of the most decided proofs of this is the place occupied by photography, which has a large pavilion of its own. The real value of photography for likenesses lies in its being the imprint of life; it is not and never can become an art, but, especially under the stereoscope, it gives something of nature and reality which art cannot do. You look into the eyes of a good photograph and the very glance of a friend mysteriously meets your own; there is the pulp of life in the lips and hands; in landscape there is at once some of the actual movement and stillness of nature; a picture may be paint-

ed from memory, but a photograph is the stamp of a bodily presence. The invention deserves universal gratitude for this and the numerous facilities which it offers, but it should be kept within its proper limits. The most egregious instance of its exceeding them is to be found in the English department of Photographic Hall; there are some absurd, blurred groups, representing scenes from the *Idyls of the King*, which everybody who has been to London will recognize as Mrs. Cameron's. The attempt at artistic and dramatic effect is enormous; the result is merely a series of very poor photographs of ill-dressed actors and actresses in exaggerated attitudes. Unfortunately, it is but another case of overdoing a successful experiment: eight or ten years ago Mrs. Cameron, then an amateur, I believe, took very striking and agreeable likenesses; one of her favorite subjects was the druidical physiognomy of Henry Taylor, author of *Philip van Artevelde*, whom she used as an advertisement. Another abuse of photography is making it represent living persons as statues. Among the

specimens from Cincinnati is the bust of a young girl, whose back and shoulders are turned towards the spectator, the face being seen in profile, looking over the left shoulder; by well-known devices of powder, pose, and artificial light, the effect of sculpture is given to an extraordinary degree, enhanced by the classic contour of the head and face; it is the best example I have ever seen. But the similarity is brought about by a poor sort of trick, which neither produces illusion nor gives satisfaction; the hair, instead of folding in wavy masses, looks blowzy, the drapery clumsy, even the lines of the neck and shoulders are too abrupt from the unavoidably false foreshortening; it is altogether inartistic and looks like neither a statue nor a real woman.

The best American as well as English photographs are those of natural scenery, although ours have some of the hardness and flatness which are seen in even our most beautiful views. America occupies half the building, but our photographs are far from being the best; indeed, the worst of them are the worst in the Exhibition. I do not understand why American photographs should not be as good as any others, since success depends mainly upon a mechanical process and the clearness of the atmosphere; but the contrast between the light and shadow is generally too strong, and when this is avoided there is want of distinctness. Everybody knows the wonderful Californian photographs of the Yosemite Valley, and there are two live-oaks from California almost as fine as drawings. We have some very successful photographs on glass, of which the most striking is taken from the whirlpool at Niagara; the spray has a sharp fixity like frozen particles of water or alum crystals, but the threatening, white mass against the wooded bank, black as night, keeps something of the power of nature. The most beautiful in the Exhibition are the English landscapes, and the finest of these are Vernon Heath's trees; the contrast between the black and white is less violent than in ours, and they have a softness and fullness such as belong to

their landscape, which are seldom seen in this country; a great beech or oak stands alone in a grassy space, with some lovely bit of English scenery for background. Next to these are some wonderful sea-views by Colonel Stuart Wortley, probably an amateur, as there used to be a man of fashion of that name about London who was fond of trying his hand at various things; some of them are so effective as to be scenic, almost theatrical, though how this is contrived it is not easy to say; perhaps it is due entirely to the titles the gentleman has given them: *The Sun his Glory clouds*, *What are the Wild Waves saying?* *Flotsam*, etc. These are removed only one step from fine marine views, as Heath's trees are from Harding's studies of trunk and foliage; but the step is impassable.

In the quarters whence most was expected legitimately for the education of the eye, there has been most disappointment, preëminently in the art-galleries. So many careful notices have been given elsewhere by abler judges, that I will not dwell upon them in detail. Makart the Austrian's three great pieces must be a revelation to those who have never seen the old Venetian canvases and frescoes; his personages are wanting in true beauty and nobility, but a man of our day who dares to lavish color so superbly possesses at least the audacity of genius; nor is color Makart's only merit; his composition is studied from the Venetian masters and Rubens, and there is a generosity about his performances which ought to have an invigorating influence on minds whose highest view of art has been a Meissonier examined through a magnifying glass. The large and serious manner of the principal Spanish pictures is also a wholesome contrast to the petty, patchy, shallow productions of the modern French, frivolous school (the cynical school as somebody calls it), to which, however, Spain has given many adepts, false to her traditions. In the French department of Memorial Hall there are remarkably few of these abominations, but the collection is a very poor one; the best pictures are some fine landscapes and forest

scenes by Rémé. Among the Belgian and Dutch pictures are several agreeable subjects, and a number of very well painted ones, by men who understand their business perfectly, a knowledge in the absence of which no talent should be accepted save on probation. The English collection is incomparably the best; to begin with, there is the room of older masters, with several fair and a few fine examples of the men who painted in the last half of the past century and the first quarter of this; it is great good luck that Sir Thomas Lawrence is represented, not by fine ladies nor pretty children, but by such sitters as the three Barings, men neither young nor handsome, on whom the painter was forced to put forth his whole strength. The contemporaries are chiefly familiar names, and their faults are familiar to frequenters of the spring displays of the Royal Academy; but no room in Burlington House ever musters so many good specimens of good artists at one exhibition. French critics have long reproached English painters with vulgarity, a term which in their language means somewhat less than it does in ours, but implies a degree of what is commonplace and ordinary in conception and execution; the reproach is just, but it is time the French stopped throwing stones on that score. It does not apply to Frederick Leighton, whose three pictures make him the prominent English painter at the Exhibition; whatever their shortcomings, they teach two great lessons: first, what a man may achieve by patient development of all his powers, not yielding to the temptation to indulge in an effective trick, nor neglecting form for color, or *vice versa*, because he is stronger in one than in the other, — in a word, by aiming at perfection rather than success; secondly, by making beauty, not ugliness, his study. Let any one who has seen many modern French pictures, especially of the Eastern school — if one may so call it — think what Gérôme or even Fromentin would have made of the Egyptian Slinger, instead of this model of youthful strength and symmetry, like an antique. What is

missed in Leighton's pictures is only what Nature has denied him, and surely he is one of her favorite children. The total absence of the Unrealists, Holman Hunt (except in his remarkable portrait by himself), Burne Jones, Morris, Rossetti and company, loses us, no doubt, infinite suggestions and exquisite fancies; but it is better for our excitable imaginations, so prone to fallacy, that they are not here.

Our own artists make a respectable show, which would be more impressive if they could be decimated. After looking at Mr. La Farge's several canvases, each with its special, peculiar excellence and loveliness; at two charming portraits by Mr. Porter which catch every eye; at Miss Lea's clever, *masterful* likenesses, which, however, have the great vice of doing imperfect justice to her fair sitters; at a Jewish gentleman in red velvet by William Hunt, glowing from his obscurity, and a number more, besides the Copleys, Stuarts, and Morses in the corridor, national self-complacency needs a higher standard than it finds in the Exhibition to keep it at a proper level. There are some good and lovely things among the American water-colors: two sea-side pieces, one of them very small, by W. T. Richards; a few of Miss Bridges' ineffably delicate, graceful studies of birds and plants, which, sad to say, are never so good when she forsakes the sober tints of winter; a girl at a spinet, by Hennessy, another on a beach, by Boughton. All these are enchanting in one way or another, but all except Hennessy err on the side of over-refinement and want of breadth; the only American landscapes I can remember, either in oil or water-colors, which have sentiment without these weaknesses, are McEntee's. There is a series of about thirty pen-and-ink drawings nearly a foot square, by Edwin Forbes, called *Life Studies of the Great Army*, which show great talent. They are faithful, careful, spirited, and humorous, with some of the telling cleverness of the French Algerine painters, but without exaggeration; horses, negroes, soldiers, sutlers, are all full of life

and nature, while the landscape has excellent breadth and expressiveness in plain or hill-side. They are capital in their way. They are for etching on copper, and the United States government has bought the first proofs.

The exhibition of etching and engraving is small, but very good, the English taking the lead. There are a few fine views of quays and shipping by Seymour Haden, after Turner; it is a pity he has sent nothing original, for he has marvelous power; some of his own port scenes are like Turner's in black and white. There are some exquisite landscapes by Evershed, delicate yet free and effective; charming scraps and studies of architecture, by E. Edwards, done for a work on old inns; also some exceedingly bold and picturesque views of coast and cliff, and Stonehenge, by Slocombe. There is a frame full of etchings, illustrating annuals published twenty-five years ago, of the old sentimental style, hawking-parties, a lady and a lute, etc. Even Birket Foster's landscapes show how great an advance has been made since those times. J. Leighton's wood-cuts, for children's books apparently, are fanciful, yet free and true; and H. S. Marks' designs in flat color for chromo-lithograph illustrations of still more juvenile volumes are very good indeed, both in outline and expression; there is the smallest possible number of strokes with great result. A good test of the fidelity of ordinary English wood-cutting is given by comparing the original drawings of Du Maurier and Swain with the wood-cuts in *Punch*; nothing is lost in the transfer to the block, not a shade of expression. There are a few beautiful, delicate etchings by Unger, in the Austrian gallery; but side by side with the English, if not occasionally surpassing them, are the French, in the Annex. Their best artists are here: Jacquemart, Lalanne, Flameng, Rajon, and the etchings of the last two are masterly in the highest degree, bringing the richness of color magnificently out of mere darkness.

In the Spanish Government Building there were three volumes of lithographs,

by Goya, a painter who lived at the end of the last century and beginning of this, and gained an immortal though not a wide-spread fame. His pictures, when he keeps within bounds, are amazing in their fire and fierce dash; his consummate management of light and shade recalls Rembrandt, his drawing, Gavarni. All this is exemplified in his lithographs, but unfortunately they are principally caricatures or satires, often hideous and grotesque to monstrosity; his imagination is at once piratical and hag-ridden; but they are wonderful for eccentric effect. In the same building there is a magnificent work on the architectural monuments of Spain; a mine of instruction and pleasure for those who know enough to profit by it.

It is in the Main Building rather than in those particularly devoted to art that gratification and cultivation of the sense of beauty must be sought. The French have a so-called art-pavilion, which is merely a shop of very poor mantel-clocks and bronzes. Hard by this is a wooden structure containing four great stained glass windows from a maker in Chartres, intended for the Roman Catholic cathedral in New York; the subjects are the Martyrdom of St. Lawrence; St. Bernard preaching the Crusade, Pope Benedict XIII. receiving the Volume of the Brothers of Christian Doctrine, and a battle-scene from one of the early crusades or religious wars. For pictorial effect it is the best in the Exhibition; the colors are rich and bright except where the black robes of the brothers of Christian doctrine make a big blot; but it has the ordinary commonplace character of most modern painted windows; there is nothing suggestive of sacred romance or fervor; it would be glaringly out of place in an old church, but will be in keeping with the Fifth Avenue edifice for which it is intended. There are painted windows in several galleries of Memorial Hall and a number in the Main Building, chiefly from England, which are the best. The English are fond of introducing figures in opaque white drapery among the glowing hues of party-colored groups, the effect of

which is detestable; they have also attempted whole windows in pale and neutral tints, which are unsatisfactory and displeasing to the utmost point, although the intention is often extremely pretty and graceful. Nevertheless there is a sufficient quantity and variety to give our designers and manufacturers new and valuable notions, of which, judging by their own specimens, they stand in sad need.

There is a great deal of wood-carving in different departments; another subject in which we are woefully in need of instruction. The Swiss, of which there is most, is conspicuous for its faithful yet spirited imitation of nature, but it is too uncreative to be followed as a model, besides being applied almost entirely to unimportant objects: mantel-clocks, book-racks, brackets, and small knick-knacks. The old Flemish wood-sculptors are not unworthily represented by a handsome and very elaborate pulpit from Louvain in Belgium; the shape is not elegant, and there is a too obvious attempt at harmony and co-relation in the different parts of the structure, which yet do not subordinate themselves successfully to any leading idea; a certain stiffness betrays the inaptitude of modern hands for this sort of task; yet the execution is good, and the figures and faces are fine and have an ingenuousness and dignity most unusual and praiseworthy in modern work. There is some very handsome carving from India, rich but not heavy-looking, in wood as black as ebony, whether naturally or artificially darkened I do not know. The entire body of the block is cut away, leaving the flowers and leaves with perforated interspaces; the pattern is honey-combed into the substance of the wood, yet the block is so thick that the work, although mere open tracery, retains a strong, almost massive appearance. The exhibitor gives you a piece of the rough wood to hold, and you are astonished to find a weight like iron in your hand. In the same section there is some exquisite silver ware of the style for which Kirk of Baltimore is celebrated in this country, raised and chased flowers on a frosted

ground, but infinitely more minute, sharp, and delicate both in design and execution; the shapes are commonplace, except some perfume-sprinklers of truly Eastern outline; but the workmanship is as fine as frost. In this, as in all other native handiwork of real merit, there is a notable degeneracy the moment it is made for the European market; it loses a peculiar value of nationality which belongs to the pure native work, if it be but a poor little basket or mat.

There is exceedingly beautiful carved work from Florence and Siena, and also that union of carving and inlaying in wood called *intarsia* for which both cities have been famous for four hundred years. The great charm of the Italian ornamental wood-sculpture is that it requires the same patience and perfection as the Eastern; the least coarseness or carelessness, or even mechanical execution, destroys its delicacy; it must always be costly; there will never be much demand for it, nor a demand for inferior specimens of it. There is some light and pretty Swedish carving, of a very different value from the Oriental, Italian, or Flemish, but applied to very different purposes, — to exterior decoration and architectural embellishment; there is also some handsome, solid, old carved furniture from Norway, rude, but honest and determined in design and execution.

Among minor objects of art are the fine Russian bronzes by Lancenay, the small but rare display of fine pottery, the terra-cotta figurines by Eugène Blot. In the Portuguese and Italian departments there are excellent small figures in clay or wax, colored after nature, from a foot to two feet high. They are very characteristic, spirited, and graceful, the faces full of individuality and expression; they illustrate costume, or calling, and are full of charm even when the subject is absolutely homely. It is curious to find so much plastic ability in these humble forms when the sculpture is nearly all from mediocre to bad. The French have some life-size bronzes which show talent; but the most striking

figure is a bronze boy playing ball, — from Chile of all places, — by a sculptor named Plaza ; it has gained a medal.

For a real work of art I incline to think the great mosaic from Carthage, in the Tunisian court, the finest and most valuable at the Exhibition. It is stated to have been part of the pavement of a temple of Diana, near the temple of Astarte in the Byrsa of ancient Carthage, but must itself have belonged to Roman Carthage. It is a group of a lion seizing a horse, of nearly natural size, and although necessarily rather rigid from the unmanageable material of which it is composed, it is full of strength and grandeur.

The Roman Castellani's exquisite reproductions of the ancient ornaments in his Neapolitan brother's collection also deserve a place among objects of art. From both their design and execution they make all the other jewelry in the Exhibition look like mere trumpery, except M. Soyer's magnificent sets, consisting of antique scarabæi mounted in an elaborate and massive imitation of Egyptian style. But the latter do not compare with the Etruscan models.

The Eastern countries, India, Turkey, Egypt, Morocco, the Dutch and Spanish colonies, China and Japan, especially the last, and Spain herself, with their bronze, brass, porcelain, pottery, carpets, stuffs, embroidery, and arms, chiefly furnish the picturesque and artistic elements in the general interior effect of the Exhibition. It owes much, too, to the natural good feeling for color in the savages of southern climes; to the coarse cotton and carpet ware of many nations, the Swedes, for instance; to the common crockery of Bohemia, Portugal, etc., which have been spoken of before. It is not by copying or imitating the special styles of other countries and civilizations that we shall reach a higher point or fuller development in our own process of expansion, but by using this unprecedented opportunity for studying and comparing them. It is certain that our people have the keenest and most eager avidity for these matters; no portion of the Exhibition is so crowded as

the art galleries, even on the twenty-five cent days. A great many people have bought, according to their ability, from the costly enamels and porcelain of China and Japan to the coarse pottery of different nations, admirable in form and color; all the best objects of bronze, brass, terra-cotta, china, and embroidery, at all within the scope of private purses, have long been sold, and ordered in duplicate, sometimes twenty times over. The scattering of so many rare and beautiful things through our homes must give a great and sane impetus to the desire for decoration which had already appeared in them.

Since the preceding pages were written, the great show has come to an end. The autumn brought daily increasing crowds; Philadelphia became a strange city to her own children, who found themselves outnumbered in their own streets and public places by people who walked with another gait and spoke with a different accent. They gayly took possession of town and country, and frankly interchanged their opinions, which were often edifying; there were New Yorkers who would have done the thing much better, Bostonians who would not have done it at all, Western folk who would like to do it themselves; from the vast majority a tribute of hearty contentment and admiration. Philadelphia will not be likely to think herself a smaller place for all this; the point is that she shall know how much larger the world is. The extraordinary absence of fatal illness or accidents in the concourse of countless multitudes, the financial success of the enterprise, the unimpeachable integrity and disinterestedness which have marked its local management, the perfect satisfaction of the foreign commissioners, who, whatever their grievances against the custom-house or general direction, have only praise for the Board, are causes for both gratitude and self-gratulation: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

It was time that it should come to an end. The dust of half a year had spread

dinginess over the interiors; buyers had despoiled many of the handsomest stands and cases; the exhibitors and employés were worn out. The grass was trodden bare in numberless cross-tracks and short cuts; the flowers-beds were filled with brown litter and ghostly white stalks; the falling leaves disclosed the meanness and shabbiness of the smaller buildings, and seemed to bring them too near together. Every one feels how the interest and excitement will be missed, how the lively and agreeable foreign element which has pervaded society will leave it flat and insipid when withdrawn; but they confess that it has lasted long enough, and the first cold weather proved that "the Centennial" was no resort for winter. The closing day came in the midst of the uncertainty and suspense about the election. Ceremonies similar to those of the opening were announced, to be held in the open air as before; the grounds and buildings were more crowded than on the first day, but people were more eager about their last look and purchase than about the programme. About midday a steady rain began, which became heavier and heavier as the afternoon went on; nobody heeded it, but paddled about in and out of doors with or without umbrellas, with handkerchiefs and towels pinned over their heads, in an indifference to falling weather most unusual in America. Meanwhile, unknown to

them, a close carriage and pair of dragged horses had brought the president, and the formal closing was going on in the Judges' Hall before a select few; at four o'clock the Exhibition was declared to be over by the Chief Executive.

Whether it has done much or little for our æsthetic training, — and I believe it has done much, — that was not the sole or best kind of education to be expected from an international fair. It has diffused an incalculable amount of general information, geographical, historical, and scientific, among millions of people; such information is necessarily most superficial, but it fertilizes the common mind and in many cases gives the impulse to serious research. It has been a preparation such as, with us, no previous generation has enjoyed for that broader, deeper, more complete education which can be attained in no country except by seeing others. For many of us hitherto, half that advantage has been lost when we did compass it, by the total ignorance in which we traveled. But there is a still higher education in which the six months of the Exhibition ought to have done the work of an ordinary life-time, by enlarging our views, uprooting our prejudices, and implanting the sense of universal brotherhood, of fellow-laborhood in the field of the world, which is the chief lesson of Christianity.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

[In this place the editors propose to avail themselves of such passages of their correspondence as have a public interest, hoping in this desultory fashion to secure some notable part of that opinion of events, manners, and letters which otherwise goes unuttered in print. They invite all writers who have minds upon any ethical or æsthetic subject briefly to free them here, and while they will

not wittingly suffer a personal spite to be wreaked, they will especially welcome the expression of intellectual grudges of every sort. In like manner whoever has a strong predilection worthy the reader's consideration shall have the right to make it known under this head. New facts of literary or artistic value will also be very acceptable.]

— Have you ever seen the bust of Shel-

ley by W. W. Story? There are two or three duplicates of it in this country and England, for it is a beautiful and satisfying representation, — beautiful enough to be its own *raison d'être* if one had never heard of Alastor or Epipsychidion. As to likeness there is no such thing extant in any shape. The only portrait ever taken of Shelley was a profile in pencil, by a young lady who had no knowledge of drawing, but the gift of catching a likeness. When his poems were collected, after his death, the publishers wished for an engraving of him for the frontispiece; inquiry and search were made, but the only thing to be found was this sketch, which exaggerated the peculiarity of his face, a sudden retreat of the whole lower portion, leaving the sharp, delicate nose prominent and giving the profile a bird-like type. From this, and the recollections of friends who concurred as to the dreamy brow and eyes, and the brown curls, so early streaked with gray, a portrait was constructed, in which the extreme receding of mouth and chin were modified; this is the model on which all subsequent pictures have been based. Yet all lovers of Shelley and his poetry — and those who love the one love the other — have an image of him in their heart, and Mr. Story has embodied his in this beautiful bust, which adheres to the general characteristics and traditions while taking some license in certain features. "It is not so much as a likeness of Shelley that I value it," said the owner of one copy to me, "but as the ideal of a poet." Anybody who wished to paint an ideal painter would hardly fail to give him the lineaments of Raphael; so of Shelley for a poet.

Now the same sculptor has just finished and sent home a bust of Keats, a fit and natural companion to the other. There was no difficulty about the likeness in this case; the well-known picture of Keats is from life. But another authentic portrait came to light a couple of years ago most unexpectedly. On the night of his death, his faithful friend, the painter Severn, was watching by his bedside; as the agony prolonged itself

hour after hour, the watcher grew heavy with sleep, and, to keep his eyelids open, began to draw the dying man. He was able to finish the sketch. More than fifty years went by, and Mr. Severn, a very old man, still lived in Rome; the winter before last another old man, the school-mate and friend of Keats, Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, came to Rome and wished to know what had become of the last likeness. Severn could not tell, but was sure that it was among his papers; Mr. Clarke rummaged until he found it. The melancholy, moribund face lies upon the pillow with closed eyes; the heavy hair, eyebrows, and strongly marked features retain all their character; the expression of repose seems a silent echo of his words, "Thank God, it has come!" Death and genius illumine the countenance. This Mr. Story, with the sympathetic instinct of genius, has taken as his guide rather than the earlier portrait. He has made a singularly interesting and striking bust; the head, turned slightly towards the right shoulder, gives a three quarter view of the face to one standing directly before it; it is idealized just in that degree which one desires for a living memory, not for the likeness of a living person. All the details, the loose coat and open collar, are managed with judgment, skill, and a very agreeable absence of elaboration. It is not a highly-finished, shiny marble; all that is secondary is subdued with the happiest effect to what should really predominate, and the result is a truly poetic work, of masterly simplicity.

The fortunate owner showed me at the same time an old painting, by Mr. Severn, representing Endymion asleep in the moonlight under the cypresses of the pyramid of Caius Cæstius. It is not much of a picture, though the artist is an R. A., and won a gold medal in days long gone by; but it would be a cold-hearted critic who could look at it only as a work of art; it is a work of sentiment and imagination; the shepherd reclines just in the spot where the daisies grow over Keats. One cannot but fancy the poor, throbbing heart soothed in its long rest by the tenderness of the linger-

ing few who knew him in life, and the enthusiasm of the younger generations.

— Did any one but myself note and admire the picture called *Yankee Doodle* in the American department of the Centennial Exhibition? So far as I have read the critics they have not prattled of it, and so far as I have heard of the prizes none have been awarded to it. Perhaps I am misinformed on these points; but if I am not, then I maintain strenuously one of two theses, both eminently probable: I maintain that either great injustice has been done, or else that I am no doctor in art. I came upon *Yankee Doodle* when my legs were weary with leagues of flooring and my eyes with leagues of canvas. It arrested me, aroused me, reposed me, renewed me. I could have set out then on a forced march, and could have leaped there into battle. I longed to hurl my hat aloft, fling my charging yell through the smoke, and tramp forward in the track of the bleeding fifer and the white-haired drummer. I believe there is no man who ever found his way over the wounded and the cannon into an enemy's fastness, but would feel like giving a cheer to the homely, wayworn, tattered, eager Continentals as they burst onward there in the last rush which overtakes and clutches victory. It may all be imperfect painting; it may be wanting in this learned line and that fastidious finish; but it has humanity, character, pathos, passion, nobility. There is a moving concord of realistic outline and of ideal heroism in the plain, grim, much-enduring, earnest faces. They are old Americans, and they are especially old New Englanders, of the red, weather-beaten, country-born type. They are exceedingly rustic, and yet, for the moment at least, sublime. It seemed to me that here were Solon Shingle and Rip Van Winkle animated with the spirit of John Brown. The grandsire is the most soul-stirring figure that I have ever seen in an American picture. His gray eyes are fixed on the enemy's line; his drumsticks are grasped and lifted with solemn enthusiasm; he is waiting for the divine melody, — the shrill battle hymn of his country; the

moment the first note shrieks forth, he will bring down his batons with all his sexagenarian strength; he means, you would say, to end the combat in a single blow. Meantime his grandson, the spruce little drummer-boy, the pet and the embroidered plaything of the regiment, looks up in wonder at the unaccustomed delay, quite unsuspicious of the veteran's devout passion. He seems to be demanding, at least with his urchin stare, "Old man, what are you waiting for?" The entire group is imagined with a fervid sympathy which makes the merely sympathetic spectator concede victory to the combatants, and victory also to the artist. Meantime a painter at my elbow whispers, "It is somewhat too much of a caricature." No, my delicate pre-Raphaelite, it is not caricature, it is character. There is a type there which represents a people, a time, and a deed. It is a truly American picture, and it stirs an American heart. In all those miles there were not many other paintings, whether native born or foreign born, which could do so much.

— Reminded of Mr. William Morris, the other day, by the new poem *Deirdre*, I was again struck by the remarkable difference between that poet's treatment of mediævalism and Mr. Tennyson's. In the *Idyls of the King*, for example, there is the strongest flavor of chivalry, knight-errantry, and old-time Gothic heroism; with an exquisite discrimination the poet has used certain words that carry with them antique suggestions — Elizabethan words, and some still more Saxon in their sound. But the spirit of Tennyson's composition is intensely modern; his groupings, his coloring, his delicate and sometimes dazzling conceits, all breathe of to-day. It seems to me that it is precisely this extraordinary power of combining the past and present which has made his Arthurian poetry so deservedly popular. With the discriminative tact that is so positively a portion of his genius, he has shown us, in these Middle-Age pictures (for such they deserve to be called), only what forms the essence of their picturesqueness. Unpleasant or repel-

lent details are left out, and their gaps are filled up with the softening, harmonizing graces of a peculiarly modern treatment. He shows us the past mellowed by that haze of distance which naturally veils it, only accentuating an object here and there, in his masterly way, to make it stand out more clearly from amid the soft dreaminess of its own obscurity. Mr. Morris, on the other hand, employs his verse as a kind of magic carpet (sometimes coarsely enough woven, it must be admitted), to hurry us instantly among "the days that are no more." He is a very pre-Raphaelite person, and he wants us to know it. But Mr. Morris's pictures lose in coherence what they gain in vividness. He is mediæval with a vengeance — and that is about all. When I have done reading one of his poems, I feel very much as though I had been walking through a *bric-à-brac* shop of uncommon richness in mediæval furniture and armor. But the dust has half choked me, and I am glad to get out into the open air, even if it is that of 1876. Nearly all modern poets make his mistake when they touch mediæval subjects. Tennyson alone steers beautifully clear of failure. The past lives again at his touch. In the hands of Mr. Morris (and a few others) it only takes a kind of galvanic leap.

— As an author more or less liable myself to the production of American drama, I have followed with interest the controversy long raging — but, I believe, now spent — between Mr. Bret Harte and Mr. Stuart Robson on one side, and the paid bravoes of the New York press on the other, who had combined to assassinate the comedy of the former gentleman. It was painful to know that the corruption in high places had penetrated even to dramatic criticism; but there was some comfort, too, in the fact: if my meditated melodrama failed, I should know the reason why. Still, while I thanked Messrs. Harte and Robson for their exposure of those rogues, I could not admire their wisdom so much as their courage. I thought it better that one innocent person should escape than that so many guilty should

be convicted; for suppose that Mr. Harte should by and by write a comedy so extremely good that the most heartless venality could not help praising it, should we not all be harrowed by the lurking suspicion that the critics' favor had been bribed? The better Mr. Harte's comedy was, the more we should insist that its success was due to a *claque* with sweetened palms — that would be human nature; just as now, for example, I, who have not seen the *Two Men of Sandy Bar*, am sure that it failed through the malice of enemies furious at having offered themselves for sale in vain.

But while I think it was imprudent of Mr. Harte to unmask his detractors so pitilessly, I must own to a deep disgust at the disposition I have seen in various places to decry all his work, and especially his performances since he came to the Atlantic States. I observed that one critic could not remember that he had ever done anything but write a comic song, — I suppose the exquisite satire on Chinese cheap labor was meant, — and others have found nothing good in his writings of the last five years. As a brother scribe I have myself watched his career with mingled joy and trepidation. When he first burst upon us, I was glad to have at least one author overrated in this grudging world, where I could think of so much unrecognized merit within a stone's-throw of my own sequestered study; and I was also glad to have the public find out that it had overrated him, while I trembled lest he should prove himself as great as he was thought. I was always among the first to drop a crocodile tear upon his failures, — and they have been many and deplorable, — but though I can hate a brother writer as well as the next, I do love literature, and I am bound to own that some of Mr. Harte's best work, if not most of his best work, has been done since he came hither from California. No man, not overtopped by his unwieldy reputation, could have published such a poem as his *Concepcion de Arguelo* and not won a very wide and prompt acclaim, yet I suppose the name will hardly be remembered by one in ten of your readers.

It is by far the best poem he has written, and scarcely one of his California sketches is better than *How Christmas came to Simpson's Bar*. Both of these pieces were written within the last four or five years; and one of his most recent minor studies is *A Jersey Centenarian*, which seems to me the very flower of his humorous style. It comes last in the *Tales of the Argonauts*, and it bids one take courage, even there. It is about the only thing that shows a disposition in Mr. Harte to study character since he left California, his other pieces being reminiscences of California, or else dismal failures to see the life about him here. I have sometimes wondered if perhaps he had not come to us after that time of life when an artist observes with creative zest, but that little sketch does not allow me to think this; and I am not going to believe that a writer who has given me so great pleasure is not capable of doing as well or better again. Very likely I shall find him in the next thing he writes gayly striking hands with his worst enemies, and relapsing into bald Dickensese; he has that habit; but for all that I do not think he has yet filled the measure of his talent. The failure of his comedy is not necessarily against him. It may be very bad; but it might be very good, and fail. The stage and the drama are now such different things that I question if Shakespeare himself could write an acceptable play. It seems to me that it is as often the audience as the play which fails.

— Suppose the literary-scientific society of England really desirous of a Divinity, but unable to accept a Trinity or the scholastic system put forward as the only way of life, and weary of waiting for Mr. Huxley to find a Divinity in *bathybius*. Is it supposable that it has sent Daniel Deronda into the East, a man with the prominent feature of his face inherited, but with habits of thought and prejudices acquired in Gentile associations, not to draw after him the money-changers of the world, but that he may bring back to England a true personal and historic Deity, the divine unity, free alike of ancient superstitions

and modern dogmas, to be the English centre of reason as well as of faith and longing? Is Daniel Deronda a tentative of this sort, or only another version of that ancient "carpet-bagger," the Wandering Jew?

— As an observer, with no preconceived theory, I believe that I see a silent conflict going on among us, between literature properly so called and a body of writing which, while it has much of genius, wit, humor, and poetry about it, is marred or made shapeless by a dead weight of commonplace and sentimentality. Those who practice this sort of writing do not know the difference between it and real literature, because they reject the standards of trained and earnest criticism. Naturally, in so doing they lose all accuracy in measuring the worth of their own performances, and pour out what is the mere lemonade of literature, with the full conviction that it is a life-giving flow of soul. Of course I am not surprised at their complacency, when I see fifty thousand readers sharing the mistake, and loudly calling upon the diluter of ideas for more of the same mixture. Yet I am sure that this state of things is more harmful than appears on the surface.

The genius of true art is the most austere as well as the most genial of spirits. To know and serve it we must keep our finer perceptions keen-eyed and humble. We cannot lose distinctions in art, taking an intention in place of achievement, without vitiating our power of discriminating in other things. Promise without performance in finance and state-craft gets ugly names given to it. I do not wish to deal in ugly names, but I should like to suggest the analogy here. But the writers I refer to, and their apologists, plead that they are too much in earnest to have time to observe artistic laws or improve taste in themselves and others. One of them, in a preface to his new novel, says he does not claim for his books "the character of beautiful works of art," but "is not afraid to inform the reader that these books are written with the honest, earnest purpose of helping him to do right."

This clearly implies a sneer at "beautiful works of art." But need a man's purpose be any the less honest and earnest if he tries to do his work as well and beautifully as possible? This writer wants to have it supposed that there is something superior, something especially religious, in his fixing attention on his purpose and neglecting the execution of it. But religiousness in all branches of life demands that we should do what we have to do in the most thorough way; and real thoroughness implies beauty; and beauty in human products implies severe thought and refined art. The writer of that preface of course uses literary art just as far as he can grasp it to make his story attractive. But he finds that his works are not ranked very high for their art, and therefore he assumes that art is not worth thinking much about. But let me ask why these gentlemen compose novels, instead of tracts and sermons? Tracts and sermons demand less literary art than long fictions, and if sincerity is a thing apart from art, tracts and sermons are more sincere. No; they write books because they can reach more people, and possibly because they can make more money by them. And they write them in a quick, loose, unfinished way, because that is less difficult than to write them in a mood of devotion to the highest æsthetic as well as the highest ethical ideals. It is a feeble self-deception on their part to assume that they are more virtuous for this reason than the conscientious literary artist who would be glad enough to have his fifty thousand readers, too, but will forego them if he must be false to his ideals in order to get them.

—Reading in a Boston newspaper, the other day, the advertisement of a carpet-store, announcing "a small collection of very curious Antique Rugs, illustrating purely Oriental thought," I rejoiced to think that probably in no other city in the world would so æsthetic a statement be found in the company of the cabalistic abbreviations, "s23STU-Th15t," and I could scarcely believe that I had not fallen upon some frag-

ment of Ruskin, or Hamerton, or Mr. Clarence Cook. But if the advertisements are to talk in this "cultured" way, what will become of the art-critics? Clearly there is no hope for them but in the probability that every large furniture, carpet, and upholstery store will hereafter be obliged to keep its own art-critic. This will at last make art-criticism what we have all longed to have it: disinterested.

—I was talking not long ago with a lady of a literary turn about Daniel Deronda, and got myself into her good graces by saying that George Eliot's vast popularity was a mystery to me. She agreed with me that fashion had a great deal to do with it, and said, "I have drawn up a classification of the novelist's admirers, which seems to explain her wide influence." I transcribe this table for you.

First Class. People who exalt George Eliot simply because she's a woman who writes thoughtful books.

Second Class. Men who wish to ingratiate themselves with women belonging to the first class.

Third Class. People who are disappointed in life, or unwell, and accordingly like her gloomy views. Also happy people who find her bitterness tonic, and young women who go to parties too often and want sadness in their novels, to suit the reaction that comes of sitting up late.

Fourth Class. This contains two varieties: first, those who never read philosophy and like to get a smattering of clumsy philosophic words in a novel; and second, those who never read novels, but are attracted by George Eliot's because they look like philosophy.

Fifth Class. The skippers.

Sixth Class. The intellectual aristocrats, who say that no other novelist introduces persons who know everything and are like the most cultured men and women of the day.

Seventh Class. Myself. (I do truly admire George Eliot's strength, though I don't like her books. There are some things so large that they don't leave much room for likes or dislikes. They

shove prejudices aside just as a great steamer displaces more tons of water than a small one can.)

Some of your readers may think this a little frivolous; but to me it has a peculiar value as coming from a lady, herself a writer, and therefore free from any feminine jealousies.

— Don't you think that if we could really find out what plain, single-minded, old New England thinks of new New England, or understands it to mean, it would be very amusing? Now and then I have a glimpse of it. The other day I went to hear the Rev. Mr. — in — Street Church. The place was crowded, mostly with muscular Christians, and the minister hammered hard at his subject: The Nerves and the Soul. My neighbor was a typical New England woman of sixty or thereabouts, thin, dark, cultivated morally but not mentally; her eyes were sharp, her mouth straight. She confided to me (I had never seen her before) that she hoped "he would tell us how to cure neuralgia, for 'most everybody suffered from it."

— I am in great trouble. I shall lose him. He is mortal. In the course of nature he cannot go on for the next fifteen years as he has gone on for the last fifteen. During this eventful period he has kept me and my humble works constantly before the public. He has been worth thousands of dollars to me. When he breaks down, my prosperity is at an end. Is it a wonder I cling to him? He is not a brilliant man; it requires no effort for me to understand why other persons consider him rather tedious, and yet there is no author whose writings I read with so much avidity, amusement, and satisfaction. You imagine, perhaps, that I am speaking, and not impartially, of an intimate friend? Not at all — it is of my Intimate Enemy, my valued Foe, my cherished Hater, my dearly beloved and persistent Scoffer. For fifteen years he has pursued me, through the columns of a newspaper, as remorselessly as if I had squandered his patrimony or done him the deepest wrong one man can do another; while, in fact, I am unconscious of ever having

given him the slightest cause for personal offense. Nevertheless, for fifteen years I have not printed a line of prose or verse in a magazine, or published a book, or even been mentioned incidentally in the book of a brother author, without furnishing my Intimate Enemy with a text for bitterness. It is now more than seven hundred and eighty weeks since he first turned his unflagging attention to me, and he has snuffed me out on an average of once a week. To be sure, his method of doing this might be objected to, by a severe critic, as monotonous; but I am not that critic. I like my Intimate Enemy always to say the same thing of me. He has made a charming little collection of my imperfect rhymes, — some written before my nineteenth year, and some of more recent origin: six or seven imperfect rhymes in all, — and these he quotes on every occasion. He has quoted them at least two hundred times. He can no more keep them out of his manuscript than Mr. Dick could keep the head of Charles I. out of the "Memorial." The slightest thing is a sufficient peg on which to hang those ever green rhymes. My Intimate Enemy is capable of materializing the ghost of a peg, so to speak. If I am to issue a work on any subject, say, for instance, on The Celts in America, he instantly has a paragraph to this effect: "Smith has another book in press. Smith is the man who rhymes *boot-jack* with *hand-organ*," etc., etc. If I happen to have a typhoid fever, and my Intimate Enemy happens to hear of it, my convalescence is cheered by "We understand that Smith is lying quite ill with typhoid fever. It is to be hoped that in future we shall have no more rhymes like *boot-jack* and *hand-organ*." Of course this is not as *spirituel* as Sainte-Beuve at his best; but when did Sainte-Beuve ever cause a book to sell, as my Intimate Enemy always can — when he does n't praise it? I have frequently been chilled to the marrow by the reflection that he might take it into his head some day to praise something of mine. But he has never done so, except once, when I published an article anonymously; and then

I did not mind his commendation — my mortification was not public. Besides, he closed his *critique* by remarking that "Smith could not write an article like this. Smith is the man who," etc., etc. How shall I ever repay my Intimate Enemy for the untiring services he has rendered me? and what will become of me when that gigantic mind topples over and tumbles into chaos, as it inevitably must?

In these fifteen years I have penned more than one adoring paragraph about him, but I have always stopped short of printing it; for, knowing his shy and sensitive nature, I was afraid that such a tribute would be apt to paralyze his efforts on my behalf. If he ceased his disparagement, my books would cease to sell. My position was one of extreme delicacy: I wanted a succession of golden eggs, and yet I wanted to demolish the goose! But the time has come when it makes little difference what course I pursue. My Intimate Enemy is not good for another fifteen years. If I am ever to signify my gratitude, I must do it soon; for, on turning over the pages of a popular cyclopædia, in which by some satirical chance my Intimate Enemy is set down as an author, I have discovered that he is well past the age of discretion; and all the while I had been picturing him to myself as a rosy, youngish fellow, just learning to write!

—I was glad to have you treat Dr. Holland's book of essays on Every Day Topics so civilly as you did in your November number. He is a writer whose motives one must always respect, whatever one thinks of his literature and his ideas. Now and then, I think, the last are very good. I remember reading one of his essays in Scribner's Monthly — I do not know whether he has included it in this volume or not — on the present mode of underpaying authorship in book publication, with which I entirely agreed. He contended there that an author of reputation should enjoy the same sort of cumulative reward from his fame that a great painter does. I suppose comparatively few readers know that the highest and greatest of our au-

thors get no larger percentage on their books after thirty or forty years of renown than any unknown man commands from a publisher willing to risk the expense of putting his book on the market. That is because, as Dr. Holland pointed out, the intellectual quality of a book does not fix its market value, and because the dead material and the cost of mechanical execution do fix it. A book of two hundred and fifty pages by Brown, Jones, or Robinson sells for as great a price as a book by Mr. Longfellow or Dr. Holmes. Fancy Mr. Hunt letting one of his pictures go for the sum that Mr. B., J., or R. would be glad to get! Or, to make the analogy more complete, fancy his giving a photographic reproduction of one of his paintings for the money a similar reproduction of one of those gentlemen's works would bring. It is ridiculous, and so is the other case; but in that case the author is subject to a usage of trade which I do not believe necessarily inexorable. If any new book of three hundred pages is worth a dollar and a half, then I think that a new book of the same size by an author of established fame should be worth at least five dollars. There is no reason why such a discrimination in price should be impracticable, and I believe it will be found entirely practicable when some publisher has the courage to try it.

—One of the most amusing things in recent literature is Mr. Browning's *Balaustion's Adventure*, in which the *Alkæstis* of Euripides is spoken of as "that strangest, saddest, sweetest song," and the greater part of it translated in that spirit. The translation shows that Mr. Browning is no worse a Greek scholar than his wife, which is saying a good deal; and that he should have performed it without seeing that the piece was a burlesque is almost inconceivable. Yet such appears to be the case. That the *Alkæstis* is a satyric drama admits of no doubt. This was discovered independently by Lessing, and although inferior critics after him, Goethe included, undertook to defend the piece as serious, the matter was definitely set at rest in 1834, when Dindorf published from the

Vatican Codex a scholion in which we are informed that the *Alkêstis* was the fourth piece of a tetralogy, the other pieces being a *Krêssai*, an *Alkmaïôn*, and a *Têlephos*. Now we know, even if the scholion did not expressly add that the catastrophe of the play was comical, that the fourth piece of every tetralogy was a satyric drama. Was, after all, Mr. Browning aware of this, and did he merely wish to show us how small a step there is from the ridiculous to the sublime?

—I am able to enrich the language with a new verb, through my share of the race's suffering from the train-boy who every fiftieth mile comes through the car and bestrews you, now with prize packages of candy, and now with periodical literature. Weary of repulsing his devotion, I asked if he had, say, Daniel Deronda. He ran confidently through the books on his arm. "I've got it," he said, not finding it, "and I'll bring it in a minute. It's *lapped out* at the other end of the car."

—Miss Anna Dickinson, I see, again braves her fate with the public on the stage. I do not know how much she may have improved in the theatrical art since I saw her in Boston last winter, but the critics, who have constantly been kinder to her than her own ambition has been, do not yet raise the voice of acclaim. On her first appearance I found the spectacle of her failure so cruel that it was impossible to look at it steadily. And yet, after I came away, I perceived the justice of what had happened. Here was a lady, with all the good motives in the world, aiming to place herself at the very top in an untried art, over the heads of people who had given years or lives of hard work to it. If she had succeeded, it would have been an injustice more cruel than her failure was. But it was not in nature, it was not in the justice which orders these things, that she should succeed. Genius itself succeeds only by arduous self-training; and it is not for the beginner in any art to snatch its honors from its devoted students. On the whole, I consoled myself for Miss Dickinson's defeat. It was not

peculiarly arrogant in her to attempt the highest prize of the theatrical art; that is what *débutantes* of mature years nearly always do; but the thing is arrogant in itself. If Miss Dickinson had gone humbly to some accomplished actor, and begged to know in what subordinate walk of the profession she might hope, with anxious and assiduous study, to succeed, and she had tried that and failed, I should have felt sorry for her. But I bear her present defeat with fortitude; and I count it gain whenever this people, in whatever way, gets a knock-down hint to the effect that to do a thing you must learn how; and that to play on the fiddle it is not merely necessary to take a bow and fiddle with it.

—I have often wondered why women who have been tortured by arithmetic, in the course of their education, do not come forward and demand a champion from the ranks of scientific men who shall enter the lists and slay this dragon of duodecimals. Now that some of the direst evils under which women have suffered have been partly bettered, is it not time to take up the arithmetic ill? Why should a woman be drilled in repeating decimals, partial payments, extraction of the cube root? Not one woman in a thousand ever has a problem to solve in these subjects, and if she has she will go to her husband or brother. Even the bravest of women who grapple with dividends and per cents do so only as a luxury, for they invariably want to have their results confirmed by a man of business. But they have been forced to attack much harder parts of the arithmetic than percentage; and many a fair friend of mine has lost a part of her youthful bloom for the barren satisfaction of getting through some frightful mathematical puzzle about a greyhound and a hare. We ought to reject these problems about hares and greyhounds, if only in prevention of cruelty to animals. But how much more cruel to the women to retain them! Professor Huxley in his Baltimore address says it is well to have known certain things once in our lives. But it is not well for women to have known *those* things that I speak of, for

mechanical ciphering by aid of a rule is deadening to her intellect. What she wants is such a knowledge of decimals and the proportion between whole numbers and fractions that the mind, by a short process, can frame a rule for itself, or rather can free itself from *ruledom*. This argument of freedom ought, I think, to interest our women, emancipation being their pet susceptibility. The time which women give to abstruse branches of arithmetic would be much better spent on geometry or the physical sciences. Economy of preliminary studies is the best way to a higher standard of education among women. The time wasted by a young girl in solving partial payment examples would suffice, if well used, to give her a knowledge of the physical laws of the earth and the properties of bodies. This movement might be begun by advertising as below:—

WANTED. A liberally educated scientific man willing to write a simple, logical arithmetic for women, which should not be longer than fifty large-print pages.

WANTED. Intelligent teachers who can look beyond mere routine work, and will denounce the clumsy cyclopædias of arithmetic now in use in most schools.

—Do you know the “paper without a party”? There exists a thin but unduly enthusiastic weekly with an ambitious name, which lays claim to that character. The projectors and editors of it thought that the idea of our Western civilization needed for its best fulfillment another idea, — a paper without a party. They were glad to find themselves obscure, devoid of prestige, and without money enough to publish the paper for a year unless well received,

because these conditions gave them a chance to test the candor and liberality of the present generation. But evidently the editors were not so much more liberal than other people as they supposed, for at the end of their first year they confess that they have been sustained by their public. The explanation of this is that they have succeeded by failing; they have, in fact, taken up a party, though it happens to be a small and unpopular, instead of a large and well-established one.

A paper honestly without a party, — I do not mean “independent” journals that bstride two political chargers and make money out of the exhibition, but a paper really free from bias, — I admit, might have a use and would be successful if conducted with the greatest ability. But it should confine itself strictly to constructive criticism in politics, and never advocate the election of a particular candidate, as the weekly I am speaking of has done. After all, though, such a paper would not, it seems to me, really represent our civilization. A republic like ours is all party. What we need is to keep this vast organism harmonized, so as to maintain purity in morals and government. Let the voter be as independent as possible; let him be always a possible party in himself. But without subordination and open cooperation nothing can be accomplished in a state. On the other hand, when a party is the offspring of superseded ideas, it must perish and give place to new growths. Parties, like trees, are apt to begin decaying from within. But we cannot do without the parties any more than we can dispense with the trees.

MATIN SONG.

Words by BAYARD TAYLOR.

Composed by JOHN K. PAINE.

Larghetto. I let the dearest dream depart That night to love re -

- vealed, Some eager spirit in my heart My sleep-ing eyes un-sealed. Yet

still 't was love that led me here And bids my feet de-lay. A - rise, and light the

dim. ritard. poco.
dawn, my dear! Look forth, look forth, and bring the day.

As out of darkness yonder star Of whitest ray is born, As

birds and blossoms feel a-far The com-ing of the morn, So thou hast dawn'd, and

now art near, To bright-en and to stay: My be-ing dies in thine, my dear! As

ritard. poco.
daybreak dies in day!

p a tempo sf rit. poco pp dim.

RECENT LITERATURE.

MR. WARNER writes of his Levantine travels¹ as fortunately as he wrote of his journey up and down the Nile. The manner is not the same, and should not be; a book on Egypt — which means sojourn in Alexandria and Cairo, and a voyage to the Cataracts and back in a dahabeeah — can have a unity impossible to a book telling of Jerusalem and Damascus, of the Syrian coast cities and the Greek islands, of Constantinople and Athens; and their parity must be chiefly in the primary difficulty they have to overcome with the reader. "What! Another book on the Orient? Oh, we *can't* stand that!" Dear reader, there are odds even in books on the Orient; and as for your powers of endurance, if you lived a thousand years, you would always be having another book on the Orient. Reflect what a terribly perfect one Daniel Deronda must be going to write! For our own part we are glad in the mean time of something entertaining and fallible, knowing what edification is in store for us; and, after all, it is not the Orient one cares about so much as the traveler who has been there: if Mr. Warner had written his book without stirring from his study at Hartford, it would have been of just the same concern to literature, nor more nor less. We do not know but it is the more interesting to have a well-liked writer on well-known ground. It is pleasant to look for what Mr. Warner will say of this thing of which Mr. Kinglake said that; of that thing of which Mr. Curtis said this; of the other thing of which Mark Twain said something else; and it is a test of his quality in which the lovers of his humor will triumph that he has always something novel, amusing, or notable to say.

He went from Egypt to Jaffa by steamer, and thence by the new, unfinished wagon-road to Jerusalem; and from the holy city he visited Jericho, Bethlehem, and the other neighborhoods of immemorial resort; returning to the coast, his course again carried him inland to Damascus and back to Beyrout; then he took ship for Smyrna and Constantinople, and was finally at Athens. It is almost every inch familiar ground; one could pave the roads and bridge the

seas with the books that have been written about it; and it is his good company which makes the journeys and voyages so pleasant. He has not only finely observed and suggestively commented on what he saw, but he has indulged himself much beyond the wont of the modern book-producing tourist in the literature of his subject, and if you are not the idlest reader in the world, you are in no little danger of knowing the East through him much better than you did before.

There is no intention on Mr. Warner's part to display the reverse of the tapestry; that is the vulgar ingratitude of a very different sort of traveler; but we have been constantly struck with his perfect sincerity. You see the squalor and discomfort of the Orient and the gaudy spectacularity even of its magnificence; the sense of a land so old as to have reached its second childhood possesses you from his frank descriptions. Much had we read of Damascus; it remained for him to make us understand that it is wet and low; that its streams and groves are canals bordered by willows; that its fountains are jetless basins with the water running into them from spouts; and that the frogs outstrip the birds in its borders. After that, as much quaintness and decrepit splendor as you please; there is no desire to mock Damascus; but the other simple facts cling like one's own experiences and characterize the place as only a comparative paradise, at the best. The readers of *The Atlantic* have already seen how freshly our honest observer could still study Jerusalem and its neighborhoods; his methods with Damascus, Constantinople, and Athens, are the same. The modern fact is not turned to the light of history either to romance or to satirize it, but for the reader's intelligence and pleasure. There is perhaps less of political discussion than we might desire in view of the present lively interest in the Turkish question; but that is a kind of thing which soon loses its value. In compensation we have constant note of character in the swarming types and nationalities — not anxiously humorous, but acute and always entertaining. The reader of *Mummies* and *Moslems* will be glad to meet again his old friend *Abd-el-Atti*, the drago-

¹ *In the Levant.* By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

man, who accompanies our travelers on their Levantine tour, and in all their present adventures is a charming if less dominant figure than in their voyage of the Nile. We feel that Abd-el-Atti is our friend almost as much as the author, who somehow makes us as glad of his charming qualities as if we shared them. His book is one whose value will appreciate upon second and third reading, for whoever fancies it to be merely entertaining, because he has enjoyed it so much, will do it injustice.

— A new edition of a standard book, even if the author be no sufferer from obscurity, may have much the same effect as the restoring of a pictorial masterpiece. This emphasis and fresh interest are very agreeably supplied to Mr. Bryant's collected poems¹ by the handsome volume in which his publishers have just issued the poet's works. The cover, stamped with an elaborate arabesque pattern of gold, reminds us a little of the *éditions de luxe* of German publishers, and seems to insinuate dissent to the fashions now most in vogue in this country; but the pages are spaciouly printed on fine paper, and reveal an abundant variety of fine wood engravings from designs by Birket Foster, Harry Fenn, Alfred Fredericks, and others. Mr. Fredericks, we must be allowed to say, does not in every case reach the standard set by the other illustrators, though he compensates by exceptional ingenuity in other efforts; but the volume compares favorably in workmanship with the sumptuous Irving's Sketch-Book put forth by the same house about ten years back. The style is no less suitable to a permanent classic than to holiday publication. This collection has the advantage over previous ones that it contains several poems not hitherto collected, including *The Flood of Years*, and *The Two Travelers* (recently published in *The Atlantic*). Besides the fine frontispiece portrait on steel, we find upon page 435 a wood-cut adapted by Mr. Fredericks from the well-known portrait of Bryant seated in the forest. It would be superfluous to review in this place the productions of the distinguished author, who has so unflinchingly advanced in popular esteem; but we may offer one reflection which comes up involuntarily. The secret of Mr. Bryant's long

and successful career as a poet who has seldom extended his pieces beyond a certain moderate length, and has never sought to attract by complicated or exciting narrative, may be found, we think, in the entire integrity of his poetical mood, and the calm which has sometimes been called coldness. But this calm may be a much surer sign of power than fury of emotion is, in a poet as well as in a man of affairs. We consider it a sign of power in action, and although some critics may fail to trace the parallel, readers have in this case felt it to be a token of similar worth in poetry.

— Dr. Holland's *Mistress of the Manse*² has seemed to us only a fresh instance of his failure to develop any strength of design in poetry. Bitter-Sweet is his best effort in this direction, but even in that the most praiseworthy thing is the song about apples and cider, which used to raise the hope that we were to have a rural New England poet of decided freshness. In *The Mistress of the Manse* the only enjoyable passage, for ourselves, is the lullaby closing the fifth section of the third part, if we except these two stanzas: —

"Meanwhile, through all the vaulted space
The organ sent its angels out;
And up and down the holy place
They fanned the cheeks of care and doubt,
And touched each worn and weary face

"With beauty as their wings went by:
Then sailed afar with peaceful sweep,
And, calling heavenward every eye,
Evanished in the silence deep —
The earth forgotten in the sky!"

These are good, and remind us of the better strains of Coventry Patmore, who has apparently had a strong influence on the author. Dr. Holland's metre, his titles, and his effort to treat the commonest details in verse, all suggest this influence; for the most part, however, one might fairly apply to the present composition Churley's rhymed prose satire on *The Angel in the House*. Dr. Holland has, moreover, an unfortunate magniloquence which Patmore avoids, in alluding to simple things. He tries to dignify coffee by calling it "the nectar of the morn's repast," and it takes some reflection to discover that he means by "mosses of the lamb" simply wool. Phrases like this are ingenious, but they do not make poetry of either wool or coffee.

¹ *Poems by William Cullen Bryant*. Collected and arranged by the author. Illustrated by One Hundred Engravings, from Drawings by Birket Foster, Harry Fenn, Alfred Fredericks, and others. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

² *The Mistress of the Manse*. By J. G. HOLLAND. Illustrations drawn by Mary A. Hallock, Thomas Moran, Alfred Fredericks, Edwin A. Abbey, and Helena De Kay. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co 1877

It would be ungracious, however, to pick to pieces a book which has found so many admirers: we cannot alter our candid estimate of it, but the author's intentions are unimpeachable, and the story is honestly pathetic. The present edition is furnished with illustrations in great variety, some of which are excellent specimens of wood-engraving, and will make it a most acceptable gift-book. Mary Hallock hardly does herself justice; her drawings in this series seem to have suffered from haste. Thomas Moran's barque "half-way between two skies adrift" is a very delicate and thorough performance, and the decorative flower-vignettes by Helena De Kay, engraved by Mr. Henry Marsh, deserve very high praise: in their subordinated place they are perhaps the finest adornment of the volume, and have a delicious artistic restfulness about them.

— Whatever theory one may choose for explaining the origin of the Round Tower at Newport, no history of the building will ever seem so real as that which Mr. Longfellow has established for it in one of his noblest ballads. This poem, *The Skeleton in Armor*,¹ has been selected by Messrs. Osgood & Co. for that rich adornment and illustration which it has become customary to bestow at the Christmas season on some one of our famous stories in verse; and we may regard this as a formal investiture of the ballad in its title to be thought the only acceptable legend attached to its subject. Those who have carefully considered the workmanship of the poem must have noticed how much its spell is aided by the admirably fitting choice of metre and stanza, and how fine a sympathy with Norse sentiment is woven into the lines with the same elusive and sinuous grace that belongs to northern decorative art. In view of this, it was certainly of good omen to the present edition that Mr. L. S. Ipsen's skill was enlisted in drawing the borders which inclose each stanza with a design founded on Scandinavian ornament, and in devising the striking cover of the book, with its suggestion of the viking's banquet-hall. For ourselves, we have to complain a little of the mechanical look which has given to some of the vignettes at the top of the borders their too stereotyped air; but, with this exception, we think no one will fail to find in the network of historic decoration in which

the stanzas are caught up, something exceptionally pleasing. But, in addition to this, we have eighteen full-page illustrations, one by E. A. Abbey and the rest by Mary A. Hallock. The latter merit, in the main, the highest compliments. Miss Hallock has not given us in her previous efforts the evidence of dramatic conception which these new illustrations disclose; and if *The Hanging of the Crane* series was more softly even, it was less stimulating by far. The isolated figure of the hero, the scene of his escape with Hildebrand's child, where they are made to enter through an "arras rich with horseman, hawk, and hound," and the glimpse of the father with his followers on the strand—these are achievements for which even stout admirers of the artist had hardly looked as yet. They are very worthy results, and they give the value of contrast to the two or three more idyllic pictures that accompany them "I wooed the blue-eyed maid" and "Time dried the maiden's tears" are compositions flowing as naturally out of those gentler turns of the poem as music when it is really born of the verse to be sung with it. Of the books of this particular class we have found none, this year, which is equal to this charming combination of legend, poetry, and picture.

— The adventurous genius of Gustave Doré drifts so naturally toward impossibilities that we are a little surprised at his not having embarked before now with Coleridge's congenial mariner. Speaking dramatically, nevertheless, it is much better that he should have postponed this work² till the present; for it comes to us at a moment when a long course of prolific invention had begun to create in the minds of certain reluctant skeptics a suspicion of monotony and possibly of superfluity. The gathering of this reserved strength is curiously exhibited in the comparative flatness of the first three pictures, showing the mariner and the wedding-guest before the recital. These, admittedly, form only a prelude; but, although *Doresque* enough in conception and tone, their originality is of a preconceived and partly mechanical sort. The fourth design, showing the ship flying over a vast waste of sea toward two black water-spouts, quickens the *tempo*, and in the fifth we find ourselves brought with a sudden, arresting shock into the midst of the tragic atmos-

¹ *The Skeleton in Armor*. By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. With Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

² *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1876.

phere which prevails throughout the further succession of frightful scenes. In some of these the energy of imagination is positively ferocious, though of course in marvelous keeping with the unearthly quality of the poem. The plate referring to the shooting of the albatross gives an original and unexpected view: down in the left corner is seen a part of the yards of the ship; the rest of the large space is taken up by the representation of an ice-encumbered sea, and the albatross floats in air at the centre, with the cross-bolt flying straight toward its breast. "The moving moon went up the sky" furnishes another instance of the same sort of surprise; for the sky and the moon are not given at all, but instead a wondrously far-spreading ocean is set before us, with the reflected moonlight slowly traveling over its unmarked leagues. There is the merest edge of sky at the top, and the moonlight and the ship are almost lost in the solitude of waters. This mode of securing novelty may be accused of meretriciousness, but to our thinking it is precisely as justifiable as a figure of speech, and is an exact parallel, in fact, to the synecdoche of poetry, where a part is put for the whole. Once or twice M. Doré's fancy becomes riotous and gets the upper hand of him, as it has been apt to do; for example, in the illustration suiting the words, —

"Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow,"¹

and again in that which is given with the lines, —

"It ceased; but still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,"

the extravagance of the first and the foolishness of the second call out an untimely laugh in the midst of the general sombreness.

We might take exception to the looseness with which he has treated some portions of his work, where nothing was to be gained by it, and to the rather insensible cutting of parts of the blocks. The albatross on the cover, too, copied from that in one of the drawings, is — after the fashion of dye-cutters — made mechanical and shorn of its pristine grace. But the volume, containing the full text of the poem in a fair, large type, is very sumptuously gotten up. The pictures and the poem seem to form but a single work, and that a work of signal and striking genius. Few persons who have the fortune to possess

them will be able hereafter to dissociate the words of Coleridge from the powerful illustrations of Doré.

— The first five numbers of Unger's Etchings¹ represent, in all its luxury of paper and print, a stately folio edition, — the original letterpress of Leyden, — and include some thirty of the promised series of etchings, mounted upon heavy board, and suitable for binding, framing, or preservation in portfolios. We imagine that every subscriber to the work will have his own question as to the best disposition to make of it, but none need be deterred from binding it by those literary follies which characterize most textual accompaniments of engravings; Mr. Vosmaer's remarks are altogether discreet as to length and substance. There is sometimes, not always, a little biographical notice of the master whose painting has been etched, and usually an account of the subject, with a very useful description of the coloring of the original. Of criticism there is very fitly almost nothing, or else of the most general sort. The reader is left to the unvexed enjoyment of the etchings, to which the fame of the artist is not necessary. Their exquisite qualities cannot escape the sense of the merest novice in such matters; every one must feel that here is work of the highest kind, and the ordinary observer may leave the connoisseur his keener rapture, and derive a pleasure from the etchings not less in degree, however different in kind. To a process which perhaps better than any other lends itself to the interpretation of painting, the great etcher has been able to give in wonderful measure the character of each subject and the style — almost the very mood — of each master. So much of tone, for instance, is imparted to the Titian's Cleopatra that one has to think twice before he misses the coloring of that curiously undramatized bit of nude loveliness; the mellow Titianesque tints seem to live in the miraculous lights and darks of the etching. Then in such a picture as the Adam and Eve of Palma Vecchio, how all the gentle grace, the rich calm, the serene sweetness of the painter's spirit is reproduced! Or turn to A Man's Portrait by Tintoretto, and see how that young Venetian actually exists in the etching, as he once did in Venice, and still does on the painter's canvas. Veronese's patrician pomp, Guido's affluent tenderness, Rubens's sensuous splendor re-

¹ *Works of William Unger: A Series of Seventy Etchings after the Old Masters. With Descriptive*

Text. By C. VOSMAER. New York: J. W. Bouton 1876.

peat themselves with marvelous effect here, where all their softness and opulence in color has to be suggested by gradations of black and white; and the quaint homeliness and vulgarity of the Dutch school, full of narrative and characterization, are to be as perfectly felt, one imagines, as in the originals themselves. In all cases the portraits are the best: in that of the Italian painters, because nothing of the spirit and beauty of the originals is lost; and in that of the Dutch and Flemings, because the etching can give the strong individuality and interest of the pictures. There are comparatively few landscapes, and these are not of the greatest value, except as examples of subject and manner; and there are some two or three pictures in the collection which one may look at with curiosity, but not with enjoyment, unless he has not only the taste for olives but also the taste for malodorous Teutonic cheeses.

The subjects copied are chiefly in the galleries of Cassel and Brunswick, and though very characteristic are seldom the most famous works of the greater masters. Rembrandt is represented abundantly, and by works signally expressive of his genius. Veronese is here in the *Famiglia di Dario*, and Tintoretto in portraits. There is an exquisite landscape by Ruysdael — a waterfall; the interior of a barber-surgeon's shop by Teniers; portraits and allegorical pieces by Rubens, etc. In the grouping of these and other old masters in the same series, an old fact concerning them all strikes one with novel force; their total want of imagination in the literary sense. Heroic or vulgar, their subjects are painted with the most simple and material conception of the idea; they are sometimes theatrical, spectacular, but seldom dramatized.

The delightful portrait of Unger himself on the title page is one of the principal charms of a work to which we shall recur on its completion, and which we now commend with all possible cordiality to our readers. Nothing in these numbers seems weakly or ineffectively done except the *Noli me tangere* of Rembrandt.

¹ *Janet et ses Amis*. Par J. R. C. H. Dessins de J. R. C. H. et de R. E. D. New York: D. Appleton & Cie. 1877.

² *Gems of the Dresden Gallery*. Twenty-four Heliotypes. With Notices of the Works and the Artists. 1 vol. large 4to. — *Gems of the Gray Collection*. A Series of Twenty-four choice Engravings reproduced in Heliotype from the Originals in the Gray Collection of Engravings, Harvard University. With full Historical and Descriptive Let-

terpress. 1 vol. large 4to. — *Gallery of Great Artists*. A Series of Portraits engraved on Steel by Eminent Engravers, reproduced in Heliotype. With Biographical and Descriptive Letterpress. 1 vol. large 4to. — *The Titian Gallery*. Twenty-four of the finest and most popular of Titian's Pictures. With full account of the Artist and his Works. 1 vol. large 4to. — Boston: James R. Osgood & Co 1877

“Ce que dit ta mère, ce que veut ton père
Gentiment fais-le. Pourquoi? — Parce-que.”

This pretty “gentiment,” which is a subtle device for giving the true Parisian accent, appears elsewhere, also. Nothing could be better than *La Pomme qui Dort*, as a delicate piece of fancy with a nice moral plum at the bottom of it. Indeed, everything with which Janet has to do is refreshingly sound and wholesome. But we were especially pleased with the French version of *Little Red Riding Hood*, which has a cheerful ending very naïvely told. How opportunely the hunter comes along, to hear the wolf snoring, after his repast; and with what skillful reserve we are told that “il vit, non sans un certain surpris, le loup tout seul dans le lit!” Hunter whips out his knife, cuts the wolf's throat, and out step the grandmother and little Chaperon Rouge, who thank him gracefully, remarking that in their late abode inside of the wolf “il faisait noir à faire peur.”

— The proprietors of the heliotype process have brought out in time for the gift-making months four new volumes² of excellent reproductions from famous works by the masters of design. We have before now given it as our opinion that there is no other form of cheap reprint after classical engravings which so pleasantly preserves the exact lines of impressions from the orig-

terpress. 1 vol. large 4to. — *Gallery of Great Artists*. A Series of Portraits engraved on Steel by Eminent Engravers, reproduced in Heliotype. With Biographical and Descriptive Letterpress. 1 vol. large 4to. — *The Titian Gallery*. Twenty-four of the finest and most popular of Titian's Pictures. With full account of the Artist and his Works. 1 vol. large 4to. — Boston: James R. Osgood & Co 1877

inal plates, and escapes the reproach of looking as simple and comparatively inexpensive as it really is. The plan of the four series now first published is in each case very well conceived. The Dresden Gallery holds a particularly favored place in the hearts of travelers and art lovers; the selection from its abundance of powerful and beautiful works has been judiciously made; and the result is, on the whole, quite satisfactory, though (as might have been anticipated) the two illustrious Madonnas of Raphael and Holbein do not appear to as good advantage as the less important works, owing to the difficulty that has baffled engravers in attempts to render these celebrated works adequately. Of the Sistine Madonna we find both Müller's and Steinla's copies given, the latter of which is the more acceptable. So good a success has been achieved with the small Dutch pictures that we hope it may suggest hereafter a series composed entirely of these. The Gray Collection, of course, provides material for an exceedingly comprehensive list. We feel safe in saying that few series of reproductions have been published, giving within the same limits so much that calls for admiration on diverse grounds as this set of gems from the Gray Collection. Raphael's Galatea, Da Vinci's Last Supper and Combat for the Standard, Murillo's Immaculate Conception, Domenichino's St. Jerome, Velasquez's Cervantes, and Watteau's Embarkation for Cythera form a part of the contents, and are in themselves enough to compose a very respectable whole. The Gallery of Great Artists is more circumscribed in its interest than the other three assemblages; but to many the quality of this interest will be more keenly relished than that of the rest. Following our own taste, we should probably give exceptional sanction to The Titian Gallery. The pleasure of seeing one artist's compositions grouped by themselves is one which is always to be hailed with fresh enjoyment, partly for the reason that it is what galleries and portfolios generally deny us. There is, therefore, something unusually restful and agreeable in this volume of Titian's pictures. It is also provided with a very fair account of Titian's life, works, and friends, which will be the more appreciated after a perusal of the weak notices

attached to the other collections. In all these collections of heliotypes it will perhaps be understood without saying that some single pieces are less meritorious than others, owing now to the short-comings of the engravings and again perhaps to some unexpected treachery of the heliotyping process; but these are not to be dwelt on as very much more serious than the imperfections of original prints. The heliotype books are so good, the effects they give are so delicate, varied, and also strong, that they must find favor not only with art lovers of small means, but also with those who know how nearly insurmountable are the obstacles to making collections of original engravings repay in completeness the large outlay which any effort in that direction involves.

—The title of Mr. Clark's book¹ gives a good summary of its contents. It will be seen that the subject he has chosen is one by no means over-familiar to the majority of readers, for many who are acquainted with the early history of the Turks and Arabs are ignorant of their present condition, and of both it will be possible to derive tolerably satisfactory information from this small volume. Mr. Clark has carefully studied the main authorities which treat of the early appearances of the Turks and of the Arabs, and he has given in a few pages graphic pictures of their wonderful and alarming advance against our civilization. The only fault to be found here is an occasional absence of dates, for which the reader will have to search elsewhere. Thus, in describing the advance of the Saracens in Syria, Egypt, the North of Africa, and Spain, there is no mention of the time when these most important events happened; and certainly no one would gather from Mr. Clark's meagre reference to the decay of the Moorish power any definite notion of the manner of its defeat in Spain. Elsewhere, too, are similar unsatisfactory passages, though it could hardly be obviated in the great condensation required by the brevity of the book. What it does tell, it tells clearly and concisely. The most useful part is that which describes the present condition of these races and their neighbors. To be sure, the reader finds among undeniable facts frequent mere assertion of the speedy disappearance of Mohammedanism, which the future may or may not disprove,

¹ *The Arabs and the Turks. Their Origin and History, their Religion, their Imperial Greatness in the Past, and their Condition at the Present Time, with Chapters on the other Non-Christian Tribes of*

Western Asia. By EDSON L. CLARK, Member of the American Oriental Society. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. 1876.

but this is something of which we have only insufficient means of judging, and Mr. Clark may be right.

One of the best things about the book, for its literary merits are but modest, is the fair-mindedness of the author, — his generous statement of the virtues of the people he writes about. Instead of going out of his way to find fault and pick flaws with those of another religion than his own, he takes every occasion to bear witness to the many excellent qualities of the Mohammedans. This volume is but part of a larger work which, it is designed, shall give the public a tolerably complete picture of what our missionaries meet with in the Turkish empire. This is an interesting subject, and at the present moment it is peculiarly timely.

— Whatever the subject he chooses, and he is at home with a good many, Mr. Hamerton is pretty sure to write an entertaining book, and this one,¹ which gives an account of his life in France, is no exception. He takes the reader into his confidence and tells him just how hard it was to find exactly the sort of house he wanted, how French country-houses are for the most part no better than shooting-boxes, the *châteaux* comfortless, and the town-houses uninhabitable; how he vainly traveled in remote parts of the country until finally a friend found for him a convenient home in a nameless city, within a night's journey of Paris, or Lyons, or Geneva, and within twenty-four hours of London. Below it were Roman ruins, while above ground stood two Roman gateways, a temple, and the foundations of the theatre and amphitheatre; a cathedral; a wall with towers, some Roman, others Gothic, surrounded the city. When we add that a trout-stream ran through the property, it will be seen that but little was wanting to make the place an attractive home. After describing this tempting place, the author goes on to give his readers just that full record of what he saw in his daily life which is most interesting and useful to an outsider. The merit of this part is that it so exactly resembles the talk of a sensible man whose tact enables him to know just what his hearers would like to hear.

It would not be at all fair to take for granted that all that Mr. Hamerton narrates applies exactly to the whole of France. It is by no means a homogeneous country; far less so, or no more so, than our own; and

it is easy to see how little a man familiar with the manner of life in New England would understand plantation life in one of the Southern States. In the same way it would not do to argue that Mr. Hamerton was inaccurate because what he saw does not correspond with another's experience elsewhere. He seems to have found himself in an old-fashioned part of the country, where some old customs were rigidly maintained, but that only makes the book pleasanter reading. In his agreeable way he tells us of the difference between English and French customs, from the difference between the hours of meals to the more important social customs, such as those which in France keep men from making the acquaintance of the young women, whom they marry very much as different nations make treaties together, by means of ambassadors and formal proposals. All that he has to say of the peasants is of the greatest interest. He represents them as very ignorant, by no means so much under the influence of the priests as is commonly supposed, but with singular notions of their own, illiterate, superstitious, yet frugal, intelligent, cautious, and hard-working.

The revelations are curious about the nobility, and the way in which those of humble birth, if they rise at all in the world, pull themselves up into further distinction by adding a noble suffix to their names. These false and, so to speak, home-made nobles find no other difficulty in their way to social success than such scruples as may arise within their more or less tender bosoms; the kind world, it would seem, merely stands by and encourages this form of dishonesty. Mr. Hamerton's testimony with regard to the priests, their kindness and devotedness to their charges, the great power of the bishops, etc., will be found of value. In short, there is not a dull page in the volume. There is, on the other hand, a great deal that is new, and just that sort of information which experience alone acquires and only seldom can communicate. There is one part of Mr. Hamerton's book, however, to which we think exception can very easily be taken, and that is the section concerning the present state of university education in France. Although the author enumerates many of the objections that can be brought against it in its present condition, he yet seems to think that it deserves great praise. Undoubtedly it does disseminate a certain

¹ *Round my House. Notes of Rural Life in France in Peace and War.* By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, author of *The Intellectual Life, A Painter's Camp, etc.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

amount of instruction among a great many pupils, but the higher education has been for years steadily lowering in France to suit the capacities of the duller pupils, and there has been wonderfully little encouragement to those who were brighter than the average. If Mr. Hamerton were to try to show the excellence of the French system in comparison with that of Germany, perhaps he would find his task harder than when he is writing about Oxford. A remodeling of the French system could not fail, we think, to be of the greatest service to the country, and help restore its prosperity.

The chapters dealing with the author's experience in the late war are, like the whole book, very well worth reading.

— What Dr. Loring set out to do he has, we think, accomplished in the best manner. His book¹ originated in some newspaper essays on agricultural subjects, which were made more entertaining by the fiction of a "farm-yard club;" and by means of the members of this body we are given the outline of a typical rural New England community. While, therefore, the volume conveys a mass of information, often put in a highly ingenious and agreeable form, about cattle, sheep, barn-fowls, horses, together with theories and practices in feeding these; about the best methods of raising fruit and flowers and grapes; and about farming implements, — it at the same time gives a view of American country life to which we have often wished that some professed novelist would call attention. We have heard so much about the grotesque and ugly and vulgarly comic and unduly intellectual sides of New England communities that it is a great relief to have any one treat this subject with such wholesome and encouraging cheerfulness as Dr. Loring exhibits. He contrives to give us the near view, and the good-humored interest natural to a small society, and carries along a couple of characteristic love stories, and something of the whole town history of Jotham, without letting either these or the affairs of husbandry flag in interest. Much amusing observation of personalities is also brought to bear, of which the passage relating to the old sexton is a particularly good sample. The book is illustrated fully and carefully,

both as to persons and animals, by several well-known draughtsmen.

— It was a part of the felicity of Landor's taste in general that led him to hit upon the form of Imaginary Conversations as his most fitting vehicle. Drawn to it thus by a fortunate instinct, he seems at last to have recognized that it was characteristic of his genius, for he even entitled his dramatic pieces Imaginary Scenes and Conversations in Verse. The charm of his *Pericles* and *Aspasia* rests on a precisely similar basis, that of imaginative interpretation of character assisted by a wide literary culture. Of the present republished volumes² the first is a little monotonous for consecutive reading; but both books are to be taken up at leisure, to be kept for moments worthy of their fine workmanship, and often resorted to. Open anywhere in these agreeable volumes and you are sure to come upon subtle thoughts, searching criticisms, and delicate fancies, presented in clear, charming, temperate prose. They are detachable, and may be plucked like ripe fruit from a vine. But the historic and critical value of the portraits of themselves which the speakers in these conversations present without effort is at least equally an element of attraction. The American publishers announce that their reprint will be completed by a third series, the *Conversations of Literary Men*, the demand for which will doubtless be quickened by these two.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.³

Every one will remember the much-quoted remark of the heartless man who heard with joy of the death of a famous writer, because now he could bind him up; but nowadays a man's death is more truly the occasion of putting new shelves into one's book-case, in order to receive those works he had disowned or condemned when in the flesh, or the riflings of his drawers it may be, or the forgotten, neglected work which careful editors manage to save from impending oblivion. The two volumes of Sainte-Beuve's writings before us to-day belong to this last-named class rather than to any other. The first one, *Chroniques*

¹ *The Farm-Yard Club of Jotham*. An account of the Families and Farms of that Famous Town. By GEORGE B. LORING. Illustrated. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1876.

² *Imaginary Conversations*. By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. First Series. Classical Dialogues, Greek

and Roman. Second Series. Dialogues of Sovereigns and Statesmen. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

³ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

Parisiennes,¹ consists of what Sainte-Beuve wrote between 1843 and 1845 for a friend of his, the editor of the *Revue Suisse*, partly with a view of publication and partly for the purpose of giving his correspondent useful indications about literary matters at Paris. This editor had free permission to omit or modify as he pleased before printing, and indeed some of the passages were marked "for you alone," when discretion was especially necessary. It will be seen that in this way Sainte-Beuve had full opportunity to divest himself of formalities, and to omit some of the preliminary flatteries which were incumbent on him when criticising over his own name some man whom he was continually meeting in society. Since we have the strict copy of the original texts, and not the modified printed version, we are given the opportunity of reading Sainte-Beuve's real views of French literature at that time, almost as if we could have looked over his shoulder when he was writing his intimate letters.

These *Chroniques* are something not easily defined; they are a combination of gossip, information, and criticism which resembles more closely than anything else the talk of an intelligent, cultivated man. They are full of good hits and of good criticism of a rather uninteresting time, for the principal literary event recorded is the appearance of Sue's *Mysteries of Paris*; there is some talk about Victor Hugo's play, *Les Burgraves*, which does not come in for hot praise, and of Ponsard's *Lucrèce*, which receives more favorable treatment. We are told all the jokes made about both plays, what Hugo said of the more successful work of his young rival. Of more general application is what he has to say, page 223, about those authors who are forever bewailing in public the flight of time, and with it, of their youth. "In short," he says, "every one says *adieu* very early and keeps saying it till very late, without being able to decide to leave. One of our poets began to be affected by this public regret of the swift lapse of years on his thirtieth birthday, and some begin to bewail it aloud at the age of twenty-five. So long as one is young, that does very well and seems like a pleasant joke, like an innocent affectation. But when riper years have really come, when the irreparable harm is really felt, then the sighs are changed into bitter cries. . . . Such is the interesting and curious

result of the abuse of lyric genius, of the inspiration of youth and fancy encompassing everything, of the moral void beneath sentimental airs, and of the epicurean life of pleasure varnished over with a sort of religious mysticism. That is the serious evil, the thing that ought to be denounced. At no time in the ages of great and serious tasks has any thought been taken of this secret lamentation. . . . Our young lyrical and poetical age, in not knowing how to grow old and in exposing publicly its miserable weakness, betrays its vulnerable point, its lack of positive moral inspiration and belief." Somewhat the same thing is said again in a brief mention of Gautier's poems, which, he says, "will have a certain success with those who are satisfied with graceful fancy and variety of color."

—It is not a violent thing to turn from Sainte-Beuve to Scherer, for although the living critic gives most of his attention to politics he does not neglect literature, and every volume of his essays is full of intelligent and instructive writing. In the volume that has last appeared,² greater attention is paid to foreign writers than to those of France, but it is none the less excellent on that account. A list of the titles of his essays will show that his researches cover a good deal of ground. The *Hominco Question*, *Lucretius*, *Rabelais*, *Dante*, *Machiavelli*, *Taine's History of English Literature*, *Shakespeare and his Critics*, *Milton*, *Sterne*, *Goethe*, *Bossuet*, and *La Fontaine* are the subjects gone over, and it will go hard if out of all of these something is not found for almost every reader. In the volumes of Sainte-Beuve we had *spoken* criticism which, as he himself said, always runs by the side of written criticism, is often different from it, and is always the true expression of people's thoughts. This is true of contemporary criticism alone, and while the report of what is spoken is very delightful reading, it is necessarily limited in amount. Written criticism has this advantage, however, that it is more serious, more thoughtful, and possibly less malicious.

The whole of M. Scherer's book will be found interesting. For an example, this extract from a review of *Taine's History of English Literature* may be taken. It points out fairly one of the radical faults of this able book. "The individual considered from the point of view of his genius, or

¹ *Chroniques Parisiennes* (1843-45). Par C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE. Paris: Lévy. 1876.

² *Etudes Critiques de Littérature*. Par EDMOND SCHERER. Paris: Lévy. 1876.

more exactly of his individuality, has nothing to do with a book which pretends to be a philosophy of history. One of two things is true: either the race accounts for everything, even individual characteristics, in which case only the general causes need to be pointed out; or else a man's genius is something we are powerless to explain, which has to be accepted without a pretense of determining the law, and then it should be passed over in a treatise which, in distinction from literary works, proposes solely 'to study the psychology of a people.' And then he goes on to show how often and how seriously Taine has broken this rule. The article on Sterne shows clearly with what intelligent sympathy Scherer interprets a foreign literature. It would be hard to find in English a better characterization of that more admired than enjoyed writer. The whole volume should be read by all who care for wise criticism.

—Der junge Goethe¹ consists of three volumes, which give us all that was written by that great author until about 1776. With the exception of a preface from the editor, Michael Bernays, in the first volume, there is nothing in the book but what Goethe wrote, so far as the most painstaking researches have been able to recover it, in its earliest form, and with all the peculiarities of style, etc., carefully preserved. Thus we have a very full supply of his correspondence and his earlier writings as they appeared and made their first great impression, before they were altered by his revising though not always improving hand. The value of this collection is evidently very great. In the first place, we have many of his poems not only in their original form, which is always interesting to those who study an author, but also with full indication of the time when they were written, which it is important to know and by no means easy to ascertain from the ordinary editions. The original reviews of Werther, of Stella, of Götz, one would have far to hunt for. The Mitse-huldigen is here as it came from his pen, printed from the MS. copy which he himself made for Friederike. Only a careful comparison between the two texts of two separate dates will show how great is the difference between them. The letters are many, and nothing has been considered too unim-

portant to be omitted; consequently the value of this work, which has been edited with the greatest care, is very considerable. It is hardly too much to say that we have here a species of autobiography written without the slightest expectation of its meeting the eye of the public. The carelessness of these hasty notes, as the editor points out, will be found an excellent commentary on the work he was producing at the same time, and throw much light upon his character and habits, being superior in this respect to the more formal letters he wrote when older and when his fame was more surely established. No edition of Goethe is complete enough to dispense with this work, which will be heartily welcomed by all friends of German literature. Bernays's introduction will be found well worth reading, not only for what he says about his book, but also for his dissertation on Goethe.

—In his *Amerikanische Skizzen*² Mr. Knortz gives the German public some of the results of his stay in this country. The author is already favorably known as the collector of some Indian legends, published in Germany about half a dozen years ago, and by his translation of some of Longfellow's poems, and of some English and Scotch songs and ballads. The subjects here treated are some of the most characteristic of certain sides of American life. We have in the first place an account of his sufferings on his way to this country in an emigrant ship, which makes as painful a story as parts of Smollett's novels, and an amusing record of a holiday trip on Lake Superior and of his experiences with the Indians of that region. In addition we have short essays about the Spiritualists and the Mormons, and a good account of a visit to the Mammoth Cave. There is a good deal of humor in some passages, which enlivens the book, but there are also passages which might well be omitted, such as those which gird at religion. There will be more persons pained than amused at the constant ridicule of the church near New York where the author for a time was organist. With this exception the book is entertaining enough, and will give its readers a fair notion of some of the eccentricities on the seamy side of life in this country.

—Les Cahiers de Sainte-Beuve³ is an

¹ *Der junge Goethe*. Seine Briefe und Dichtungen von 1764-76. Mit einer Einleitung von MICHAEL BERNAYS. 3 Theile. Leipzig: Hirzel. 1876.

² *Amerikanische Skizzen*. Von KARL KNORTZ. Halle: Gesenius. 1875.

³ *Les Cahiers de Sainte-Beuve*. Paris: Lemerre. 1876.

unsatisfactory substitute for his memoirs, consisting of fragmentary reports of conversation, brief witticisms, disconnected observations, etc., prepared for publication by himself, though avowedly by a secretary, but withheld from print on account of the appearance of volume xi. of the *Causeries*, which contained much of the same sort. How good some of the things noted in this book are can be best seen by reading it, for we have space for hardly more than commendation of its merits without confirming our statements by quotations. Here is one passage: "Nothing is swifter to de-

cline in crises like the present [the Revolution of 1848] than civilization. In three weeks the results of many centuries are lost. Civilization, life, is a thing learned, and invented. . . . After years of tranquillity men are too forgetful of this truth; they come to think that culture is something innate, that it is the same thing as nature. Barbarism is but a few paces off and begins again as soon as our hold is slackened." The whole book is full of thoughtful and wise remarks, and, while briefer than *Chroniques Parisiennes*, already mentioned, is well worth being read.

MUSIC.

THE musical season opened rather mildly Sunday evening, October 29th, at the Boston Theatre, with a miscellaneous (very miscellaneous) concert, in which Mademoiselle Anna de Belocca was the chief lioness. The most really enjoyable parts of the entertainment were the violin and piano-forte playing of Monsieur Sauret and his charming wife, and Signor Ferranti's inimitable buffo singing. Mademoiselle de Belocca has a powerful voice, of considerable compass and great beauty; she also has much native charm in singing. But her voice is not wholly under control, and her phrasing is often inartistic. Of intrinsic depth of sentiment we could discern but little in her. Her most satisfying efforts were some bright little songs which she sang with great spirit as an encore to one of her numbers. We do not know how well she might have sung Beethoven's *Adelaide* to a decent accompaniment, but we doubt whether Mario himself could have made anything out of the song accompanied as she was.

The "solid" music of the winter has also begun. The Harvard Musical Association have entered upon their twelfth season of symphony concerts, and (at the time of our writing this) Mr. Thomas has given three "popular" concerts. His orchestra is not quite so large as last year (only eight violins on a part), but the perfection of its playing remains. We are sorry that Mr. Thomas has found it inexpedient to continue his symphony concerts here. Boston

(unfortunately) looks to his orchestra almost solely to keep it up to the times in the larger forms of orchestral music. Our city has gained a very fair name as a musical centre; the familiarity of our general musical public with the best classic music is indeed something to be proud of, but it is a little melancholy to think how many important works of the modern German and French schools have never been heard here. It is but little to the point whether these schools are bad or good; they represent the condition of music at the present time, and we ought to know them. It does not follow that a man is behind the age because he does not admire Raff, Brahms, Goldmarck, Rheinberger, Hofmann, Liszt, Berlioz, Félicien David, Saint-Saëns, Bizet, Massenet, Reyer, Glinka, Rubinstein, Tchaikowski, and others of the modern schools, but a man is decidedly behind the age who does not know their most important works. There seems to be a sort of timidity in some of our local musical powers, a fear that these new composers will displace the old ones, as if the human mind were a popgun, into which you can put nothing new without something old shooting out of the other end. Have we, then, such little faith in the eternal power of the great classic masters over men's souls that we are afraid of the new schools ousting their memory from our hearts and usurping their royal thrones? Or must we have a detective police force to examine every

new-comer, and make sure there is no taint of revolution about him, before we give him a public hearing? As it is, we are heartily sorry to lose Mr. Thomas's symphony concerts. However, his miscellaneous concerts are welcome, in default of something better. Of the new things, and pieces of new things he has given us, the adagio and scherzo from Hofmann's Frithjof symphony pleased us greatly. In this year of Bayreuth Dramas, and Co-operation of Arts, it is comforting to find that the art of writing music, pure and simple, music for its own sake, is in no danger of dying. Liszt's scoring of the andante from Beethoven's B-flat trio did not strike us as more edifying than when we heard it first, some years ago. In this work Liszt has dared either too much or too little. The piano-forte part in the original is so very *claviermässig*, as the Germans say, so wholly in the nature of the instrument, that any attempt to transcribe it literally for the orchestra, even by such a master of both orchestra and piano-forte as Liszt, could not but be a failure. How much effect it might have made in a freer treatment we are by no means sure, but suspect that if

Liszt had allowed himself more liberty he might have made something more effective of it, if less like Beethoven's original: As it was, it sounded poor, thin, and unsatisfactory. Glinka's odd and fascinating Komarinskaja, so full of downright Slavonic humor, was delightfully played. Wagner's Centennial March was a thorough disappointment; so much so, that we do not care to theorize upon Mr. Thomas's surprisingly slow tempo, and the inefficiency of so small an orchestra in scores of that sort. It has the most fatal of all qualities in any form of art: it is a bore.

Both Mr. Paine's Centennial Hymn and Mr. Buck's cantata pleased us even more than a pretty thorough acquaintance with their respective piano-forte scores had led us to expect. Mr. Buck has managed his orchestra very handsomely in the cantata, except in some of the storm-wind passages, where the piccolo-flute is rather trivial in its prominence, and the doubling the voice-parts by the trombones in the opening of the final fugue. The treatment of the words "kiss o'er and replight" is exceedingly beautiful. It is by far the finest thing Mr. Buck has done.

EDUCATION.

THAT the study of Greek, as at present conducted, does not produce results at all commensurate with the time and labor devoted to it is a fact pretty generally admitted, and one that has caused some of the most influential men about Harvard College to set their faces against it altogether; while even those who favor its continuance do so often as much from a belief in future improvement as on account of any great benefit that they can show to have hitherto accrued from it. Probably no one would assert that the study is altogether barren in valuable result; but the question is, Does the result attained compensate for the outlay made in attaining it? And this few candid persons will answer in the affirmative.

The amount of time and labor devoted to Greek by different young men is, of course,

different, and could at best be estimated but very roughly. In all cases it is very considerable. The result is more easily determined. Even the best students leave college knowing little of Greek beyond the drudgery of learning its etymology and syntax. Of the literature, religion, art, polity, and philosophy of Greece they know very little, and still less of those great historical and philosophical questions which are now demanding a solution from accurate Greek scholars. Ten years after leaving college not one graduate in ten can construe a simple sentence in Greek, or tell about Greece one thing which a person having read a good history of Greece and a classical dictionary could not tell as well.

There is a plea for the study of Greek which often takes this form: After all, one does derive from reading a book of the

Iliad or a play of Sophoklēs something that remains with him, and which could not have been obtained in any other way. Although the sustainers of this plea are rarely, if ever, able to define the nature or extent of this something, and although, even if they could, more than a doubt might arise respecting its value and utility, as compared with the time and effort expended in attaining it, still the plea may be provisionally admitted, until we come to speak of the possible advantages of Greek learning, and how far these are at present realized by the course of study pursued.

So strong are the influences of use and wont that, of those persons who study Greek and advocate the continuance of it as a compulsory study, few have ever sought to make distinct to themselves the results obtained or obtainable from it, the majority resting their arguments either on prejudice, conservatism, or dread of moral consequences which might come from studies substituted for it. With prejudice, of course, there is nothing to be done; with conservatism and unreasoned dread, very little. For minds open to conviction, a statement of the possible aims of Greek study and of the extent to which they have thus far been realized in Harvard College may not be without some value.

The aims of study generally may be classed under three heads: utility, culture, science. In the case of Greek, the first of these falls away, and there remain only the two, culture and science, each of which may be again subdivided. The culture aims may be divided into (1) the disciplinary aim, (2) the æsthetic aim, (3) the cosmopolitan aim; and the scientific into (1) the linguistic aim, (2) the philosophico-historical aim.

Taking these in their order, we come first to the culture aims, and among these to —

(1.) *The Disciplinary Aim.* Greek may be taken up as a mental discipline, as a means for training the mind to concentration and the holding together of a number of distinct facts, in order to reach a certain definite result. As mathematics imparts to the mind analytic power, so Greek imparts to it synthetic and constructive power. Few exercises are better calculated to call forth the powers of the mind to simultaneous action than the turning of a passage of idiomatic English into idiomatic Greek, or even *vice versa*. This may be all readily admitted, and yet it may not follow, either that Greek ought to be made a compulsory study or that, as at present studied, it af-

fords the advantages specified. If Latin were not studied in our colleges, Greek certainly ought to be made compulsory; but so long as Latin occupies the place it does, no cogent reason can be alleged for continuing Greek as a disciplinary study. In every respect in which Greek is valuable as a mental discipline, Latin is far superior to it. Latin is more exact, more logical, more rigid in its structure, more dissimilar to English, and more difficult to translate from or into. Besides these, it has other advantages over Greek. It is often more antique in its forms; it furnishes our language with a much larger number of words, and it gives the key to a much larger number of important living languages. To this must be added the fact that, from the almost entire neglect of Greek composition, and the slovenly way in which Greek authors are usually rendered into English, much of the disciplinary power of Greek, as well as of Latin, study is lost.

(2.) *The Æsthetic Aim.* There is much to be said for the study of Greek in this respect. Greek literature does unquestionably stand alone in the history of literary art as a production of unapproached excellence. It has neither the depth, variety, nor large humanity of several modern literatures; but it has an artistic perfection and evinces a purity of taste equaled by none. Undoubtedly, therefore, if students could be brought to appreciate these characteristics, the gain would be great. But this, it is to be feared, is impossible under existing circumstances. At present, not one student in a hundred leaves Harvard College with any comprehensive knowledge of Greek literature as a whole, of its principles, spirit, and development, or any appreciation of its artistic perfection. Indeed, with the present standard of admission, no such result can be attained. So long as it remains true that if the ability to decline a noun of the first declension were to be made the test for admission to college, a much larger number of the candidates than any year present themselves would be conditioned than the faculty would allow to be conditioned in any one subject, there is not much hope that during their college course any large number of students, however well taught, will learn to appreciate the artistic excellences of Greek literature. What can be done for students, of whom, after a year and a half's instruction in college, under highly competent teachers, not one in every ten can parse a moderately difficult part of a com-

mon Greek verb? The truth is, that, as things are at present, the professors are obliged to perform the drudgery that ought to have been done in preparatory schools, and the students, even the best of them, find themselves, at the end of their college course, hardly at the point at which they ought to have been at its beginning. They discontinue the study before they are in a condition to derive from it any benefit in the way of æsthetic culture. As to the mysterious "something" of æsthetic nature alluded to above, it will be found in almost every case to consist of a somewhat vivid impression of the difficulties of the epic dialect, the swing of the epic hexameter, and a few anecdotes, such as the unpleasant domestic scene between Jupiter and his spouse in the first book of the *Iliad*; or else of the appearance presented on a printed page by the capricious lines of a chorus, of technical terms like *hypercatalectic* and *anacrusis*, and some untranslatable interjections like *ὦ μοι, μοι; φεῦ, φεῦ*. Whether it be worth while to continue the study of Greek for any such result as this, is a question that requires no answer.

(3.) *The Cosmopolitan Aim.* This rather vague expression may be defined in this way. In the study of Greek, the mind of the student is transported out of the modern world, with its inherited prejudices and ideals, its narrow aims and utilitarian creeds, into a world where men felt, believed, thought, and acted in ways largely or altogether different from ours, and is thus widened, humanized, and rendered cosmopolitan. This aim, if attainable, would certainly be one deserving of all effort; but it is one which at present is not in any degree realized. To reach it would require that the thought, the religion, the art, the polity, in a word, the entire life of the Greeks, inner as well as outer, should be made familiar to the mind and imagination of the student, and this could not be done by the direct study of Greek literature in ten or even in twenty years. That it is not in any degree accomplished by the present Greek course in Harvard College need not be added.

From the culture aims we pass to the scientific aims, and —

(1.) *The Linguistic Aim.* Since the rise of the important science of comparative grammar, Greek, no less than other languages, has assumed a position which it never before occupied. To the comparative grammarian an intimate knowledge of the vocabulary, phonology, morphology, syntax,

and prosody of the Greek language, in all its stages and dialects, is absolutely essential. However, as comparative grammar is hardly studied at Harvard College at all, it is plain that Greek is not studied as a portion of that science. It is even true that it is not studied from the comparative point of view, or in such a way as to initiate students into the methods and principles of comparative grammar.

(2.) *The Philosophico-Historical Aim.* Besides the sciences called natural, which deal with all objects, including man, in so far as they are subject to what may be termed a law of necessity, there are what may be called the philological or culture sciences, — sciences which deal with mind and its institutions, in so far as they manifest reason and free volition. These sciences are æsthetics, science of religion, politics including social science, and philosophy or pure thought. The essential importance of Greek for the thorough student of these sciences none will deny or question. In all those institutions with which the culture sciences deal, as well as in these sciences themselves, the Greeks took a step such as no other people has ever taken, a step which effectually determined the direction of all succeeding ones. The history of all the institutions of free spirit is indissolubly bound up with the history of the Greeks, and no one can become a fruitful investigator in the domain of the culture sciences without a thorough knowledge of the language and literature of that people. It need hardly be added that the philosophico-historical aim is not realized in Harvard College. It is true, indeed, that some efforts have recently been made to give students an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the productions and principles of Greek art; but what has thus been accomplished stands in no way connected with the Greek curriculum. Philosophy, religion, and polity are almost entirely neglected. Not a single Harvard graduate goes out into the world prepared to be an original investigator in these fields.

It is perhaps sufficiently evident from this brief summary that the study of Greek, as pursued in Harvard College, conduces to none of the ends which it may be supposed capable of subserving, whether those of culture or those of science. And yet we can hardly doubt that Harvard College proposes to herself both these aims. The college, it is true, was founded at a time when the question of distinct aims had far less relevancy than it has now, when no line needed

to be drawn between culture and scientific attainment. Still, if we may judge from her position with respect to other institutions and the efforts at improvement which she makes, we must conclude that she aims at imparting both culture and scientific knowledge. Her error in regard to the culture studies is that she does not draw a sufficiently clear line of demarkation between these two aims, the result of which is that, in many cases, she attains neither. This, as we have seen, is especially true in the case of Greek.

In searching for a remedy for the present condition of things, we must begin by setting before ourselves these two aims as distinct, and asking ourselves the question, How can the study of Greek be best made to yield that culture which its literature is admittedly calculated to impart, and at the same time provision be made for those young men who desire and are fitted to be special students in the culture sciences, so that they may be prepared to become original investigators? The answer may be thus briefly stated: By making Greek language an optional study, and establishing in college two distinct courses in Greek, a compulsory culture course and an elective scientific course.

While it is true that the highest æsthetic culture and the broadest cosmopolitanism, which the study of Greek is capable of imparting, cannot be attained without a knowledge, and even a critical one, of the Greek language, it is also true that, without any acquaintance whatever with the language, a better knowledge of Greek literature, its principles and genius, and of Greek life in all its departments, might be arrived at than is now attained by the slow, laborious process of spelling out with notes, grammar, and lexicon a few works, nearly all belonging to one period and not all of average excellence. A series of lectures, with illustrative extracts in English by a man like Professor Lowell or Professor Child, that is, by a man as deeply imbued with the spirit of Greek literature and life as these men are with that of the literatures which they respectively profess, would be incomparably more valuable, in the way both of culture and of fruitful knowledge, than all the Greek that any student of Harvard College now ever learns. It may be affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that no graduate of Harvard College ever left it with a knowledge of Greek sufficient to enable him to read at sight any important literary,

historical, or philosophical work in that language, and that no one, at any stage of his course, ever derived from a Greek book any valuable knowledge, that he might not have derived more easily, and in a more comprehensive form, from an English one, or, better still, from a lecture. And who but the most accomplished Greek scholar, that has read Greek until every word and turn is familiar to him and comes laden with its burden of associations, knows anything of the beauty that refuses to be transfused into another tongue? It is foolish to talk of enjoying the peculiar, untranslatable beauties of any language until we can think and feel in it. Supposing now that, instead of there being six professors of Greek, all occupying the same field, each teaching indiscriminately poetry, history, ethics, oratory, etc., there were six professors dividing the field of Greek philology among them, — a professor of Greek language and hermeneutics, a professor of Greek archæology, a professor of Greek philosophy, etc., each a master in his particular domain — and supposing that each delivered three lectures a week on his special branch, more would be done to acquaint young men with what is really permanently valuable in Greek philology than does all the Greek they now so toilsomely learn and so soon forget. If, in addition, these young men were held responsible for a great deal of collateral reading bearing on the subjects of these lectures, the result would be so far superior to anything at present realized that the wonder would be how such a system as the one now prevailing could have been tolerated for a single year.

Such provision being made for the general student, the question of how to provide for the special student becomes much more easy to answer. Greek language being made an optional study, the standard for admission to the special scientific courses in Greek philology might at once be made such as to demand an amount of knowledge at least equal to that which the best students now have when they leave college, a standard which, even then, would be very much below that applied in the *Abiturienten-Examen* of a German gymnasium. Those passing this examination would be able to take courses in any branch of Greek philology — art, religion, polity, philosophy; and such courses professors making specialties of different branches would be well fitted to give.

That such a change as the one here proposed could not be initiated without much

difficulty may be taken for granted. At the very threshold of the matter we are met with the question, How, when, and where shall young men find opportunities to prepare themselves for a scientific course in Greek philology, if such a high standard for admission to it is to be applied?

If we remember that candidates for admission to Harvard College are examined on no fewer than sixteen distinct subjects, and that many young men pass the entire examination a year before their parents deem it advisable for them to enter, we shall perhaps find an answer to this question suggested. It would be tedious to enter into a minute discussion of the list of requisitions, but it is liable to at least three very strong objections: first, it contains subjects that ought not to be there at all, for example, geography and arithmetic, with which a university has nothing whatsoever to do directly; second, it divides subjects which ought to be held together, and thus offers a premium for disjointed, unorganized, dead knowledge, or cram; third, its subjects are chosen apparently without any question as to whether they form a test of symmetrical mental development and ability, being rather a test of memory.

It would seem to be the plainest axiom that an examination for admission to college should be a test, not of what a student has done, but of what he is prepared to do. And yet the list of requisitions for admission to Harvard College is in very many points at variance with this axiom. This is especially true in the case of Greek and Latin. Each counts as four distinct subjects. Grammar, composition, and translation are separated, and the amount expected to be read is definitely stated. There is indeed a short exercise in reading at sight, but it counts for very little. It would be extremely difficult to find a programme more surely fatal to the attainment of scholarship than this. It is vague where it ought to be definite, and definite where it ought to be vague. What can be more vague than "Greek grammar," "Latin grammar"? and what is the result of this vagueness? Simply that Greek and Latin grammar are studied in a perfunctory way, and in Greek, at least, a very large number of candidates for admission are unable to pass an examination on the first declension. Greek grammar is supposed to include prosody, and yet candidates are not required to have read a line of Greek poetry when they are examined

in grammar. Still they must work through, and burden their memories with, the facts of prosody contained in an appendix to their grammar, and when they come to be examined, they are asked such a profound question as: Name the dissyllabic feet. Could anything be more absurd and wasteful of time than this?

The truth is, there ought to be no direct examination in Greek or Latin grammar at all. That part of a young man's acquaintance with grammar which does not show itself in his composition and translation, he had at that stage better be without. Again, nothing is gained, but much lost, by assigning just what Greek and Latin is to be read. An examination is surely not intended to show how familiar the candidate is with just the works assigned, but to show what he knows of the living structure of Greek and Latin generally, and how well prepared he is for the new work which he will have to enter upon in college. There is no hope of bringing about anything like living scholarship in Greek and Latin until colleges cease to assign definitely the work in which they expect candidates for admission to prepare themselves, and until the entrance examination becomes a pure test of ability to deal with new work. Then, and only then, will an effectual step be put to the now prevailing system of cramming, which is so fatal to all true knowledge and all mental development.

When the requisites for admission are properly selected and classed, so as to test ability and symmetrical mental development, time enough will be left for every young man of fair parts to prepare himself for a special course, such as every young man ought to take up when he enters college, be it Greek, or Latin, or something equally valuable. And this is the only way to produce scholars or men accurate in any respect. "One thing well done is the type of all things that are well done."

The examination for admission ought to test these four things: (1.) Possession of, and power to use, implements. (2.) Power of observation. (3.) Analytic power. (4.) Synthetic power.

The most essential of intellectual implements are those living languages in which the results of human inquiry are for the most part recorded: namely, English, German, and French. Power of observation is best tested by an examination in one of the physical sciences; analytic power by pure mathematics or applied logic; and

synthetic power by an examination in Latin translation and composition.

The list of subjects for examination might therefore take a form something like this, —

1. Tests of possession of, and power to use, implements: (a.) English composition with some knowledge of English literature. (b.) French reading. (c.) German reading.

2. Test of power of observation: one physical science, including the method of the physical sciences.

3. Test of analytic power: Mathematics, including (a.) algebra, (b.) geometry.

4. Test of synthetic power: Latin, including translation at sight both with and without the use of a lexicon, and composition.

It is not pretended that this programme represents less work than the one now in use, but it does represent work better classified, and demands an examination which shall be a test of ability and shall thus prevent that enormous waste of time which takes place in the effort to cram the memory. If adopted, it would leave the average student ample time to prepare himself for a thorough scientific course in some one subject, whether one of those in the programme, or Greek, or history, or whatever else.

Against thus making Greek an optional and merely special study two objections present themselves: first, it is said that if Greek language were made optional, all the preparatory schools would cease to teach it, on account of its difficulty, and it would soon sink to the position which Hebrew now occupies; second, we are told that there is not at present in New England a supply of teachers capable of giving instruction sufficiently advanced to enable young men to undertake a scientific course in Greek in college. If either of these objections be valid, it would be hard to find a severer commentary upon the character of the Greek instruction in Harvard College hitherto. If New England has not been taught sufficient appreciation of, and respect for, Greek antiquity to maintain the study of it without artificial stimulus, then the sooner we abandon the study, the better. If Harvard College does not send forth men sufficiently versed in Greek, and numerous enough, to meet all the demands of the preparatory schools, some radical

change such as here suggested is surely demanded.

To recapitulate. The study of Greek in Harvard College, notwithstanding the time and labor spent upon it, leads to neither of the aims for which it is undertaken. It produces neither men deeply imbued with the spirit of Greek literature nor scholars fitted to become original investigators. The main cause of this is that students are admitted to college with a preparation in Greek altogether inadequate to enable them to reap benefit from anything deserving the name of a course in Greek philology. The ground, again, of this lack of preparation is in great measure the unsatisfactory character of the requisites for admission, the list of which is open to the objections specified, causing an enormous waste of time, being fatal to depth and accuracy of scholarship, and offering a premium for cramming. In order to remedy this, the list ought to be altered, amended, and classified, so that the examinations shall be tests of ability to deal with new work, and not of memory of work already done. Greek language ought to be made an optional study, and two distinct courses in Greek offered in college. The test of proficiency ought to be, not an examination in work done, but power to treat, in the form of an essay or dissertation, a new subject, for which the student should have to collect information from original sources and to draw conclusions from uncertain or conflicting tradition.

Were a system introduced something like the one here proposed, the study of Greek, instead of being that waste of time which it now for the most part is, would result in giving us, on the one hand, a large number of young men acquainted with the main principles of Greek literary, philosophical, and artistic effort, men fitted to raise the standard of literary taste and criticism; and, on the other, scholars able and ready to make independent investigations in all the divisions of Greek philology, and to aid in solving those religious, philosophical, and historical questions which, vital though they be, are almost entirely neglected by us. Thus a great step would be taken toward restoring to their proper position of eminence the sciences of mind, which are now almost lost sight of amid the servile anarchies of rebellious materialism.

THAT there are robbers, thieves, highwaymen, and pirates, is a fact patent to all our readers; but that there are organized bands or firms that make it their business to "wreck" Life Insurance Companies, is something quite new to the bulk of mankind. England seems to be the field in which this new enterprise first took root. *The Insurance Guardian*, of London, a reliable authority, says:

"We are credibly informed that one single firm of solicitors has now on hand thirty wrecking actions against thirty separate companies. Estimating each suit as worth £2,000 to the firm, the partners no doubt calculate that they will net £60,000 by these proceedings, and they hope, too, to palm themselves off upon the world as public benefactors."

That New York is not to be behindhand in any new enterprise (?) is shown quite conclusively by *The Chronicle*, an Insurance Journal of this city, whose issue of Nov. 16th, said:—

"That this nefarious trade is being prosecuted in this city, the operations so successfully begun against the Continental Life Ins. Co., the assault now being unsuccessfully made upon the United States Life Ins. Co., with other significant circumstances, indicated beyond a doubt; but it was left for the discovery of the following letter, addressed to a gentleman who had replied to one of the decoy advertisements inviting policy-holders in the United States Life Ins. Co. to address for important information respecting that company, 'Insurance, box 7, *Evening Post* building,' to prove the fact beyond dispute:—

NEW YORK, Oct. 28th, 1876.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter to "Insurance," of the 25th inst., has been handed by the client to whom it was addressed to Messrs. Sewell & Pierce, with whom I am associate counsel in the matters referred to in your letter.

A suit has been commenced by a stockholder against the United States Life Ins. Co., and the parties implicated in the proposed transfer, as you will see by the report in to-day's *Times*, which I mail herewith.

It is very important, however, that as large a number of policy-holders in that company as possible should proceed by suits in equity against the company, as the opposition will be very strong and determined, of course. You, being a non-resident, can proceed in the U. S. Circuit Court, and your doing so will add great strength to the proceedings already instituted and about to be commenced on behalf of other policy-holders in the State courts.

If you see fit to place your interests in the hands of Messrs. Sewell & Pierce, who have the principal charge in prosecuting this matter, your costs will be trifling and limited to actual expenses, until such final settlement as shall satisfactorily secure your rights.

It will be necessary in that case that you forward them one of your larger policies, which will suffice if the others are of the same tenor and payable on the same terms. If, however, they differ in character, they should all be sent on, as the bill filed on your behalf should set forth particularly and exactly your rights and interests.

We entertain no doubt whatever of fully securing the policy-holders. The parties implicated deny that there was any intention to transfer or amalgamate with any other company; but we have already obtained affidavits from the directors who have been dropped conclusively establishing that fact.

The credit of the company has undoubtedly received a severe blow by the publicity given to these transactions through the proceedings already had in the courts. The Continental Life Ins. Co. under no greater pressure was placed in the hands of a receiver this week without opposition.

Under the invitation of your letter to advise you, I will therefore say that your interests cannot be better served than by placing them in the hands of Messrs. Sewell & Pierce, with whom I am coöperating in the matters referred to as associate counsel. Very respectfully yours,

H. TOLER BOORAEM, P. O. Box 412.

"The source and inspiration of this letter it is not difficult to discover. The writer is said to be

a brother-in-law of Robert Sewell, the senior partner of the firm of Sewell & Pierce, attorneys-at-law, of that sort who can without pleading a case achieve a better financial success than the ablest and most honorable advocate. The letter is written under the letter headings of Sewell & Pierce; the P. O. box in which the writer ostensibly transacts business is the same as that rented by Sewell & Pierce, and the writer is in their employ. Moreover, he (Booraem) is known to have taken the letters of inquisitive policy-holders, directed to the advertiser 'Insurance,' from the box No. 7, *Evening Post* building, to which such policy-holders had been invited to apply for confidential and important information respecting the United States Life Ins. Co. Thus is the wool stripped from the wolves.

"The above letter is a sample of the important confidential information which applicants to 'Insurance, box 7, *Evening Post* building,' receive. The 'client,' through whom their letters of inquiry reach the 'associate counsel of Messrs. Sewell & Pierce,' appears to be none other than Mr. Booraem, the associate counsel himself.

"It is hardly news, even to the most benighted of the policy-holders of the United States Life, that a suit has been commenced against it."

That this suit has been promptly met, is also well known, and that the result will be satisfactory to the policy-holders and the Company cannot be doubted. When such able financiers as Charles E. Bill, Isaac N. Phelps, James Buell, P. Van Volkenburgh, and Thomas Gardener, compose the Finance Committee, there can be but slight cause for anything more than momentary alarm as to the proper conduct of the Company's assets. Then, too, the following card from the President of the Company, which is outspoken, plain, and unequivocal, is extremely assuring:—

OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES LIFE INS. CO.,
261, 262, 263 Broadway, New York.
October 28th, 1876.

In answer to all attempts to BLACKMAIL this Company, we refer to the figures of the LAST sworn statement of this Company to the State Insurance Department, as published in the Official State Reports.

We are sound and healthy to the core, with a large surplus, now over \$800,000, on the New York State legal standard—more than 20 per cent. of all our liabilities.

We challenge all to show any company whose investment of its funds are better or safer.

We are doing a good and safe business and have no other purpose than to continue doing such. We have not had, and have not now, the slightest idea of "going out of business" at all.

All charges, whatever, by any one, will be met and fully answered, and defended in due course.

There is not the slightest occasion for alarm or uneasiness on the part of our policy-holders.

JAMES BUELL, President U. S. Life Ins. Co.

The United States Life is now the cynosure of all eyes. The attack upon it has had the result of calling the attention of all to its sworn statement to the Insurance Department and of increasing, rather than diminishing, its business, as the new business for November of this year shows an increase over corresponding time last year of \$143,000. These facts speak for themselves. An attempt to injure or destroy the credit of a Life Ins. Co. upon whom so many widows and orphans depend for their future living, is a public calamity, and that this Company has so courageously met and foiled any such attempt, is a subject of congratulation both to its officers and the public.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

HAVING relinquished business and disposed of our copyrights and stereotype plates to Messrs. H. O. Houghton and Company, and having the fullest confidence in the business ability and integrity of that firm, we take great pleasure in commending them to all the friends and customers who have known and dealt with us in the fifty-eight years, now just completed, during which we have been established in this city as Booksellers and Publishers.

BOSTON, November 1, 1876.

CROCKER & BREWSTER.

In accordance with the above announcement, the undersigned take pleasure in informing the trade and public that they are now prepared to fill all orders for the school-books and all other publications which have hitherto borne the imprint of Messrs. Crocker & Brewster, and in soliciting a continuance of the patronage with which that firm has so long been favored. A list of these publications is herewith appended.

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H. O. HOUGHTON & COMPANY, BOSTON;
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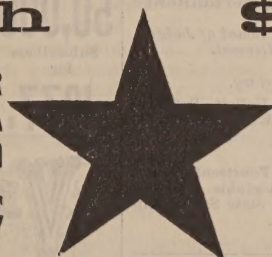
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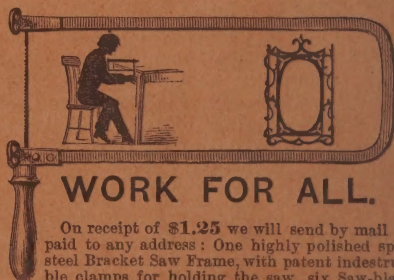
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VOLUME XXXIX.—NUMBER 232

FEBRUARY, 1877

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
THE WITCH OF WENHAM. <i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	129	UNCONSCIOUS HUMORISTS.—Book Epidemics.—A New Face on a Familiar Fact.—The Study of Greek.—Mme. Jauschek in Bleak House.—George Eliot's Proper Field.—Lord Beaconsfield's Vagaries.	
STUDIES OF ANIMAL NATURE. <i>Bayard Taylor</i>	135	SUNSET SONG: Words by <i>Celia Thaxter</i> . Music by <i>Julius Eichberg</i>	236
THE OLD MIRROR. <i>Edgar Fawcett</i>	142	RECENT LITERATURE	239
CHRISTMAS EVE IN A SICILIAN ABBEY. <i>Luigi Monti</i>	143	Memoirs of John Quincy Adams. Vols. VI.—XI. —Weiss's Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare.—Tennyson's Harold.—Mercy Philbrick's Choice.—Boyesen's Tales from Two Hemispheres.—Etting's An Historical Account of the Hall of Independence.—Sprague and Goodale's The Wild Flowers of America.—Thacher's Seashore and Prairie.—Hutton's Essays in Literary Criticism.— <i>French and German</i> : Lettres Intimes de Henri IV.—Topin's Romanciers Contemporains.—Schmidt's Richardson, Rousseau, und Goethe.—Courriere's Histoire de la Littérature Contemporaine en Russie.—D'Haussonville's C. A. Sainte-Beuve: Sa Vie et ses Œuvres.—Publications Received.	
NEWS FROM OLYMPIA. <i>Edmund C. Stedman</i>	159	ART	251
THE AMERICAN. XIX., XX. <i>Henry James, Jr.</i>	161	The Exhibition of Mr. Hunt's Pictures in Boston. —A Simple Method of Cleaning Paintings.	
A DUTCH PICTURE. <i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>	176	MUSIC	252
THE POLITICAL CONDITION OF SOUTH CAROLINA. <i>A South Carolinian</i>	177	The First Concert at the Saunders Theatre in Cambridge.—Mme. Essipoff's Concerts in Boston.—Stainer and Barrett's A Dictionary of Musical Terms. —Thallon's The Boat of my Lover.	
THE OLD GRAVE	194		
OUT OF THE QUESTION. Comedy. I, II. <i>W. D. Howells</i>	195		
OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP. XIX. <i>Frances Anne Kemble</i>	209		
THE HOUSE BELOW THE HILL. <i>Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt</i>	223		
THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB	225		
Elongated Classics.—The Autobiographic Form in Novel Writing.—Pianists as Advertising Agents.—The Absence of Recognized Standards of Artistic Excellence.—The Decoration of Trinity Church, Boston.—Mr. Edgar Fawcett's Poetry.—Mr. W. S. Gilbert's Plays.—A Lack of Literary Conscience.—A Moral Difference between Men and Women.—			

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What the Insurance Department Reports

AFTER A RIGID EXAMINATION OF THE

U. S. LIFE INSURANCE Co.

ALBANY, November 27th, 1876.

To the Hon. WM. SMYTH, Acting Supt. N. Y. Ins. Dept.

Pursuant to your appointment, No. 360, bearing date Nov. 13th, 1876, the undersigned, your commissioners, respectfully report that since the date of your commission they have been engaged at the office of the United States Life Insurance Company of New York City, in making an examination of the condition and affairs of said company; that at the date of this report we have concluded a most thorough and exhaustive investigation of the securities, books, and papers of said institution, the result of which, showing the company's condition on November 1st, 1876, is given below.

We further report that every facility was given your examiners to make their researches full and complete, and the officers of the company are deserving of your commendation therefor.

Complete schedules, giving each premium loan and uncollected and deferred premiums seriatim, are now on file in this Department, together with a record of every policy in force. Mortgage lists, giving each mortgage, with date and page of record, together with detailed lists of all other assets, are also on file.

I. — ASSETS.

Real Estate	\$61,002.94
Bonds and Mortgages, first lien	2,660,707.19

STOCKS AND BONDS OWNED.

Par Value. Market Value.

U. S. Registered Bonds	\$137,350	\$158,208.69
N. Y. City Registered Bonds ...	508,000	540,675.00
Brooklyn Registered Bonds ...	213,000	226,780.00
Kings County Coupon Bonds	55,000	59,850.00
Buffalo City Coupon Bonds	140,000	149,045.83
Erie County Coupon Bonds	25,000	25,583.33
East Chester, N. Y., Coupon Bonds ...	16,000	16,280.00
Richmond County, N. Y., Bonds ...	2,500	2,562.50
Chicago City B'ds, South Norwalk, Ct., Water Loan ...	100,000	104,000.00
Jersey City Registered Bonds ...	74,000	77,140.00
Dist. of Columbia 5-65 Bonds	150,000	105,000.00

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COLLATERAL LOANS.

	Par Value.	Market Value.	Amount Loaned.
Bonds and Mortgages	\$50,000	\$50,000	\$30,000
U. S. Bonds ...	10,000	11,600	10,000
Dime Savings Bank Stock ..	3,000	3,000	1,500
U. S. Bonds ...	1,000	1,130	900
Rochester City Bonds	50,000	50,000	10,000

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Cash in Office	\$473.02
Cash in Bank, per Certificates	103,987.24
Total Cash Items	\$104,462.26
Premium Notes and Loans on Policies in Force	172,744.72
Net Uncollected and Deferred Premiums	115,490.00
Accrued Interest on Bonds and Mortgages	70,735.98
Accrued Interest on Premium Notes and Loans	6,234.58
Total admitted Assets	\$4,759,403.02

ITEMS NOT ADMITTED AS AVAILABLE ASSETS.

Agents' Balances	\$18,839.09
Bills Receivable	8,695.18
Total	\$27,534.27

Aggregate Total Assets. \$4,786,937.29

II. — LIABILITIES.

Net present value of all the outstanding policies in force on the 31st day of October, 1876, computed by the Insurance Department, according to the American Experience Table of Mortality, with 4 1/2 per cent. interest	\$3,846,827.00
Unpaid Losses, including all reported and supposed Claims	122,930.00
Premiums paid in advance	6,829.22
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Liability for Reserve on Lapsed Policies, where said policies can be restored on application	11,009.00
Total Liabilities	\$3,990,095.22

III. — MISCELLANEOUS.

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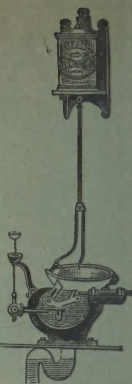
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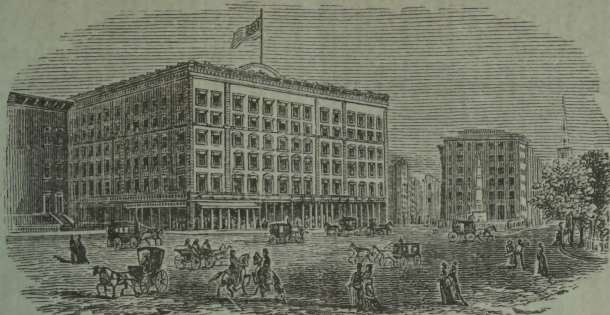
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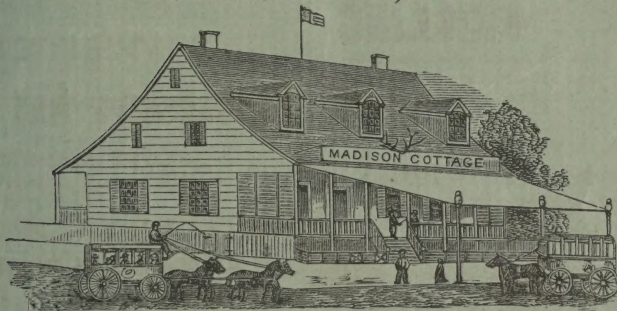
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VOL. XXXIX.—FEBRUARY, 1877.—No. CCXXXII.

THE WITCH OF WENHAM.

I.

ALONG Crane River's sunny slopes
Blew warm the winds of May,
And over Naumkeag's ancient oaks
The green outgrew the gray.

The grass was green on Royal-side,
The early birds at will
Waked up the violet in its dell,
The wind-flower on its hill.

"Where go you, in your Sunday coat?
Son Andrew, tell me, pray."

"For striped perch in Wenham Lake
I go to fish to-day."

"Unharm'd of thee in Wenham Lake
The mottled perch shall be:
A blue-eyed witch sits on the bank
And weaves her net for thee.

"She weaves her golden hair; she sings
Her spell-song low and faint;
The wickedest witch in Salem jail
Is to that girl a saint."

"Nay, mother, hold thy cruel tongue;
God knows," the young man cried,

"He never made a whiter soul
Than hers by Wenham side.

"She tends her mother sick and blind,
And every want supplies;
To her above the blessed Book
She lends her soft blue eyes.

“ Her voice is glad with holy songs,
Her lips are sweet with prayer;
Go where you will, in ten miles round
Is none more good and fair.”

“ Son Andrew, for the love of God
And of thy mother, stay!”
She clasped her hands, she wept aloud,
But Andrew rode away.

“ O reverend sir, my Andrew’s soul
The Wenham witch has caught;
She holds him with the curled gold
Whereof her snare is wrought.

“ She charms him with her great blue eyes,
She binds him with her hair;
Oh, break the spell with holy words,
Unbind him with a prayer!”

“ Take heart,” the painful preacher said,
“ This mischief shall not be;
The witch shall perish in her sins
And Andrew shall go free.

“ Our poor Ann Putnam testifies
She saw her weave a spell,
Bare-armed, loose-haired, at full of moon,
Around a dried-up well.

“ ‘ Spring up, O well!’ she softly sang
The Hebrew’s old refrain,
(For Satan uses Bible words,)
Till water flowed amain.

“ And many a goodwife heard her speak
By Wenham water words
That made the buttercups take wings
And turn to yellow birds.

“ They say that swarming wild bees seek
The hive at her command;
And fishes swim to take their food
From out her dainty hand.

“ Meek as she sits in meeting-time,
The godly minister
Notes well the spell that doth compel
The young men’s eyes to her.

“ The mole upon her dimpled chin
Is Satan’s seal and sign;

Her lips are red with evil bread
And stain of unblest wine.

"For Tituba, my Indian, saith,
At Quasycung she took
The Black Man's godless sacrament
And signed his dreadful book.

"Last night my sore-afflicted child
Against the young witch cried.
To take her Marshal Horrick rides
Even now to Wenham side."

The marshal in his saddle sat,
His daughter at his knee;

"I go to fetch that arrant witch,
Thy fair playmate," quoth he.

"Her spectre walks the parsonage,
And haunts both hall and stair;
They know her by the great blue eyes
And floating gold of hair."

"They lie, they lie, my father dear!
No foul old witch is she,
But sweet and good and crystal-pure
As Wenham waters be."

"I tell thee, child, the Lord hath set
Before us good and ill,
And woe to all whose carnal loves
Oppose his righteous will.

"Between him and the powers of hell
Choose thou, my child, to-day:
No sparing hand, no pitying eye,
When God commands to slay!"

He went his way; the old wives shook
With fear as he came nigh;
The children in the dooryards held
Their breath as he passed by.

Too well they knew the gaunt gray horse
The grim witch-hunter rode —
The pale Apocalyptic beast
By grisly Death bestrode.

II.

Oh, fair the face of Wenham Lake
Upon the young girl's shone,
Her tender mouth, her dreaming eyes,
Her yellow hair outblown.

By happy youth and love attuned
To natural harmonies,
The singing birds, the whispering wind,
She sat beneath the trees.

Sat shaping for her bridal dress
Her mother's wedding gown,
When lo! the marshal, writ in hand,
From Alford hill rode down.

His face was hard with cruel fear,
He grasped the maiden's hands:
"Come with me unto Salem town,
For so the law commands!"

"Oh, let me to my mother say
Farewell before I go!"
He closer tied her little hands
Unto his saddle bow.

"Unhand me," cried she piteously,
"For thy sweet daughter's sake."
"I'll keep my daughter safe," he said,
"From the witch of Wenham Lake."

"Oh, leave me for my mother's sake,
She needs my eyes to see."
"Those eyes, young witch, the crows shall peck
From off the gallows-tree."

He bore her to a farm-house old,
And up its stairway long,
And closed on her the garret-door
With iron bolted strong.

The day died out, the night came down;
Her evening prayer she said,
While, through the dark, strange faces seemed
To mock her as she prayed.

The present horror deepened all
The fears her childhood knew;
The awe wherewith the air was filled
With every breath she drew.

And could it be, she trembling asked,
Some secret thought or sin
Had shut good angels from her heart
And let the bad ones in?

Had she in some forgotten dream
Let go her hold on Heaven,

And sold herself unwittingly
To spirits unforgiven?

Oh, weird and still the dark hours passed;
No human sound she heard,
But up and down the chimney stack
The swallows moaned and stirred.

And o'er her, with a dread surmise
Of evil sight and sound,
The blind bats on their leathern wings
Went wheeling round and round.

Low hanging in the midnight sky
Looked in a half-faced moon.
Was it a dream, or did she hear
Her lover's whistled tune?

She forced the oaken scuttle back;
A whisper reached her ear:
"Slide down the roof to me," it said,
"So softly none may hear."

She slid along the sloping roof
Till from its eaves she hung,
And felt the loosened shingles yield
To which her fingers clung.

Below, her lover stretched his hands
And touched her feet so small;
"Drop down to me, dear heart," he said,
"My arms shall break the fall."

He set her on his pillion soft,
Her arms about him twined;
And, noiseless as if velvet-shod,
They left the house behind.

But when they reached the open way
Full free the rein he cast;
Oh, never through the mirk midnight
Rode man and maid more fast.

Along the wild wood paths they sped,
The bridgeless streams they swam;
At set of moon they passed the Bass,
At sunrise Agawam.

At high noon on the Merrimac
The ancient ferryman
Forgot, at times, his idle oars,
So fair a freight to scan.

And when from off his grounded boat
He saw them mount and ride,
"God keep her from the evil eye,
And harm of witch!" he cried.

The maiden laughed, as youth will laugh
At all its fears gone by;
"He does not know," she whispered low,
"A little witch am I."

All day he urged his weary horse,
And in the red sundown
Drew rein before a friendly door
In distant Berwick town.

A fellow-feeling for the wronged
The Quaker people felt;
And safe beside their kindly hearths
The hunted maiden dwelt,

Until from off its breast the land
The haunting horror threw,
And hatred, born of ghastly dreams,
To shame and pity grew.

Sad were the year's spring morns, and sad
Its golden summer day,
But blithe and glad its withered fields,
And skies of ashen gray;

For spell and charm had power no more,
The spectres ceased to roam,
And scattered households knelt again
Around the hearths of home.

And when once more by Beaver Dam
The meadow-lark outsang,
And once again on all the hills
The early violets sprang,

And all the windy pasture slopes
Lay green within the arms
Of creeks that bore the salted sea
To pleasant inland farms,

The smith filed off the chains he forged,
The jail-bolts backward fell;
And youth and hoary age came forth
Like souls escaped from hell.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

STUDIES OF ANIMAL NATURE.

"THE beasts that perish." It would probably be impossible, now, to retrace the lost links of application whereby a phrase which the Preacher uses in regard to man—"he is like the beasts that perish"—has come to be generally accepted as a divine disparagement of the animal nature. Man has the right of dominion, indeed, as the last and loftiest form of organic life on this planet; but it is difficult to find in nature so broad and deep a gulf of division as he seems to have arbitrarily set between himself and all lower forms,—whether we consider these as distinct creations or inferior phases of evolution. He somewhat contemptuously puts them aside, as creatures of use or injury, having at best a scientific value through their physical structure, locality, groupings, and habits. The highest he has been willing to grant them, hitherto, is a dim emotional or sympathetic quality, chiefly developed through long association with himself.

It has often seemed to me that our conceptions of the Deity, of the human race, and of animal nature preserve very nearly the same relative distances from each other. The exaltation or depression of one elevates or depresses all in the same degree, so that we may infer the individual estimate of all from the manifestation of that of any one of the three. It would therefore be quite logical that, in these days, when the revelations of science have so grandly uplifted the endeavor of the human soul towards some faint comprehension of the Divine Power, we should turn with a new sympathy, if not respect, to the humbler forms of life below us. Thus, if Darwin's theory should be true, it will not degrade man; it will simply raise the whole animal world into dignity, leaving man as far in advance as he is at present.

I have always had a great respect for animals, and have endeavored to treat

them with the consideration which I think they deserve. They have quick perceptions and know when to be confiding or reticent. I have learned no better way to gain their confidence than to ask myself, "If I were such or such an animal, how should I wish to be treated by man?" and to act upon that suggestion. The finest and deepest parts of their natures can be reached only by an intercourse which is purely kind and sympathetic. Since the key to the separate languages has been lost on both sides, the higher intelligence must condescend to open some means of communication with the lower. The zoölogists, unfortunately, rarely trouble themselves to do this; they are more interested in the skull of an elephant, the thigh-bone of a bird, or the dorsal fin of a fish, than in the intelligence or rudimentary moral sense of the creature. But the former field is open to all laymen, and nothing but a stubborn traditional contempt for our slaves or our hunted enemies in the animal world has held us back from a truer knowledge of them.

In the first place, animals have much more capacity to understand human speech than is generally supposed. The Hindoos invariably talk to their elephants, and it is amazing how much the latter comprehend. The Arabs govern their camels with a few cries, and my associates in the African desert were always amused whenever I addressed a remark to the big dromedary who was my property for two months; yet, at the end of that time, the beast evidently knew the meaning of a number of simple sentences. Some years ago, seeing the hippopotamus in Barnum's Museum looking very stolid and dejected, I spoke to him in English, but he did not even move his eyes. Then I went to the opposite corner of the cage, and said in Arabic, "I know you; come here to me!" He instantly turned his head towards me; I repeated the words, and thereupon he

came to the corner where I was standing, pressed his huge, ungainly head against the bars of the cage, and looked in my face with a touching delight while I stroked his muzzle. I have two or three times found a lion who recognized the same language, and the expression of his eyes, for an instant, seemed positively human.

I know of nothing more moving, indeed semi-tragic, than the yearning helplessness in the face of a dog who understands what is said to him and cannot answer. We often hear it said that no animal can endure the steady gaze of the human eye; but this is a superstition. An intelligent dog or horse not only endures, but loves it. The eye of a beast is restless from natural habit, but hardly more so than that of savage man. Cats, birds, and many other animals seek, rather than avoid, a friendly human eye. It is possible that tigers may have been turned away by an unflinching gaze, but I suspect the secret lay in the surprise of the beast at so unusual an experience, rather than in direct intimidation. Thieves are said to have the belief that a dog, for the same reason, will not attack a naked man, but I do not remember any account of a burglary where they have tried the experiment. Cattle, however, are easily surprised. Once, in 1849, on the Salinas Plains in California, I escaped exactly the same onset of a vast herd of wild cattle as Mr. Harte describes in his *Gabriel Conroy*, by sitting down upon the ground. They were so unaccustomed to seeing a man, except on horseback, that the position was an absolute bewilderment to them. The foremost halted within a hundred feet, formed a line as regular as a file of soldiers, and stared stupidly, until a team, luckily approaching at the right time, released me from my hazardous situation.

Few persons are aware of the great effect which quiet speech exercises upon the most savage dog. A distinguished English poet told me that he was once walking in the country with Canon Kingsley, when they passed a lodge where an immense and fierce mastiff, confined

by a long chain, rushed out upon them. They were just beyond his reach, but the chain did not seem secure; the poet would have hurried past, but Kingsley, laying a hand upon his arm, said, "Wait a moment, and see me subdue him!" Thereupon he walked up to the dog, who, erect upon his hind feet, with open jaws and glaring eyes, was the embodiment of animal fury. Kingsley lifted his hand, and quietly said, "You are wrong! You have made a mistake: you must go back to your kennel!" The dog sank down upon his fore feet, but still growled angrily; the canon repeated his words in a firm voice, advancing step by step, as the dog gave way. He continued speaking grave reproof, as to a human being, until he had forced the mastiff back into his kennel, where the latter silently, and perhaps remorsefully, lay down.

I cannot now tell whether I remembered this story, or acted simply from a sudden instinct, in a very similar case. I was in San Francisco, and went to call upon a gentleman of my acquaintance, who lived upon Rincon Point. The house stood a little distance back from the street, in a beautiful garden. I walked up between clumps of myrtle and fuchsia to the door, and rang the bell. Instead of answer, there was a savage bay; a giant dog sprang around the corner of the house, and rushed at me with every sign of furious attack. I faced him, stood still, and said, "I am a friend of Mr. —, and have come to visit him. You must not suppose that I mean any harm. I shall wait to see if the bell is answered; you may stay, and watch me. I am not afraid of you." The animal paused, listened intently, but was evidently not entirely convinced; he still growled, and showed his teeth in rather an alarming manner. Then I said, "I shall ring once more; if there is no answer, I shall go away." He followed me up the steps to the door, glared fiercely while I rang, and would undoubtedly have dashed at my throat had I made a suspicious gesture. As no one came to the door, I finally said, "I see there is nobody at home, so I shall go, as I told

you I would." His growling ceased; side by side we went down the walk, and when I had closed the gate he turned away with a single dignified wave of the tail, which I understood as a combined apology and farewell.

Brehm, the German naturalist, gives a very curious account of a chimpanzee at the Zoological Garden in Hamburg. He satisfied himself that the animal understood as much human speech as an average child of two and a half years old. For instance, when he asked, "Do you see the ducks?" the chimpanzee would look about the garden, passing over the geese and swans, until he found the birds indicated. At the command, "Go and sit down!" uttered without any inflection of voice or glance towards a chair, he would promptly obey; on being told, "You are naughty," he would hang his head, with an expression of distress; and he very soon learned to express his affection by kisses and caresses, like the children whom he saw.

I presume it is a very common observation of persons who own intelligent dogs, that if they happen to describe to a visitor some fault for which the animal has been scolded or punished, in the latter's presence, he will exhibit an uneasy consciousness of what is said, even sometimes quietly slink away. But the extent to which a horse, also, may be taught to understand speech, is not so generally known. The simple fact that he likes to be talked to makes him attentive to the sounds, and I am convinced that in a great many cases he has an impression of the meaning. I have at present a horse who served his country during the war, and came to me only after its close. His experience while on scouting service made him very suspicious of any gray object, as I soon discovered; he would shy at a fallen log in a thicket, a glimpse of mossy rock, or a laborer's coat left in a fence-corner. By stopping him whenever this happened, and telling him, in an assuring tone, that there was nothing to fear, he was very soon completely cured of the habit. But he still lifts up his head,

and would, if he could, cry "Ha! ha!" when he hears the sound of the trumpet.

The affection and fidelity of the horse have always been admitted. My first acquaintance with these qualities was singular enough to be related. When a boy of fourteen, I was walking along a lonely country-road with a companion of the same age, and came upon an old gray horse, standing, in the middle of the track, over a man who was lying upon his back. We hastened up to give assistance, but presently saw that the man, instead of being injured, was simply dead drunk. He had tumbled off, on his way home from the tavern, and a full bottle of whiskey, jolted out of his pocket in falling, lay by his side. The fore feet of the horse were firmly planted on each side of his neck, and the hind feet on each side of his legs. This position seeming to us dangerous for the man, we took the animal by the bridle and attempted to draw him away; but he resisted with all his strength, snorting, laying back his ears, and giving every other sign of anger. It was apparent that he had carefully planted himself so as completely to protect his master against any passing vehicle. We assisted the faithful creature in the only possible way, — by pouring the whiskey into the dust, — and left him until help could be summoned. His act indicated not only affection, involving a sense of duty, but also more than one process of reasoning.

Darwin, as I understand him, is still doubtful whether there is a moral sense in animals. We can judge only from acts, of course, but our interpretation of those acts depends upon our sympathetic power of entering into the feelings of the animal. This is an element which science will not accept; hence I doubt whether her deductions may not fall as far short of the truth as a vivid imagination may go beyond it. To me, it is very clear that there is at least a rudimentary moral sense in animals. I have had two marked evidences thereof, which are the more satisfactory inasmuch as they include a change of conduct which can be explained only by assuming an ever-present memory of the

fault committed. If this be not a lower form of conscience in its nature, its practical result is certainly the very same. Were we to judge a strange man by his actions, his speech being wholly unintelligible to us, we should give him the credit of a positive conscience in like circumstances. Why should we withhold it from an animal?

Let the reader decide for himself! I have a horse who is now not less than *forty-one* years old, and it is possible that he is a year or two older; for thirty-eight years ago he was broken to use. He is at present on the retired list, only occasionally being called upon to lend a helping shoulder to his younger colleague; but his intellect is as fresh and as full of expedients as ever. No horse ever knew better how to save himself, to spare effort and prolong his powers; no one was ever so cunning to slip his halter, open the feed-box, and supply the phosphates, the necessity of which to him he knew as well as any "scientist." I have seen him, through a crack in a board shanty used while the stable was building, lift and lay aside with his teeth six boxes which were piled atop of one another, until he found the oats at the bottom. Then, when my head appeared at the window, he instantly gave up his leisurely, luxurious munching of the grain, opened his jaws to their fullest extent, thrust his muzzle deep into the box, and gravely walked back to his stall with at least a quart of oats in his mouth. This horse had a playful habit of snapping at my arm when he was harnessed for a drive. (I always talk to a horse before starting, as a matter of common politeness.) Of course I never flinched, and his teeth often grazed my sleeve as he struck them together. One day, more than a dozen years ago, he was in rather reckless spirits and snapped a little too vigorously, catching my arm actually in his jaws. I scarcely felt the bite, but I was very much surprised. The horse, however, showed such unmistakable signs of regret and distress that I simply said, "Never do that again!" And he never did! From that moment, he gave up

the habit of years; he laid back his ears, or feigned anger in other ways, but he never again made believe to bite. This, certainly, goes far beyond the temporary sorrow for an unintentional injury which may be referred to an animal's affection. What else is conscience than knowledge of wrong made permanent by a memory which forbids the repetition of the wrong?

The other instance was furnished by a creature which is popularly supposed to be as stupid as it is splendid, — a peacock! This, being a long-lived bird, and therefore dowered with a richer experience than other domestic fowls, ought to be wiser in proportion; yet I have never heard of the peacock being cited as an example of either intelligence or moral sense. The bird is vain, it is true; but if vanity indicates lack of intelligence, what will become of men and women? I have often watched "John" (the name we gave him and which he always recognized) spreading his tail before a few guinea-fowl, who were so provokingly indifferent to the rayed splendor that he invariably ended by driving them angrily away. On the other hand, can I ever forget the simple, untiring attachment of the gorgeous creature? The table at which I wrote stood near a bay-window, so that I had the true left-hand side-light, with a window at my back. As soon as I took my place there, after breakfast, the peacock flew upon the window-sill, and, whenever I failed to notice him, the sharp taps of his bill upon the glass reminded me of his presence. Then I turned, and, as in duty bound, said, "Good morning, John!" after which he continued to sit there, silent and content, for two or three hours longer. The peacock is ordinarily a shy fowl, but John was bold enough to eat out of our hands.

As often as spring came, however, it was impossible to prevent his depredations in the garden. He had a morbid taste for young cabbage and lettuce plants, especially when they were just rooted after being set out, and he would sometimes pick a whole bed to pieces while the gardener's back was turned.

For awhile, I amused myself by testing his powers of dissimulation. I waited behind a clump of bushes until he was fairly on his way to the garden, making long, swift strides, with depressed neck and tail, and then I suddenly stepped forth. In the twinkling of an eye John stood upright, walked leisurely in the opposite direction, and seemed quite absorbed in the examination of some trifling object. His air and manner, to the tips of his feathers, expressed the completest ignorance of a garden. He would spread his tail, call to the other fowls, peer under the hedge, and in similar ways attempt to beguile me out of sight of his secret aim. If I humored him for a few moments, he was always found a good many yards nearer the garden when I turned again. I have never seen a more hypocritical assumption of innocence and indifference in any human being.

There came a season when even the patience of old friendship was too severely tried. The peacock was presented to a friend, who lived two or three miles away and was the possessor of a couple of hens. I missed the morning tap at my window, the evening perch on the walnut-tree, the unearthly cries which used so to startle guests from the city, but consoled myself with thinking that our loss was his gain, for we had never replaced his lost spouse. He had been gone about a week, when one evening the familiar cry was heard from a grove on the farm, nearly half a mile from the house. Next day, John was seen in a weedy field, but slipped out of sight on finding he was detected. We let him alone, and in the course of a fortnight he had advanced as near as the chestnut-tree which I proudly exhibit to strangers as one of the antiquities of America, for it was growing when Charlemagne reigned in Aix-la-Chapelle and Haroun al-Raschid in Bagdad. He now allowed himself to be seen, but utterly refused to recognize any member of the family. When we called him by name, he instantly walked away; when we threw him food, he refused to touch it. Little by little, however, he forgave us the offense; in another fortnight he roosted on

the walnut-tree, and at the end of the second month I heard his tap of complete reconciliation on the window. But the exile and mortification had chastened his nature. From that day the young plants were safe from his bill; he lived with us three or four years longer, but was never once guilty of the same fault. No one denies that an animal is easily made to understand that certain things are forbidden. Discipline, alone, may accomplish thus much. But when two creatures so far removed as a horse and a peacock assimilate the knowledge to such an extent that the one gives up a habit and the other resists a tempting taste, we must admit either the germ of a moral sense or an intellect capable of positive deduction.

The same horse once revealed to me the latter quality in a surprising way. On telling the story privately, I find that it is sometimes incredulously received; yet I am sure that no one who cherishes the proper respect for animals will refuse it credence. In the company of a friend, I was driving along a country road in a light, open buggy. I paid no attention to the horse, for he could turn, back, or execute any other manœuvre in harness, as well without as with a driver. Halting at a house where my friend wished to call, I waited for him outside. Presently the horse looked back at me, twisting his body between the thills in a singular fashion. I perceived that he had some communication to make and said, "What is the matter now, Ben?" Thereupon, by twisting a little more, he managed to hold up his right hind foot, and I saw that the shoe had been lost. "That's right," said I; "you shall have a new shoe as soon as we get to the village." He set down his foot, and for a moment seemed satisfied. Then the same turning of the head and twisting of the body were repeated. "What, Ben! is anything else the matter?" I asked. He now lifted up the left hind foot, which was still shod. I was quite at a loss to understand him, and remained silent. He looked back at me, out of the corner of his eye, and evidently saw that I was puzzled, where-

upon he set down his foot and seemed to think. Almost immediately he lifted it up again, and shook it vigorously. The loose shoe rattled! There was a positive process of reasoning in this act, and it is too simple and clear to be interpreted in any other way.

I have had plenty of opportunity, yet very little time, to study bird nature; but ever since I saw a gentleman, in the park at Munich, entice the birds to come and feed from his hand by standing perfectly still and whistling a few soft, peculiar notes, I have been convinced of the possibility of a much more familiar intercourse. Simply by feeding such birds as remain through the winter, and keeping sportsmen off the place, all varieties of birds soon became half tame. In the summer, when the windows were opened, they entered the house every day, and I frequently found that a bird which had once been caught and released readily allowed itself to be caught a second time. Once a little red-breasted creature, with a black head, lay exhausted in my hand, overcome with the terror and mystery of a glass pane. At first I thought it dead; but suddenly it hopped upon its feet, looked in my face with bright, piercing eyes, and chirped a few notes, which distinctly said, "Did you deliver me? Am I really free?" Then, still chirping, it slowly hopped up my arm to the shoulder, sang a snatch of some joyous carol, and flew away, brushing my cheek as it went. Another time, when I picked up some callow cat-birds out of the deep grass and replaced them in the nest, the parents actually dashed against my head in their distress and rage; but after I had retired a few minutes to let them be reassured, they allowed me to approach the nest without interrupting their talk with the young ones. Even a humming-bird, drenched and chilled by a September rain, soon learned to be happy in a basket of warm cotton, and to sip sugared water out of a teaspoon.

We had a parrot but once, and that only for a few weeks. The bird was a mystery to me, and I found him almost too uncanny to be a pleasant acquaintance.

Our parrot came directly from a vessel, but from what port I neglected to learn; he apparently understood the English language, but would not speak it. He preferred toast and coffee to any other diet, and was well-behaved although tremendously exacting. When he became a little accustomed to us, he would sing the gamut, both upward and downward, in an absent-minded, dreamy way, as if recalling some memory of an operasinger. He would sit beside me on a perch, seemingly contented, until he saw that I was absorbed in writing. Then he mounted to the table, planted himself on the paper directly in the way of the pen, or managed, by nips of the ears and hair, to get upon the top of my head and make coherent thought impossible. Once, remembering Campbell's ballad, I ventured — though with some anxiety, for I half expected to see him flap round the room with joyous screech, drop down and die — to speak to him in Spanish. He was surprised, interested, and at first seemed inclined to answer in the same tongue; but after reflecting half an hour upon the question he shook his head and kept the secret to himself. No phrase or word of any kind could be drawn from him; yet the same bird, seeing my daughter a week after we had given him away to a friend, suddenly called her by name! The parrot should have been the symbol of the Venetian Council of Ten.

Three weeks after the great fire in Chicago, in 1871, I saw a parrot which had saved itself from the general fate of all household treasures there. It had belonged to my old friend, Mrs. Kirkland, and was doubly cherished by her daughter. When it was evident that the house was doomed, and the red wall of flame, urged by the hurricane, was sweeping towards it with terrific speed, Miss Kirkland saw that she could rescue nothing except what she instantly took in her hands. There were two objects, equally dear, — the parrot and the old family Bible; but she was unable to carry more than one of them. After a single moment of choice, she seized the Bible, and was hastening away, when

the parrot cried out, in a loud and solemn voice, "Good Lord, deliver us!" No human being, I think, could have been deaf to such an appeal; the precious Bible was sacrificed and the parrot saved. The bird really possessed a superior intelligence. I heard him say "Yes" and "No" in answer to questions, the latter being varied so as to admit, alternately, of both replies; and the test of his knowledge was perfect. In the home where he had found a refuge there were many evening visitors, one of whom, a gentleman, was rather noted for his monopoly of the conversation. When the parrot first heard him, it listened in silence for some time; then, to the amazement and perhaps the confusion of all present, it said very emphatically, "You talk altogether too much!" The gentleman, at first somewhat embarrassed, presently resumed his interrupted discourse. Thereupon the parrot laid his head on one side, gave an indescribably comical and contemptuous "H'm-m!" and added, "There he goes again!" If there ever was an *oiseau terrible*, it is the parrot; his instinct for discovering ways and means of annoyance is something diabolical.

If the little brain of a bird contains so much, manifested to us simply because its tongue may be taught to utter articulate sounds, why have we not a right to assume a much greater degree of intelligence in animals to whom articulation is impossible? If dogs or horses were capable of imitating our speech, as well as comprehending it, would they not have a great deal more to say to us? Articulation is a mechanical, not an intellectual peculiarity; but in the case of the parrot, and notably the *mino*, it is generally so employed as to prove very much more than routine and coincidence. I never saw a *mino* (the name is possibly a corruption of *moineau*) but once. I entered the vacant reading-room of a hotel, early in the morning, took up a paper, and sat down, when suddenly a voice said, "Good morning!" I saw nothing but what seemed to be a black bird in a cage, and could not have believed that the perfectly human voice came from it,

had it not once more said, in the politest tone, "Good morning!" I walked to the cage, and looked at it. "Open the door and let me out, please!" said the bird. "Why, what are you?" I involuntarily exclaimed. "I'm a *mino*!" answered the amazing creature. It was the exact voice of a boy of twelve.

When we turn to the lower forms of life, a feeling of repulsion, if not of positive disgust, checks our interest. Very few persons are capable of fairly observing snakes, toads, lizards, and other reptiles which suggest either slime or poison. The instinct must be natural, for it is almost universal. I confess I should never select one of those creatures as a subject of study; but in a single case, where the creature presented itself unsolicited, and became familiar without encouragement, it soon lost its repulsive character. It was a huge, venerable toad, which for years haunted the terrace in front of my house. Strict orders had been given, from the first, that he was not to be molested; and he soon ceased to show alarm when any one appeared. During the warm weather of summer, it was our habit to sit upon the terrace and enjoy the sunset and early twilight. From hopping around us at such times, the toad gradually came to take his station near us, as if he craved a higher form of society and was satisfied to be simply tolerated. Finally he seemed to watch for our appearance, and whenever we came out with chairs and camp-stools for the evening, he straightway hopped forth from some covert under the box-bushes and took his station beside some one of us. He was very fond of sitting on the edge of my wife's dress, but his greatest familiarity was to perch on one of my boots, where his profound content at having his back occasionally stroked was shown in the slow, luxurious winking and rolling of his bright eyes. His advances to us had been made so gently and timidly that it would have been cruel to repel them; but we ended by heartily liking him and welcoming his visits. For several summers he was our evening companion; even the house-dog, without command, respected his right of

place. One May he failed to appear, not from old age, for his term of life was far beyond ours, but probably from having fallen victim to some foe against which we could not guard him.

I have found field-tortoises with dates nearly a hundred years old carved on the under shell. Such an aged fellow never shows the same fear of man as those of a later generation. Instead of shutting himself up with an alarmed hiss, he thrusts out his head, peers boldly into your face, and paws impatiently in the air, as much as to say, "Put me down, sir, at once!" I once placed one of them on the terrace, and let him go. Nothing could surpass the prompt, business-like way in which he set to work. In a few minutes he satisfied himself of the impossibility of squeezing through the box-edgings, and recognized that there was no way of escape except by the steps leading down to the lawn. This was an unknown difficulty; but he was ready to meet it. After a careful inspection, he mused for the space of a minute; then, crawling carefully to the edge, he thrust himself over, quickly closing his shell at

the same time, and fell with a thump on the step below. When he reached the lawn, I noticed that he struck an air-line for the spot where I found him.

I give these detached observations of various features of animal nature for the sake of the interest they may possess for others. The man of science, as I have said, may reject evidence into which the element of sympathy enters so largely; but he may still admit the possibility of more complex intelligence, greater emotional capacity, and the existence of a faculty allied to the moral sense of man. If one should surmise a lower form of spiritual being, yet equally indestructible, who need take alarm? "Yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no preëminence above a beast; for all is vanity," said the Preacher, more than two thousand years ago. But Goethe is more truly in accord with the spirit which came with Christianity, when he put these words in the mouth of Faust:—

"The ranks of living creatures Thou dost lead
Before me, teaching me to know *my brothers*
In air, and water, and the silent wood."

Bayard Taylor.

THE OLD MIRROR.

IN yonder homestead, wreathed with bounteous vines,
A lonely woman dwells, whose wandering feet
Pause often amid one chamber's calm retreat,
Where an old mirror from its quaint frame shines.
And here, soft-wrought in memory's vague designs,
Dim semblances her welcoming gaze will greet
Of lost ones that in thrall phantasmally sweet
The mirror's luminous quietude enshrines.
But unto her these dubious forms that pass
With shadowy majesty or dreamy grace
Wear nothing of ghostliness in mien or guise.
The only ghost that haunts this glimmering glass
Carries the sad reality in its face
Of her own haggard cheeks and desolate eyes!

Edgar Fawcett.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN A SICILIAN ABBEY.

In the early part of December, 186—, I received the following invitation on highly perfumed note-paper, stamped with a baronial escutcheon:—

“The Baron and Baroness R—— receive every evening during the *Novena* of Christmas. The hall for the *Bassetta* will be opened at nine o'clock precisely.”

As I handed it to my wife, who had not the least idea of the Italian or rather the Sicilian traditional religious and social customs, she looked up to me with an inquisitive expression, saying, “What is this *Novena* and this *Bassetta*?” As my readers will probably be as ignorant about it as my wife was, a few words of explanation are not out of place.

In Southern Italy, as in all Catholic countries, every holy day has, besides the religious observances, its social or public festivity, and even its peculiar and appropriate viand; and Christmas is one of those in which social gatherings and gastronomic varieties are most numerous.

The *Novena*, or nine days preceding Christmas, is celebrated in all the churches by evening services and sermons, ending on Christmas Eve with a service which begins at midnight and lasts two or three hours. That is the religious part; but from time immemorial the church service in the evening has been followed by a reunion at home, with play and dancing till a late hour; and on Christmas Eve proper the gathering would take place before the service, ending with a supper at about eleven o'clock, and church after that. At the close of the church service, if the weather was good, the whole population would go wandering through the streets, to *cafés* and restaurants, which were kept open all night, and at daylight, in maritime cities, go to the sea-shore, or in inland towns to a river or fountain, and as the sun rose dip their hands in the water, make the sign of the cross, and bathe their faces and heads in it. The social

gatherings naturally took the name of the religious services of the occasion, and were called the *Novena*.

The higher classes give extensive invitations and large reunions, in which they have always been in the habit of playing at the game of *basset*,—a sort of *faro*,—concluding with a *table à thé* and dancing. So inveterate is this custom that, although games of chance are forbidden by law, yet the police allow them under certain restrictions during the *Novena*; so that most of the palaces and clubs are turned on this occasion into elegant and fashionable gambling-houses.

We availed ourselves of the polite invitation, my wife being very anxious and curious to attend this, to her, novel entertainment, so different from anything she had seen in America; and on the evening of the 16th, which is the first day of the *Novena*, after hearing some excellent pastoral music at the church of the Benedictines, between eight and nine o'clock we drove to the palace of Baron R——.

The palace, which faces the square of Charles V., opposite the bronze statue of that famous monarch erected during his life-time and said to be a remarkable likeness of him, is one of the best edifices of the seventeenth century. A gorgeously dressed janitor, with plumed hat and a drum-major's baton, received us at the gate; and we entered a vast court-yard adorned with superb marble pillars, and with the interior walls overloaded with innumerable caryatides, balconies, and windows, seemingly jumbled together without any order or artistic taste. The carriage stopped at the farther end of this, at the foot of a superb staircase; the third flight brought us to an immense landing, or terrace, with a fine marble balustrade, and adorned with vases of exotic plants that gave it the air of a garden bower. Through a door in the middle of this we entered an im-

mense hall, all covered with stuccoes, arabesques, and ornamentations of all kinds, with the enormously high ceiling painted in fresco, representing nymphs, in all sorts of impossible aerial flights and dancing postures, holding an escutcheon with the arms of the family, also in fresco. This entrance hall contained no furniture of any kind with the exception of several large and very old wooden settees, with high backs curiously carved, on the top of which, also carved in wood, were the arms of the family. Upon these were sitting a swarm of liveried lackeys, who, at the sound of the large bell rung by the janitor in the court-yard announcing the arrival of visitors, stood up as straight as soldiers, with the exception of two or three who officiously assisted us in removing our coats and wraps, and deposited them on a long rack that occupied the whole side of one of the walls, and then opened the folding doors to admit us into the next room.

This apartment was most elegantly furnished. A velvet carpet, all of one piece, displayed at the four corners the baron's arms. The walls were tapestried with red satin damask, gold trimmings and borders. The ceiling was painted in fresco after the Pompeian style, and from the centre hung a superb old Venetian glass chandelier resplendent with twenty or more candles. Several clusters of candelabras issued from brackets on the walls, two of which were reflected in an old Venetian mirror over a side table, giving to the room that peculiar soft, mellow light impossible to be conveyed by any other form of illumination, and which marvelously set off the beauty of women, the delicate colors of their satins and velvets, and the brilliancy of their jewels.

Several gentlemen in full dress were lounging on the satin sofas and *fauteuils* of this room, awaiting the arrival of the ladies and the beginning of the *basset*. As the doors opened they all stood up, and the master of the house, offering his arm to my wife, ushered her into the next room, where the baroness received us with her usual elegance.

On greeting my wife she said, "Oh, I am so glad you have come to-night, for I have a little surprise for you; I shall have the pleasure of presenting to you a compatriot of yours, a relative of Princess T——, who has come to spend the winter with her;" and, turning to an elegant young foreign lady who stood near her, she said in very good English, for the baroness could chatter in half a dozen different languages, though not very grammatically, "Miss H——, let me have the pleasure to present you to my friend, and a compatriot of yours, Mrs. M——." My wife was very naturally delighted to meet a countrywoman, and they retired to a lounge, chatting by themselves. As to myself, after paying my respects to the ladies I knew, I went back to the first room, where our host had already returned and where were assembled all the gentlemen. This was a very curious custom in that society, originating, probably, in the idea of letting the ladies have all their gossip before the evening entertainment began; as to that, however, the gentlemen used to have theirs at the same time.

As the other guests arrived, they were received in the same manner as we had been, the ladies remaining with the baroness, the gentlemen in the first room. It was not a very large company, but highly aristocratic, being mostly composed of titled nobility, with whom Sicily is so bountifully provided, and who cling to the exclusiveness of their caste with the obstinacy of islanders, in spite of the universal democratic tendency of the age. There were among them descendants of the old Norman crusaders who expelled the Saracens from Sicily and ruled the island for several centuries, and representatives of Spanish families who had governed Sicily during the long Spanish dominion; noticeable among the latter were the lineal descendants of Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, and other notabilities connected with the royal Bourbon houses of France, Spain, and Naples.

Punctually at nine o'clock the *maestro di casa*, or chief butler, entered the room and announced to the baron that the

basset table was ready. We rose and followed him into the hall.

This was the usual billiard-room, but on this occasion the billiard-tables had been removed and a long table covered with a green cloth substituted. There were chairs around it for some twenty-four persons, which were mostly occupied by the ladies, the gentlemen standing around or moving about from one place to another.

In the centre of the table were fastened, in a line on the green cloth, ten Italian cards from ace to king. Baron R—— took his place at one side of the table, as croupier, having before him an enormous silver tray full of gold and silver money, amounting to five thousand francs. He held the bank, so called, to that amount. Another gentleman opposite him drew the cards.

The game of basset is very simple, like most games of chance; the player stakes his money upon any of the ten cards; the dealer deals out two at a time; the first one loses, the second wins. Paper money is considered very vulgar, and is never used. The ladies staked very small sums in francs, but the gentlemen would put down napoleons, and occasionally a goodly heap of them. The dealer shuffled a new pack of cards and the youngest of the ladies cut them, he exclaiming at the same time, "*S'incomincia la Novena. Buona fortuna a tutti!*" (The Novena is begun. Good luck to all!) Francs, five-franc pieces, and napoleons dropped down from all sides on the ten cards on the table, the dealer's voice singing out interrogatively from time to time, "*Si va?*" (Shall we go on?)

Half an hour passed in alternate winning and losing, mixed with the usual broken conversation and interchange of wit, when on the threshold of the door appeared the figure of a Benedictine monk. A universal shout of delight and welcome rose from all the company; the game was suspended, and "Good evening, Father Benso!" "Welcome, Father Benso!" "Your blessing, Father Benso!" echoed from all parts of the room; cries meekly received by the new-comer as by one accustomed to such ovations.

"Good evening, good evening to all," replied he, shaking hands with everybody, and modestly refusing to have his own kissed, for many of the people, especially the ladies, attempted to show him the mark of reverence paid by all good Catholics to their clergy.

Father Benso, a younger son of one of the principal families of Sicily, was related to half of the people there assembled. He had entered very young the Benedictine order, into which, in Sicily, there seldom any one entered except those belonging to aristocratic families. The order owned a large convent in Palermo, with one of the best churches in the city, the magnificent old Abbey of San Martino, other convents in the interior of the island, and vast landed estates. The monks enjoyed many rights and privileges, and their monastic vows were very light as compared with those of other religious orders. By a simple permission of the prior or abbot they were allowed to sleep out of the convent. The professed fathers each had his private servant and kept a carriage; they possessed money of their own, and could dispose of it at will; in fact they differed very little from the so-called regular clergy, except that they lived in a conventual form.

Father Benso, one of the youngest of the fathers of that order, was about thirty-five years of age, a very eloquent and favorite preacher, and a man of high standing in society, both by his birth and by his intellectual worth and refined manners. He was tall, of rather a light complexion for a Sicilian, with an oval face close shaved, straight nose, blue eyes, fine lips covering a superb set of white teeth, and a mild expression of sweet contentment which irradiated from every feature and spread to all around. His hands were so small and white that they seemed those of a woman, especially as he always daintily handled the finest of handkerchiefs, exquisitely embroidered with his initials, which the noble ladies, his relatives and devotees, constantly provided him.

"Sit by me, Father Benso!" "No, by me!" "There is an empty chair here

by us!" "No, by us who are your cousins!" "No, near me; you always bring me good luck!" exclaimed several ladies at the same time, urging him to a seat beside them. Poor Father Benso seemed confused, not knowing whose request to accept and whose to refuse; when his aunt, Princess T——, relieved him of all embarrassment by saying, "Father Benso, you had better sit here by me and Miss H——; we will make a place for you."

Father Benso, with a polite bow to the ladies who had asked him first, said, "Thank you, thank you all, but I must obey the orders of the princess, my aunt;" and he took a seat as requested.

"Why should Father Benso sit down? we are all standing up," remarked a cavalry officer, who had tried all he could to obtain a seat by some of the ladies, but in vain.

"The church has privileges superior to the army," replied the veteran Marquis C——.

"You will play, of course, Father Benso, and be fortunate as usual," said one of the by-standers.

"Not always fortunate; but as I never play large stakes, I never lose much." So saying he drew forth an elegant crocheted green silk purse with gold rings and tassels, from which he took out two gold napoleons; handing them to Baron R——, he continued, "Will you please to change these into franc pieces? I never play more than one or two francs at a time."

"Too little, Father Benso, too little," cried out several gentlemen in chorus.

"Ah! you vicious men, you want to play for high stakes, like the old gamblers that you are. We should play for amusement, not for gain; we should risk only a few francs to add zest to the game. For my part, I would make it a rule not to play for more than one franc at a time, as the ladies generally do. This playing with napoleons reduces the pastime to actual gambling, and serious loss" —

"Stop, stop! No preaching, Father Benso; we shall have enough of it next Lent," spoke out several gentlemen.

"Dunque, si va?" (Shall we go on,

then?) struck in the dealer, who was getting rather impatient at the long interruption.

"Go on, go on!" cried many voices; and on he went till eleven o'clock, with various fortune; some lost, others won, and the bank remained about even.

The company then adjourned to another room, in which was served a simple table à thé; for in Italy, as they dine very late in the afternoon, it is not customary to give a supper except on the occasion of a great ball, when people dance until morning, and then it is served at three o'clock, A. M.

"How is it that you did not preach, this Novena, Father Benso?" inquired Princess T——. "We were very much disappointed not to hear you at your church service this evening."

"I am excused, this Novena, because I am ordered to preach the whole Quaresimale. You will have enough of my preaching for forty days consecutively in Lent."

"Good, good; we shall all come!" cried many of the ladies.

"And I am sure they will all need it, Father Benso," suggested the old marquis with a sly wink; "for Lent comes after Carnival, does it not?"

"You men will need it a great deal more, for you are getting to be a set of unbelievers," answered the ever-ready Countess T——, who felt the marquis's allusion the more keenly because she was extremely fond of masquerading.

"However," resumed Father Benso, "although I am excused from the Novena, yet I am ordered to preach the sermon of Christmas Eve at our Abbey of San Martino."

"At the abbey, Father Benso? Can we come there and hear you, and attend the Christmas Eve service at the old monastery? Would it not be splendid to pass Christmas among the mountains?" cried the lively countess, enthusiastically.

"Capital idea! let us make up a party and go," exclaimed several of the company, the American ladies especially, who were elated at the prospect of assisting at the religious services of one of

the greatest Christian holy days in an ancient abbey.

"Adagio, adagio!" (Softly, softly!) mildly interrupted Father Benso; "you must obtain the abbot's permission first, and his invitation to the convent, before you go."

"Oh, that is easy enough. If Princess T—— only asks him, it is as good as done. The abbot would not refuse his sister-in-law."

We all crowded around the amiable princess, who, after some hesitation, for she felt rather delicate about asking so much, finally consented to write to the abbot, her husband's brother, requesting his permission for herself and a party of ladies and gentlemen to visit the abbey and pass Christmas Eve there. As was expected, the messenger who carried the princess's note brought back the abbot's reply, stating that he would be very happy to have such a distinguished company pass Christmas Eve at the abbey and accept of the poor hospitality of the convent.

During the other evenings of the Novena, between the playing and the dancing there was nothing talked of but this Christmas party and excursion to San Martino, the arrangement of the details and the number of the company that were to go. Father Benso and Princess T—— were of course the leaders, and every plan was referred to their decision. It was finally decided that some should ride in carriages, some on horseback, and some in a *lettiga* (a litter), so as to give a mediæval look to the pilgrimage; and that on the morning of the 24th we should all assemble at the baron's palace at ten o'clock, and after a breakfast there start together for the abbey.

Christmas is generally a rainy season in Sicily, but, as the old Sicilian saying is, "There is no day in the year in which the sun does not shine on the island;" the rain in that exceptionally mild climate never lasts more than a few hours at a time; and very often during that season it comes at regular intervals every day for weeks, so that one knows when it will surely rain and when it will be clear. This is very agreeable when it chooses

to rain in the night and be clear in the day-time, but very provoking when the contrary takes place. That winter had been of an extraordinary mildness, and with the exception of an hour or two of rain in the early morning, the weather had been spring-like, clear, and pleasant.

The preparations having all been completed, on the morning appointed the party set out, preceded by a traveling carriage with the Princess T——, her husband, Father Benso, and the Marquis C——. Then came the *lettiga*, a curious old contrivance used when there were no carriageable roads in the country, and preserved, together with several gilded carriages of the time of Louis XIV., in the carriage house of the dukes of M—— as a memento of old times. It consisted of a sort of double sedan-chair, elaborately carved in arabesques and gayly painted in red, white, and gold, topped with a knob supporting a gilded ducal coronet, and containing only two seats, one opposite the other. The interior had been newly lined with leather, the original damask having been wasted by age and moths, with the exception of the top-lining and window curtains. It opened on both sides like a stage-coach, and from each side steps could be let down that reached to the ground. Two elastic wooden poles, fastened to its sides by iron hoops, extended to the backs of two powerful mules, one before and the other behind, resting in loops of a strong leather belt that hung from each saddle. The saddles were of wood, with high bridges, ornamented with red woolen ribbons and tassels fastened with innumerable gilt-headed tacks, and hung with hundreds of jingling bells, ending at top with a large feather *panache*. The rest of the mules' accoutrements were similarly ornamented, and from their collars hung likewise a great number of jingling bells, which at every movement of the animals sent forth a harmonious sound. The motion of this conveyance was like that of a large rocking-chair. Two muleteers, dressed in the picturesque garb of the Sicilian peasantry, — an olive cotton velvet suit with brass buttons, and large

red sashes and red neckties, with the Masaniello red cap,—had charge of the mules, walking on foot by them. To the two American ladies this extraordinary conveyance was first assigned. The moment we were out of the city they were to mount their horses, which were led by grooms, and the lettiga was to be used alternately by the several ladies of the party. All the rest were on horseback, including our friends the captain of cavalry, the descendant of Cortez, and other ladies and gentlemen, some twenty surrounding and escorting the princess's carriage and the lettiga.

As we issued from the baronial palace the whole street turned out to see the cavalcade, and especially the old-fashioned, gilded lettiga with the two foreign ladies' faces peeping out from its small oval windows as from an old picture-frame. We had to move at a slow pace on account of the slippery pavement, so that we marched as if in a procession, the loafers and street-boys following us well out of the city, when, after the two American ladies had mounted their horses and two others taken their place in the lettiga, we started at a trot.

It was a beautiful day; the rain that had fallen in the early morning had only laid the dust and improved the road. As we passed by the cavalry quarters, several officers who had been invited joined our party, adding much, with their brilliant uniforms, clattering swords, and splendid horses, to the liveliness of the cavalcade.

It was indeed a singular sight; the old lettiga and muleteers, the modern carriage, the ladies on horseback with their black riding habits and cylinder hats, the officers in uniform, the gentlemen in riding suits with gray, Calabrian, conical hats with a tall eagle's feather, Father Benso in his monastic dress, and two brothers of the order mounted on white mules, who had joined us in our ascent, made it a scene worthy of the Canterbury Tales.

In ascending we passed through the village of Boccadifalco, a very falcon's mouth, as its name indicates, perched upon the craggy side of the Monreale

Mountain, a heap of low, miserable huts, overcrowded with a dirty, ragged, brigandish-looking population, who stared aghast at us but stood at a respectful distance; and further on, we halted a few minutes to admire an old, dilapidated feudal castle towering over the place higher up on the crazy summit.

A mile further brought us to the extensive and fertile valley of San Martino, the property of the abbey, which was kept in a fine state of cultivation. Vast vineyards spread to the right and left, leafless at this season of the year, but flanked by the aged olive-trees which for centuries have shaded them. Then followed orange and lemon groves hedged with prickly pear trees, aloes, and black-berry bushes, from among which peeped out the ever-blooming wild rose. The avenue leading to the abbey was level until we approached within a short distance, then it abruptly ascended till we reached the elevation where the convent stood on an extensive plateau. Here we entered by an iron gate a broad carriage drive winding through a park and garden that surrounded the abbey, the church, and out-buildings. From this point it looked more like a magnificent palace than a convent, and had it not been for the superb church attached to it, with its round cupola and lofty square belfry, it would have resembled the royal villa of Capodimonte.

On entering the park, we proceeded at a brisk trot through the main avenue, lined with immense walnut-trees, to the great gate of the cloister, where stood the abbot surrounded by several monks ready to receive the party. A number of lay-brothers, gardeners, and muleteers took the horses and carriages to the stables of the convent, while the whole party, after the usual welcome and kissing of the abbot's hands, were led by him to the church for a short prayer before the shrine of St. Martin. Then we came out again in front of the esplanade, and there the abbot gave his orders respecting the distribution and accommodation of the guests. The ladies and only two of the gentlemen, Prince T——, the abbot's brother, and the old

Marquis C——, were lodged in the *Fo-rasteria* (the strangers' lodging), a very neat and pleasant edifice, built outside of the cloister walls for the special accommodation of ladies visiting the abbey;¹ all the other gentlemen were accommodated in the spare cells of the convent; and there were enough of them for all. Dinner was to be served at six o'clock, immediately after the Ave Maria service in the evening.

It was only two o'clock when we arrived at the convent, and we had all the rest of the afternoon before us. Soon after visiting our lodgings and cells we repaired to a cypress grove on the left of the park, where, sitting on rustic settees at tables in the open air, we were served with a simple lunch consisting of hot tea, coffee, and chocolate, with sweet biscuits, a specialty of the convent, known by the name of *Biscotti di San Martino*. These are as delicate as the English soda biscuits, with a peculiar flavor of anise-seed, and, as they are very thick and large, a biscuit is sufficient for one person's lunch.

After this we scattered in different groups, each escorted by one or two of the Benedictine fathers, in order to examine different interesting localities, the objects of art, and the picturesque natural scenery. The abbot with his sister-in-law and two or three other ladies formed one party; Father Benso with Miss H——, my wife, and Countess T——, another; while the prior, a venerable white-haired monk, escorted the rest. The gentlemen, however, who had no limits set to their sight-seeing, went about at will; and I, who was rather inclined to books, with two or three officers of the Italian army similarly disposed, took possession of the amiable librarian, Father M——, who kindly showed us the famous library and museum of the abbey.

Father M——, a thin, delicate, curly-haired man, with gold spectacles, reddish nose, and the blandest, sweetest smile imaginable, was the most learned monk in the whole convent. He was

never away from it, or I may say from its library. He knew and could speak most of the Oriental and European languages; he knew by heart the title and subject of all the books in the library, one half of which he had probably read or examined. He was of simple, unaffected, childlike manners, and with the least possible knowledge of the world or of men. With all his vast erudition he was a firm believer in ghosts, fairies, and witchcraft; in the actual visible appearance of the saints, the angels, and the devil. As to the last, he really believed that he could assume at will any form, human or bestial, to tempt mankind. He would never enter the museum of the library in the night-time without first making the sign of the cross, for fear that the ghosts of the departed knights might return and appear to him encased in the ancient armor that they wore in their life-time, and which now adorned every corner of the hall; nor enter the convent cemetery without an exorcism, in order to drive away the evil spirits that might hover about the place. In other respects he was the most refined, learned, good-natured, sincerely religious man in the world.

He showed us first the building. This formed a hollow square with a garden in the middle, surrounded by the cloister and containing the famous holy well of pure spring water. On the walls of each arched alcove of this cloister, supported by variously designed marble pillars with curiously wrought capitals, were represented in fresco different episodes of the holy life of St. Benedict. We then ascended, by a magnificent staircase of Sicilian jasper, to the main building, each wing of which was divided in the middle by wide corridors ending in immense balconies, overlooking different points of the valley below, the sea, and the mountains. The outer sides of these corridors contained the monks' cells, all of equal size, very plainly but neatly furnished, each with a small iron bedstead and woolen mattress, a few straw-bottomed chairs, a large table with a rug under it, a stuffed arm-chair covered with leather, a small book-case,

¹ Women are not allowed within the precincts of a cloister.

and some old religious paintings on the wall; a small closet served for the father's wardrobe. On the table stood a silver crucifix, a large breviary and other religious books, and writing materials. Two small windows commanded the fine scenery beneath.

Over the door of each cell was a portrait of some old abbot or holy monk who had lived in the abbey, painted in oil, but with very different degrees of artistic merit. Long Latin inscriptions under the frames recalled the religious, literary, or scientific merits of the originals.

Passing through these several corridors, admiring the lovely views from the balconies and some of the old pictures upon the walls, we entered the museum, containing a superb collection of ancient armor and weapons, some Saracenic, some Norman, and some of the Spanish period. Remarkable among these were several complete suits of armor of Norman knights and crusaders who, after having fought all over Europe and in the Holy Land, had retired to this hermitage of San Martino long before the actual convent had been built; and here, laying aside their weapons, had dedicated the rest of their lives to the service of God, living as anchorites in small huts or grottoes of the mountain about the sanctuary and holy well. There were also several Moorish suits of armor, scimitars, Damascus blades, flags, and other war trophies which had been taken in Palestine and offered at the shrine by the crusaders. Among them was an enormous steel morion, so heavy that hardly any of us could lift it from the shelf. The Saracen who wore it must have been of gigantic size and herculean strength to be able to carry it on his head and fight under it.

The superb library contained some eighty thousand volumes. While Father M—— was showing us several rare and interesting manuscripts, another father joined us, Father C——. He was the physician, surgeon, and apothecary of the convent, and an excellent botanist. He showed us a remarkable manuscript in Arabic, a very learned work on the

medicinal uses of plants, which he was translating with the assistance of Father M——.

After visiting the library Father C—— invited us to take a stroll in his botanic garden, which was within the cloister walls, and of which he was very proud. Descending by a white marble staircase at the back of the convent, we entered this extensive garden, sheltered from the north wind by the convent itself, the church, and out-buildings. In the centre there was a large hot-house, or rather glass house, for there was no stove or artificial heat of any kind, the shelter of the glass being sufficient to protect the delicate plants from the cold winter days. It was filled with Oriental and tropical plants. Palm-trees, pomegranates, bananas, pine-apples, sugar-canes, oleanders, cactuses, camelias, night-blooming cereus, magnolias, and similar plants, grew in the greatest profusion all along the high stone wall that surrounded it.

We were walking at leisure along the smooth path, following the lead of Father C——, who was politely explaining to us the different natures of some of the rare plants, when we were interrupted by the merry sound of laughter and of female voices that seemed to come from within the garden itself, and among them I recognized those of the American ladies. We were perfectly amazed, and gentle Father M——, lifting his hands horror-struck, exclaimed, "Why, I hope those ladies have not got by mistake inside of the cloister!"

"Oh, no! I don't believe they have; besides, they were escorted by Father Benso," said I.

"Still, the voices sound as if they were within the garden," insisted Father M——.

"Let us go and see," I said; and we moved together toward the place whence the voices proceeded. As we approached nearer we heard the two American ladies and Countess T—— debating in an earnest tone with Father Benso.

"Now suppose I were to jump inside the wall, what would be the consequence, Father Benso?" I heard one of the American ladies say.

"Why, madam, you would not do that; it would be sacrilege!"

"As to that, Father Benso, we are Protestants, and do not believe in these notions of a cloister; I, for my part, am ready to do it."

"And I," continued the other American lady, "am ready to follow you. Let us jump in and pick some nice flowers; look, how beautiful they are!" exclaimed she with a merry laugh. The thing was more easily said than done, for the wall was about nine feet high.

"I will not do it if it is a sin, although I have a great temptation and curiosity to do so," said Countess T——.

"Come, come, countess, no matter about the sin; it would be only a very venial one, and you would easily get absolution," jocosely exclaimed the American ladies together, who had not the least idea of doing it, but liked to tease poor Father Benso, who was in a fever about it, fearing that those independent, capricious ladies might really attempt it.

"Oh, no, no, *per carità*" (for pity's sake); "what would the abbot say?" he piteously expostulated.

"Why, he would absolve us, of course, he is so good and gentle. Besides, we don't wish to enter the monastery itself, where you live, but the garden, where there are so many beautiful flowers. We do not see where is the difference; if it is not a sin to look into it, why should it be to walk through it?"

"But the cloister, good ladies, the cloister; that garden is within it, and therefore forbidden ground for you," insisted Father Benso.

"That is the very reason we want to go in. Are we not daughters of Eve, Father Benso?" shouted the Americans.

A merry peal of laughter followed this repartee, myself and the two officers, who at that moment came in sight of the ladies, joining in. Fathers M—— and C—— were somewhat scandalized, however, and looked amazed, fearing lest the ladies really had entered the cloister or were about to do so.

As we emerged from a thick grove of willow-trees we came in sight of the high wall of the garden, from the top of

which peeped out their three heads and six hands through the rich green foliage and crimson flowers of a superb oleander which grew on the inside, and which had been the principal inducement for them to climb on the wall, in order that they might pick some of the flowers and at the same time peep into the garden. They had been walking in an orange grove on the outside, where some peasants had been gathering the fruits, which they do by ascending ladders and clipping the oranges and part of the stem with sharp scissors. When these men had left work they had leaned their ladders against the wall of the cloister garden.

"Ladies, ladies, stay where you are; this is forbidden ground for you!" exclaimed Father M——, motioning with both his hands that they should proceed no further. At the same moment we perceived Father Benso's head appearing above the wall, for he, hearing our voices and laughter, had climbed another ladder to see who was there, and to prevent the ladies from jumping in. His close-shaved, fine face and delicate hands would have led one to mistake him for another lady had it not been for his close-cropped hair and monastic silk skull cap. It was a ludicrous scene, reminding one of the appearance of the *dramatis personæ* of a Punch and Judy show; and we carried on a lively discussion of the cloistral laws on that boundary of the cloister.

While we were thus talking we heard other voices on the outside, among which were those of the Princess T—— and the abbot. The ladies descended from their ladders, but all the other ladies of the party claimed the same privilege, and one after another took a peep from the top of the wall into the cloister garden, while we on the inside picked the choicest flowers to present to them.

It was now growing late in the afternoon, and the air among those mountains was rather cold, but so pure and invigorating that we all preferred remaining outside to enjoy it; so, providing ourselves with overcoats and the ladies with shawls and wraps, we sat down on the

stone benches and marble steps in front of the church, and admired the sun setting behind the mountains, and the wonderful effect and changes of colors produced on the distant Mediterranean and the Bay of Palermo, that lay, still as a lake, thousands of feet below us.

We had come to the end of one of those calm, clear, bright, temperately cold winter days of Sicily, with hardly a single cloud in the sky, excepting a cluster low in the west illumined by the rays of the setting sun. These clouds would be coming up during the night and pour down an hour or two of rain, but at this moment they were the crowning glory of the far-off mountain tops and the western sky. As the sun approached them they absorbed it within their folds, leaving only a deep, fiery gold fringe that sharply defined their wavy outlines. Every object assumed a pinkish hue, beautiful to look at and yet sad. The high peaks of the surrounding mountains, especially Monreale, with its ruined old Saracenic castle, and Montecuccio, whose conical top resembles an extinct volcano, shone fiery red as the sun still struck them with all its force unclouded; and with their slopes and valleys beneath already shrouded in darkness, they had really the appearance of burning volcanoes.

Darker and darker it grew, and the pink became gray and the surrounding objects more and more indistinct. We all stood in deep reverie, admiring the successive changes of that lovely sunset on the mountains and on the sea in the stillness of that lofty position, with that immense old Latin structure behind us. We were silent. The birds themselves were hushed in the boughs, and the cattle in the pastures; when on a sudden we were startled by the tolling of the monastery bells from the lofty belfry, announcing the hour of the Ave Maria, and calling the faithful to church for the evening prayer. Father Benso stood up, and, as if inspired, recited those lovely lines of Dante:—

" 'T was now the hour that brings to men at sea,
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,

Fond thoughts and longing back with them to be;
And thrills the pilgrim with a tender spell
Of love, if haply, now upon his way,
He faintly hear a chime from some far bell,
That seems to mourn the dying of the day."

And one of the American ladies repeated in a low tone the sad, sweet stanza of Gray, —

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

Then we followed the venerable abbot into the church, where the monks, the farmers, and laborers of the abbey had already assembled. The abbot took his place on the throne on the left of the vast chancel, with the prior opposite to him, and all the fathers in regular order in the upper tier of the elaborately carved wooden stalls of the choir, with the lay brothers and gentlemen guests in a lower tier of stalls, while the ladies were seated on chairs reserved for them in front of the chancel. One of the fathers performed the service, and we all chanted in chorus the simple evening prayer, Ave Maria, and the Pange Lingua of the Catholic ritual, after which we received, kneeling, the benediction of the Host.

As we issued from the church after the service it was already dark, and the company was divided into two parties for dinner: the ladies, with Prince T—, the old Marquis C—, the abbot and Father Benso, in the Foresteria, where there was only room for a few persons; the rest of the gentlemen in the refectory with the monks. The dinner was served from the convent kitchen, and it was precisely the same on both tables.

The refectory was a large hall lighted with wax candles. At the further end of it hung a life-size painting of the Lord's Supper, a fair copy of Leonardo da Vinci's, and on the other wall several portraits of old monks. The table was spread on a raised platform in the shape of a horseshoe. On the outside centre of this stood the abbot's high-backed, deeply-carved arm-chair with a wooden canopy over it displaying the abbot's insignia. On the right of this chair was the prior's, on the left the senior father's; then followed all the other monks in regular order. We were distributed among the fathers, and I was fortunate enough

to sit between my friend Father M——, the librarian, and Father C——, the botanist.

The table was very neatly but plainly set, each guest having his clean napkin containing a roll of bread, on a white china plate. A small bottle of wine, the pure white and red juice of the abbey's vineyards, stood beside each, with the silver forks and spoons, and ivory-handled knives.

The occasion being Christmas Eve, the dinner was of *magro*, that is, without meat. The conversation during the dinner was of a general character, at times learned, at others gossipy, sometimes humorous, with occasional flashes of wit, of which the good fathers made quite a lively display. In fact, had they not been clothed in their monastic robes, we should hardly have known but that we were dining with a party of highly cultivated, refined, and very social men of the world.

After dinner we retired to some of the fathers' cells and to an excellent billiard-room with two tables, to have a game and smoke a cigar; after which we went over to the Foresteria, where Princess T—— held a sort of *conversazione*. This broke up very soon after, however, for the abbot advised the ladies to retire and obtain a few hours' rest after the fatigues of the journey, in order to be ready at midnight for the Christmas-Eve service. The church bells would chime the first call at half-past eleven. We left the Foresteria, but not to retire, for with the exception of the abbot and the prior, and a few of the old fathers, the monks sat up to keep us company and pass the time till the midnight hour, some playing at billiards, some at whist; others, and I among them, looking over ancient manuscripts and curiosities in the library and museum, smoking excellent cigars, with which the fathers were well-provided, and sipping occasionally a cup of coffee, chocolate, or tea. Thus the evening passed very socially and pleasantly till after eleven o'clock, when we had prepared a little surprise to awake the ladies.

It is an old custom among the lower

classes in Sicily during the Novena to sing every evening at the Ave Maria, before the image of the Madonna and Child, pastoral religious songs accompanied by bag-pipes; these are wonderfully well played by real shepherds, who come down on purpose from their mountains and play during the nine evenings from house to house, receiving a small fee from each. This is in commemoration of the shepherds' adoration of the Holy Child. The bag-pipes they use are similar to the Scotch, but at least four times their size, the bag being made out of the entire skin of a large ram, and capable, therefore, of containing a great volume of wind, which makes it almost as powerful as a harmonium. At our request the fathers had procured six of these shepherds with their pipes, and we all had learned the usual Novena songs with refrain to sing in chorus, preluded and accompanied by these bag-pipes. To this was added an imitation of the singing of birds, which is done with a delicate reed pipe inserted in water within a glass and blown in a peculiar manner. Several of the monks were quite adepts at this, and could imitate the call of almost every variety of singing birds. This is to represent the rejoicing of nature at the birth of our Saviour.

A little before half-past eleven we all quietly sallied forth, some forty of us, with our six bag-pipers, and assembled in front of the Foresteria. After a short prelude of the bag-pipes accompanied by the imitation of birds'-songs we broke forth with the Sicilian Nativity Song:—

"È la notti di Natali,

'N cu nasciu lu Bammineddu

'Ntra na grutta cu l'armali,

'Mmensus un voi e n'asineddu."

" 'T is the blessed night of Christmas,

When was born the infant holy,

In a manger where the asses

Fed with oxen strong and lowly."

After each stanza of the song would follow a short interlude of bag-pipes and birds'-songs that in the still, cold night-air echoed from mountain to mountain, till lost far in the distance.

We had hardly finished the first refrain when we saw lights in the several rooms of the Foresteria, and heads peep-

ing behind the blinds, and a little while after, all the ladies were up and at the windows, listening with delight to this novel serenade. The two American ladies attempted to applaud, and cried out "Bravo!" but were checked by the others, who as Catholics knew that it was not proper to applaud a religious song in praise of the Bambino.

The church bells began to chime, but the farmers, villagers, and mountaineers of the neighborhood had already begun to assemble, and many had stopped near us to hear the song. These came with their families, including the babies in arms; and in fact there was hardly a grown woman without one, for it is one of the usages of those good country people that the infants should be brought to church on that night, that they may see, touch, and kiss the holy Bambino, for that will bring them good fortune, save them from danger, and make them good when grown up.

The monks went into the cloister to make ready for the service, while we, after waiting for the ladies to come down, escorted them to church. They took their seats in front of the chancel, while we all sat within the choir with the lay brothers, as at the evening service. The great altar was brilliantly illuminated with hundreds of wax candles, coming out from among innumerable bunches of flowers and Christmas wreaths with which the ladies had adorned it in the afternoon; but the body of the church was rather dark, being lighted only by chandeliers hanging from each of the arches of the nave, and by six candles on each of the side altars, giving it a sombre but solemn appearance. The perfume of the flowers, especially of the orange blossoms, pervaded the atmosphere. One of the side chapels, in which the *presepio* had been prepared, was screened from sight by a green curtain, which was to be thrown aside during the service at the Gloria in Excelsis Deo of the mass. The church was rather cold at that hour of the night, but we had been warned of it, and wore our warmest garments.

When we took our seats the church was already filled with country people

in their picturesque national costumes, which made it so much more interesting to us, — the men in their Sunday suits of green cotton velvet, bright red scarfs, flaring bandanas for neck-handkerchiefs, and the maroon Greek *capote* gracefully hanging from their shoulders; the young women with green or blue woollen dresses, and all varieties of colored silk shawls over their heads, held under the chin so as to reveal only the face and a small space on the top of the forehead which displayed their invariably black hair. Those who had babies (and it was the greater number) had these shawls so arranged that they covered both heads, reminding us vividly of the original models of the Madonna and Child, so familiar all over the world through reproductions of Italian art.

Precisely as the clock struck twelve the service began, by celebrating the grand mass, with pastoral music on the organ, played by one of the fathers, an excellent musician; on this special occasion the organ was accompanied at intervals by the playing of the bag-pipes and the birds'-singing. This, in the stillness of the night and the immense dark space of the echoing nave of the church, sounded exceedingly novel and strange. The service was very impressive, however, the venerable white-haired prior celebrating the mass, assisted by two of the oldest monks as deacon and subdeacon, con, and Father M——, the librarian, as master of ceremonies, as it is called, together with a large number of lay brothers as acolytes.

Before the Gloria in Excelsis Deo they all moved in regular procession in front of the chapel where the *presepio* was prepared, ourselves and most of the people following after. As the head of the procession reached it the green veil was thrown aside, displaying a very artistic miniature representation, in high relief, of a landscape with the holy manger in front. There the prior began to chant the "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus," followed by the organ, the bag-pipes, the birds'-singing, and the choir, who took up the anthem and sang it to the end, while we, partly kneeling,

partly standing in front of the presepio, adored the Bambino (Holy Child); all the mothers lifting their babies up in order to have a look at it. These in turn lifted up their voices, which, added to the promiscuous sounds of the organ, the voices, the bag-pipes, and birds'-singing, made rather a discord. But this we did not mind, for we were intensely interested admiring the presepio. This occupied the whole depth of the side chapel, beginning in front at an elevation of about four feet, and gradually rising up to six or seven, ending in a background of sea and sky painted on canvas. The front of this was occupied by the manger, made of cork and clay painted over so as to represent rough stones, with the holy Bambino of wax lying on straw, of rather a large size as compared with the rest of the personages, for it was nearly a foot long, but very natural, with plump, pink cheeks, and cunning little hands and feet. All the other personages were made of pasteboard with faces of wax, with remarkably natural expressions and attitudes, and over two feet high: the Madonna, with a sweet, motherly face, kneeling down worshipping the Bambino on one side, and the patriarchal, white-haired St. Joseph in the same attitude on the other; the ox and the ass over the Bambino, warming him with their breath; a number of shepherds and shepherdesses, some kneeling and offering gifts of fruits, doves, vegetables, others coming in with gifts, and two standing in the background playing on bag-pipes. Over the manger flashed a halo of gold and silver rays, in which were suspended little wax angels in flying attitudes, playing on several instruments, and a larger one in the middle, holding a strip of paper with the words, "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus."

The rest of the presepio represented an imaginary hilly country of Judea, with the city of Bethlehem on a summit; several villages, villas, farm-houses, woods, and groves; roads traversing the whole landscape and winding up and down the hills; the whole alive with rural life and work: shepherds coming to the man-

ger; others starting up in affright from among a flock of sleeping sheep, awakened by the angel who brought them the "good tidings of great joy," pointing with his finger to a brilliantly glittering star, or comet rather, that shone in the east over the manger: farmers already at work, plowing the fields with admirably well-executed yokes of oxen; others with carts full of vegetables going to market; others on horses or mules conducting herds of cattle to the pastures: the whole exquisitely done, especially the animals, in all conceivable natural attitudes. It was brilliantly lighted up by innumerable oil lamps, hidden everywhere out of sight, which gave it a very charming and picturesque effect.

The only anomaly in the landscape was a distant view of the sea, supposed to be the Sea of Galilee, with a miniature steamer plying backwards and forwards, the side-wheel revolving, and the funnel sending forth volumes of odoriferous incense. As a smile of surprise played about our lips at this extraordinary anachronism, Father C— explained to us that the old lay brother who prepared the presepio was so elated at his own bright idea and inventive genius, and had set his heart so much on having the sweet-smelling incense issue out of the steamer's funnel, that when the fathers first saw it they did not like to disappoint the good old ignorant friar by informing him of the inconsistency of the thing, especially as they did not expect a very critical congregation; for, with the exception of our party, the worshipers that night would have been only ignorant mountaineers who would have known no better.

After the singing of the Gloria we all returned to our seats, and Father Benso ascended the pulpit to preach his Christmas-Eve sermon. He spoke in the Sicilian dialect, in order to be understood by that large auditory of illiterate country people. It was the first time we had heard him preach in it, for he always used the Italian language before the cultivated audiences of Palermo. He took for a text the first part of the second chapter of Luke, and translated

the narrative of our Saviour's birth, as therein described, into Sicilian, and then he preached on the subject, laying stress upon the fact of our Lord's coming into the world in a manger, among shepherds and peasants. At one point he brought tears into the eyes of every mother in that church, by a vivid and pathetic description of the sufferings of the blessed Madonna in bringing forth her child, and such a child, in so low a place, deprived of the meanest comforts, in a cold winter night. It was, said he, the beginning of that sorrowful life and painful death to which our Saviour submitted for our sins and for our redemption, each pang of which, as with a sword, must pierce the heart of his loving mother. He expatiated on the love of mothers for their children, urging them to follow the example of the Madonna, and to remember the duties that they owed to their children, and the responsibility that rested on each to bring them up in the love and fear of God.

It was a very eloquent and effective sermon, and so much more attractive to us because spoken in that soft, Sicilian language, so full of vowels, so euphonious, and which recalled to the philologist that first union of the Greek vowels and terminations with the low Latin, from which sprang afterwards the Italian language.

After the sermon the grand mass was continued, with the pastoral music accompaniment as before, and ended with the so-called pontifical blessing; after which the deacon, subdeacon, and all the other assistants retired, and the prior remained alone to offer two other masses in the low form; for on Christmas each priest celebrates the mass three times. As these are not obligatory on the laity, the whole congregation rose, and our party went over to admire the presepio more minutely, and assist at the kissing of the Bambino.

This was conducted by Father M——, who, attended by four acolytes with lighted torches, took the blessed child from his manger, and holding it in his hands stood in front of the presepio protected by a rail, and as each devotee

approached, he held it forward to be kissed and to be touched with the forehead. The mothers were very particular to have their children and their babies do likewise, or at least touch it with their foreheads when they were too young to kiss it. It was tiresome for the priest who held the Bambino, but our good librarian was just the man for that patient labor, with his gentle, good-natured, cheerful disposition.

We stood on one side, admiring this scene and the characteristic types that came forward to perform this religious act. They all advanced slowly out of the darkness, for nearly all the lights of the church had been put out after the grand mass, and as they approached the presepio the bright red light of it illuminated their faces gradually, disclosing first their black eyes, and then by degrees their sunburnt and wild mountaineer aspect. The men looked almost brigandish, and some, indeed, were very nearly so, for the *mafusi* element predominated among them. The old women, wrinkled and bronzed by the Sicilian sun and outdoor exposure, with their white or black shawls over their heads, and their uncombed gray hair, resembled Michael Angelo's *Parcæ*. The young women, however, were very handsome brunettes; and as they stood now, old and young, in their picturesque costumes, eagerly admiring and kissing the blessed Bambino, lighted up only by the strong, red glare of the presepio, each family group would have been a fit subject for a Rembrandt.

It was past two o'clock in the morning when the service was over, and we all left the church enlivened by a joyful, pastoral, valedictory voluntary on the organ, with full accompaniment of bag-pipes and birds'-songs, to which was added a merry chime from the church bells. When we emerged into the cold open air, we all wished each other a merry Christmas, and would have lingered longer, only that the sky was very dark and overcast. Those clouds that looked so crimson and lovely at sunset had already spread themselves all over the heavens, and were threatening the

usual periodical rain, which in fact fell in showers half an hour later, when we had taken shelter, the ladies in the Foresteria, we in the refectory. Here a cold supper was served. The same was also provided for the ladies in the Foresteria, but this time they supped by themselves, the abbot and other monks being with us in the refectory.

Our supper did not last long, for we all felt rather tired, and the presence of the abbot prevented any lively conversation, such as we had indulged in during dinner, so that after a short prayer and blessing from him we retired to our cells. It was the first time in my life that I had slept in a monastic cell. I knew I could not go to sleep at once if I went to bed. I lighted a cigar and sat down in the old leather arm-chair behind the table, taking a survey of the cell, and musing on the life led therein by the old monks. An old-fashioned, brass oil lamp with two wicks, with a green silk shade over it, spread a dim light around, except on the silver crucifix which stood near it on the table, on which, with its accompanying silver skull and cross-bones, it fell unobstructed. A time-worn breviary and missal lay beside it. On the wall opposite to where I sat hung the portrait of an old monk, of more than two centuries ago, painted by some good artist of the Monrealese school. It was worn out and covered with dust, but the features were so vivid and life-like that it seemed as if ready to come out of its frame and open its mouth to speak. It was a venerable head, with a broad forehead, luminous eyes, and a very intellectual expression. Under the frame was the usual inscription in black, Roman, capital letters, and of which I could only distinguish the following:—

REVERENDISSIMVS. PATER. JACOBVS. MON-
SALBVS. ORDINEM. PREDICATORIS . . .
PIISSIMVS. ELOQVENTISSIMVS . . .
OBIIIT. A. D. 1631.

On the walls on either side of the door there was an *Ecce Homo* and a *St. Benedict*; between the two windows, a *St. Francis*; over my seat, a beautiful painting of a *Mater Dolorosa*, the un-

doubted work of a master. There were the usual four chairs, a small book-case full of Latin religious works and lives of saints, the only modern books among them being the works of Montalembert, in French. There was a closet on one side, into which I had the curiosity to look. It contained an old, worn-out hood and tunic, full of dust and cobwebs, which had belonged, probably, to the last occupant of the cell, and been forgotten there. The little bed stood beside it with its woolen coverlid and plain linen sheets. There was no fire-place, and the rain that was then falling, and the cold mountain air, made it very chilly, so that I was fain at last to betake myself to my monastic cot.

I could not have been asleep very long, when I was suddenly awakened by a nasal, drawling voice saying, "*Deo gratias!*" I started in my sleep, half sitting in bed, and my first impression was that old Pater Jacobus had really stepped down from his frame and was standing there at the foot of my bed with a lighted wax candle in his hand; but lifting my eyes to the wall I perceived by the faint light which the candle shed in the dark room that the old picture had not moved from under its dust and cobwebs, and looking back to the figure near me I recognized brother Francis, one of the lay brothers who did the domestic work, who had come to wake me up.

"Good morning, brother Francis," said I.

"*Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum,*" ejaculated the worthy brother, desirous to display the little knowledge of Latin which he had acquired by serving the masses and dabbling with the missal, going to the table at the same time, and lighting the lamp for me to dress by.

"*Et cum spiritu tuo,*" replied I, with the usual response; and then I added, "How, now, brother Francis; what time is it?"

"*Cantabat gallus;* it is already dawn, and you must hurry if you wish to see the sun rise; the other gentlemen are all awake and dressing. Will you have a cup of coffee, or chocolate, with a *St. Martin's biscuit*?"

"Coffee, coffee," said I, "and no matter about the biscuit." And brother Francis left the cell with a valedictory "Dominus sit semper vobiscum." A few minutes after he returned with a little brass pot with excellent black coffee, a cup of which woke me up completely. I could hear the clashing of the cavalry-officers' swords as they buckled them on, which sounded very odd in that locality, especially as we were all exchanging salutations in the monastic forms, calling each other friar John, and friar Louis; and the Benedicite, Pax vobiscum, Deo gratias, Deus sit vobis, went backwards and forwards from one cell to another.

We joined the ladies and took a very pleasant stroll up to an old hermitage, from which we had a superb view of the sunrise. Returning, we sat down to a very substantial breakfast in the garden of the Foresteria.

Towards noon we took leave of the venerable abbot and kind fathers, who accompanied us through the avenue to the outer gate, where, after receiving their blessing, we took our way leisurely back to town, delighted at the interesting and novel Christmas Eve passed at the old abbey of San Martino.

Four years after the excursion narrated above, and two after the suppression of the monastic orders in Italy, some of the ladies and gentlemen of that same party went up on horseback to revisit the old abbey. It was as beautiful a day in winter as the one we had previously spent there. As we entered the boundaries of the abbey estates, now under the administration of the Italian government, we met large parties of strong, healthy-looking boys from the age of ten to eighteen, dressed in blue drilling with wide straw hats, working in squads on different parts of the estate under the superintendence of farmers, among whom we recognized several of the old lay brothers of the abbey. When we reached the inner gate, there stood our kind old abbot, with Father C——, the botanist, and two fathers; the others were dispersed, and gone to their several homes.

They invited us all in, for the cloister rules having been removed, ladies were allowed to enter within its former precincts, which had now been turned into an agricultural school for peasant children. The ladies were delighted at being allowed to visit the interior of the convent and admire the wonderful views from the balconies of the corridors. But to us men who had seen it in its monastic form the change was very sad, though it might be for the better.

The vast library had disappeared, and together with the carved cases, shelves, and brass balustrades had been transferred to the public library of Palermo, where it is accessible to all, and where kind Father M——, who would not part with his beloved books, still officiates as librarian. The interesting museum had gone to the public museum of the city, with all the paintings and monks' portraits by good masters, which hang now in its picture gallery. The halls thus left empty were occupied as dormitories by about two hundred boys. Some of the poorer paintings, not worth transferring to the National Museum, were hanging still in the corridors. I had the curiosity to look into the cell in which I had slept on that Christmas Eve. Alas, how changed! It contained four small straw beds, four chairs, and a coarse table, and in the closet some of the four boys' clothing. Not a picture nor a nail was left on the wall; poor Pater Jacobus having disappeared with the rest.

The refectory, stripped of its copy of Da Vinci's Lord's Supper and other pictures, and of the raised horseshoe table and carved seats, contained now narrow, plain board tables with hundreds of stools on each side to accommodate the boys. The church had not been touched, nor the abbot's apartment and the three monks' cells; the abbot having accepted the post of director, and the others those of chaplain and instructors of that school, in order to remain and end their days in the old monastery they so dearly and religiously loved.

The amiable abbot showed the ladies his excellent private library, and invited

us all to partake of a little lunch in his rooms, which we did. But a feeling of loneliness pervaded the whole atmosphere, increased tenfold by the meek expression of sorrow and resignation in the face of our good abbot. He showed us the new arrangements of the convent, the dormitories, school-rooms, refectory, and play-grounds of the boys under his charge; and in this he seemed to take a great interest, never expressing any complaint against the change, or the acts of the Italian government.

We did not stay long; we felt almost

as if the place had been desecrated. As we descended we found the old, quiet, solitary cloister filled with hundreds of boys at their play. The venerable abbot blessed us, and we sadly shook hands with Father C—— and the last two monks. We took our way through the wide lane and across the valley, occasionally casting sorrowful looks behind; our reason told us that progress and civilization had gained, but our hearts could not repress a feeling of regret at the departed glory of the old Abbey of San Martino.

Luigi Monti.

NEWS FROM OLYMPIA.¹

OLYMPIA? Yes, strange tidings from the city
Which pious mortals builded, stone by stone,
For those old gods of Hellas, half in pity
Of their storm-mantled height and dwelling lone, —
Their seat upon the mountain overhanging
Where Zeus withdrew behind the rolling cloud,
Where crowned Apollo sang, the phorminx twanging,
And at Poseidon's word the forests bowed.

Ay, but that fated day
When from the plain Olympia passed away;
When ceased the oracles, and long unwept
Amid their fanes the gods deserted fell,
While sacerdotal ages, as they slept,
The ruin covered well!

The pale Jew flung his cross, thus one has written,
Among them as they sat at the high feast,
And saw the gods, before that token smitten,
Fade slowly, while His presence still increased,
Until the seas Ionian and Ægean
Gave out a cry that Pan himself was dead,
And all was still: thenceforth no more the pæan,
No more by men the prayer to Zeus was said.

Sank, like a falling star,
Hephaistos in the Lemnian waters far;

¹ "One after the other the figures described by Pausanias are dragged from the earth. Niké has been found; the head of Kladeos is there; Myrtilos

is announced, and Zeus will soon emerge. This is earnest of what may follow." (Dispatch to the London Times.)

The silvery Huntress fled the darkened sky;
 Dim grew Athene's helm, Apollo's crown;
 Alpheios' nymphs stood wan and trembling by
 When Hera's fane went down.

News! what news? Has it in truth then ended,
 The term appointed for that wondrous sleep?
 Has Earth so well her fairest brood defended
 Within her bosom? Was their slumber deep
 Not this our dreamless rest that knows no waking,
 But that to which the years are as a day?
 What! are they coming back, their prison breaking,—
 These gods of Homer's chant, of Pindar's lay?

Are they coming back in might,
 Olympia's gods, to claim their ancient right?
 Shall then the sacred majesty of old,
 The grace that holy was, the noble rage,
 Temper our strife, abate our greed for gold,
 Make fine the modern age?

Yes, they are coming back, to light returning!
 Bold are the hearts and void of fear the hands
 That toil, the lords of War and Spoil unurning,
 Or of their sisters fair that break the bands;
 That loose the sovran mistress of desire,
 Queen Aphrodite, to possess the earth
 Once more; that dare renew dread Hera's ire,
 And rouse old Pan to wantonness of mirth.

The herald Niké, first,
 From the dim resting-place unfettered burst,
 Winged victor over fate and time and death!
 Zeus follows next, and all his children then;
 Phoibos awakes and draws a joyous breath,
 And Love returns to men.

Ah, let them come, the glorious Immortals,
 Rulers no more, but with mankind to dwell,
 The dear companions of our hearts and portals,
 Voiceless, unworshiped, yet beloved right well!
 Pallas shall sit enthroned in wisdom's station,
 Eros and Psyche be forever wed,
 And still the primal loveliest creation
 Yield new delight from ancient beauty bred.

Triumphant as of old,
 Changeless while Art and Song their warrant hold,
 The visions of our childhood haunt us still,
 Still Hellas sways us with her charm supreme.
 The morn is past, but Man has not the will
 To banish yet the dream.

Edmund C. Stedman.

THE AMERICAN.

XIX.

NEWMAN possessed a remarkable talent for sitting still when it was necessary, and he had an opportunity to use it on his journey to Switzerland. The successive hours of the night brought him no sleep; but he sat motionless in his corner of the railway-carriage, with his eyes closed, and the most observant of his fellow-travelers might have envied him his apparent slumber. Toward morning slumber really came, as an effect of mental rather than of physical fatigue. He slept for a couple of hours, and at last, waking, found his eyes resting upon one of the snow-powdered peaks of the Jura, behind which the sky was just reddening with the dawn. But he saw neither the cold mountain nor the warm sky; his consciousness began to throb again, on the very instant, with a sense of his wrong. He got out of the train half an hour before it reached Geneva, in the cold morning twilight, at the station indicated in Valentin's telegram. A drowsy station-master was on the platform with a lantern, and the hood of his overcoat over his head, and near him stood a gentleman who advanced to meet Newman. This personage was a man of forty, with a tall, lean figure, a sallow face, a dark eye, a neat moustache, and a pair of fresh gloves. He took off his hat, looking very grave, and pronounced Newman's name. Our hero assented and said, "You are M. de Bellegarde's friend?"

"I unite with you in claiming that sad honor," said the gentleman. "I had placed myself at M. de Bellegarde's service in this melancholy affair, together with M. de Grosjoyaux, who is now at his bedside. M. de Grosjoyaux, I believe, has had the honor of meeting you in Paris, but as he is a better nurse than I he remained with our poor friend. Bellegarde has been eagerly expecting you."

"And how is Bellegarde?" said Newman. "He was badly hit?"

"The doctor has condemned him; we brought a surgeon with us. But he will die in the best sentiments. I sent last evening for the curé of the nearest French village, who spent an hour with him. The curé was quite satisfied."

"Heaven forgive us!" groaned Newman. "I would rather the doctor were satisfied! And can he see me, — will he know me?"

"When I left him, half an hour ago, he had fallen asleep, after a feverish, wakeful night. But we shall see." And Newman's companion proceeded to lead the way out of the station to the village, explaining as he went that the little party was lodged in the humblest of Swiss inns, where, however, they had succeeded in making M. de Bellegarde much more comfortable than could at first have been expected. "We are old companions in arms," said Valentin's second; "it is not the first time that one of us has helped the other to lie easily. It is a very nasty wound, and the nastiest thing about it is that Bellegarde's adversary was no shot. He put his bullet where he could. It took it into its head to walk straight into Bellegarde's left side, just below the heart."

As they picked their way in the gray, deceptive dawn, between the manure heaps of the village street, Newman's new acquaintance narrated the particulars of the duel. The conditions of the meeting had been that if the first exchange of shots should fail to satisfy one of the two gentlemen, a second should take place. Valentin's first bullet had done exactly what Newman's companion was convinced he had intended it to do; it had grazed the arm of M. Stanislas Kapp, just scratching the flesh. M. Kapp's own projectile, meanwhile, had passed at ten good inches from the person of Valentin. The representatives of M. Stanislas had demanded another

shot, which was granted. Valentin had then fired aside and the young Alsatian had done effective execution. "I saw, when we met him on the ground," said Newman's informant, "that he was not going to be *commode*. It is a kind of bovine temperament." Valentin had immediately been installed at the inn, and M. Stanislas and his friends had withdrawn to regions unknown. The police authorities of the canton had waited upon the party at the inn, had been extremely majestic, and had drawn up a long *procès-verbal*; but it was probable that they would wink at so very gentlemanly a bit of bloodshed. Newman asked whether a message had not been sent to Valentin's family, and learned that up to a late hour on the preceding evening Valentin had opposed it. He had refused to believe his wound was dangerous. But after his interview with the curé he had consented, and a telegram had been dispatched to his mother. "But the marquise had better hurry!" said Newman's conductor.

"Well, it's an abominable affair!" said Newman. "That's all I have got to say!" To say this, at least, in a tone of infinite disgust, was an irresistible need.

"Ah, you don't approve?" questioned his conductor, with curious urbanity.

"Approve?" cried Newman. "I wish that when I had him there, night before last, I had locked him up in my *cabinet de toilette*!"

Valentin's late second opened his eyes, and shook his head up and down two or three times, gravely, with a little flute-like whistle. But they had reached the inn, and a stout maid-servant in a night-cap was at the door with a lantern, to take Newman's traveling-bag from the porter who trudged behind him. Valentin was lodged on the ground-floor at the back of the house, and Newman's companion went along a stone-faced passage and softly opened a door. Then he beckoned to Newman, who advanced and looked into the room, which was lighted by a single shaded candle. Beside the fire sat M. de Grosjoux asleep in his dressing-gown, — a little plump,

fair man whom Newman had seen several times in Valentin's company. On the bed lay Valentin, pale and still, with his eyes closed — a figure very shocking to Newman, who had seen it hitherto awake to its finger tips. M. de Grosjoux's colleague pointed to an open door beyond, and whispered that the doctor was within, keeping guard. So long as Valentin slept, or seemed to sleep, of course Newman could not approach him; so our hero withdrew for the present, committing himself to the care of the half-waked *bonne*. She took him to a room above-stairs, and introduced him to a bed on which a magnified bolster, in yellow calico, figured as a counterpane. Newman lay down, and, in spite of his counterpane, slept for three or four hours. When he awoke, the morning was advanced and the sun was filling his window, and he heard, outside of it, the clucking of hens. While he was dressing there came to his door a messenger from M. de Grosjoux and his companion, proposing that he should breakfast with them. Presently he went downstairs to the little stone-paved dining-room, where the maid-servant, who had taken off her night-cap, was serving the repast. M. de Grosjoux was there, surprisingly fresh for a gentleman who had been playing sick-nurse half the night, rubbing his hands and watching the breakfast table attentively. Newman renewed acquaintance with him, and learned that Valentin was still sleeping; the surgeon, who had had a fairly tranquil night, was, at present sitting with him. Before M. de Grosjoux's associate reappeared, Newman learned that his name was M. Ledaux, and that Bellegarde's acquaintance with him dated from the days when they served together in the Pontifical Zouaves. M. Ledaux was the nephew of a distinguished Ultramontane bishop. At last the bishop's nephew came in with a toilet in which an ingenious attempt at harmony with the peculiar situation was visible, and with a gravity tempered by a decent deference to the best breakfast that the Croix Helvétique had ever set forth. Valentin's servant, who was allowed only

in scanty measure the honor of watching with his master, had been lending a light Parisian hand in the kitchen. The two Frenchmen did their best to prove that if circumstances might overshadow, they could not really obscure, the national talent for conversation, and M. Ledaux delivered a neat little eulogy on poor Bellegarde, whom he pronounced the most daring Englishman he had ever known.

"Do you call him an Englishman?" Newman asked.

M. Ledaux smiled a moment and then made an epigram. "C'est plus qu'un Anglais — c'est un Anglomane!" Newman said sombrely that he had never noticed it; and M. de Grosjoux remarked that it was really too soon to deliver a funeral oration upon poor Bellegarde. "Evidently," said M. Ledaux. "But I could n't help observing this morning to Mr. Newman, that when a man has taken such excellent measures for his salvation as our dear friend did last evening, it seems almost a pity he should put it in peril again by returning to the world." M. Ledaux was a great Catholic, and Newman thought him a queer mixture. His countenance, by daylight, had a sort of amiably saturnine cast; he had a very large thin nose, and looked like a Spanish picture. He appeared to think dueling a very perfect arrangement, provided, if one should get hit, one could promptly see the priest. He seemed to take a great satisfaction in Valentin's interview with the curé, and yet his conversation did not at all indicate a sanctimonious habit of mind. M. Ledaux had evidently a high sense of the becoming, and was prepared to be urbane and tasteful on all points. He was always furnished with a smile (which pushed his moustache up under his nose) and an explanation. *Savoir-vivre* — knowing how to live — was his specialty, in which he included knowing how to die; but, as Newman reflected, with a good deal of dumb irritation, he seemed disposed to delegate to others the application of his learning on this latter point. M. de Grosjoux was of quite another complexion, and seemed to regard his

friend's theological unction as the sign of an inaccessibly superior mind. He was evidently doing his utmost, with a kind of jovial tenderness, to make life agreeable to Valentin to the last, and help him as little as possible to miss the Boulevard des Italiens; but what chiefly occupied his mind was the mystery of a bungling brewer's son making so neat a shot. He himself could snuff a candle, etc., and yet he confessed that he could not have done better than this. He hastened to add that on the present occasion he would have made a point of not doing so well. It was not an occasion for that sort of murderous work, *que diable!* He would have picked out some quiet fleshy spot and just tapped it with a harmless ball. M. Stanislas Kapp had been deplorably heavy-handed; but really, when the world had come to that pass that one granted a meeting to a brewer's son! . . . This was M. de Grosjoux's nearest approach to a generalization. He kept looking through the window, over the shoulder of M. Ledaux, at a slender tree which stood at the end of a lane, opposite to the inn, and seemed to be measuring its distance from his extended arm and secretly wishing that, since the subject had been introduced, propriety did not forbid a little speculative pistol-practice.

Newman was in no humor to enjoy good company. He could neither eat nor talk; his soul was sore with grief and anger, and the weight of his double sorrow was intolerable. He sat with his eyes fixed upon his plate, counting the minutes, wishing at one moment that Valentin would see him and leave him free to go in quest of Madame de Cintre and his lost happiness, and mentally calling himself a vile brute the next, for the impatient egotism of the wish. He was very poor company, himself, and even his acute preoccupation and his general lack of the habit of pondering the impression he produced did not prevent him from reflecting that his companions must be puzzled to see how poor Bellegarde came to take such a fancy to this taciturn Yankee that he must needs have him at his death-bed.

After breakfast he strolled forth alone into the village, and looked at the fountain, the geese, the open barn doors, the brown, bent old women, showing their hugely darned stocking-heels at the ends of their slowly-clicking sabots, and the beautiful view of snowy Alp and purple Jura at either end of the little street. The day was brilliant; early spring was in the air and in the sunshine, and the winter's damp was trickling out of the cottage eaves. It was birth and brightness for all nature, even for chirping chickens and waddling goslings, and it was to be death and burial for poor, foolish, generous, delightful Bellegarde. Newman walked as far as the village church, and went into the small graveyard beside it, where he sat down and looked at the awkward tablets which were planted around. They were all sordid and hideous, and Newman could feel nothing but the hardness and coldness of death. He got up and came back to the inn, where he found M. Ledaux having coffee and a cigarette at a little green table which he had caused to be carried into the small garden. Newman, learning that the doctor was still sitting with Valentin, asked M. Ledaux if he might not be allowed to relieve him; he had a great desire to be useful to his poor friend. This was easily arranged; the doctor was very glad to go to bed. He was a youthful and rather jaunty practitioner, but he had a clever face, and the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole; Newman listened attentively to the instructions he gave him before retiring, and took mechanically from his hand a small volume which the surgeon recommended as a help to wakefulness, and which turned out to be an old copy of Faublas. Valentin was still lying with his eyes closed, and there was no visible change in his condition. Newman sat down near him, and for a long time narrowly watched him. Then his eyes wandered away with his thoughts upon his own situation, and rested upon the chain of the Alps, disclosed by the drawing of the scant, white cotton curtain of the window, through which the sunshine passed

and lay in squares upon the red-tiled floor. He tried to interweave his reflections with hope, but he only half succeeded. What had happened to him seemed to have, in its violence and audacity, the force of a real calamity — the strength and insolence of Destiny herself. It was unnatural and monstrous, and he had no arms against it. At last a sound struck upon the stillness, and he heard Valentin's voice.

"It can't be about *me* you are pulling that long face!" He found, when he turned, that Valentin was lying in the same position, but his eyes were open, and he was even trying to smile. It was with a very slender strength that he returned the pressure of Newman's hand. "I have been watching you for a quarter of an hour," Valentin went on; "you have been looking as black as thunder. You are greatly disgusted with me, I see. Well, of course! So am I!"

"Oh, I shall not scold you," said Newman. "I feel too badly. And how are you getting on?"

"Oh, I'm getting off! They have quite settled that; have n't they?"

"That's for you to settle; you can get well if you try," said Newman with resolute cheerfulness.

"My dear fellow, how can I try? Trying is violent exercise, and that sort of thing is n't in order for a man with a hole in his side as big as your hat, that begins to bleed if he moves a hair's-breadth. I knew you would come," he continued; "I knew I should wake up and find you here, so I'm not surprised. But last night I was very impatient. I did n't see how I could keep still until you came. It was a matter of keeping still, just like this; as still as a mummy in his case. You talk about trying; I tried that! Well, here I am yet, — these twenty hours. It seems like twenty days." Bellegarde talked slowly and feebly, but distinctly enough. It was visible, however, that he was in extreme pain, and at last he closed his eyes. Newman begged him to remain silent and spare himself; the doctor had left urgent orders. "Oh," said Valentin,

"let us eat and drink, for to-morrow — to-morrow" — and he paused again. "No, not to-morrow, perhaps, but to-day. I can't eat and drink, but I can talk. What's to be gained, at this pass, by renun— renunciation? I must n't use such big words. I was always a chatterer; Lord, how I have talked in my day!"

"That's a reason for keeping quiet now," said Newman. "We know how well you talk, you know."

But Valentin, without heeding him, went on in the same weak, dying drawl. "I wanted to see you because you have seen my sister. Does she know — will she come?"

Newman was embarrassed. "Yes, by this time she must know."

"Did n't you tell her?" Valentin asked. And then, in a moment, "Did n't you bring me any message from her?" His eyes rested upon Newman's with a certain soft keenness.

"I did n't see her after I got your telegram," said Newman. "I wrote to her."

"And she sent you no answer?"

Newman was obliged to reply that Madame de Cintré had left Paris. "She went yesterday to Fleurières."

"Yesterday — to Fleurières? Why did she go to Fleurières? What day is this? What day was yesterday? Ah, then I shan't see her," said Valentin, sadly. "Fleurières is too far!" And then he closed his eyes again. Newman sat silent, summoning pious invention to his aid, but he was relieved at finding that Valentin was apparently too weak to reason or to be curious. Bellegarde, however, presently went on. "And my mother — and my brother — will they come? Are they at Fleurières?"

"They were in Paris, but I did n't see them, either," Newman answered. "If they received your telegram in time they will have started this morning. Otherwise they will be obliged to wait for the night-express, and they will arrive at the same hour as I did."

"They won't thank me — they won't thank me," Valentin murmured. "They will pass an atrocious night, and Urbain

does n't like the early morning air. I don't remember ever in my life to have seen him before noon — before breakfast. No one ever saw him. We don't know how he is then. Perhaps he's different. Who knows? Posterity, perhaps, will know. That's the time he works, in his cabinet, at the history of the Princesses. But I had to send for them — had n't I? And then I want to see my mother sit there where you sit, and say good-by to her. Perhaps, after all, I don't know her, and she will have some surprise for me. Don't think you know her yet, yourself; perhaps she may surprise *you*. But if I can't see Claire, I don't care for anything. I have been thinking of it — and in my dreams, too. Why did she go to Fleurières to-day? She never told me. What has happened? Ah, she ought to have guessed I was here — this way. It is the first time in her life she ever disappointed me. Poor Claire!"

"You know we are not man and wife quite yet, your sister and I," said Newman. "She does n't yet account to me for all her actions." And, after a fashion, he smiled.

Valentin looked at him a moment. "Have you quarreled?"

"Never, never, never!" Newman exclaimed.

"How happily you say that!" said Valentin. "You are going to be happy — *ba!*" In answer to this stroke of irony, none the less powerful for being so unconscious, all poor Newman could do was to give a helpless and transparent stare. Valentin continued to fix him with his own rather over-bright gaze, and presently he said, "But something *is* the matter with you. I watched you just now; you have n't a bridegroom's face."

"My dear fellow," said Newman, "how can I show *you* a bridegroom's face? If you think I enjoy seeing you lie there and not being able to help you" —

"Why, you are just the man to be cheerful; don't forfeit your rights! I'm a proof of your wisdom. When was a man ever gloomy when he could say 'I told you so?' You told me so, you

know. You did what you could about it. You said some very good things; I have thought them over. But, my dear friend, I was right, all the same. This is the regular way."

"I did n't do what I ought," said Newman. "I ought to have done something else."

"For instance?"

"Oh, something or other. I ought to have treated you as a small boy."

"Well, I'm a very small boy, now," said Valentin. "I'm rather less than an infant. An infant is helpless, but it's generally voted promising. I'm not promising, eh? Society can't lose a less valuable member."

Newman was strongly moved. He got up and turned his back upon his friend and walked away to the window, where he stood looking out, but only vaguely seeing. "No, I don't like the look of your back," Valentin continued. "I have always been an observer of backs; yours is quite out of sorts."

Newman returned to his bedside and begged him to be quiet. "Be quiet and get well," he said. "That's what you must do. Get well and help me."

"I told you you were in trouble! How can I help you?" Valentin asked.

"I'll let you know when you are better. You were always curious; there is something to get well for!" Newman answered, with resolute animation.

Valentin closed his eyes and lay a long time without speaking. He seemed even to have fallen asleep. But at the end of half an hour he began to talk again. "I am rather sorry about that place in the bank. Who knows but that I might have become another Rothschild? But I was n't meant for a banker; bankers are not so easy to kill. Don't you think I have been very easy to kill? It's not like a serious man. It's really very mortifying. It's like telling your hostess you must go, when you count upon her begging you to stay, and then finding she does no such thing. 'Really — so soon? You've only just come!' Life does n't make me any such polite little speech."

Newman for some time said nothing,

but at last he broke out. "It's a bad case — it's a bad case — it's the worst case I ever met. I don't want to say anything unpleasant, but I can't help it. I've seen men dying before — and I've seen men shot. But it always seemed more natural; they were not so clever as you. Damnation — damnation! You might have done something better than this. It's about the meanest winding-up of a man's affairs that I can imagine!"

Valentin feebly waved his hand to and fro. "Don't insist — don't insist! It is mean — decidedly mean. For you see at the bottom — down at the bottom, in a little place as small as the end of a wine-funnel — I agree with you."

A few moments after this the doctor put his head through the half-opened door, and, perceiving that Valentin was awake, came in and felt his pulse. He shook his head and declared that he had talked too much — ten times too much. "Nonsense!" said Valentin; "a man sentenced to death can never talk too much. Have you never read an account of an execution in a newspaper? Don't they always set a lot of people at the prisoner, — lawyers, reporters, priests, — to make him talk? But it's not Mr. Newman's fault; he sits there as mum as a death's-head."

The doctor observed that it was time his patient's wound should be dressed again; MM. de Grosjoux and Ledaux, who had already witnessed this delicate operation, taking Newman's place as assistants. Newman withdrew and learned from his fellow-watchers that they had received a telegram from Urbain de Bellegarde to the effect that their message had been delivered in the Rue de l'Université too late to allow him to take the morning train, but that he would start, with his mother, in the evening. Newman wandered away into the village again, and walked about, restlessly, for two or three hours. The day seemed terribly long. At dusk he came back and dined with the doctor and M. Ledaux. The dressing of Valentin's wound had been a very critical operation; the doctor did n't really see how he was to

endure a repetition of it. He then declared that he must beg of Mr. Newman to deny himself for the present the satisfaction of sitting with M. de Bellegarde; more than any one else, apparently, he had the flattering, but inconvenient, privilege of exciting him. M. Ledaux, at this, swallowed a glass of wine in silence; he must have been wondering what the deuce Bellegarde found so exciting in the American.

Newman, after dinner, went up to his room, where he sat for a long time staring at his lighted candle, and thinking that Valentin was dying down-stairs. Late, when the candle had burnt low, there came a soft tap at his door. The doctor stood there with a candlestick and a shrug.

"He must amuse himself, still!" said Valentin's medical adviser. "He insists upon seeing you, and I am afraid you must come. I think, at this rate, that he will hardly outlast the night."

Newman went back to Valentin's room, which he found lighted by a taper on the hearth. Valentin begged him to light a candle. "I want to see your face," he said. "They say you excite me," he went on, as Newman complied with this request, "and I confess I do feel excited. But it is n't you—it's my own thoughts. I have been thinking—thinking. Sit down there, and let me look at you again." Newman seated himself, folded his arms, and bent a heavy gaze upon his friend. He seemed to be playing a part, mechanically, in a lugubrious comedy. Valentin looked at him for some time. "Yes, this morning I was right; you have something on your mind heavier than Valentin de Bellegarde. Come, I'm a dying man and it's indecent to deceive me. Something happened after I left Paris. It was not for nothing that my sister started off at this season of the year for Fleurières. Why was it? It sticks in my crop. I have been thinking it over, and if you don't tell me I shall guess."

"I had better not tell you," said Newman. "It won't do you any good."

"If you think it will do me any good not to tell me, you are very much mis-

taken. There is trouble about your marriage."

"Yes," said Newman. "There is trouble about my marriage."

"Good!" And Valentin was silent again. "They have stopped it."

"They have stopped it," said Newman. Now that he had spoken out, he found a satisfaction in it which deepened as he went on. "Your mother and brother have broken faith. They have decided that it can't take place. They have decided that I am not good enough, after all. They have taken back their word. Since you insist, there it is!"

Valentin gave a sort of groan, lifted his hands a moment, and then let them drop.

"I am sorry not to have anything better to tell you about them," Newman pursued. "But it's not my fault. I was, indeed, very unhappy when your telegram reached me; I was quite upside down. You may imagine whether I feel any better now."

Valentin moaned gaspingly, as if his wound were throbbing. "Broken faith, broken faith!" he murmured. "And my sister—my sister?"

"Your sister is very unhappy; she has consented to give me up. I don't know why. I don't know what they have done to her; it must be something pretty bad. In justice to her you ought to know it. They have made her suffer. I have n't seen her alone, but only before them! We had an interview yesterday morning. They came out square, in so many words. They told me to go about my business. It seems to me a very bad case. I'm angry, I'm sore, I'm sick."

Valentin lay there staring, with his eyes more brilliantly lighted, his lips soundlessly parted, and a flush of color in his pale face. Newman had never before uttered so many words in the plaintive key, but now, in speaking to Valentin in the poor fellow's extremity, he had a feeling that he was making his complaint somewhere within the presence of the power that men pray to in trouble; he felt his outgush of resentment as a sort of spiritual privilege.

"And Claire," — said Bellegarde, — "Claire? She has given you up?"

"I don't really believe it," said Newman.

"No, don't believe it, don't believe it. She is gaining time; excuse her."

"I pity her!" said Newman.

"Poor Claire!" murmured Valentin.

"But they — but they" — and he paused again. "You saw them; they dismissed you, face to face?"

"Face to face. They were very explicit."

"What did they say?"

"They said they could n't stand a commercial person."

Valentin put out his hand and laid it upon Newman's arm. "And about their promise — their engagement with you?"

"They made a distinction. They said it was to hold good only until Madame de Cintré accepted me."

Valentin lay staring awhile, and his flush died away. "Don't tell me any more," he said at last; "I'm ashamed."

"You? You are the soul of honor," said Newman, simply.

Valentin groaned and turned away his head. For some time nothing more was said. Then Valentin turned back again and found a certain force to press Newman's arm. "It's very bad — very bad. When my people — when my race — come to that, it is time for me to withdraw. I believe in my sister; she will explain. Excuse her. If she can't — if she can't, forgive her. She has suffered. But for the others it is very bad — very bad. You take it very hard? No, it's a shame to make you say so." He closed his eyes and again there was a silence. Newman felt almost awed; he had evoked a more solemn spirit than he had expected. Presently Valentin looked at him again, removing his hand from his arm. "I apologize," he said. "Do you understand? Here on my death-bed. I apologize for my family. For my mother. For my brother. For the ancient house of Bellegarde. *Voilà!*" he added, softly.

Newman for all answer took his hand and pressed it with a world of kindness. Valentin remained quiet, and at the end

of half an hour the doctor softly came in. Behind him, through the half-open door, Newman saw the two questioning faces of MM. de Grosjoyaux and Ledaux. The doctor laid his hand on Valentin's wrist and sat looking at him. He gave no sign and the two gentlemen came in, M. Ledaux having first beckoned to some one outside. This was M. le Curé, who carried in his hand an object unknown to Newman, and covered with a white napkin. M. le Curé was short, round, and red; he advanced, pulling off his little black cap to Newman, and deposited his burden on the table; and then he sat down in the best arm-chair, with his hands folded across his person. The other gentlemen had exchanged glances which expressed unanimity as to the timeliness of their presence. But for a long time Valentin neither spoke nor moved. It was Newman's belief, afterwards, that M. le Curé went to sleep. At last, abruptly, Valentin pronounced Newman's name. His friend went to him, and he said in French, "You are not alone. I want to speak to you alone." Newman looked at the doctor, and the doctor looked at the curé, who looked back at him; and then the doctor and the curé, together, gave a shrug. "Alone — for five minutes," Valentin repeated. "Please leave us."

The curé took up his burden again and led the way out, followed by his companions. Newman closed the door behind them and came back to Valentin's bedside. Bellegarde had watched all this intently.

"It's very bad, it's very bad," he said, after Newman had seated himself close to him. "The more I think of it the worse it is."

"Oh, don't think of it," said Newman.

But Valentin went on, without heeding him. "Even if they should come round again, the shame — the baseness — is there."

"Oh, they won't come round!" said Newman.

"Well, you can make them."

"Make them?"

"I can tell you something — a great

secret—an immense secret. You can use it against them—frighten them, force them.”

“A secret!” Newman repeated. The idea of letting Valentin, on his death-bed, confide him an “immense secret” shocked him, for the moment, and made him draw back. It seemed an illicit way of arriving at information, and even had a vague analogy with listening at a key-hole. Then, suddenly, the thought of “forcing” Madame de Bellegarde and her son became attractive, and Newman bent his head closer to Valentin’s lips. For some time, however, the dying man said nothing more. He only lay and looked at his friend with his kindled, expanded, troubled eye, and Newman began to believe that he had spoken in delirium. But at last he said, —

“There was something done—something done at Fleurières. It was foul play. My father—something happened to him. I don’t know; I have been ashamed—afraid to know. But I know there is something. My mother knows—Urbain knows.”

“Something happened to your father?” said Newman, urgently.

Valentin looked at him, still more wide-eyed. “He didn’t get well.”

“Get well of what?”

But the immense effort which Valentin had made, first to decide to utter these words and then to bring them out, appeared to have taken his last strength. He lapsed again into silence, and Newman sat watching him. “Do you understand?” he began again, presently. “At Fleurières. You can find out. Mrs. Bread knows. Tell her I begged you to ask her. Then tell them that, and see. It may help you. If not, tell every one. It will—it will”—here Valentin’s voice sank to the feeblest murmur—“it will avenge you!”

The words died away in a long, soft groan. Newman stood up, deeply impressed, not knowing what to say; his heart was beating violently. “Thank you,” he said at last. “I am much obliged.” But Valentin seemed not to hear him; he remained silent, and his silence continued. At last Newman

went and opened the door. M. le Curé reëntered, bearing his sacred vessel and followed by the three gentlemen and by Valentin’s servant. It was almost processional.

XX.

Valentin de Bellegarde died, tranquilly, just as the cold, faint March dawn began to illumine the faces of the little knot of friends gathered about his bedside. An hour afterwards Newman left the inn and drove to Geneva; he was naturally unwilling to be present at the arrival of Madame de Bellegarde and her first-born. At Geneva, for the moment, he remained. He was like a man who has had a fall, and wants to sit still and count his bruises. He instantly wrote to Madame de Cintré, relating to her the circumstances of her brother’s death—with certain exceptions—and asking her what was the earliest moment at which he might hope that she would consent to see him. M. Ledaux had told him that he had reason to know that Valentin’s will—Bellegarde had a great deal of elegant personal property to dispose of—contained a request that he should be buried near his father in the church-yard of Fleurières, and Newman intended that the state of his own relations with the family should not deprive him of the satisfaction of helping to pay the last earthly honors to the best fellow in the world. He reflected that Valentin’s friendship was older than Urbain’s enmity, and that at a funeral it was easy to escape notice. Madame de Cintré’s answer to his letter enabled him to time his arrival at Fleurières. This answer was very brief; it ran as follows:—

“I thank you for your letter, and for your being with Valentin. It is a most inexpressible sorrow to me that I was not. To see you will be nothing but a distress to me; there is no need, therefore, to wait for what you call brighter days. It is all one now, and I shall have no brighter days. Come when you please; only notify me first. My brother

is to be buried here on Friday, and my family is to remain here. C. de C."

As soon as he received this letter Newman went straight to Paris and to Poitiers. The journey took him far southward, through green Touraine and across the far-shining Loire, into a country where the early spring deepened about him as he went. But he had never made a journey during which he heeded less what he would have called the lay of the land. He obtained lodging at the inn at Poitiers, and the next morning drove in a couple of hours to the village of Fleurières. But here, preoccupied as he was, he could not fail to notice the picturesqueness of the place. It was what the French call a *petit bourg*; it lay at the base of a sort of huge mound on the summit of which stood the crumbling ruins of a feudal castle, much of whose sturdy material, as well as that of the wall which dropped along the hill to inclose the clustered houses defensively, had been absorbed into the very substance of the village. The church was simply the former chapel of the castle, fronting upon its grass-grown court, which, however, was of generous enough width to have given up its quaintest corner to a little graveyard. Here the very head-stones themselves seemed to sleep, as they slanted into the grass; the patient elbow of the rampart held them together on one side, and in front, far beneath their mossy lids, the green plains and blue distances stretched away. The way to church, up the hill, was impracticable to vehicles. It was lined with peasants, two or three rows deep, who stood watching old Madame de Bellegarde slowly ascend it, on the arm of her elder son, behind the pallbearers of the other. Newman chose to lurk among the common mourners who murmured "*Madame la Comtesse*" as a tall figure veiled in black passed before him. He stood in the dusky little church while the service was going forward, but at the dismal tomb-side he turned away and walked down the hill. He went back to Poitiers, and spent two days in which patience and impatience were sin-

gularly commingled. On the third day he sent Madame de Cintré a note, saying that he would call upon her in the afternoon, and in accordance with this he again took his way to Fleurières. He left his vehicle at the tavern, in the village street, and obeyed the simple instructions which were given him for finding the château.

"It is just beyond there," said the landlord, and pointed to the tree-tops of the park, above the opposite houses. Newman followed the first cross-road to the right—it was bordered with moldy cottages—and in a few moments saw before him the peaked roofs of the towers. Advancing farther, he found himself before a vast iron gate, rusty and closed; here he paused a moment, looking through the bars. The château was near the road; this was at once its merit and its defect; but its aspect was extremely impressive. Newman learned afterwards, from a guide-book of the province, that it dated from the time of Henry IV. It presented to the wide, paved area which preceded it and which was edged with shabby farm-buildings an immense façade of dark, time-stained brick, flanked by two low wings, each of which terminated in a little Dutch-looking pavilion capped with a fantastic roof. Two towers rose behind, and behind the towers was a mass of elms and beeches, now just faintly green. But the great feature was a wide, green river which washed the foundations of the château. The building rose from an island in the circling stream, so that this formed a perfect moat spanned by a two-arched bridge without a parapet. The dull brick walls, which here and there made a grand, straight sweep, the ugly little cupolas of the wings, the deep-set windows, the long, steep pinnacles of mossy slate, all mirrored themselves in the tranquil river. Newman rang at the gate, and was almost frightened at the tone with which a big rusty bell above his head replied to him. An old woman came out from the gate-house and opened the creaking portal just wide enough for him to pass, and he went in, across the dry, bare court

and the little cracked white slabs of the causeway on the moat. At the door of the château he waited for some moments, and this gave him a chance to observe that Fleurières was not "kept up," and to reflect that it was a melancholy place of residence. "It looks," said Newman to himself — and I give the comparison for what it is worth — "like a Chinese penitentiary." At last the door was opened by a servant whom he remembered to have seen in the Rue de l'Université. The man's dull face brightened as he perceived our hero, for Newman, for indefinable reasons, enjoyed the confidence of the liveried gentry. The footman led the way across a great central vestibule, with a pyramid of plants in tubs in the middle and glass doors all round, to what appeared to be the principal drawing-room of the château. Newman crossed the threshold of a room of superb proportions, which made him feel at first like a tourist with a guide-book and a cicerone awaiting a fee. But when his guide had left him alone, with the observation that he would call Madame la Comtesse, Newman perceived that the salon contained little that was remarkable save a dark ceiling with curiously carved rafters, some curtains of elaborate, antiquated tapestry, and a dark, oaken floor, polished like a mirror. He waited some minutes, walking up and down; but at length, as he turned at the end of the room, he saw that Madame de Cintré had come in by a distant door. She wore a black dress, and she stood looking at him. As the length of the immense room lay between them he had time to look at her before they met in the middle of it.

He was dismayed at the change in her appearance. Pale, heavy-browed, almost haggard, with a sort of monastic rigidity in her dress, she had little but her pure features in common with the woman whose radiant good grace he had hitherto admired. She let her eyes rest on his own, and she let him take her hand; but her eyes looked like two rainy autumn moons, and her grasp was portentously lifeless.

"I was at your brother's funeral," Newman said. "Then I waited three days. But I could wait no longer."

"Nothing can be lost or gained by waiting," said Madame de Cintré. "But it was very considerate of you to wait, wronged as you have been."

"I'm glad you think I have been wronged," said Newman, with that oddly humorous accent with which he often uttered words of the gravest meaning.

"Do I need to say so?" she asked. "I don't think I have wronged, seriously, many persons; certainly not consciously. To you, to whom I have done this hard and cruel thing, the only reparation I can make is to say, 'I know it, I feel it!' The reparation is pitifully small!"

"Oh, it's a great step forward!" said Newman, with a large, intensely hopeful laugh. He pushed a chair towards her and held it, looking at her urgently. She sat down, mechanically, and he seated himself near her; but in a moment he got up, restlessly, and stood before her. She remained seated, like a troubled creature who has passed through the stage of restlessness.

"I say nothing is to be gained by my seeing you," she went on, "and yet I am very glad you came. Now I can tell you what I feel. It is a selfish pleasure, but it is one of the last I shall have." And she paused, with her great misty eyes fixed upon him. "I know how I have deceived and injured you; I know how cruel and cowardly I have been. I see it as vividly as you do — I feel it to the ends of my fingers." And she unclasped her hands, which were locked together in her lap, lifted them, and dropped them at her side. "Anything that you may have said of me in your angriest passion is nothing to what I have said to myself."

"In my angriest passion," said Newman, "I have said nothing hard of you. The very worst thing I have said of you yet is that you are the loveliest of women." And he seated himself before her again, abruptly.

She flushed a little, but even her flush was pale. "That is because you think

I will come back. But I will not come back. It is in that hope you have come here, I know; I am very sorry for you. I would do almost anything for you. To say that, after what I have done, seems simply impudent; but what can I say that will not seem impudent? To wrong you and apologize — that is easy enough. I should n't have wronged you." She stopped a moment, looking at him, and motioned him to let her go on. "I ought never to have listened to you at first; that was the wrong. No good could come of it. I felt it, and yet I listened; that was your fault. I liked you too much; I believed in you."

"And don't you believe in me now?"

"More than ever. But now it does n't matter. I have given you up."

Newman gave a powerful thump with his clenched fist upon his knee. "Why, why, why?" he cried. "Give me a reason — a decent reason. You are not a child — you are not a minor, nor an idiot. You are not obliged to drop me because your mother told you to. Such a reason is n't worthy of you."

"I know that; it's not worthy of me. But it's the only one I have to give. After all," said Madame de Cintré, throwing out her hands, "think me an idiot and forget me! That will be the simplest way."

Newman got up and walked away with a crushing sense that his cause was lost, and yet with an equal inability to give up fighting. He went to one of the great windows, and looked out at the stiffly embanked river and the formal gardens which lay beyond it. When he turned round, Madame de Cintré had risen; she stood there silent and passive. "You are not frank," said Newman; "you are not honest. Instead of saying that you are imbecile, you should say that other people are wicked. Your mother and your brother have been false and cruel; they have been so to me and I am sure they have been so to you. Why do you try to shield them? Why do you sacrifice me to them? I'm not false; I'm not cruel. You don't know what you give up; I can tell you that — you don't. They bully you and plot about

you; and I — I" — And he paused, holding out his hands. She turned away and began to leave him. "You told me the other day that you were afraid of your mother," he said, following her. "What did you mean?"

Madame de Cintré shook her head.

"I remember; I was sorry afterwards."

"You were sorry when she came down and put on the thumb-screws. In God's name what is it she does to you?"

"Nothing. Nothing that you can understand. And now that I have given you up, I must not complain of her to you."

"That's no reasoning!" cried Newman. "Complain of her, on the contrary. Tell me all about it, frankly and trustfully, as you ought, and we will talk it over so satisfactorily that you won't give me up."

Madame de Cintré looked down some moments, fixedly; and then, raising her eyes, she said, "One good at least has come of this: I have made you judge me more fairly. You thought of me in a way that did me great honor; I don't know why you had taken it into your head. But it left me no loop-hole for escape — no chance to be the common, weak creature I am. It was not my fault; I warned you from the first. But I ought to have warned you more. I ought to have convinced you that I was doomed to disappoint you. But I was, in a way, too proud. You see what my superiority amounts to, I hope!" she went on, raising her voice with a tremor which even then and there Newman thought beautiful. "I am too proud to be honest, I am not too proud to be faithless. I am timid and cold and selfish. I am afraid of being uncomfortable."

"And you call marrying me uncomfortable!" said Newman, staring.

Madame de Cintré blushed a little and seemed to say that if begging his pardon in words was impudent, she might at least thus mutely express her perfect comprehension of his finding her conduct odious. "It is not marrying you; it is doing all that would go with it. It's the rupture, the defiance, the insisting upon being happy in my own way.

what right have I to be happy when — when” — And she paused.

“When what?” said Newman.

“When others have been most unhappy!”

“What others?” Newman asked.

“What have you to do with any others but me? Besides, you said just now that you wanted happiness, and that you should find it by obeying your mother. You contradict yourself.”

“Yes, I contradict myself; that shows you that I am not even intelligent.”

“You are laughing at me!” cried Newman. “You are mocking me!”

She looked at him intently, and an observer might have said that she was asking herself whether she might not most quickly end their common pain by confessing that she was mocking him.

“No; I am not,” she presently said.

“Granting that you are not intelligent,” he went on, “that you are weak, that you are common, that you are nothing that I have believed you were, — what I ask of you is not a heroic effort, it is a very common effort. There is a great deal on my side to make it easy. The simple truth is that you don’t care enough about me to make it.”

“I am cold,” said Madame de Cintré.

“I am as cold as that flowing river.”

Newman gave a great rap on the floor with his stick, and a long, grim laugh. “Good, good!” he cried. “You go altogether too far — you overshoot the mark. There is n’t a woman in the world as bad as you would make yourself out. I see your game; it’s what I said. You are blackening yourself to whiten others. You don’t want to give me up, at all; you like me — you like me. I know you do; you have shown it, and I have felt it. After that, you may be as cold as you please! They have bullied you, I say; they have tortured you. It’s an outrage, and I insist upon saving you from the excesses of your own generosity. Would you chop off your hand if your mother requested it?”

Madame de Cintré looked a little frightened. “I spoke of my mother too blindly, the other day. I am my own

mistress, by law and by her approval. She can do nothing to me; she has done nothing. She has never alluded to those hard words I used about her.”

“She has made you feel them, I’ll promise you!” said Newman.

“It’s my conscience that makes me feel them.”

“Your conscience seems to me to be rather mixed!” exclaimed Newman, passionately.

“It has been in great trouble, but now it is very clear,” said Madame de Cintré. “I don’t give you up for any worldly advantage or for any worldly happiness.”

“Oh, you don’t give me up for Lord Deepmere, I know,” said Newman. “I won’t pretend, even to provoke you, that I think that. But that’s what your mother and your brother wanted, and your mother, at that hateful ball of her’s — I liked it at the time, but the very thought of it now makes me rabid — tried to push him on to make up to you.”

“Who told you this?” said Madame de Cintré, softly.

“Not Valentin. I observed it. I guessed it. I did n’t know at the time that I was observing it, but it stuck in my memory. And afterwards, you recollect, I saw Lord Deepmere with you in the conservatory. You said then that you would tell me at another time what he had said to you.”

“That was before — before *this*,” said Madame de Cintré.

“It does n’t matter,” said Newman; “and, besides, I think I know. He’s an honest little Englishman. He came and told you what your mother was up to — that she wanted him to run me off the track; not being a commercial person. If he would make you an offer she would undertake to bring you round and give me the slip. Lord Deepmere is n’t very intellectual, so she had to spell it out to him. He said he admired you ‘no end,’ and that he wanted you to know it; but he did n’t like being mixed up with that sort of underhand work, and he came to you and told tales. That was about the amount of it, was n’t it? And then you said you were perfectly happy.”

"I don't see why we should talk of Lord Deepmere," said Madame de Cintré. "It was not for that you came here. And about my mother, it does n't matter what you suspect and what you know. When once my mind has been made up, as it is now, I should not discuss these things. Discussing anything, now, is very idle. We must try and live each as we can. I believe you will be happy again; even, sometimes, when you think of me. When you do so, think this—that it was not easy, and that I did the best I could. I have things to reckon with that you don't know. I mean I have feelings. I must do as they force me—I must, I must. They would haunt me otherwise," she cried, with vehemence; "they would kill me!"

"I know what your feelings are: they are superstitions! They are the feeling that, after all, though I *am* a good fellow I have been in business; the feeling that your mother's looks are law and your brother's words are gospel, that you all hang together, and that it's a part of the everlasting proprieties that they should have a hand in everything you do. It makes my blood boil. That *is* cold; you are right. And what I feel here," and Newman struck his heart and became more poetical than he knew, "is a glowing fire!"

A spectator less preoccupied than Madame de Cintré's distracted wooer would have felt sure from the first that her appealing calm of manner was the result of violent effort, in spite of which the tide of agitation was rapidly rising. On these last words of Newman's it overflowed, though at first she spoke low, for fear of her voice betraying her. "No, I was not right—I am not cold! I believe that if I am doing what seems so bad it is not mere weakness and falseness. Mr. Newman, it's like a religion. I can't tell you—I can't! It's cruel of you to insist. I don't see why I should n't ask you to believe me—and pity me. It's like a religion. There's a curse upon the house; I don't know what—I don't know why—don't ask me. We must all bear it. I have been too selfish; I wanted to escape from it. You

offered me a great chance—besides my liking you. It seemed good to change completely, to break, to go away. And then I admired you. But I can't—it has overtaken and come back to me." Her self-control had now completely abandoned her, and her words were broken with long sobs. "Why do such dreadful things happen to us—why is my brother Valentin killed, like a beast, in the midst of his youth and his gaiety and his brightness, and all that we loved him for? Why are there things I can't ask about—that I am afraid to know? Why are there places I can't look at, sounds I can't hear? Why is it given to me to choose, to decide, in a case so hard and so terrible as this? I am not meant for that—I am not made for boldness and defiance. I was made to be happy in a quiet, natural way." At this Newman gave a most expressive groan, but Madame de Cintré went on. "I was made to do gladly and gratefully what is expected of me. My mother has always been very good to me; that's all I can say. I must n't judge her; I must n't criticise her. If I did, it would come back to me. I can't change!"

"No," said Newman, bitterly; "I must change—if I break in two in the effort!"

"You are different. You are a man; you will get over it. You have all kinds of consolation. You were born—you were trained to changes. Besides—besides, I shall always think of you."

"I don't care for that!" said Newman. "You are cruel—you are terribly cruel. God forgive you! You may have the best reasons and the finest feelings in the world; that makes no difference. You are a mystery to me; I don't see how such hardness can go with such loveliness."

Madame de Cintré fixed him a moment with her swimming eyes. "You believe I am hard, then?"

Newman answered her look, and then broke out, "You are a perfect, faultless creature! Stay by me!"

"Of course I am hard," she went on. "Whenever we give pain we are hard. And we *must* give pain; that's the world,

—the hateful, miserable world. Ah!" and she gave a long, deep sigh, "I can't even say I am glad to have known you — though I am. That too is to wrong you. I can say nothing that is not cruel. Therefore let us part, without more of this. Good-by!" And she put out her hand.

Newman stood and looked at it without taking it, and then raised his eyes to her face. He felt, himself, like shedding tears of rage. "What are you going to do?" he asked. "Where are you going?"

"Where I shall give no more pain and suspect no more evil. I am going out of the world."

"Out of the world?"

"I am going into a convent."

"Into a convent!" Newman repeated the words with the deepest dismay; it was as if she had said she was going into a hospital. "Into a convent — you!"

"I told you that it was not for my worldly advantage or pleasure I was leaving you."

But still Newman hardly understood. "You are going to be a nun," he went on, "in a cell — for life — with a gown and white veil?"

"A nun — a Carmelite nun," said Madame de Cintré. "For life, with God's leave."

The idea struck Newman as too dark and horrible for belief, and made him feel as he would have done if she had told him that she was going to mutilate her beautiful face, or drink some potion that would make her mad. He clasped his hands and began to tremble, visibly.

"Madame de Cintré, don't, don't!" he said. "I beseech you! On my knees, if you like, I'll beseech you."

She laid her hand upon his arm, with a tender, pitying, almost reassuring gesture. "You don't understand," she

said. "You have wrong ideas. It's nothing horrible. It is only peace and safety. It is to be out of the world, where such troubles as this come to the innocent, to the best. And for life — that's the blessing of it! They can't begin again."

Newman dropped into a chair and sat looking at her with a long, inarticulate murmur. That this superb woman, in whom he had seen all human grace and domestic sovereignty, should turn from him and all this compassing brightness that he offered her, — him and his future and his fortune and his fidelity, — to muffle herself in ascetic rags and entomb herself in a convent, was a confounding combination of the inexorable and the grotesque. As the image deepened before him, the grotesque seemed to expand and overspread it; it was a reduction to the absurd of the trial to which he was subjected. "You — you a nun!" he exclaimed; "you with your beauty defaced — you behind locks and bars! Never, never, if I can prevent it!" And he sprang to his feet with a violent laugh.

"You can't prevent it," said Madame de Cintré; "and it ought — a little — to satisfy you. Do you suppose I will go on living in the world still beside you, and yet not with you? It is all arranged. Good-by, good-by."

This time he took her hand, took it in both his own. "Forever?" he said. Her lips made an inaudible movement and his own uttered a deep imprecation. She closed her eyes, as if with the pain of hearing it; then he drew her towards him and clasped her to his breast. He kissed her white face; for an instant she resisted and for a moment she submitted; then, with force, she disengaged herself and hurried away over the long, shining floor. The next moment the door closed behind her.

Newman made his way out as he could.

Henry James, Jr.

A DUTCH PICTURE.

SIMON DANZ has come home again,
From cruising about with his buccaneers;
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
And carried away the Dean of Jaen
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles,
And weather-cocks flying aloft in air,
There are silver tankards of antique styles,
Plunder of convent and castle, and piles
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town,
Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,
And the listed tulips look like Turks,
And the silent gardener as he works
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost
Verge of the landscape in the haze,
To him are towers on the Spanish coast,
With whiskered sentinels at their post,
Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin,
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
And old sea-faring men come in,
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine
Of the flickering fire of the winter night;
Figures in color and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of their ventures lost or won,
And their talk is ever and ever the same,
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,
From the cellars of some Spanish Don,
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides
 He paces his parlor to and fro;
 He is like a ship that at anchor rides,
 And swings with the rising and falling tides,
 And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,
 Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,
 Are calling and whispering in his ear,
 "Simon Danz! Why stayest thou here?
 Come forth and follow me!"

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
 For one more cruise with his buccaneers,
 To singe the beard of the King of Spain,
 And capture another Dean of Jaen
 And sell him in Algiers.

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE POLITICAL CONDITION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

[THE editors of *The Atlantic Monthly* have received from a South Carolina contributor the following paper, to the striking statements of which the fact that the writer is by birth, education, traditions, associations, and residence a Southerner ought to give additional value. Their interest in the present political juncture it is believed will amply justify the devotion of these pages to them. The writer's name is withheld for obvious reasons.]

The appearance of the Northern armies in the South during the late war was everywhere hailed with rejoicings by the negroes, and on the full achievement of their liberty through the defeat of the South their exultation was unbounded. The carpet-baggers came here in the army, in the service of the Freedmen's Bureau, and as agents of Northern churches and benevolent associations. They at once took the negro by the hand, and told him that the Northerners had freed him and intended to keep him free, give him property, and educate his chil-

dren. The negro listened eagerly, and, well knowing his old masters were anything but satisfied with the new order of things, blindly followed the guidance of his new friends. Supplies were distributed, colored schools were founded, and the blacks were induced to leave the white churches and worship apart. Many colored men from the North, superior to their Southern brethren in culture, also came to help on the work.

A few of the carpet-baggers were pure men, zealots and philanthropists; but many were dishonest, adventurers who had left their country for their country's good. Reconstruction came. The enfranchised freedmen were utterly at sea in politics; they needed leaders. The Southern whites refused the opportunity, though it is doubtful if they could have secured it, with scorn. The carpet-baggers seized it. Their authority over the blacks was already assured, but to make it doubly sure the Union Leagues were established. Every negro joined them, and was awed by their mystic rites. Free political use was also made

of the churches. The negro went to the polls, took a ballot from a carpet-bag friend, and without looking at it (with reason, for he could not read) dropped it in the box. He did not know what voting meant; he had only a vague though all-absorbing idea that it would bring him great good and avert great evil.

The constitutional convention of this State was held early in 1868. It was composed of carpet-baggers, scalawags (native white republicans), and a moiety of the brightest field-hands, ignorant of the alphabet. A constitution was framed — with a bill of rights prefixed which would have made Calhoun gasp and satisfied Jefferson and Sumner themselves — with clauses by which the State that originated nullification and secession is officiously made to declare that its citizens owe paramount allegiance to the constitution and government of the United States, and that the “State shall ever remain a member of the American Union; and all attempts, from whatever source or upon whatever pretext, to dissolve the said Union shall be resisted with the whole power of the State.”

The constitution was adopted and the first legislature and administration were chosen. The composition of the legislature was like that of the convention; the governor, attorney-general, and state treasurer were carpet-baggers; the lieutenant-governor and secretary of state were negroes; the house selected a scalawag for speaker. Then began those fantastic tricks which for six years made the government of South Carolina the worst mockery of the name ever seen on earth. In the legislature no bills, unless of a purely legal character, could be passed without bribery, and by bribery any bill whatever could be passed. A formidable lobby sprang up, and presently organized depredations were commenced on the public; I will merely summarize the main performances. In the cases of the Greenville and Columbia Railroad and the Blue Ridge Railroad, the State had guaranteed railroad bonds to the extent of \$6,000,000, reserving mortgages on the roads sufficient to cover the amount. Rings composed of carpet-

baggers and native speculators paid the legislature to enact laws by which the State released her mortgages, still retaining her liability for the \$6,000,000, and authorized the roads to pledge their property anew. In the case of the bank of the State, whose notes the State was bound to redeem, fraudulent notes to the amount of \$750,000 were approved and assumed. The state-house was gorgeously fitted out: there were clocks at \$480, mirrors at \$750, and chandeliers at \$650 apiece; elegant toilet sets were placed in the rooms of officials; there were two hundred fine porcelain spittoons at eight dollars apiece; and costly carpets, mirrors, sofas, etc., under the pretense of fitting up committee rooms, were furnished members for their apartments at boarding-houses. The real debt thus incurred was \$50,000, but the contractor by sharing the spoil procured an appropriation of \$95,000. Contingent funds became a notorious leak in the treasury; during the six years preceding 1875 they aggregated \$376,000. During the same years the expenses incurred for the public printing ran up to the astounding figure of \$1,104,000. During 1871, 1872, and 1873, they amounted to \$900,000, or a thousand dollars a day.

The bonded debt of the State, amounting to \$5,800,000 when the new régime began, was run up to \$27,900,000; and as the State was also liable for \$6,000,000 of railroad debts, as above explained, its total debt was well-nigh \$34,000,000. Most of the money raised on the bonds was deliberately stolen; and the legislature in 1873, alarmed by the clamor of the people and grudging the money paid for interest, repudiated about half the debt. The rate of taxation was almost incredibly heightened. Before the war the taxable value of property in the State was \$490,000,000, and the taxes averaged \$400,000 a year, the highest ever known being \$515,678 in 1851. The valuation of taxable property since the war has been \$184,000,000, and the annual taxes, state and county, have averaged \$2,000,000! This is confiscation, pure and simple; and besides this the assessments have been outrageous.

It is doubtful if the property assessed at \$184,000,000 would bring \$100,000,000 in market. Men were appointed auditors (assessors) whose figures would increase the amounts sent to the treasury to be stolen. I am personally familiar with seven or eight instances in which, owing to over-assessment, the tax amounted to five per cent. of the real value of the property; and complaint on the subject was general. Municipal taxes, too, were extravagant. Such distress was engendered that at times half the real estate in a county would be advertised for sale for delinquent taxes.

The officials in Columbia grew fabulously rich. Men, white and black, of no property went there, and, with no perceivable or conceivable means of honest living beyond a moderate official salary, would soon build palatial residences and support landaulets and blooded horses, worth more than their pay for a year. The state administration exceeded the legislature in corruption. They made stupendous over-issues when an issue of bonds was authorized, and pocketed the proceeds. In connection with the financial agency in New York, they perpetrated some of the boldest swindles that were undertaken. A commission had been appointed to buy \$700,000 worth of lands to sell to freedmen, who met with difficulty at first in persuading their old owners to sell them land. This commission, by charging the State five or six times as much as they paid for lands, succeeded in stealing over a half million of dollars. The treasury was annually rifled of the taxes till it became bankrupt.

The executive of South Carolina has unusual powers. With the approval of the senate he appoints the justices of the peace (called trial-justices here), county auditors, county treasurers, and many other local officers. The appointees for six years were corrupt whites, or equally corrupt and far more ignorant blacks, all rabid partisans. The colored justices could rarely read or write, and sent out their warrants signed with cross-marks. These officers were paid by fees, and were eager to listen

to trivial complaints against whites, or to stir up litigation. The treasurers of the counties were often in default; and as they owed their appointment generally to the state senator from their county, they were compelled to supply him with the public funds whenever he called for them. The local officers elected by the people were on a par with the appointees of the governor.

To make matters worse, the fountains of justice were corrupted. The supreme court was composed of one carpet-bagger, one scalawag, and one negro. The circuit courts, however, were not degraded. There were only two or three white or colored republicans competent to exercise judicial functions; and the whites, it was well understood, would not allow a perversion of power in this direction. So native white lawyers were generally selected for circuit judges — men who, retaining their honesty, would consent to keep quiet on politics, or openly profess republicanism. But to offset this there were juries composed chiefly of illiterate and degraded negroes, who thought their only duty was to find no bill or not guilty in all cases of blacks prosecuted by whites. Negro felons sent to the penitentiary were pardoned out by the wholesale. The highest number of prisoners in the penitentiary at Columbia (our only state prison) at any one time since the war has been four hundred and eighty. Yet in 1870 two hundred and five convicts there confined were pardoned. Pardons were granted as freely to men sentenced to serve for life or a term of years as to felons of a less degree of guilt. Negro convicts were generally pardoned, for political purposes, but money could obtain pardons for undeserving whites.

The demoralization became inconceivable. Larceny was universal. If a man hung up his coat at one end of a field, before he could plow to the other end and back it was stolen. Cows turned loose to browse came home milked dry. Live stock of all kinds was killed in the woods in the day-time. Cotton was picked from the fields at night, and corn "slip-shucked." Gardens and or-

chards were stripped, and water-melons actually became a rarity on white men's tables. Burglary, especially of smoke-houses and barns, was common. Everybody had dogs and guns, and thousands kept watch at night over their property.

In short, from 1868 to 1874 inclusive, the government of South Carolina was a grand carnival of crime and debauchery. After a year or so, the oppression grew so grinding that in many counties Ku-Klux Klans were organized. But their excesses soon carried the score over on the other side, and drew down the just indignation of the national government. They existed chiefly in counties where the whites outnumbered the negroes, and which had escaped the ravages of the war.

All these matters were aggravated by the management of the state militia. The militia officers appointed by the governors were all blacks, and the negro population eagerly enlisted. The whites scornfully refused to enlist under colored officers. The governor had power to receive any organization of private individuals, as part of the militia; but if he refused them, it was made highly penal to continue the organization. In several places the whites formed companies of their own, and offered themselves to the governor, who invariably refused them, and caused them to disband; but for the negro militia, one thousand Winchester and nineteen thousand Springfield rifles, with plenty of ammunition, were purchased. Armed with these, they drilled in a manner highly insulting and alarming to the whites. The military companies were used to tickle the negro's taste for martial pomp, and keep the negro vote consolidated.

It is now time to contemplate the other side of the picture.

For years after the fall of the Confederacy the people could not hear a renewal of war mentioned without a shudder. Politics fell into abhorrence. The leaders of secession lost their influence. We had been told that the Yankees would back up against the North Pole

before they would fight; that one man could drink all the blood which would be shed. But the North had warred promptly, aggressively, and successfully, and rivers of blood had run; consequently, the commands of the North were obeyed, the ordinance of secession was repealed, the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery was ratified, reconstruction was not resisted. The old leaders, indeed, were not disposed to submit. They bitterly protested against the enfranchisement of the freedmen, railed at the military government and the constitutional convention, tried to stir up enthusiasm for Seymour and Blair and a white-line democratic state ticket in 1868, and in every manner to rouse up the people; but their exertions were but ill-seconded. There were state conventions of the democracy, indeed; but it is a remarkable fact that, for nearly eleven years after the war, there were, except here and there, no democratic primaries—precinct clubs—in South Carolina. Efforts were repeatedly made to form them, but the people would not join them, or, having joined, attend. It became the custom to elect delegates to the state conventions by calling mass-meetings of the county democracy at the county courthouse. These meetings elected the delegates, or made county nominations. Their only attendants, generally, were ten or a dozen gentlemen who had been our statesmen before the war.

The people regretted their defeat, and looked with hostility on both the emancipation and the enfranchisement of their slaves. The war and its results had cost them blood, property, and liberty; "But," said they, "it's no use trying to resist the current; the North is too strong for us, and is bound to have its way." To the solicitations of their more sanguine leaders they replied, "You have misled us once; we will be more prudent in the future." The course of President Johnson inspired them with hopes, but these fled when the unity of the North was perceived. The prospect of electing Seymour animated them to some extent, but events soon chilled them again. For years, voting was regarded as a

mournful and onerous farce, and thousands refrained from it.

Even the new *régime*, with all its horrors, was submitted to, the sporadic outbreaks of the Ku-Klux forming the one exception. The leaders tried a change of tactics. In 1870 they dubbed the state democracy the Citizens' Reform Party, and, in the hope of catching part of the negro vote, nominated a Northern-born republican resident for governor, who accepted because dissatisfied with the party corruption. They hoped through success to make a step towards regaining power. But the negroes remained solid, and the regular republican ticket was again elected. The leaders of the whites now acquiesced in the do-nothing policy. For four years the whites kept almost altogether out of politics. The nomination of Greeley, indeed, excited their hopes powerfully at first, but his election was soon perceived to be impossible. No state ticket was run in 1872. There were two republican tickets in the field: the regular nominees supported by the corrupt element — and consequently the bulk — of the party, and a bolting ticket supported by some republican leaders, with their followers, who were in favor of reform. The few whites who turned out to vote for Greeley also voted for the bolting candidates, who, however, were defeated. The tax-paying democrats met once or twice after this to consult over their grievances, but confined themselves to temperate remonstrances, petitions, and non-partisan investigations.

In the election of 1874 there was again a split among the republicans. The party convention nominated a ticket at the head of which was Mr. Daniel H. Chamberlain, for governor. He was supposed to be corrupt, as he had been attorney-general and a member of various important commissions at the time when corruption was greatest. The honest element again bolted. The whites met in convention, and resolved to support the bolting ticket. In return the bolters divided many local nominations with the democrats. The whites almost to a man voted for the bolting candidates, —

county, legislative, and state, — although many of them (even the nominee for lieutenant-governor) were colored; so desperate at last had they become under governmental oppression. Mr. Chamberlain and the other regular candidates for state officers were elected; but the bolters and democrats elected about two fifths of the legislature.

The whites now expected the oppression to be redoubled. But when Mr. Chamberlain was installed, a curious spectacle was presented. He had made the usual promises of reform on the stump, amidst the smiles of his supporters, who had nominated him because they thought him a congenial spirit. He now announced that he had spoken in earnest. He made wholesale removals of the corrupt officers appointed by his predecessors, and replaced them by honest and competent men, in large part democrats. The corrupt schemes of the legislature were relentlessly vetoed. It was as bad as any preceding body, and elected two infamous men as circuit judges. Terrible excitement arose, which the governor quieted by refusing to commission the judges on a legal quibble; and by his threatening to veto the usual extortionate tax-bill, the most reasonable one known since 1867 was procured. The corrupt regular republicans went into vehement opposition to the governor, while the bolters and the democrats rallied to sustain his vetoes.

The reforms in justice, however, were most widely, deeply, and immediately felt. The wholesale pardoning at once stopped; the penitentiary began to fill up; good jury commissioners (the executive names them), who would select decent blacks for jurors and give the whites half the panels, were appointed. The whites began to take interest in the courts, and to look with less disfavor on colored jurors; the corrupt justices walked the plank by scores; a great decrease of crime was perceptible in a few months; race hatred greatly subsided. It is impossible to express the immense feeling of relief experienced at the restoration of confidence in the government.

The whites were unable to make too

much of their savior. He was admitted into the most aristocratic society. He was elected orator by the colleges, called on by fashionable associations to respond to toasts, and lionized everywhere. The white leaders and the papers called loudly for his reelection, and though the corrupt element of his party were determined to nominate another man or bolt should he carry the convention, a large section was in favor of re-nominating him. The whites shuddered at the terrible ordeal they had gone through, and seemed ready to recognize the rights of the negro and do anything in the way of compromise to avert such evil in the future. In several municipal elections (noticeably in Charleston) mixed tickets, half democrats and half blacks or republicans, were elected. It seemed as if a political millennium were about to dawn.

The motives of the governor have been variously construed. The belief became common that he was a pure man and had been slandered in the past. Many, however, believed him to be talented, ambitious, and unscrupulous; declaring that he had been a corruptionist while it suited his designs, but that on becoming governor he had determined to turn over to the whites, get socially recognized, procure an election to the United States Senate, and go there with such a powerful Southern support behind him that he could play an important part in national politics. This is the belief of the whites at present. Governor Chamberlain is a cold, elegant man, a graduate of Yale, and a lawyer. He is a student of comparative literature, and is thoroughly familiar with the course of modern thought. Some cultivated men in the State say that he went with the current till he gained power to control it; that then, out of pure love of political science, he undertook to bring about a reconciliation between the races and solve the great problem of Southern reconstruction and harmony. That he has ambition they do not deny; but they look on it as the ambition of a statesman, not of a politician. They recall the cold, judge-like neutrality with which he presided

over the people. He did not truckle to the whites, as has been charged. He associated with them professedly as a republican, but avoided insulting their prejudices. He always gave the blacks strict justice. In his appointments he preferred republicans, when fit ones could be found; but where none were fit, he would select democrats.

The governor of South Carolina is elected every two years. Mr. Chamberlain was elected in November, 1874, simultaneously with the democratic national House of Representatives. The election of that house was hailed with thanksgiving in South Carolina, as an indication that the North had determined to protest against the oppression of the Southern whites by their old slaves and the carpet-baggers. But, after a time, the fact began to attract attention that a majority of the democratic congressmen were Southerners, and many of those Southerners ex-Confederate generals. A wild hope seized our old political leaders that the palmy *ante-bellum* times were about to return, that the democracy was again to control the national government, and that the South was again to rule the councils of the democracy. Every Southern State was now democratic except South Carolina and Louisiana, and Louisiana was on the verge of a change. Even Mississippi, than which only South Carolina was worse Africanized, had been carried by the white-liners. Good government, indeed, was now restored in our State and by their assistance could be maintained. But it was not a government under their own auspices, or those of the democratic party; and while it continued they could hope neither to be heard at Washington nor to practice their cherished traditions at home.

From the beginning of 1876 they set themselves to the task of arousing the people. A violent cry was raised against the governor, and the whites were called on to follow the example of their brethren in the other Southern States. Social pressure was brought to bear, an energetic canvass begun, and newspapers were bought up or new ones founded; for the main body of the whites were

still disposed to hesitate. "We had better wait," said they, "and see how things go in the North. If the democrats carry the elections there in November, and get control of the national government, why, of course, we can rise up and throw off republican rule in the State. But we have a good government now, and had best let well-enough alone, for fear our old oppression might be re-established." But the work went on. At the Fort Moultrie centennial thousands of Confederate soldiers, once more under arms, were paraded before the people of the State. Wade Hampton was their captain. Hot Southern speeches were made, and the troops in attendance from Georgia, disgusted at the unwonted spectacle of negroes in office, rode rough-shod over the colored police of Charleston. Mr. Tilden had just been nominated at St. Louis, and the brilliant prospects of electing him were triumphantly paraded. Then came race conflicts: the killing of a colored legislator in Darlington County, the lynching of two negroes in Marlboro' and six in Edgefield, and finally the Hamburg massacre. This last and the governor's action concerning it were followed by appeals to the whites, made with all the old vehemence of Carolinians. Everybody was urged to buy arms; rifle clubs and mounted companies were everywhere formed, the young men being cheered on to join them; and the old system of browbeating and challenging all non-conformists to the duello was vigorously put in operation.

The whites in the old Ku-Klux counties, where the negroes are in the minority, turned over *en masse* to the revolutionary policy; in the other counties they held back for a long time, discouraging violence as inexpedient, as likely to hurt Tilden in the North, as being, in short, *premature*. But gradually they half fell, were half driven, into line; though not all; for when the state democratic convention met on August 15th there was still a powerful minority (about two fifths) in favor of postponing action until it should be seen what the republicans would do about Chamberlain. It is useless to say, however, that the

majority carried their point. General Wade Hampton, the Murat of the Confederacy, in whom are strikingly crystallized all the arrogant old plantation qualities of the South, was nominated for governor with a corresponding ticket. It was determined to carry the State by the method known as the Mississippi Plan.

I will merely summarize the means used; I was in the State during the whole campaign, and know whereof I speak. The plan was, first, to arouse the white population to secession or nullification madness; next, to get as many negroes as possible to vote the democratic ticket, and prevent as many as possible from voting the republican; and finally, to put such a face on their doings as to work no harm to the democratic cause outside the State.

In the first matter they thoroughly succeeded. General Hampton, an orator of no mean order, an accomplished gentleman sprung from the best Carolina stock, our greatest and most celebrated soldier, in company with numerous other ex-Confederate generals and officers (among whom were some from other States, including Toombs, Hill, and Gordon), began a systematic canvass of the State, speaking at every county town and at other places of size. Such delirium as they aroused can be paralleled only by itself even in this delirious State. Their whole tour was a vast triumphal procession; at every depot they were received by a tremendous concourse of citizens and escorts of cavalry. Their meetings drew the whole white population, male and female (for the ladies turned out by tens of thousands to greet and listen to the heroic Hampton), for scores of miles around, and had to be held invariably in the open air. They were preceded by processions of the rifle clubs, mounted and on foot, miles in length, marching amidst the strains of music and the booming of cannon; at night there were torch-light processions equally imposing. The speakers aroused in thousands the memories of old, and called on their hearers to redeem the grand old State and restore it to its an-

cient place of honor in the republic. The wildest cheering followed. The enthusiasm, as Confederate veterans pressed forward to wring their old general's hand was indescribable. Large columns of mounted men escorted the canvassers from place to place while off the railroad. They were entertained at the houses of leading citizens, held receptions attended by all the wealth, intelligence, and brilliance of the community, and used all the vast social power they possessed to help on the work.

Besides this, the fearful memories of the ante-Chamberlain days were revived. The governor's participation in them was maliciously asserted. The acknowledged fact that the mass of the negroes had opposed his reforms was skillfully paraded. His attempts to secure United States troops were denounced as a damning outrage; "South Carolina should be ruled by South Carolinians" was repeated from mountain to sea-board.

The work of buying arms and organizing democratic primaries and rifle clubs was energetically pushed on, till every democrat in the State had a gun and was enrolled in a primary, and three fourths of the whites belonged to the military. The ostracism and dragooning of all who hung back was carried to the last extreme, until the whites were as consolidated as in 1860.

The negroes saw these portentous movements; they saw the soldiery drilling, and every white man spending hours daily at the target. Rumors of Hamburg reached them. Their former masters urgently importuned them to vote for Hampton. Every republican meeting was interrupted by armed multitudes of democrats, half the time demanded for democratic speakers, the republican orators jeered at, interrupted, vilely insulted, and hissed down, while the intruding speakers plainly announced that the whites were going to carry the election at all hazards and that the negroes had better vote the democratic ticket to save themselves trouble. Long lines of cavalry were kept constantly parading and proved particularly effective. Then another holocaust took place at Ellen-

ton, and was talked about by the whites all over the State in the presence of the negroes. The whites, furthermore, suddenly assumed a dictatorial demeanor in their daily intercourse with the colored people, knocked them down or shot them on the slightest provocation, and by free use of menaces prevented indictments. Prominent republicans, white and colored, were threatened with ambuscades or followed by crowds of bullies if they left towns to canvass in the country; the negroes and white republicans were insulted on the streets; if troublesome, they were forced into fights by bravoos or picked off by "chance" shots during the course of pretended drunken rows got up near them. Terrorism soon reigned supreme.

To conceal these things systematic deception was used. Hundreds of false affidavits were procured, charging the negroes with aggression at both Hamburg and Ellenton, and justifying the whites in everything, even in the murder of prisoners; the responsibility for every deed of democratic violence was fixed on republicans; reconciliation to the results of the war was loudly professed. For over a month hardly any negroes turned democrats, yet large accessions were triumphantly claimed in the papers; ten colored democrats were nominated for the legislature in counties sure to go republican; the negro majority, which the last census gives as thirty-five thousand (seventy-five thousand white voters and one hundred and ten thousand colored), was boldly asserted to be only ten or fifteen thousand; and the judges (mostly democratic whites who had professed republicanism, or consented to preserve silence) were induced to declare for Hampton and *Hayes* (the latter for effect North), and denounce Chamberlain; *though a few months before, each and every one of them had been the very lowliest supporters he had in the State.*

So few colored men joined the democratic clubs during the earlier weeks of the campaign that, to make the matter sure, there came proposals in the press and resolutions by the precinct and rifle clubs to employ no colored republicans

as laborers, and to give no patronage to republican brick-layers, blacksmiths, carpenters, hack-men, market-men, etc., when democratic negroes were accessible. Thousands of republicans at once had ruin or democracy staring them in the face as alternatives; and hundreds of them finally began to turn.

For election day a *coup d'état* was contemplated. The members of the rifle clubs informally agreed among themselves to guard the polls and systematically patrol the public roads in a menacing manner, so as to frighten off the negroes and keep them at home.

But suddenly the governor came out with his proclamation. In the earlier part of his administration he had accepted ten or a dozen rifle clubs as militia; but the hundreds that had been organized since the opening of the campaign had asked no permission and were clearly illegal. So he ordered them to disband, and (as commander-in-chief) he disbanded those he had accepted, they too having been turned into political machines. The papers announced a day or two beforehand that the order was to be issued, and added, falsely and maliciously, that the arms of the clubs would also be demanded, although private property, each member having purchased his own gun. It would have taken but a wave of Hampton's hand to cause a frightful outbreak; but he counseled submission, especially when the president's proclamation came out, as the more expedient course, and the clubs ceased drilling and parading, though, of course, retaining their arms; it would have taken but a drum beat to make most of them fall into ranks. Then United States troops were poured into the State, and a garrison was stationed at every important town. The interference with republican meetings was immediately stopped.

When the democrats first began their demonstrations the negroes were cowed all over the State. They kept remarkably quiet, and it seemed as if their old fear of their masters would so reassert itself as soon to force them into the democratic ranks. But after a while, in some of the counties where they pre-

dominate—noticeably Charleston, Darlington, and Orangeburg—they became intensely excited at what they judged this evident blow at their liberty. They purchased guns and ammunition as fast as they were able, burnished the arms the State had given them, had broken or rusty weapons repaired, got knives, clubs, and torches ready, consulted together secretly, and evinced a stern determination to resist aggression to the death. They furthermore, alarmed at the daily defections from their ranks on account of work taken from republicans, began in the most fearful manner to maltreat and intimidate every colored man who gave promise of turning democrat. The excitement over this matter in Charleston resulted in a terrible riot, during which the city for one night and practically for several days was in the hands of black savages, who shot or beat every white who appeared on the streets. Indignant at the breaking up of their meetings by democratic soldiery, they began to attend armed. The bloody collision at Cainhoys was the consequence of this policy. After the arrival of the garrisons, the negroes all over the State broke out into extravagant expressions of joy and thanksgiving, appeared under arms on every occasion, and acted in the most alarming manner everywhere. Their orators advised them to cut the throats of white women and children, if the shot-gun policy were continued, and to apply the torch to the dwelling of any man who discharged them on account of politics. In a week or two the increase of crime was positively appalling. The whites had conjured up a spirit which threatened to tear them in pieces.

The republican convention met on the 12th of September. Governor Chamberlain used all his official power and personal influence to pack it with his adherents and the honest element of the party; but the corrupt element was in the majority. The governor was a candidate for renomination, and he urged as candidates for the other high offices men of acknowledged integrity and uprightness. But so bitterly had the corruptionists come to hate him that they

made a violent onslaught on him; and although they knew that without his interference the whites would out-Mississippi Mississippi in the election, they gave him plainly to understand that they must no longer be trodden on by him. That it was necessary to success to renominate him they bitterly admitted; but beyond this they resolutely refused to go. The governor had either to stoop, or to turn over the State to the strongest and fiercest spirits of the section which had tried to tear the Union asunder. A compromise was effected, and the governor was renominated; a few of the highest offices were given to his adherents, and the rest were given to the corruptest men in the corrupt section of the party. It was a sorry ticket; but, thanks to his efforts, it was the best put forward by the party convention since reconstruction. Similar compromises in the nominations were effected afterwards in many localities; but in a majority of counties the corruptionists broke out in open rebellion, put up their own men, and refused to give the Chamberlainites a showing; and the Chamberlainites and Mr. Chamberlain acquiesced.

The coming of the troops was a terrible setback for the democrats; but they had gone too far to recede. The troops were loudly welcomed, and their gentlemanly West Point officers entertained at formal but polite dinners to keep up appearances; although the furious deportment of the negroes soon made the whites, now unorganized, *really* glad that the troops were among them to prevent overt violence. A day of prayer and fasting for democratic success was appointed by the central committee of the party, and, at their request, religious services with the same object (an unknown thing) were held in every church—even Episcopal and Catholic—in the State. The “preference policy” was sternly pursued. Thousands of colored republicans lost their situations. Negro tenants (republican) were everywhere warned to leave. On trying to rent new lands they were coldly asked, “Are you going to vote for Hampton?” Repub-

lican craftsmen were everywhere idle. The papers and orators unintermittingly declared that every democrat should make it his duty to secure at least one negro to vote for Hampton, by fair means or foul, and watch him deposit his ballot. This was the famous “one man apiece” policy. In consequence, all the whites, especially gentlemen of property emulated each other in purchasing voters. Thousands of negroes had liens on their crops released, land rented them at nothing, supplies promised for next year, or money paid them outright in consideration of their turning democrats, or of staying away from the polls. In consequence of the discharge of colored laborers, the torch began its terrible work all over the country, and the whites were compelled to keep watch over their property at night. The streets of every village were patrolled. All the more bravely did the whites face the torch, all the more zealously did they work, after the significance of the democratic victory in Indiana began to appear. It was well known that the republican party there had made the issue on the “bloody shirt” and the “solid South,” and on that issue had been defeated. Grant was furiously denounced from one end of the State to the other, and the people loudly called on to aid in electing a democratic president who would keep his hands off the South in the future. And the leaders, thinking everything was going for Tilden and the democrats, became absolutely frantic with the desire, which had been strong enough before, to participate in the victory, to get back to Washington, and to restore Palmetto ascendancy in the national councils.

As the election day approached, there were signs that the republicans, frightened at the immense depletion of their strength, would attempt performances in repeating unparalleled in the history of elections; and the democrats began on all sides to say that if the republicans tried that game the democrats should try it too. The rowdies and fire-eaters among the lower classes of whites were worked up with the notion, and made ready for anything.

The election passed off amid terrible excitement, but, on the whole, peaceably. United States troops were posted at a large proportion of the polls and places where trouble or overt intimidation was apprehended, and were called on frequently to repress incipient tumults. Both parties turned out in full force, and stayed at the polls all day. Guns were brought by both parties, and concealed in houses near many polls, but the troops would not allow any to be shown. The whites, though, to a man, wore pistols as usual, as did all the negroes, few in number, who had been able to buy them. In Barnwell County, however, the ballot-box at a rural poll in a negro section, where no troops were posted, was fired on by an unknown party (supposed of course to be whites) from a neighboring swamp, and a stampede occurred. The poll was closed. Afterwards the managers reopened it in an adjoining place, and the negroes were rallied, inspired with mob courage, and deposited 2027 votes. The democrats afterwards protested against the counting of these votes. In Charleston County the colored militia turned out at rural polls under arms, stood on guard near such as had no troops near them, and prevented scores of colored democrats from voting, or intimidated them into "voting right."

The election itself was one of the grandest farces ever seen. In counties where the negroes had terrorized affairs, streams of colored republicans poured from poll to poll all day, voting everywhere. The largest vote ever cast before in Charleston County had been twenty thousand. Yet on election day, although three or four thousand negroes were bribed or led by fear of starvation to refrain from voting, and although five or six hundred who did vote cast the democratic ticket, the total vote thrown reached the amazing figure of 23,891 and the county went republican by 6391 votes — six thousand having been the average majority in the past. In counties terrorized by the whites, white braves rode from poll to poll, and voted time and again. Hundreds of Geor-

gians and North Carolinians crossed the borders and joined in the work. In Edgefield County the influx of Georgians and the repeating were simply tremendous. The total number of voters in that county, according to the recent state census (*which was denounced as exaggerating the population by the democratic press*, because the census takers were paid by a fee of five cents for every name recorded instead of by a salary), is 7122, and the county has always, hitherto, gone republican by one thousand votes; yet, although a thousand negroes certainly, and an unknown number above that, were induced by money or fear of starvation to refrain from voting, the total number of votes cast was 9289, and the democrats carried the county by the astounding and tell-tale majority of 3225! Similarly startling in most of the counties were the changes as compared with the census or past elections. Every democrat with whom I have talked since election day has something of this sort to say: "Why, the negroes at my precinct repeated and voted their minors on a tremendous scale; for their total vote was almost as high as ever before, although we kept away fifty or sixty from voting and got about a dozen to vote with us. Why, I carried one negro to the polls myself, and saw him put in his ballot all right, and his two brothers stayed at home all day, for I told them if they voted against us I would turn them off."

The ballots were undoubtedly counted fairly at the polls. Through Governor Chamberlain's influence, one democrat and two republicans had been appointed managers at every precinct. The board of county canvassers, appointed to aggregate the returns for each county, was similarly composed. But in compiling the vote they made some changes of the precinct returns; for instance, the names of some candidates of each party had been misspelt on the tickets by country printers, and in several cases candidates running for certain offices had by mistake received votes for other offices. The precinct managers returned the votes as cast, but the county boards

credited the candidates really intended to be voted for with the erroneous votes. The returns were awaited amidst the most intense excitement. They were exceedingly close, but at last it became apparent that, according to the precinct returns (excluding the Barnwell box where the voting was interrupted), the democratic ticket was ahead. But presently it was ascertained that the returns of the board of county canvassers would put the result in doubt, and that if the Barnwell box were received the republican ticket would prevail. This caused wild excitement, for the board of state canvassers, composed of the secretary of state, attorney-general, state treasurer, etc., has power to decide when there are variations in the returns, as well as to determine contested elections; and, of course, the republicans contested Edgefield and Barnwell — the latter, because the democrats had carried the county through the exclusion of the votes at the poll, so often referred to by the county canvassers — as well as Laurens County, where foul play was alleged. The whites had had great distrust of the state board from the start, for it had been a corrupt body always, and at present is not above suspicion, besides the fact of all its members being republicans and half of them candidates for reëlection.

When the board met, democratic counsel appeared before it, and, though the above-named powers were undoubtedly conferred on it by law, and had been exercised without question for eight years, the board's authority under the law to hear contests was objected to, the constitutionality of the laws constituting it were objected to, the right of the members to sit was objected to, and, in short, everything was objected to on contemptible quibbles (though it must be owned that the man who drew up our election laws might have made them clearer). Finally the board was dragged before the notorious supreme court. The chief-justice is F. J. Moses, Sen., father of the world-famous Robber - Governor who preceded Governor Chamberlain, and who was one of the corrupt pair

whom Chamberlain refused to commission as judges. Father and son are alike inimical to Chamberlain.

I can safely predict one thing: if the ultimate decision be in favor of the republicans, we shall have in South Carolina all the transactions so common in Louisiana — rival governors and legislatures, Penn insurrections and *Wiltz coup d'états*; the democrats are aroused to the last degree, and with difficulty can be held in by their leaders, who are, of course, diplomatic. In the mean while, there is almost a reign of anarchy: the negroes are burning and stealing, the whites are shooting and beating; the papers are filled with reports of crimes and affrays. The races here are so worked up that anything may cause a bloody conflict; the whites could probably defeat the negroes easily, and slaughter them like dogs, but — the torch! The negroes would fire Charleston in a thousand places if driven to bay; the whites know this and restrain the young men; the negroes know it too, and are accordingly insolent and malevolent.

If Chamberlain be installed, he will undoubtedly try to do right; and as the legislature will have its lower house democratic or republican by a few votes only (if the democrats in the latter case will sit), with his aid good government is possible; but it is improbable, for the democrats are now in the mood to rule or ruin, and are likely to refuse to have anything to do with a government of republicans.

The popular terms, "the North" and "the South," the "Confederacy" and the "Union," are, as usual, descriptive of an underlying truth. There is and always has been a difference in national characteristics between the inhabitants of the old free, and those of the old slave States. The Southerners used to look on the Northerners as coarse, money-getting people, given to fanaticism on certain social, political, and religious questions. Their contempt for the commercial character of the North originated, of course, in the aristocratic training of the plantations, and their hatred

for the liberty and equality doctrines of Northern philanthropists arose from the intolerance natural to all aristocracies, and from the dread of a servile insurrection or of losing their slave property. There was, undeniably, much antipathy felt by the people of the South towards the Northerners before the war. Now the war has not diminished, it has intensified this antipathy; the chivalric South, which had borne itself so haughtily and boisterously at Washington, was conquered by the commercial North; the doctrines of the fanatics were triumphant; cherished institutions were revolutionized. The master was made slave, and the slave made master. The hatred of the humiliated Southern people was absolutely unfathomable; and it yet continues. The talk about the healing of the recent wounds, the filling up of the bloody chasm, the reconciliation of the sections, etc., is opposed to common sense, reason, the experience of ages, and the facts in the case. The South is a conquered land, and the Southerners, still retaining their disgust for the commercial and equalizing spirit of the North, have had national hatred added to national antipathy by their defeat. They have been quiet and submissive since the war, through pure exhaustion and animal fear, but ostracism of Northerners has been universal, and intermarriage is forbidden on the pain of social death. Sometimes, it is true, Northern settlers of unimpeachable antecedents, men of tact, who would keep out of politics and set themselves to the task of conciliating and sympathizing, have made some progress towards affiliation; but the main fact is as I have stated it. It is also true that pacific utterances have been heard, that courtesies have been interchanged with Northern military companies, and that Northern visitors (especially newspaper correspondents or distinguished men) have met with hospitality. But all these things have been merely formal, except in the case of the military, who have been actuated not by friendship or reconciliation, but by the chivalric sentiments of soldiers for gallant foes. These things have been

done in the hope of obtaining relief from our bandit governments, or of gaining ascendancy in the national councils.

Indeed, this leads me to observe that hatred for the North is often largely modified into hatred for the republican party; but the party attachment of the whites for Northern democrats is too much like that of hard-pressed soldiers for mutineers in the enemy's camp, to be a healthful sign of reconciliation. The lost cause, our trials during the war, our brilliant deeds in arms, our reverses, our grievances since the peace, form the staple of fireside and social conversation in every Southern family, and will do so for generations. Every child at its mother's knee is told of the brave old days; how its father used to own troops of slaves and counties of land; how he or some other honored relative fell under the banner of Morgan, of Lee, of Stonewall Jackson, or of Hampton; and into its mind is instilled hatred of their slayers and a resolution to avenge their death "some of these days." Shafts to the honor of the Confederate dead are thick in every grave-yard and cemetery, covered with tear-moving inscriptions; and once a year, on Memorial Day, the whole white population turns out, — suspending all business, — amidst the tolling of bells, to decorate the graves of their fallen heroes, and listen to eulogies and poems on them and the cause they died for. I do not reprobate the custom; it is only as natural as it is undeniable.

The Southern press teems with publications relating to the war — with the histories of Pollard and of Alexander H. Stephens (which are found in every white school as text-books), the rabid memoirs of Admiral Semmes, and lives without number of Lee and Jackson. The historical societies, since the great speech of General Hill, have been busily collecting statistics justifying the prison management of the Confederate government, and proving that Confederate prisoners were worse used than Unionists.

It is true that democratic conventions and democratic leaders in the South

have pledged themselves to abide by the issues of the war. But these utterances are worth no more than platforms and diplomatic professions in general. Beyond all things would Southerners rejoice to be free, to achieve their independence of the nation which has conquered them, of which they, *nolens volens*, must form a part. But they have tested the strength of the North, and learned to dread it. Nothing could induce them to engage the North single-handed again; and the more so, that they now have a possible intestine foe, the negro, to deter them. But contingencies may be easily imagined which would tempt them to rise: for instance, should they get the South solid, put the negro down at home, get him sufficiently intimidated or pacified to use as a Sepoy force, and a war should break out between the United States and some foreign power with which the South could side.

There is another kind of contingency which seems likely to occur at no very distant period. The excitement in the South over the presidential contest is literally frightful. Should it be adverse to Mr. Tilden, the national House of Representatives and Mr. Tilden have it in their power to cause an explosion in the South so terrific that the outbreak of 1860-61 will be almost forgotten. The most dangerous hopes and emotions are agitating the bosom of every Southerner. At every street corner and fireside, on the steps of every store, you may hear men saying that the hour of the republicans is striking, they have got to submit, the North is split, and "We'll try them this time with Tilden and New York to help us."

Next to separation from the Union, the South would relish ruling the Union. Her representatives would be as intolerant as of old. Once solid, she will always remain solid. Mr. Nordhoff is in error with regard to the probability of a whig revival in the South. As he says, there were, undoubtedly, thousands of men in the South before the war who were conservative and opposed to secession; but they were dragooned into con-

formity by the fire-eating element then, and can be dragooned again; and, besides, many of them have become alienated from the North in consequence of having participated in Southern reverses, and they could hope to do nothing in the face of the popular animosity engendered by the strife. The fire-eaters would rule and keep the white vote consolidated, and thus hope to govern the Union through divisions in the Northern vote; for they are confident that the North cannot be kept as solid as the South.

Three evils are to be chiefly dreaded under Southern ascendancy at Washington. The first is a tremendous rush of office seekers and bonanza jobbers from the South. Thousands of Southerners, not reared to exertion, have been compelled to struggle hard for a living since the war, and would, of course, naturally abandon uncongenial or ill-paying avocations for the delights of office; and from the willingness to get all the spoils possible *there would be a great clamor all over the South for internal improvements.* The second is the much-talked-of danger of the payment of Southern claims, compensation for the slaves, assumption of the Confederate debt, etc. The Southerners, I know, would undoubtedly be overjoyed could these things be accomplished; but they fear that any attempt to accomplish them might rouse the North so powerfully that they would be put down decisively, and kept down. They consider the attempt unsafe; but here, again, the question is one of expediency, not of principle. Attempts would probably be made to carry the same points indirectly. The third, and, in my opinion, the most formidable evil would be the danger of a warlike foreign policy. The spirit of the South — and especially of the leading element, the aristocracy — is at present dangerously martial. The Southerners, naturally spirited, fond of hunting and the turf, and devotees of the code, took astonishingly well to war; reared as gentlemen, relieved from labor by their slaves, and utterly unaccustomed to steady exertion, they have repined much against the hard

fate which has forced them to work like other people for a living; and the vast majority of them, bursting with impatience under their restraint, would gladly hail the excitement and dangers of a campaign as a refreshing intermission, a picnic as it were, in the dreary monotony of the remorseless struggle for existence. The Southern papers were vehement for war with Spain about the Virginius matter, and have been bitter against the president on account of his non-aggressive policy towards Mexico. "Tilden will stop these incursions on the border" has been a frequent editorial remark. In social intercourse, I have heard dozens of influential Southern gentlemen exclaim, "Would n't it be glorious if we could have two new Southern States — another Texas from the Mexican territory, and Cuba from Spain!" There is, furthermore, the hope that in the event of war the South could secede if she chose, or confirm her sway over the Union by threatening to join the enemy.

The hostility with which the whites regarded the enfranchisement of the negro has made itself felt in the sternest ostracism of Southerners who have turned republican, even if they were sincere and shunned office. In this State the negro legislature is called the menagerie, and is never referred to without a malediction. It is true that the whites have at times (noticeably in 1874) voted for negroes for office, and even high office; but it was done only to escape confiscation. Large numbers of irreconcilables refused outright to do it, and were secretly admired by those who yielded, and openly applauded by the ladies. When the bolters in 1874 spoke at one time of nominating a negro for governor, the only daily journal then in Charleston, the leading democratic paper of the State and the South, said that South Carolinians might contrive to put up with a colored lieutenant-governor, but could not stomach a colored executive; there was a line which might God forbid they should ever pass.

Colored politicians, who can be dis-

tinguished by their shiny, dressy appearance, have always been held in detestation; their appearance is the signal for wrathful silence, scowls, and derisive winks; if one of them, in the open air, passes a group of young white men, either silence falls on them till he is past, or they burst into laughter and jeer him as long as he remains in sight.

The intimidation and killing of negroes during election campaigns is a lamentable but significant sign. Negro citizenship rests solely on the very insecure support of United States bayonets; in this matter, again, the whites are guided by expediency alone. Whenever they dare, the whites in the Southern States will disfranchise the negro outright and by law; and in the mean while they will, in States they control, practically disfranchise him. For instance, the negro always evades paying taxes — even a poll-tax — as long as he can, and is notoriously given to roost-liftings, stealing cotton by night, killing hogs, etc., in the woods; accordingly, I am not surprised to see that in Georgia non-payment of taxes — even the poll-tax — is made to disfranchise a voter, that half the negroes are already disfranchised for non-payment, and that every man in Alabama convicted of larceny is disfranchised. White employers object to their hands taking time to vote, and one discharged for this reason cannot obtain reemployment. Young braves turn out upon election day, and jeer at, bully, or force negroes coming to vote into fights. In some riotous districts of Georgia, which the democrats now carry by the significant majority of eighty thousand, not a negro vote is polled; the increase of the democratic majority in Alabama since the State fell into democratic hands is well known. In Georgia there are no colored state officers, not even constables or police, and a negro has not been summoned to serve on a jury there for years; there is only one colored man in the legislature. An educational qualification, which is loudly clamored for in some Southern States, would disfranchise ninety-five negroes out of a hundred; and though many poor whites would murmur

at such a measure, the fire-eaters would quickly bring them round by a judicious use of the cane and the pistol. So I should not be surprised to see that plan adopted in the Southern States before long.

The whites, I believe, will never attempt to reënslave the negro, even should they get out of the Union, or the North refuse to interfere. The matter is often in people's minds, as may be judged by the recurrence of such remarks as "I wonder what will be the end of this thing?" "What must we do with the negro?" etc. But reënslavement presents great difficulties and dangers. The negroes would resist it to the death: kill women and children, use the torch freely, flee to the swamps, and thence sally out to fight and ravage, so dearly have they come to prize their liberty. And even should they be ultimately subjected, there would be daily and nightly outbreaks, keeping the whites in constant suspense. But it is unmistakable that the inexpediency, not the wrong of the measure, would constitute the obstacle. The whites clearly regard subordination in all things as the natural condition of the negro.

Should the North ever grant free play, or a separation occur, I should look for the whites to go as far as they dare in restricting colored liberty by black codes or detached laws, without actually re-establishing personal servitude. For instance, from the irritation felt in consequence of the stealing and selling of cotton at night, and their incursions into chicken, meat, and potato houses, and barns, we may expect negroes to be prohibited from stirring from home at night after some curfew hour, save under patrol or police regulations. From the animosity evinced towards their Union Leagues, political clubs, mass-meetings, etc., we may look for the prohibition of all colored assemblages; their churches would probably be put under police espionage, to prevent the discussion of political themes. From the great irritation felt at colored men who support their wives in idleness, or send their children (needed to work on the plantation) to

school, we should anticipate stringent vagrant laws, and laws forbidding colored children to attend school during work hours, if at all. From the exasperating disposition of the negro to quit employers before his time is out, and to work unsteadily while employed, we may predict laws prescribing the manner in which they shall hire themselves (perhaps requiring strict contracts, holding them to labor for stated periods at stated wages), severely punishing idleness and making the violations of contract by a negro a penal offense. Bills of that purport have been introduced into the Georgia legislature, and voted down as premature. Finally, from the delight with which the killing of a negro leader is hailed who shows any signs of becoming "dangerous" through his intelligence or culture, it is easy to foresee that whites would be lightly punished (if juries would ever convict them) for crimes against blacks, while the criminal law would be severe on black offenders, and convictions easy.

The Union Leagues gave the negroes their first notions of parliamentary law and debating. They were encouraged to attend courts as spectators, were inducted into jury and militia service, and their prominent men were elevated to office. For several years—until 1872—in this State they unresistingly followed the guidance of their white friends. There was little debate at their meetings, and most measures were passed unanimously. On juries, in the legislature, etc., they were sheepish, quiet, awkward, and docile. But gradually they began to pick up hints and to see things for themselves. They became ambitious for office and distinction, acquired confidence, joined in debate, and criticised the measures proposed by their white leaders; and for a few years past they have been growing the most irrepressible democrats it is possible to conceive. They delight in attending, either to mingle in or to look on at, all sorts of assemblages,—church services and meetings, political clubs and conventions, mass-meetings, the courts,—as well as to serve on juries or in the

militia. They are astonishingly quick at imitation, and are a mere second edition of the whites. At their gatherings all have something to say, and all are up at once. They have a free flow of language, and their older men exhibit a practical, get-at-the-facts disposition (narrow-minded of necessity, yet intense from that very circumstance) which is a near approach to that sterling English quality, hard common sense. They are to the last degree good-humored unless persistently opposed, when they become excited, demonstrative, and violent, in both demeanor and language. While they are speaking, their orators are subjected to all kinds of interruptions,—questions, impertinences, points of order, etc. Consequently much disorder prevails at their meetings. In the legislature knives and pistols have been drawn, and members have been expelled for disorderly conduct.

The negroes undoubtedly have a genius for intriguing. They understand all the arts of the lobby. They are quick with points of order—tack on riders, hurry jobs through under the previous question, etc. They understand well how to make corporations pay for bills, and candidates for nominations. Rings are well known in their politics. They have gerrymandered the congressional districts so as to deprive the whites of two representatives they might fairly elect. To insure the elections, they have refused to pass laws providing for registration, as the constitution directs; and under this safeguard (every voter being allowed to vote at any precinct whatever in his county, if he swears that he is voting for the first time) they have rivaled in repeating any feats of Tammany or Philadelphia roughs. Charleston County has been chiefly the theatre of these deeds. Negroes in swarms go voting from poll to poll in the country, and then enter the city and vote at several precincts there. Negroes do this all over the State on a smaller scale, and they frequently cross from county to county to vote; while the voting, or attempts to vote, of boys under twenty-one is notorious. Until 1874 their managers

also proved themselves adepts in packing ballot-boxes, or in manipulating returns; such frauds being easily detected by keeping lists of how many negroes and how many whites voted, the voting having generally been on the color line. The meetings of bolting republicans are frequently packed by regulars, their orators hissed, resolutions voted down, and their opposite carried.

The negroes moreover are as intolerant of opposition as the whites. They expel from the church, ostracize, and, if they can, mob and kill all of their own, though not of the white race, who would turn democrats; and they have done so ever since the war. The women are worse than the men, refusing to talk to or marry a renegade, and aiding in mobbing him. They treat bolting republicans in the same way. But in some counties the bolters at times, happening to outnumber the regulars, have proceeded to reverse the game, and intimidate the regulars into conformity. Charleston County for many years has had two republican factions waging relentless mob war on each other, the division originating in the rivalry of two noted white leaders. When a negro does turn democrat, he surpasses the most rabid fire-eater in violence, and on every occasion delights to banter, insult, or bully republican negroes, if white men are near to protect him.

On national questions the negroes, as is well known, implicitly follow the dictation of Northern republicans; but in home matters they are more independent. For three or four years they have displayed great dissatisfaction with their white leaders. "Our votes keep the party in power," they say, "and we ought to have the offices." In consequence, many white leaders have been discarded, and those who yet retain prominence have had to use money and official patronage freely to retain their influence. Out of about one hundred and twenty-five republicans in the two legislative houses last session, about one hundred and ten were colored. I speak from memory, but am substantially correct.

The negroes have been accused of be-

ing easily led by demagogues; but they really rule the demagogues, not the demagogues them. Let the politicians do anything which is distasteful, and opponents spring up in every quarter. They are extremely jealous of any one's assuming to dictate to them. They are impatient of trespasses and domiciliary visits to a degree only exceeded by the English races, and often resist search-warrants. They also resist arrests, and have to be vigorously clubbed. One thing, though, must be mentioned. Their fear of being reënslaved offers a means by which dexterous politicians can often impose on them. If you can prove to their

satisfaction that any measure will tend to give the whites any advantage over them, it is instantly quashed and its opposite forthwith carried, *nem con.* The intense love the negro has acquired for liberty was conspicuously manifested in the recent canvass, when it became apparent that the whites were determined to carry the election on the Mississippi Plan, and, as the negroes thought, rob them of liberty. As to the negro's capacity for government, I must say frankly that he is no more fit for it than a crowd of Irish roughs picked up promiscuously in the streets of a Northern city.

A South Carolinian.

THE OLD GRAVE.

'T is an old, old grave; the snows and rains
Of a hundred years have left their stains
On the broken slab, which some kind hand
Has pieced with an iron bolt and band,
Long since, — for the headstone leans awry,
Like a wheat-sheaf when the wind sweeps by.

'T is an old, old grave; the once trim mound
Is level now with the sloping ground;
From the tangled grass the buttercup
With a startled, wild-fawn air looks up,
And the coarse-leaved burdocks make their home
Where the mower's scythe has ceased to come.

'T is an old, old grave, — how came I here?
I — I don't know. It is many a year
Since I went from home, and yet to-day
It seems I've been but an hour away!
How odd that I'm standing here alone
With the Past so blotted out and gone!

I know the place, — as a boy have played
With my mates beneath that walnut's shade;
It was smaller then — no! I declare
'T was a chestnut-tree that once stood there!
How all is changed in the spot I knew, —
How thick are the graves that once were few!

How the moss has spread, how the wall sags down, —
 I saw it built! . . . Why, I think the town
 Is nearer now than it used to be
 When I was a boy. . . What's this I see,
 As I scrape the lichen from the stone?
 What name do I read? Good God, my own!

OUT OF THE QUESTION.

COMEDY.

I.

THE Ponkwasset Hotel stands on the slope of a hill and fronts the irregular mass of Ponkwasset Mountain, on which the galleries and northern windows of the parlor look out. The parlor is furnished with two hair-cloth sofas, two hair-cloth easy-chairs, and cane-seated chairs of divers patterns; against one side of the room stands a piano; in the centre is a marble-topped table supporting a state-lamp of kerosene, — a perfume by day, a flame by night, — and near this table sit two young ladies with what they call work in their hands and laps.

Miss Maggie Wallace, with her left wrist curved in the act of rolling up a part of her work, at which she looks down with a very thoughtful air: "I don't think I shall cut it bias, after all, Lilly."

Miss Lilly Roberts, letting her work fall into her lap, in amazement: "Why, Maggie!"

Maggie. "No. Or at least I shan't decide to do so till I've had Leslie's opinion on it. She has perfect taste, and she could tell at a glance whether it would do."

Lilly. "I wonder she is n't here, now. The stage must be very late."

Maggie. "I suppose the postmaster at South Herodias waited to finish his supper before he 'changed the mail,' as they call it. I was so in hopes she would come while they were at tea! It will so

disgust her to see them all strung along the piazza and staring their eyes out at the arrivals, when the stage drives up." Miss Wallace dreamily contemplates the horrible picture in a mental vision.

Lilly. "Why don't you go down, too, Maggie? Perhaps she'd find a familiar face a relief."

Maggie, recalled to herself by the wild suggestion: "Thank you, Lilly. I'd rather not be thought so vulgar as *that*, by Leslie Bellingham, if it's quite the same to other friends. Imagine her catching sight of me in that crowd! I should simply wither away."

Lilly, rebelliously: "Well, I don't see why she should feel authorized to overawe people in that manner. What does she do to show her immense superiority?"

Maggie. "Everything! In the first place she's so refined and cultivated, you can't live; and then she takes your breath away, she's so perfectly lovely; and then she kills you dead with her style, and all that. She is n't the least stiff. She's the kindest to other people you ever saw, and the carefulest of their feelings; and she has the grandest principles, and she's *divinely* impulsive! But somehow you feel that if you do anything that's a little vulgar in her presence, you'd better die at once. It was always so at school, and it always will be. Why you would no more dare to do or say anything just a little common, don't you know, with Leslie Bellingham" —

While Miss Wallace has been speaking, a young lady, tall, slender, and with an air of delicate distinction, has appeared at the door of the parlor. She is of that type of beauty which approaches the English, without losing the American fineness and grace; she is fair, and her eyes are rather gray than blue; her nose is slightly aquiline; her expression is serious, but it becomes amused as she listens to Miss Wallace. She wears one of those blonde traveling-costumes, whose fashionableness she somehow subduces into character with herself; over her arm she carries a shawl. She drifts lightly into the room. At the rustling of her dress Miss Wallace looks up, and with a cry of surprise and joy springs from her chair, scattering the contents of her work-box in every direction over the floor, and flings herself into Miss Leslie Bellingham's embrace. Then she starts away from her and gazes rapturously into her face, while they prettily clasp hands and hold each other at arm's length: "Leslie! You heard every word!"

Leslie. "Every syllable, my child. And when you came to my grand principles, I simply said to myself, 'Then listening at keyholes is heroic,' and kept on eavesdropping without a murmur. Had you quite finished?"

Maggie. "Oh, Leslie! You know I never can finish when I get on that subject! It inspires me to greater and greater flights every minute. Where is your mother? Where is Mrs. Murray? Where is the stage? Why, excuse me! This is Miss Roberts. Lilly, it's Leslie Bellingham! Oh, how happy I am to see you together at last! Did n't the stage?" —

Leslie, having bowed to Miss Roberts: "No, Maggie. The stage did n't bring me here. I walked."

Maggie. "Why, Leslie! How perfectly ghastly!"

Leslie. "The stage has done nothing but disgrace itself ever since we left the station. In the first place it pretended to carry ten or twelve people and their baggage, with two horses. Four horses ought n't to drag such a load up these

precipices; and wherever the driver would stop for me, I insisted upon getting out to walk."

Maggie. "How like you, Leslie!"

Leslie. "Yes; I wish the resemblance were not so striking. I'm here in character, Maggie, if you like, but almost nothing else. I've nothing but a hand-bag to bless me with for the next twenty-four hours. Shall you be very much ashamed of me?"

Maggie. "Why, you don't mean to say you've lost your trunks? Horrors!"

Leslie. "No. I mean that I was n't going to let the driver add them to the cruel load he had already, and I made him leave them at the station till to-morrow night."

Maggie, embracing her: "Oh, you dear, good, grand, generous Leslie! How — Why, but Leslie! He'll have just as many people to-morrow night, and your trunks besides theirs!"

Leslie, after reflection following profound sensation: "Very well! Then I shall not be there to see the outrage. I will not have suffering or injustice of any kind inflicted in my presence, if I can help it. That is all." She sinks into one of the arm-chairs with an air of mingled mortification and resolution, and taps the toe of her boot with the point of her umbrella.

Maggie. "But where is your hand-bag?"

Leslie, with mystery: "Oh, he's bringing it."

Maggie. "He?"

Leslie. "A young man, the good genius of the drive. He's bringing it from the foot of the hill; the stage had its final disaster there; and I left him in charge of mamma and aunt Kate, and came on to explore and surprise, and he made me leave the bag with him, too. But that is n't the worst. I shall know what to do with the hand-bag when it gets here, but I shan't know what to do with the young man."

Maggie. "With the young man? Why, Leslie, a young man is worth a thousand hand-bags in a place like this! You don't know what you're talking about, Leslie. A young man" —

Leslie, rising and going toward the window: "My dear, he's out of the question. You may as well make up your mind to that, for you'll see at once that he'll never do. He's going to stop here, and as he's been very kind to us it makes his never doing all the harder to manage. He's a hero, if you like, but if you can imagine it he is n't quite — well, what you've been used to. Don't you see how a person could be everything that was unselfish and obliging, and yet not — not?" —

Maggie, eagerly: "Oh, yes!"

Leslie. "Well, he's that. It seems to me that he's been doing something for mamma, or aunt Kate, or me, ever since we left the station. To begin with, he gave up his place inside to one of us, and when he went to get on top, he found all the places taken there; and so he had to sit on the trunks behind — whenever he rode; for he walked most of the way, and helped me over the bad places in the road when I insisted on getting out. You know how aunt Kate is, *Maggie*, and how many wants she has. Well, there was n't one of them that this young man did n't gratify: he handed her bag up to the driver on top because it crowded her, and handed it down because she could n't do without it; he got her out and put her back so that she could face the front, and then restored her to her place because an old gentleman who had been traveling a long way kept falling asleep on her shoulder; he buttoned her curtain down because she was sure it was going to rain, and rolled it up because it made the air too close; he fetched water for her; he looked every now and then to see if her trunks were all right, and made her more and more ungrateful every minute. Whenever the stage broke down — as it did twice before the present smash-up — he befriended everybody, encouraged old ladies, quieted children, and shamed the other men into trying to be of some use; and if it had n't been for him, I don't see how the stage would ever have got out of its troubles; he always knew just what was the matter and just how to mend it. Is that the window that com-

mands a magnificent prospect of Ponkwasset Mountain — in the advertisement?"

Maggie. "The very window!"

Leslie. "Does it condescend to overlook so common a thing as the road up to the house?"

Maggie. "Of course; but why?"

Leslie, going to the open window, steps through it upon the gallery, whither the other young ladies follow her, and where her voice is heard: "Yes, there they come! But I can't see my young man. Is it possible that he's riding? No, there he is! He was on the other side of the stage. Don't you see him? Why he need n't carry my hand-bag! He certainly might have let that ride. I do wonder what he means by it! Or is it only absent-mindedness? Don't let him see us looking! It would be altogether too silly. Do let's go in!"

Maggie, on their return to the parlor: "What a great pity it is that he won't do! Is he handsome, *Leslie*? Why won't he do?"

Leslie. "You can tell in a moment, when you've seen him, *Maggie*. He's perfectly respectful and nice, of course, but he's no more social perspective than — the man in the moon. He's never obtrusive, but he's as free and equal as the Declaration of Independence; and when you did get up some little perspective with him, and tried to let him know, don't you know, that there was such a thing as a vanishing point somewhere, he was sure to do or say something so unconscious that away went your perspective — one simple crush."

Maggie. "How ridiculous!"

Leslie. "Yes. It was funny. But not just in that way. He is n't in the least common or uncouth. Nobody could say that. But he's going to be here two or three weeks, and it's impossible not to be civil, and it's very embarrassing, don't you see?"

Lilly. "Let me comfort you, Miss Bellingham. It will be the simplest thing in the world. We're all on the same level in the Ponkwasset Hotel. The landlord will bring him up during the evening and introduce him. Our table

girls teach school in the winter and are as good as anybody. Mine calls me 'Lilly,' and I'm so small I can't help it. They dress up in the afternoon, and play the piano. The cook's as affable, when you meet her in society, as can be."

Maggie. "Lilly!"

Leslie, listening to Miss Roberts with whimsical trepidation: "Well, this certainly complicates matters. But I think we shall be able to manage." At a sound of voices in the hall without, Miss Bellingham starts from her chair and runs to the corridor, where she is heard: "Thanks, ever so much. So very good of you to take all this trouble. Come into the parlor, mamma — there's nobody there but Maggie Wallace and Miss Roberts — and we'll leave our things there till after tea." She reënters the parlor with her mother and her aunt Kate, Mrs. Murray; after whom comes Stephen Blake, with Leslie's bag in his hand, and the wraps of the other ladies over his arm. His dress, which is evidently a prosperous fortuity of the clothing store, takes character from his tall, sinewy shape; a smile of somewhat whimsical patience lights his black eyes and shapes his handsome moustache, as he waits in tranquil self-possession the pleasure of the ladies.

Mrs. Bellingham, a matronly, middle-aged lady of comfortable, not cumbrous bulk, takes Miss Wallace by the hand and kisses her: "My dear child, how pleasant it is to see you so strong again! You're a living testimony to the excellence of the air! How well you look!"

Leslie. "Mamma, — Miss Roberts." Mrs. Bellingham murmuringly shakes hands with Miss Roberts, and provisionally quiesces into a corner of the sofa.

Mrs. Murray. "Well, a more fatiguing drive I certainly never knew! How do you do, Maggie?" She kisses Miss Wallace in a casual, uninterested way, and takes Lilly's hand. "Is n't this Miss Roberts? I am Mrs. Murray. I used to know your family — your uncle George, before that dreadful business of his. I know it all came out right; he was n't to blame; but it was a shocking

experience." Mrs. Murray turns from Lilly, and refers herself to the company in general: "It seems as if I should expire on the spot. I feel as if I had been packed away in my own hat-box for a week, and here, just as we arrive, the landlord informs us that he did n't expect us till to-morrow night, and he has n't an empty room in the house!"

Maggie. "No room! To-morrow night! What nonsense! Why it's perfectly frantic! How could he have misunderstood? Why, it seems to me that I've done *nothing* for a week past but tell him you were coming to-night!"

Mrs. Murray. "I have no doubt of it. But it does n't alter the state of the case. You may well tell us to leave our things till *after tea*, Leslie. If they can't make up beds on the sofas and the piano, I don't know where we're going to pass the night." There is a moment of distressful sensation, and then Miss Wallace whispers something eagerly to her friend, Miss Roberts.

Maggie, with a laughing glance at Leslie and her mother, and then going on with her whispering: "Excuse the little confidence!"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Conspiracy, I'm afraid. What are you plotting, Maggie?"

Maggie, finishing her confidence: "Oh, we need n't make a mystery of such a little thing. We're going to offer you one of our rooms."

Mrs. Bellingham. "My dear, you are going to do nothing of the kind. We will never allow it."

Maggie. "Now, Mrs. Bellingham, you break my heart! It's nothing, it's less than nothing. I believe we can make room for all three of you."

Mrs. Murray, promptly: "Let me go with you, young ladies. I'm an old housekeeper, and I can help you plan."

Maggie. "Oh, do, Mrs. Murray. You can tell which room you'd better take, Lilly's or mine. Lilly's is" — Mrs. Murray is about to leave the room with the two young girls, when her eye falls upon Blake, who is still present, with his burden of hand-bags and shawls.

Mrs. Murray. "Oh! I had forgotten

that we were detaining you! Leave the things on the table, please. We are obliged to you." Mrs. Murray speaks with a certain finality of manner and tone which there is no mistaking; Blake stares at her a moment, and then, without replying, lays down the things and turns to leave the room, when Leslie rises with a grand air from her mother's side, on the sofa, and sweeps towards him.

Leslie, very graciously: "Don't let our private afflictions drive you from a public room, Mr." —

Blake. "Blake."

Leslie. "Mr. Blake. This is my mother, Mr. Blake, who wishes to thank you for all your kindness to us."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Yes, indeed, Mr. Blake, we are truly grateful to you."

Leslie, with increasing significance: "And my aunt, Mrs. Murray; and my friend, Miss Wallace; and Miss Roberts." Blake bows to each of the ladies as they are named, and persisting in his movement to quit the room, Leslie impressively offers him her hand. "Must you go? Thank you, ever, ever so much!" She follows him to the door in his withdrawal, and then turns and confronts her aunt with an embattled front of defiance.

Maggie, with an effort breaking the embarrassing silence that ensues: "Come, Lilly. Let us go and take a look at our resources. We'll be back in a moment, Mrs. Bellingham."

Leslie, as her aunt goes out with the two young girls, comes forward abruptly and droops meekly in front of her mother, who remains seated on the sofa: "Well, mamma!"

Mrs. Bellingham, tranquilly contemplating her for a moment: "Well, Leslie!" She pauses, and again silently regards her daughter. "Perhaps you may be said to have overdone it."

Leslie, passionately: "I can't help it, mother. I could n't see him sent away in that insolent manner, I don't care who or what he is. Aunt Kate's tone was outrageous, atrocious, hideous! And after accepting, yes, *demanding* every service he could possibly render, the

whole afternoon! It made me blush for her, and I was n't going to stand it."

Mrs. Bellingham. "If you mean by all that that your poor aunt is a very ungracious and exacting woman, I shall not dispute you. But she's your father's sister; and she's very much older than you. You seem to have forgotten, too, that your mother was present to do any justice that was needed. It's very unfortunate that he should have been able to do us so many favors, but that can't be helped now. It's one of the risks of coming to these out-of-the-way places, that you're so apt to be thrown in with nondescript people that you don't know how to get rid of afterwards. And now that he's been so cordially introduced to us all! Well, I hope you won't have to be crueller in the end, my dear, than your aunt meant to be in the beginning. So far, of course, he has behaved with perfect delicacy; but you must see yourself, Leslie, that even as a mere acquaintance he's quite out of the question; that however kind and thoughtful he's been, and no one could have been more so, he isn't a gentleman."

Leslie, impatiently: "Well, then, mother, I am! And so are you. And I think we are bound to behave like gentlemen at any cost. I didn't mean to ignore you. I did n't consider. I acted as I thought Charley would have done."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Oh, my dear, my dear! Don't you see there's a very important difference? Your brother is a man, and he can act without reference to consequences. But you are a young lady, and you can't be as gentlemanly as you like without being liable to misinterpretation. I shall expect you to behave very discreetly indeed from this time forth. We must consider now how our new friend can be kindly, yet firmly and promptly, dropped."

Leslie. "Oh, it's another of those embarrassments that aunt Kate's always getting me into! I was discreet about it till she acted so horribly. You can ask Maggie if I did n't talk in the wisest way about it; like a perfect — owl. I

saw it just as you do, mamma, and I was going to drop him, and so I will, yet; but I could n't see him so ungratefully trampled on. It's all her doing! Who wanted to come here to this out-of-the-way place? Why, aunt Kate, — when I was eager to go to Conway! I declare it's too bad! I wish" —

Mrs. Bellingham. "That will do, Leslie."

Leslie. "And now she's gone off with those poor girls to crowd them out of house and home, I suppose. It's a shame! Why did you let her, mamma?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "For the same reason that I let you talk on, my dear, when I've bidden you stop."

Leslie. "Oh, you dear, kind old mamma, you! You're a gentleman, and you always were! I only wish I could be half like you!" She throws her arms round her mother's neck and kisses her. "I know you're right about this matter, but you must n't expect me to acknowledge that aunt Kate is. If you both said exactly the same thing, you would be right and she would be wrong, you'd say it so differently!"

Mrs. Murray, who returns alone with signs of discontent and perplexity, and flings herself into a chair: "Their rooms are mere coops, and I don't see how even two of us are to squeeze into one of them. It's little better than impertinence to offer it to us. I've been down to see the landlord again, and you'll be pleased to know, Marion, that the only vacant room in the house had been engaged by the person to whom we've all just had the honor of an introduction." Leslie makes an impetuous movement, as if she were about to speak, but at a gesture from her mother she restrains herself, and Mrs. Murray continues: "Of course, if he had been a gentleman, in the lowest sense of the word, he would have offered his room to ladies who had none, at once. As long as he could make social capital out of his obtrusive services to us he was very profuse with them, but as soon as it came to a question of real self-sacrifice — to giving up his own ease and comfort for a single night" — The bell

rings for supper, and at the sound Mrs. Bellingham rises.

Mrs. Bellingham. "I think a cup of tea will put a cheerfuller face on our affairs. I don't at all agree with you about Mr. Blake's obligation to give up his room, nor about his services to us this afternoon; I'm sure common justice requires us to acknowledge that he was everything that was kind and thoughtful. Oh, you good child!" — as Miss Wallace appears at the door, — "have you come to show us the way to supper? Are you quite sure you've not gone without tea on our account as well as given up your room?" She puts her arm fondly round the young girl's waist, and presses her cheek against her own breast.

Maggie, with enthusiasm: "Oh, Mrs. Bellingham, you know I would n't ask anything better than to starve on your account. I wish I had n't been to tea! I'm afraid that you'll think the room is a very slight offering when you come to see it — it is such a little room; why, when I took Mrs. Murray into it, it seemed all at once as if I saw it through the wrong end of an opera-glass — it did dwindle so!"

Leslie. "Never mind, Maggie; you're only too good, as it is. If your room was an inch bigger, we could n't bear it. I hope you may be without a roof over your head yourself, some day! Can I say anything handsomer than that?" She kisses her friend, and they embrace with rapture. "Don't wait for me, mamma; I'll find the dining-room myself. I'm rather too crumpled even for a houseless wanderer." She opens her bag where it stands on the table. "I am going to make a flying toilet at one of these glasses. Do you think any one will come in, Maggie?"

Maggie. "There is n't the least danger. This is the parlor of the 'transients,' as they call them, — the occasional guests, — and Lilly and I have it mostly to ourselves when there are no transients. The regular boarders stay in the lower parlor. Shan't I help you, Leslie?"

Leslie, rummaging through her bag:

"No, indeed! It's only a question of brush and hair-pins. Do go with mamma!" As the others go out, Leslie finds her brush, and going to one of the mirrors touches the blonde masses of her hair, and then remains a moment, lightly turning her head from side to side to get the effect. She suddenly claps her hand to one ear. "Oh, horrors! That ear-drop's gone again!" She runs to the table, reopens her bag, and searches it in every part, talking rapidly to herself. "Well, really, it seems as if sorrows would never end! To think of that working out a third time! To think of my coming away without getting the clasp fixed! And to think of my not leaving them in my trunk at the station! Oh, dear me, I shall certainly go wild! What *shall* I do? It is n't in the bag at all. It *must* be on the floor." Keeping her hand in helpless incredulity upon the ear from which the jewel is missing, she scrutinizes the matting far and near, with a countenance of acute anguish. Footsteps are heard approaching the door, where they hesitatingly arrest themselves. "Have you come back for me? Oh, I've met with *such* a calamity! I've lost one of my ear-rings. I could cry. Do come and help me mouse for it." There is no response to this invitation, and Leslie, lifting her eyes, in a little dismay confronts the silent intruder. "Mr. Blake!"

Blake. "Excuse me. I expected to find your mother here. I did n't mean to disturb" —

Leslie, haughtily: "There's no disturbance. It's a public room: I had forgotten that. Mamma has gone to tea. I thought it was my friend Miss Wallace. I" — With a flash of indignation: "When you knew it was n't, why did you let me speak to you in that way?"

Blake, with a smile: "I could n't know whom you took me for, and I had n't time to prevent you speaking."

Leslie. "You remained."

Blake, with a touch of resentment tempering his amusement: "I could n't go away after I had come without speaking to you. It was Mrs. Bellingham I

was looking for. I'm sorry not to find her, and I'll go, now."

Leslie, hastily: "Oh, no — I beg your pardon. I did n't mean" —

Blake, advancing toward her, and stooping to pick up something from the floor, near the table: "Is this what you lost? — if I've a right to know that you lost anything."

Leslie. "Oh, my ear-ring! Oh, thanks. How did you see it? I thought I had looked and felt everywhere." A quick color flies over her face as she takes the jewel from the palm of his hand. As she turns to the mirror, and, seizing the tip of her delicate ear between the thumb and forefinger of one hand, hooks the pendant into place with the other, and then gives her head a little shake, the young man lightly sighs. She turns toward him, with the warmth still lingering in her cheeks. "I'm ever so much obliged to you, Mr. Blake. I wish I had your gift of doing all sorts of services — favors — to people. I wish I could find something for you."

Blake. "I wish you could — if it were the key to my room, which I came back in hopes of finding. I've mislaid it somewhere, and I thought I might have put it down with your shawls here on the table." Leslie lifts one of the shawls, and the key drops from it. "That's it. Miss Bellingham, I have a favor to ask: will you give this key to your mother?"

Leslie. "This key?"

Blake. "I have found a place to sleep at a farm-house just down the road, and I want your mother to take my room; I have n't looked into it yet, and I don't know that it's worth taking. But I suppose it's better than no room at all; and I know you have none."

Leslie remains some moments without replying, while she looks absently at him. Then with cold hauteur: "Thanks. It's quite impossible. My mother would never consent."

Blake. "The room will stand empty, then. I meant to give it up from the first, — as soon as I found that you were not provided for, — but I hated to make a display of doing it before all the people

down there in the office. I'll go now and leave the key with the landlord, as I ought to have done, without troubling you. But—I had hardly the chance of doing so after we came here."

Leslie, with enthusiasm: "Oh, Mr. Blake, do you really mean to give us your room after you've been so odiously—Oh, it's too bad; it's too bad! You must n't; no, you shall not."

Blake. "I will leave the key on the table here. Good night. Or—I shall not see you in the morning: perhaps I had better say good-by."

Leslie. "Good-by?—In the morning?"—

Blake. "I've changed my plans, and I'm going away to-morrow. Good-by."

Leslie. "Going—Mamma will be very sorry to—Oh, Mr. Blake, I hope you are not going because—But indeed—I want you to believe"—

Blake, devoutly: "I believe it. Good-by!" He turns away to go, and *Leslie*, standing bewildered and irresolute, lets him leave the room; then she hastens to the door after him, and encounters her mother.

Mrs. Bellingham. "Well, *Leslie*. Are you quite ready? We went to look at Maggie's room before going down to tea. It's small, but we shall manage somehow. Come, dear. She's waiting for us at the head of the stairs. Why, *Leslie*!"

Leslie, touching her handkerchief to her eyes: "I was a little overwrought, mamma. I'm tired." After a moment: "Mamma, Mr. Blake"—

Mrs. Bellingham, with a look at her daughter: "I met him in the hall."

Leslie. "Yes, he has been here; and I thought I had lost one of my ear-rings; and of course he found it on the floor the instant he came in. And"—

Mrs. Murray, surging into the room, and going up to the table: "Well, Marion, the tea—What key is this? What in the world is *Leslie* crying about?"

Leslie, with supreme disregard of her aunt, and adamant self-control: "Mr. Blake had come"—she hands the key to *Mrs. Bellingham*—"to offer you the

key of his room. He asked me to give it."

Mrs. Bellingham. "The key of his room?"

Leslie. "He offers you his room; he had always meant to offer it."

Mrs. Bellingham, gravely: "Mr. Blake had no right to know that we had no room. It is too great an obli—kindness. We can't accept it, *Leslie*. I hope you told him so, my dear."

Leslie. "Yes, mamma. But he said he was going to lodge at one of the farm-houses in the neighborhood, and the room would be vacant if you did n't take it. I could n't prevent his leaving the key."

Mrs. Bellingham. "That is all very well. But it does n't alter the case, as far as we are concerned. It is very good of Mr. Blake, but after what has occurred, it's simply impossible. We can't take it."

Mrs. Murray. "Occurred? Not take it? Of course we will take it, Marion! I certainly am astonished. The man will get a much better bed at the farmer's than he's accustomed to. You talk as if it were some act of self-sacrifice. I've no doubt he's made the most of it. I've no doubt he's given it an effect of heroism—or tried to. But that you should fall in with his vulgar conception of the affair, Marion, and *Leslie* should be affected to tears by his magnanimity, is a little too comical. One would think, really, that he had imperiled life and limb on our account. All this sentiment about a room on the third floor! Give the key to me, Marion." She possesses herself of it from *Mrs. Bellingham*'s passive hand. "*Leslie* will wish to stay with you, so as to be near her young friends. I will occupy this vacant room!"

II.

Under the shelter of some pines near a lonely by-road, in the neighborhood of the Ponkwasset Hotel, lie two tramps asleep. One of them, having made his bed of the pine-boughs, has pillowed his head upon the bundle he carries by day;

the other is stretched, face downward, on the thick brown carpet of pine-needles. The sun, which strikes through the thin screen of the trees upon the bodies of the two men, is high in the heavens. The rattle of wheels is heard from time to time on the remoter highway; the harsh clatter of a kingfisher, poisoning over the water, comes from the direction of the river near at hand. A squirrel descends the trunk of an oak near the pines under which the men lie, and at sight of them stops, barks harshly, and then, as one of them stirs in his sleep, whisks back into the top of the oak. It is the luxurious tramp on the pine-boughs who stirs, and who alertly opens his eyes and sits up in his bed, as if the noisy rush of the squirrel had startled him from his sleep.

First Tramp, casting a malign glance at the top of the oak: "If I had a fair shot at you with this club, my fine fellow, I'd break you of that trick of waking people before the bell rings in the morning, and I'd give 'em broiled squirrel for breakfast when they did get up." He takes his bundle into his lap, and, tremulously untying it, reveals a motley heap of tatters; from these he searches out a flask, which he holds against the light, shakes at his ear, and inverts upon his lips. "Not a drop; not a square smell, even! I dreamt it." He lies down with a groan, and remains a moment with his head pillowed in his hands. Presently he reaches for his stick, and again rising to a sitting posture strikes his sleeping comrade across the shoulders. "Get up!"

Second Tramp, who speaks with a slight brogue, briskly springs to his feet, and rubs his shoulders: "And what for, my strange bedfellow?"

First Tramp. "For breakfast. What do people generally get up for in the morning?"

Second Tramp. "Upon me soul, I'd as soon have had mine in bed; I've a day of leisure before me. And let me say a word to you, my friend: the next time you see a gentleman dreaming of one of the most elegant repasts in the world, and just waiting for his stew to

cool, don't you intrude upon him with that little stick of yours. I don't care for a stroke or two in sport, but when I think of the meal I've lost, I could find it in me heart to break your head for you, you ugly brute. Have you got anything to eat there in your wardrobe?"

First Tramp. "Not a crumb."

Second Tramp. "Or to drink?"

First Tramp. "Not a drop."

Second Tramp. "Or to smoke?"

First Tramp. "No."

Second Tramp. "Faith, you're nearer a broken head than ever, my friend. Wake a man out of a dream of that sort!"

First Tramp. "I've had enough of this. What do you intend to do?"

Second Tramp. "I'm going to assume the character of an imposter, and pretend at the next farm-house that I have n't had any breakfast, and have n't any money to buy one. It's a bare-faced deceit, I know, but" — looking down at his broken shoes and tattered clothes — "I flatter myself that I dress the part pretty well. To be sure, the women are not as ready to listen as they were once. The tramping-trade is overdone; there's too many in it; the ladies can't believe we're all destitute; it don't stand to reason."

First Tramp. "I'm tired of the whole thing."

Second Tramp. "I don't like it myself. But there's worse things. There's work, for example. By me soul, there's nothing disgusts me like these places where they tell you to go out and hoe potatoes, and your breakfast will be ready in an hour. I never could work with any more pleasure on an empty stomach than a full one. And the poor devils always think they've said something so fine when they tell you that and the joke's so stale! I can tell them I'm not a thing to be got rid of so easy. I'm not the lazy, dirty vagabond I look, at all; I'm the inevitable result of the conflict between labor and capital; I'm the logical consequence of the corruptions in high places. I read it on the bit of newspaper they gave me round my dinner, yesterday; it was cold

beef of a quality that you don't often find in the country."

First Tramp, sullenly: "Well, I'm sick of the whole thing. I'm going out of it."

Second Tramp. "And what'll you do? Are ye going to work?"

First Tramp. "To work? No. To steal."

Second Tramp. "Faith, I don't call that going out of it, then. It's quite in the line of business. You're no bad dab at a hen-roost, now, as I know very well; and for any little thing that a gentleman can shove under his coat, while the lady of the house has her back turned buttering his lunch for him, I don't know the man I'd call master."

First Tramp. "If I could get a man to tell me the time of day by a watch I liked, I'd as lief knock him over as look at him."

Second Tramp. "Oh, if it's highway robbery you mean, partner, I don't follow you."

First Tramp. "What's the difference?"

Second Tramp. "Not much, if you take it one way, but a good deal if you take it another. It's the difference between petty larceny and grand larceny; it's the difference between three months in the House of Correction and three years in the State's Prison, if you're caught; not to mention the risks of the profession."

First Tramp. "I'd take the risks if I saw my chance." He lies down with his arms crossed under his head, and stares up into the pine. His comrade glances at him, and then moves stiffly out from the shelter of the trees, and, shading his eyes with one hand, peers down the road.

Second Tramp. "I did n't know but I might see your chance, partner. You would n't like an old gentleman with a load of potatoes to begin on, would ye? There's one just gone up the cross-road. And yonder goes an umbrella-mender. I'm afraid we shan't take any purses to speak of, in this neighborhood. Whoosh! Wait a bit—here's somebody coming this way." The first tramp is sufficient-

ly interested to sit up. "Faith, here's your chance at last, then, if you're in earnest, my friend; but it stands six feet in its stockings, and it carries a stick as well as a watch. I won't ask a share of the plunder, partner; I've rags enough of me own without wanting to divide your property with the gentleman coming." He goes back and lies down at the foot of one of the trees, while the other, who has risen from his pine-boughs, comes cautiously forward; after a glance at the approaching wayfarer he flings away his cudgel, and, taking a pipe from his pocket, drops into a cringing attitude. The Irishman grins. In another moment Blake appears from under the cover of the woods and advances with long strides, striking with his stick at the stones in the road as he comes on, in an absent-minded fashion.

First Tramp. "I say, mister!" Blake looks up, and his eye falls upon the squalid figure of the tramp; he stops. "Could n't you give a poor fellow a little tobacco for his pipe? A smoke comes good, if you don't happen to know where you're going to get your breakfast."

Second Tramp, coming forward, with his pipe in his hand: "True for you, partner. A little tobacco in the hand is worth a deal of breakfast in the bush." Blake looks from one to the other, and then takes a paper of tobacco from his pocket and gives it to the first tramp, who helps himself and passes it to his comrade; the latter offers to return it, after filling his pipe; Blake declines it with a wave of his hand, and walks on.

Second Tramp, calling after him: "God bless you! May you never want it!"

First Tramp. "Thank you, mister. You're a gentleman!"

Blake. "All right." He goes out of sight under the trees down the road, and then suddenly reappears and walks up to the two tramps, who remain where he left them and are feeling in their pockets for a match. "Did one of you call me a gentleman?"

First Tramp. "Yes, I did, mister. No offense in that, I hope?"

Blake. "No. But why did you do it?"

First Tramp. "Well, you did n't ask us why we did n't go to work; and you did n't say that men who had n't any money to buy breakfast had better not smoke; and you gave us this tobacco. I'll call any man a gentleman that'll do that."

Blake. "Oh, that's a gentleman, is it? All right." He turns to go away, when the second tramp detains him.

Second Tramp. "Does your honor happen to have ever a match about you?" Blake takes out his match-case and strikes a light. "God bless your honor. You're a real gentleman."

Blake. "Then this makes me a gentleman past a doubt?"

Second Tramp. "Sure, it does that."

Blake. "I'm glad to have the matter settled." He walks on absently as before, and the tramps stand staring a moment in the direction in which he has gone.

Second Tramp, who goes back to the tree where he has been sitting and stretches himself out with his head on one arm for a quiet smoke. "That's a queer genius. By me soul, I'd like to take the road in *his* company. Sure, I think there is n't the woman alive would be out of cold victuals and old clothes when he put that handsome face of his in at the kitchen windy."

First Tramp, looking down the road: "I wonder if that fellow could have a drop of spirits about him! I say, mister!" calling after Blake. "Hello, there, I say!"

Second Tramp. "It's too late, me worthy friend. He'll never hear you; and it's not likely he'd come back to fill your flask for you, if he did. A gentleman of his character'd think twice before he gave a tramp whisky. Tobacco's another thing." He takes out the half-paper of tobacco, and looks at the label on it. "What an extravagant dog! It's the real cut Cavendish; and it smells as nice as it smokes. This luxury is what's destroying the country. 'With the present reckless expenditure in all classes of the population, and the prodigious influx of ignorant and de-

graded foreigners, there must be a constant increase of tramps.' True for you, Mr. Newspaper. 'T would have been an act of benevolence to take his watch from him, partner, and he never could tell how fast he was going to ruin. But you can't always befriend a man six feet high and wiry as a cat." He offers to put the tobacco into his pocket again, when his comrade slouches up, and makes a clutch at it.

First Tramp. "I want that."

Second Tramp. "Why, so ye do!"

First Tramp. "It's mine."

Second Tramp. "I'm keeping it for ye."

First Tramp. "I tell you the man gave it to me."

Second Tramp. "And he would n't take it back from me. Ah, will you, ye brute?" The other seizes the wrist of the hand with which the Irishman holds the tobacco; they wrestle together, when women's voices are heard at some distance down the road. "Whoosh! Ladies coming." The first tramp listens, kneeling. The Irishman springs to his feet and thrusts the paper of tobacco into his pocket, and, coming quickly forward, looks down the road. "Fortune favors the brave, partner! Here comes another opportunity—three of them, faith, and pretty ones at that! Business before pleasure; I'll put off that beating again; it's all the better for keeping. Besides, it's not the thing, quarreling before ladies." He is about to crouch down again at the foot of the tree as before, when his comrade hastily gathers up his bundle, and seizing him by the arm drags him back into the thicket behind the pine-trees. After a moment or two, Miss Bellingham, Miss Wallace, and Miss Roberts come sauntering slowly along the road.

Lilly, delicately sniffing the air: "Fee, fi, fo, fum; I smell the pipe of an Irishman."

Leslie. "Never! I know the flavor of refined tobacco, thanks to a smoking brother. Oh, what a lonely road!"

Lilly. "This loneliness is one of the charms of the Ponkwasset neighborhood. When you're once out of sight of the

hotel and the picnic-grounds you'd think you were a thousand miles away from civilization. Not an empty sardine-box or a torn paper collar anywhere! The scent of tobacco is an unheard-of intrusion."

Maggie, archly: "Perhaps Mr. Blake went this way. Does he smoke, Leslie?"

Leslie, coldly: "How should I know, Maggie? A gentleman would hardly smoke in ladies' company — strange ladies." She sinks down upon a log at the wayside, and gazes slowly about with an air of fastidious criticism that gradually changes to a rapture of admiration. "Well, I certainly think that, take it all in all, I never saw anything more fascinating. It's wonderful! This little nook itself, with that brown carpet of needles under the pines, and that heavy fringe of ferns there, behind those trunks; and then those ghostly birches stretching up and away, yonder — thousands of them! How tall and slim and stylish they are! And how they do march into the distance! I never saw such multitudes; and their lovely paleness makes them look as if one saw them by moonlight. Oh, oh! How perfectly divine! If one could only have their phantom-like procession painted! But Corot himself could n't paint them. Oh, I *must* make some sort of memorandum — I won't have the presumption to call it a sketch." She takes a sketch-book from under her arm, and lays it on her knees, and then with her pencil nervously traces on the air the lines of the distant birches. "Yes; I *must*. I never shall see them so beautiful again! Just jot down a few lines, and wash in the background when I get to the hotel — But girls; you must n't stay! Go on and get the flowers, and I'll be done by the time you're back. I could n't bear to have you overlooking me; I've all the sensitiveness of a great artist. Do go! But don't be gone long." She begins to work at her sketch, without looking at them.

Maggie. "I'm so glad, Leslie. I knew you'd be perfectly fascinated with this spot, and so I did n't tell you about it. I wanted it to *burst* upon you."

Leslie, with a little impatient surprise, as if she had thought they were gone: "Yes, yes; never mind. You did quite right. Don't stay long." She continues to sketch, looking up now and then at the scene before her, but not glancing at her companions, who walk away from her some paces, when Miss Wallace comes back.

Maggie. "What time is it, Leslie? Leslie!"

Leslie, nervously: "Oh! What a start you gave me." Glancing at her watch: "It's nine minutes past ten — I mean ten minutes past nine." Still without looking at her: "Be back soon."

Maggie. "Oh, it is n't far." Again she turns away with Miss Roberts, but before they are quite out of sight Leslie springs to her feet and runs after them.

Leslie. "Oh, girls — girls!"

Maggie, anxiously, starting back toward her: "What? What?"

Leslie, dreamily, as she returns to her place and sits down: "Oh, nothing. I just happened to think of it." She closes her eyes to a narrow line, and looks up at the birches. "There are so many horrid stories in the papers. But of course there can't be any in this out-of-the-way place, so far from the cities."

Maggie. "Any *what*, Leslie?"

Leslie, remotely: "Tramps."

Maggie, scornfully: "There never was such a thing heard of in the whole region."

Leslie. "I thought not." She is again absorbed in study of the birches; and, after a moment of hesitation, the other two retreat down the road once more, lingering a little to look back in admiration of her picturesque devotion to art, and then vanishing under the flickering light and shadow. Leslie works diligently on, humming softly to herself, and pausing now and then to look at the birches, for which object she rises at times, and, gracefully bending from side to side, or stooping forward to make sure of some effect that she has too slightly glimpsed, resumes her seat and begins anew. "No, that won't do!" — vigorously plying her india-rubber on

certain lines of the sketch. "How stupid!" Then beginning to draw again, and throwing back her head for the desired distance on her sketch: "Ah, that's more like! Still, nobody could accuse it of slavish fidelity. Well!" She sings:—

"Through starry palm-roofs on Old Nile
The full-orbed moon looked clear;
The bulbul sang to the crocodile,
'Ah, why that bitter tear?'

"'With thy tender breast against the thorn,
Why that society-smile?'
The bird was mute. In silent scorn
Slow winked the crocodile."

"How perfectly ridiculous! *Slow winked*" — Miss Bellingham alternately applies pencil and rubber — "*slow winked the croco*—I never shall get that right; it's too bad! — *dile*." While she continues to sketch, and sing *da capo*, the tramps creep stealthily from their covert. Apparently in accordance with some preconcerted plan, the surlier and huger ruffian goes down the road in the direction taken by Leslie's friends, and the Irishman unobserved stations himself at her side and supports himself with both hands resting upon the top of his stick, in an attitude of deferential patience and insinuating gallantry. She ceases singing and looks up.

Second Tramp. "Not to be interrupting you, miss," — Leslie stares at his grinning face in dumb and motionless horror, — "would ye tell a poor traveler the time of day, so that he need n't be eating his breakfast prematurely, if he happens to get any?"

First Tramp, from his station down the road, in a loud, hoarse undertone: "Snatch it out of her belt, you fool! Snatch it! He's coming back. Quick!" Leslie starts to her feet.

Second Tramp. "Ye see, miss, my friend's impatient." Soothingly: "Just let me examine your watch. I give ye my honor I won't hurt you; don't lose your presence of mind, my dear; don't be frightened." As she shrinks back, he clutches at her watch-chain.

Leslie, in terror-stricken simplicity: "Oh, oh, no! Don't! Don't take my watch. My father gave it to me — and he's dead."

Second Tramp. "Then he'll never miss it, my dear. Don't oblige me to use harsh measures with a lady. Give it here, at once, that's a dear."

First Tramp. "Hurry, hurry! He's coming!" As the Irishman seizes her by the wrist, she utters one wild shriek after another; to which the other young girls respond, as they reappear under the trees down the road.

Maggie. "Leslie, Leslie! What is it?"

Lilly, at sight of Leslie struggling with the tramp: "Oh, help, help, help, somebody — do!"

Maggie. "Murder!"

First Tramp, rushing past them to the aid of his fellow: "Clap your hand over her mouth! Stop her noise, somehow! Choke her!" He springs forward, and while the Irishman stifles her cries with his hands, the other tears the watch-chain loose from its fastening. They suddenly release her, and as she totters gasping and swooning away, some one has the larger villain by the throat, who struggles with his assailant backward into the undergrowth; whence the crash of broken branches, with cries and curses, makes itself heard. Following this tumult comes the noise of a rush through the ferns, and then rapid footfalls, as of flight and pursuit on the hard road, that die away in the distance, while Maggie and Lilly hang over Leslie, striving to make out from her incoherent moans and laments what has happened.

Maggie. "Oh, Leslie, Leslie, Leslie, what was it? Do try to think! Do try to tell! Oh, I shall go wild if you don't tell what's the matter."

Leslie. "Oh, it was — Oh, oh, I feel as if I should never be clean again! How can I endure it? That filthy hand on my mouth! Their loathsome rags, their sickening faces! Ugh! Oh, I shall dream of it as long as I live! Why, why did I ever come to this horrid place?"

Maggie. "Leslie, — dear, good Leslie, — what was it all?"

Leslie, panting and sobbing: "Oh, two horrid, disgusting men! Don't ask me! And they told me to give them my watch, and I begged them not to take it. And

one was a hideous little Irish wretch, and he kept running all round me, and oh, dear! the other was worse than he was; yes, worse! And he told him — oh, girls! — to choke me! And he came running up, and then the other put one of his hands over my mouth; and I thought I should die; and I could n't breathe; but I was n't going to let the wretches have my watch, if I could help it; and I kept struggling; and all at once they ran away, and " — putting her hand to her belt — " Oh, it's gone, it's gone, it's gone! Oh, papa, papa! The watch you gave me is gone!" She crouches down upon the log, and leaning her head upon her hands against the trunk of a tree gives way to her tears and sobs, while the others kneel beside her in helpless distress. Upon this scene of inarticulate desolation Blake emerges from the road down which the steps were heard. His face is pale, and he advances with his right arm held behind him, while the left clasps something which he extends as he speaks.

Blake. "Here is your watch, Miss Bellingham."

Leslie, whirling swiftly round and rising to her feet: "My watch? Oh, where did you find it?" She springs towards him and joyfully seizing it from his hand scans it eagerly, and then kisses it in a rapture. "Safe, safe, safe! Not hurt the least! My precious gift! Oh, how glad I am! It's even going yet! How did you get it? Where did you get it?"

Blake, who speaks with a certain painful effort while he moves slowly away backward from her: "I found it—I got it from the thief."

Leslie, looking confusedly at him: "How did you know they had it?"

Maggie. "Oh, it was you, Mr. Blake, who came flying past us, and drove them away! Did you have to fight them? Oh, did they hurt you?"

Leslie. "It was you — Why, how pale you look! There's blood on your face! Why, where were you? How did it all happen? It was you that drove them away? You — And I never thought of you! And I only thought about myself — my watch! I never can forgive myself." She lets fall the watch from her heedless grasp, and he mechanically puts out the hand which he has been keeping behind him; she impetuously seizes it in her own and, suddenly shrinking, he subdues the groan that breaks from him to a sort of gasp and reels to the place where Leslie has been sitting.

Lilly. "Oh, see, Miss Bellingham; they've broken his wrist!"

Blake, panting: "It's nothing; don't — don't" —

Maggie. "Oh, dear, he's going to faint! What shall we do if he does? I did n't know they ever fainted!" She wrings her hands in despair, while Leslie flings herself upon her knees at Blake's side. "Ought n't we to support him, somehow? Oh, yes, do let's support him, all of us!"

Leslie, imperiously: "Run down to the river as fast as ever you can, and wet your handkerchiefs to sprinkle his face with." She passes her arm round Blake's, and tenderly gathers his broken wrist into her right hand. "One can support him."

W. D. Howells.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

XIX.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
February 7, 1831. }

MY DEAR H—: I found your lecture waiting for me on my return from Brighton; I call it thus because if your two last were less than letters your yesterday's one is more; but I shall not attempt at present to follow you to the misty heights whither our nature tends, or dive with you into the muddy depths whence it springs. I have heard from my brother John, and now expect almost hourly to see him. The Spanish revolution, as he now sees and as many foresaw, is a mere vision. The people are unready, unripe, unfit, and therefore unwilling; had it not been so they would have done their work themselves; it is as impossible to urge on the completion of such a change before the time as to oppose it when the time is come. John now writes that all hope of rousing the Spaniards being over, and their party consequently dispersing, he is thinking of bending his steps homewards, and talks of once more turning his attention to the study of the law. I know not what to say or think. My cousin, Horace Twiss, was put into Parliament by Lord Clarendon, but the days of such parliamentary patronage are numbered, and I do not much deplore it, though I sometimes fancy that the House of Commons, could it by any means have been opened to him, might perhaps have been the best sphere for John. His natural abilities are brilliant, and his eloquence, energy, and activity of mind might perhaps have been made more and more quickly available for good purposes in that than in any other career.

I have just received your letter dated February 4th. The weather which you describe as so awful would, I should think, prevent the possibility of your traveling; we have full confidence in you, however. Come if you reasonably can; if you do not we will reasonably conclude that you

could not. I am not familiar with all that Burns has written; I have read his letters, and know most of his songs by heart. His passions were so violent that he seems to me in that respect to have been rather a subject for poetry than a poet; for though a poet should perhaps have a strongly passionate nature, he should also have power enough over it to be able to observe, describe, and, if I may so say, experimentalize with it, as he would with the passions of others. I think it would better qualify a man to be a poet to be able to perceive rather than liable to feel violent passion or emotion. May not such things be known of without absolute experience? What is the use of the poetical imagination, that lower inspiration, which, like the higher one of faith, is the "evidence of things not seen"? Troubled and billowy waters reflect nothing distinctly on their surface; it is the still, deep, placid element that gives back the images by which it is surrounded or that pass over its surface. I do not of course believe that a good man is necessarily a poet, but I think a devout man is almost always a man with a poetical imagination; he is familiar with ideas which are essentially sublime, and in the act of adoration he springs to the source of all beauty through the channel by which our spirits escape most effectually from their chain, the flesh, and their prison-house, the world, and rise into communion with that supreme excellence from which they originally emanated and into whose bosom they will return. I cannot now go into all I think about this, for I have so many other things to talk about. Since I began this letter I have heard a report that John is a prisoner, that he has been arrested and sent to Madrid. Luckily I do not believe a word of this; if he has rendered himself obnoxious to the British authorities in Gibraltar they may have locked him up for a week or two there, and I see no great harm in

that; but that he should have been delivered to the Spaniards and sent to Madrid I do not believe, because I know that the whole revolutionary party is going to pieces and that they have neither the power nor the means to render themselves liable to such a disagreeable distinction. We expect him home every day. Only conceive, dear H—, the ill-fortune that attends us: my father, or rather the theatre, is involved in *six* law-suits! He and my mother are neither of them quite well, anxiety naturally has much share in their indisposition.

I learnt Beatrice this morning, and the whole of it, in an hour, which I tell you because I consider it a feat. I am delighted at the thoughts of acting it; it will be the second part which I shall have acted with real pleasure; Portia is the other, but Beatrice is not nearly so nice. I am to act it next Thursday, when pray think of me.

I have finished the sketch of the play I have had so long on my hands, and now that Lent is bringing me a few holidays, I hope to work hard at it; I do not like it though, and shall not, but I will finish it.

I do not know whether you have seen anything in the papers about a third theatre; we have had much anxiety, vexation, and expense about it, but I have no doubt that Mr. Arnold will carry the question. The great people want a plaything for this season, and have set their hearts upon that. I acted Belvidera to my father's Jaffier at Brighton; you cannot imagine how great a difference it produced in my acting. Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neill had a great advantage over me in their tragic partners. Have you heard that Mr. Hope, the author of *Anastasius*, is just dead? That was a wonderfully clever book, of rather questionable moral effect, I think; the same sort of cynical gloom and discontent which pervade Byron's writings prevail in that; and I thought it a pity, because in other respects it seems a genuine book, true to life and human nature. A few days before I heard of his death, Mr. Harness

was discussing with me a theory of Hope's respecting the destiny of the human soul hereafter. His notion is that all spirit is after death to form but one whole spiritual existence, a sort of *lumping* which I object to. I should like always to be able to know myself from somebody else.

I do read the papers sometimes, dear H—, and, whenever I do, wonder at you and all sensible people who make a daily practice of it; the proceedings of Parliament would make one angry if they did not make one so sad, and some of the debates would seem to me laughable but that I know they are lamentable.

I have just finished Channing's essay on Milton, which is admirable.

My cousin Harry sails for India on Thursday; his mother is making a brave fight of it, poor soul! I met them all at my aunt Siddons's last night; she was remarkably well, and "charming," as she styles herself when that is the case. Cecy and I had a long talk about you; she says you frighten her, and I tell her she should talk nonsense to you; you will never have the best of that with anybody, so that one has but to get you on the right ground to rout you and make you run. Good-by. Always affectionately yours,
FANNY.

I suppose it is one of the peculiarities of the real poetical temperament to receive, as it were, a double impression of its own phenomena,—one through the senses, affections, and passions, and one through the imagination,—and to have a perpetual tendency to make intellectual capital of the experiences of its own sensuous, sentimental, and passionate nature. In the above letter, written so many years ago, I have used the term *experimentalizing* with his own nature as the process of a poet's mind; but though self-consciousness and self-observation are almost inseparable from the poetical organization, Goethe is the only instance I know of what could, with any propriety, be termed self-experimentalizing,—he who wrung the heart and turned the head of the whole reading Europe of his day by his own love passages with Ma-

dame Kestner transcribed into The Sorrows of Werther.

Self-illustration is perhaps a better term for the result of that passionate egotism which is so strong an element in the nature of most poets, and the secret of so much of their power. *Ils s'intéressent tellement à ce qui les regarde*, that they interest us profoundly in it too, and by the law of our common nature, and the sympathy that pervades it, their great difference from their kind serves but to enforce their greater likeness to it.

Goethe's nature, however, was not at all a predominantly passionate one; so much the contrary, indeed, that one hardly escapes the impression all through his own record of his life that he *felt* through his overmastering intellect rather than his heart; and that he analyzed too well the processes of his own feelings ever to have been carried by them beyond the permission of his will, or out of sight of that æsthetic self-culture, that development, which really seems to have been his prevailing passion. A strong histrionic vein mixes, too, with his more imaginative mental qualities, and perpetually reveals itself in his assumption of fictitious characters, in his desire for producing "situations" in his daily life, and in his conscious "effects" upon those whom he sought to impress.

His genius sometimes reminds me of Ariel, — the subtle spirit who, observing from aloof, as it were (that is, from the infinite distance of his own *unmoral*, demoniacal nature), the follies and sins and sorrows of humanity, understands them all and sympathizes with none of them; and describes, with equal indifference, the drunken, brutish delight in his music expressed by the coarse Neapolitan buffoons and the savage gorilla, Caliban, and the abject self-reproach and bitter, poignant remorse exhibited by Antonio and his fellow conspirators; telling Prospero that if *he* saw them he would pity them, and adding, in his passionless perception of their anguish, "I should, sir, *were I human.*"

There is a species of remote impartiality in Goethe's mode of delineating the sins and sorrows of his fellows, that

seems hardly human and still less divine; "*Das ist dämonisch*," to use his own expression about Shakespeare, who, however, had nothing whatever in common with that quality of moral *neutrality* of the great German genius.

Perhaps nothing indicates what I should call Goethe's intellectual *unhumanity* so much as his absolute want of sympathy with the progress of the race. He was but mortal man, however, though he had the head of Jove, and Pallas Athena might have sprung all armed from it. Once, and once only, if I remember rightly, in his conversations with Eckermann, the cause of mankind elicits an expression of faith and hope from him, in some reference to the future of America. I recollect on reading the second part of Faust with my friend Abeken (assuredly the most competent of all expounders of that extraordinary composition), when I asked him what was the signification of that final cultivation of the barren sea sand, in Faust's blind old age, and cried, "Is it possible that he wishes to indicate the hopelessness of all attempt at progress?" his replying, "I am afraid he was no believer in it." And so it comes that his letters to Madame von Stein leave one only amazed with the more sorrowful admiration that the unrivaled genius of the civilized world in its most civilized age found perfect satisfaction in the inane routine of the life of a court dignitary in a petty German principality.

It is worthy of note how, in the two instances of his great masterpieces, Faust and Wilhelm Meister, Goethe has worked up in a sequel all the superabundant material he had gathered for his subject; and in each case how the life-blood of the poet pulses through the first part, while the second is, as it were, a mere storehouse of splendid intellectual supply which he has wrought into elaborate phantasmagoria, dazzling in their brilliancy and wonderful in their variety, but all alike difficult to comprehend and sympathize with, — the rare mental fragments, precious like diamond dust, left after the cutting of those two perfect gems.

I remember once dining at the house of the great French painter, Ary Scheffer, when a discussion took place upon the subject of the nature of poetic genius. Madame Scheffer undertook to define it, in which difficult attempt she was not altogether successful; but Scheffer himself closed — perhaps I should say shut up — the argument by peremptorily referring the highest poetic inspiration to moral sources, and was compelled for consistency's sake to maintain that Longfellow was a greater poet than Byron.

I do not know whether he or circumstances were guilty of inconsistency in the marriage of his daughter, but there is something curiously anomalous in the idea of the child of the painter of the Holy Women, St. Augustine and St. Monica, the Christus Consolator, and the Christus Judicator, becoming the wife of Renan the anti-Christian writer.

Free-trade had hardly uttered a whisper yet upon any subject of national importance when the monopoly of theatrical property was attacked by Mr. Arnold, of the English Opera House, who assailed the patents of the two great theatres, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and demanded that the right to act the legitimate drama (till then their especial privilege) should be extended to all British subjects desirous to open play-houses and perform plays. A lawsuit ensued, and the proprietors of the great houses — “his majesty's servants,” by his majesty's royal patent since the days of the merry monarch — defended their monopoly to the best of their ability. My father, questioned before a committee of the House of Commons upon the subject, showed forth the evils likely, in his opinion, to result to the dramatic art and the public taste by throwing open to unlimited speculation the right to establish theatres and give theatrical representations. The great companies of good sterling actors would be broken up and dispersed, and there would no longer exist establishments sufficiently important to maintain any large body of them; the best plays would no longer find adequate representatives in any but a few of the principal parts, the character of theat-

rical pieces produced would be lowered, the school of fine and careful acting would be lost, no play of Shakespeare's could be decorously put on the stage, and the profession and the public would alike fare the worse for the change. But he was one of the patented proprietors, one of the monopolists, a party most deeply interested in the issue, and therefore, perhaps, an incompetent judge in the matter. The cause went against us, and every item of his prophecy concerning the stage has undoubtedly come to pass. The fine companies of the great theatres were dissolved, and each member of the body that together formed so bright a constellation went off to be the solitary star or planet of some minor sphere. The best plays no longer found decent representatives for any but one or two of their first parts; the pieces of more serious character and higher pretension as dramatic works were supplanted by burlesques and parodies of themselves; the school of acting of the Kembles, Young, the Keans, Macready, and their contemporaries, gave place to no school at all of very clever ladies and gentlemen, who certainly had no pretension to act tragedy or declaim blank verse, but who played low comedy better than high, and lowest farce best of all; and who for the most part wore the clothes of the sex to which they did not belong. Shakespeare's plays *all* became historical, and the profession was decidedly the worse for the change; I am not aware, however, that the public has suffered much by it.

While our own small corner of sky was darkened by these clouds, the low mutterings of the disturbed political atmosphere were making themselves heard from end to end of the country; and the pressure of change and the passion for withstanding it were culminating in the national struggle of the Reform Bill, the first momentous parliamentary reform, which has drawn in its train, as its legitimate consequences, Catholic emancipation, the repeal of the corn-laws, free-trade, the extension of the franchise, and all the great measures of enlightened progress which, God guiding, have led

the country onward, in unshaken security and increasing prosperity, to the present day. No one's private interests at that time could possibly absorb them to the degree of insensibility to the march of public events; but we were all bigoted anti-reformers; we had been the special servants of royalty, my father and mother were decided aristocrats, and we thought it good taste to be Tories. The hand of change, radical reform in matters dramatic, had been laid upon our property; our patent had been annulled, our privilege abolished, our pride humbled; we had no doubt at all that the House of Peers was going to perdition, and the country to the dogs, — for had not the great play-houses gone thither! We were very sure "the sky was falling;" so I wrote imaginary speeches, for imaginary peers, against the obnoxious bill, pasquinades against Lord Brougham and Lord Grey and the reformed House of Commons, in which sat Mr. Gully the boxer, and turned up my nose at the course of public events. A comical instance of the partisan frenzy of the day, at any rate in young ladies political, was the close of a vehement discussion between my sister and myself, when she exclaimed, "Very well, if the bill is thrown out, I should like to head a reform mob through the streets of London;" and I retorted, "Very well, and if you did, I should like to head the streets of London with cannon and sweep you and your mob out of them with grape-shot." My sister, a damsel of fifteen, was the only reformer in the family.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
March 5, 1831. }

MY DEAREST H—: I am extremely obliged to you for your long account of Mrs. John Kemble, and all the details respecting her with which, as you knew how intensely interesting they were likely to be to me, you have so kindly filled your letter. Another time, if you can afford to give a page or two to her interesting dog, Pincher, I shall be still more grateful; you know it is but omitting the superfluous word or two you squeeze in about yourself.

As for the journal I keep, it is — as what is not? — a matter of mingled good and bad influences and results. I am so much alone that I find this pouring out of my thoughts and feelings a certain satisfaction; but unfortunately one's book is only a recipient, and not a commentary, and I miss the sifting, examining, scrutinizing, discussing intercourse that compels one to the analysis of one's own ideas and sentiments, and makes the society of any one with whom one communicates unreservedly so much more profitable, as well as pleasurable, than this everlasting self-communion. I miss my wholesome bitters, my daily dose of contradiction; and you need not be jealous of my book, for it is a miserable *pis aller* for our interminable talks.

I had a visit from J— F—, the other day, and she stayed an hour, talking very pleasantly, and a little after your fashion; for she propounded the influence of matter over mind and the impossibility of preserving a sound and vigorous spirit in a weak and suffering body. I am blessed with such robust health that my moral short-comings, however anxious I may be to refer them to side-ache, tooth-ache, or any other ache, I am afraid deserve small mercy on the score of physical infirmity; but she, poor thing, I am sorry to say, suffers much and often from ill health, and complained, with evident experience, of the difficulty of preserving a cheerful spirit and an even temper in the dreary atmosphere of a sick room.

When she was gone I set to work with Francis L., and corrected all the errors in the metre which Mr. Milman had had the kindness to point out to me. I then went over Beatrice with my mother, who takes infinite pains with me and seems to think I profit. She went to the play with Mrs. Fitzgerald and Mrs. Edward Romilly, who is a daughter of Mrs. Marcet, and, owing to A—'s detestation of that learned lady's elementary book on natural philosophy, I was very desirous they should not meet one another, though certainly, if any of Mrs. Marcet's works are dry and dull, it is not this charming daughter of hers.

But A—— was rabid against “Nat. Phil.,” as she ignominiously nick-named Mrs. Marceet’s work on natural philosophy, and so I brought her to the theatre with me; and she stayed in my dressing-room when I was there, and in my aunt Siddons’s little box when I was acting, as you used to do; but she sang all the while she was with me, and though I made no sign, it gave me the nervous fidgets to such a degree that I almost forgot my part. In spite of which I acted better, for my mother said so; and there is some hope that by the time the play is withdrawn I shall not play Beatrice “like the chief mourner at a funeral,” which is what she benignly compares my performance of the part to.

The alteration in my gowns met with her entire approbation, I mean the taking away of the plaits from round the waist, and my aunt Dall pronounced it an immense improvement and wished you could see it.

Lady Dacre and her daughter, Mrs. Sullivan, and Mr. James Wortley were in the orchestra, and came after the play to supper with us, as did Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Edward Romilly, and Mr. Harness; a very pleasant party, for the ladies are all clever and charming, and got on admirably together.

It is right, as you are a shareholder in that valuable property of ours, Covent Garden, that you should know that there was a very fine house, though I cannot exactly tell you the amount of the receipts.

I miss you dreadfully, my dear H——, and I do wish you could come back to us when Dorothy has left you; but I know that cannot be, and so I look forward to the summer time, the sunny time, the rosy time, when I shall be with you again at Ardgillan.

Yesterday, I read for the first time Joanna Baillie’s *Count Basil*. I am not sure that the love she describes does not affect me more even than Shakespeare’s delineation of the passion in *Romeo and Juliet*. There is a nerveless despondency about it that seems to me more intolerable than all the vivid palpitating anguish of the tragedy of *Vero-*

na; it is like dying of slow poison, or malarial fever, compared with being shot or stabbed or even bleeding to death, which is life pouring out from one, instead of drying up in one’s brains. I think the lines beginning, —

“I have seen the last look of her heavenly eyes,”

some of the most poignantly pathetic I know. I afterwards read over again Mr. Procter’s play; it is extremely well written, but I am afraid it would not act as well as it reads. I believe I told you that *Iñez de Castro* was finally given up.

Sally and Lizzy Siddons came and sat with me for some time; they seem well and cheerful. Their mother, they said, was not very well; how should she be! though indeed regret would be selfish. Her son is gone to fulfill his own wishes in pursuing the career for which he was most fit; he will find in his uncle George Siddons’s house in Calcutta almost a second home. Sally, whom you know I respect almost as much as love, said it was surprising how soon they had learnt to accept and become reconciled to their brother’s departure. Besides all our self-invoked aids of reason and religion, nature’s own provision for the need of our sorrows is more bountiful and beneficent than we always perceive or acknowledge. No one can go on living upon agony; we cannot grieve forever if we would, and our most strenuous efforts of self-control derive help from the inevitable law of change, against which we sometimes murmur and struggle as if it wronged our consistency in sorrow and constancy in love. The tendency to *heal* is as universal as the liability to *smart*. You always speak of change with a sort of vague horror that surprises me. Though all things round us are forever shifting and altering, and though we ourselves vary and change, there is a supreme spirit of steadfastness in the midst of this huge unrest, and an abiding, unshaken, immovable principle of good guiding this vanishing world of fluctuating atoms, in whose eternal permanence of nature we largely participate, and our tendency towards and aspiration for whose perfect stability is

one of the very causes of the progress, and therefore mutability, of our existence. Perhaps the most painful of all the forms in which change confronts us is in the increased infirmities and diminished graces which after long absence we observe in those we love; the failure of power and vitality in the outward frame, the lessened vividness of the intellect we have admired, strike us with a sharp surprise of distress, and it is startling to have revealed suddenly to us, in the conditions of others, how rapidly, powerfully, and unobservedly time has been dealing with ourselves. But those who believe in eternity should be able to accept time, and the ruin of the altar from which the flame leaps up to heaven signifies little.

My father and I went to visit Macdonald's collection of sculpture to-day. I was very much pleased with some of the things; there are some good colossal figures, and an exquisite statue of a kneeling girl, that charmed me greatly; there are some excellent busts, too. How wonderfully that irrevocable substance assumes the soft, round forms of life! The color in its passionless purity (absence of color, I suppose I should say) is really harder than the substance itself of marble. I could not fall in love with a statue, as the poor girl in Procter's poem did with the Apollo Belvedere, though I think I could with a fine portrait; how could one fall in love with what had no eyes! Was it not Thorwaldsen who said that the three materials in which sculptors worked — clay, plaster, and marble — were like life, death, and immortality? I thought my own bust (the one Macdonald executed in Edinburgh, you know) very good; the marble is beautiful, and I really think my friend did wonders with his impracticable subject; the shape of the head and shoulders is very pretty. I wonder what Sappho was like! An ugly woman, it is said; I do not know upon what authority, unless her own; but I wonder what kind of ugliness she enjoyed! Among other heads, we saw one of Brougham's mother, a venerable and striking countenance, very becoming the mother of

the Chancellor of England. There was a bust, too, of poor Mr. Huskisson, taken after death. I heard a curious thing of him to-day: it seems that on the night before the opening of the railroad, as he was sitting with some friends, he said, "I cannot tell what ails me; I have a strange weight on my spirits; I am sure something dreadful will happen to-morrow; I wish it were over;" and that, when they recapitulated all the precautions, and all the means that had been taken for security, comfort, and pleasure, all he replied was, "I wish to God it were over!" There is something awful in these stories of presentiments, that always impresses me deeply, — this warning shadow, projected by no perceptible object, falling darkly and chilly over one; this indistinct whisper of destiny, of which one hears the sound, without distinguishing the sense; this muffled tread of Fate approaching us!

Did you read Horace Twiss's speech on the Reform Bill? Every one seems to think it was excellent, whether they agree with his opinions and sentiments or not. I saw by the paper, to-day, that an earthquake had been felt along the coast near Dover. A — says the world is coming to an end. We certainly live in strange times, but for that matter so has everybody that ever lived.

[In the admirable letter of Lord Macaulay to Mr. Ellis, describing the division of the house on the second reading of the Reform Bill, given in Mr. Trevelyan's life of his uncle, the great historian says Horace Twiss's countenance at the liberal victory looked like that of a "damned soul." If, instead of a lost soul, he had said poor Horace looked like a *lost seat*, he would have been more accurate, if not as picturesque. Mr. Twiss sat for one of Lord Clarendon's boroughs, and the passage of the Reform Bill was sure to dismiss him from Parliament; a serious thing in his future career, fortunes, and position.]

I must now tell you what I do next week, that you may know where to find me. Monday, the king goes to hear Cinderella, and I have a holiday and go with my mother to a party at Dr.

Granville's. Tuesday, I act Belvidera, and *afterwards* go to Lady Dacre's; I do this because, as I fixed the day myself for her party, not expecting to act that night, I cannot decently get off. Lady Macdonald's dinner party is put off; so until Saturday, when I play Beatrice, I shall spend my time in practicing, reading, writing (*not arithmetic*), walking, working cross-stitch, and similar young-ladyisms.

Good-by, my dear H——. Give my love to Dorothy, if she will take it; if not, put it to your own share. I think this letter deserves a long answer. It treats chiefly of myself, 'tis true, but what else have I to treat you to? and what else do you care so much to hear about? I heard yesterday of a lady who from the *age of seven to that of sixty* kept a daily journal. I should like to have seen such a history of any mind, — I take it for granted she wrote her mind; in the record of all those years she must have done so, consciously or unconsciously. I never read a syllable of Rousseau, in my life, and just before I got your letter speaking of his writings was wishing I had done so; I suppose I shall, some day. Mrs. Norton, Chantrey, and Barry Cornwall have come in while I have been finishing this letter; does not that sound pretty and pleasant? and don't you envy us some of our *privileges*? My mother has been seeing P——'s picture of my father in Macbeth this morning, and you never heard anything funnier than her rage at it: "A fat, red, round, staring, *pudsy* thing! the eyes no more like his than mine are! (certainly, no human eyes could be more dissimilar); and then, his jaw! bless my soul, how could he miss it! the Kemble jaw-bone! Why it was as notorious as Samson's!" Good-by. Your affectionate FANNY.

Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, the famous friends of Llangollen, kept during the whole life they spent together under such peculiar circumstances a daily diary, so minute as to include the mention not only of every one they saw (and it must be remembered that

their hermitage was a place of fashionable pilgrimage, as well as a hospitable refuge), but also *what they had for dinner every day*, — so I have been told.

The little box on the stage I have alluded to in this letter as Mrs. Siddons's was a small recess opposite the prompter's box, and of much the same proportions, that my father had fitted up for the especial convenience of my aunt Siddons whenever she chose to honor my performances with her presence. She came to it several times, but the draughts in crossing the stage were bad, and the exertion and excitement too much for her, and her life was not prolonged much after my coming upon the stage.

Lord and Lady Dacre were among my kindest friends. With Lady Dacre I corresponded from the beginning of our acquaintance until her death, which took place at a very advanced age. She was strikingly handsome, with a magnificent figure and great vivacity and charm of manner and conversation. Her accomplishments were various, and all of so masterly an excellence that her performances would have borne comparison with the best works of professional artists. She drew admirably, especially animals, of which she was extremely fond. I have seen drawings of groups of cattle by her that without the advantage of color recall the life and spirit of Rosa Bonheur's pictures. She was a perfect Italian scholar, having studied enthusiastically that divine tongue with the enthusiast, Ugo Foscolo, whose patriotic exile and misfortunes were cheered and soothed by the admiring friendship and cordial kindness of Lord and Lady Dacre. Among all the specimens of translation with which I am acquainted, her English version of Petrarch's sonnets is one of the most remarkable for fidelity, beauty, and the grace and sweetness with which she has achieved the difficult feat of following in English the precise form of the complicated and peculiar Italian prosody. These translations seem to me as nearly perfect as that species of literature can be. But the most striking demonstrations of her genius were the groups of horses which Lady Dacre modeled

from nature, and which, copied and multiplied in plaster casts, have been long familiar to the public, without many of those who know and admire them being aware who was their author. It is hardly possible to see anything more graceful and spirited, truer at once to nature and the finest art, than these compositions, faithful in the minutest details of execution, and highly poetical in their entire conception. Lady Dacre was the finest female rider and driver in England; that is saying in the world. Had she lived in Italy in the sixteenth century her name would be among the noted names of that great artistic era; but as she was an Englishwoman of the nineteenth, in spite of her intellectual culture and accomplishments she was *only* an exceedingly clever, amiable, kind lady of fashionable London society.

Of Lord Dacre it is not easy to speak with all the praise which he deserved. He inherited his title from his mother, who had married Mr. Brand of the Hoo, Hertfordshire, and at the moment of his becoming heir to that estate was on the point of leaving England with Colonel Talbot, son of Lord Talbot de Malahide, to found with him a colony in British Canada, where Arcadia was to revive again, at a distance from all the depraved and degraded social systems of Europe, under the auspices of these two enthusiastic young reformers. Mr. Brand had completed his studies in Germany, and acquired, by assiduous reading and intimate personal acquaintance with the most enlightened and profound thinkers of the philosophical school of which Kant was the apostle, a mental cultivation very unlike, in its depth and direction, the usual intellectual culture of young Englishmen of his class.

He was an enthusiast of the most generous description, in love with liberty and ardent for progress; the political as well as the social and intellectual systems of Europe appeared to him, in his youthful zeal for the improvement of his fellow-beings, belated if not benighted on the road to it, and he had embraced with the most ardent hopes and purposes the scheme of emigration of Colonel Tal-

bot, for forming in the New World a colony where all the errors of the Old were to be avoided. But his mother died, and the young emigrant withdrew his foot from the deck of the Canadian ship to take his place in the British peerage, to bear an ancient English title and become master of an old English estate, to marry a brilliant woman of English fashionable society, and be thenceforth the ideal of an English country gentleman, that most enviable of mortals, as far as outward circumstance and position can make a man so.

His serious early German studies had elevated and enlarged his mind far beyond the usual level and scope of the English country gentleman's brain, and freed him from the peculiarly narrow class prejudices which it harbors. He was an enlightened liberal, not only in politics but in every domain of human thought; he was a great reader, with a wide range of foreign as well as English literary knowledge. He had exquisite taste, was a fine connoisseur and critic in matters of art, and was the kindest natured and mannered man alive.

At his house in Hertfordshire, the Hoo, I used to meet Earl Grey; his son, the present earl (then Lord Howick); Lord Melbourne; the Duke of Bedford; Earl Russell (then Lord John), and Sidney and Bobus Smith, — all of them distinguished men, but few of them, I think, Lord Dacre's superiors in mental power. Altogether the society that he and Lady Dacre gathered round them was as delightful as it was intellectually remarkable; it was composed of persons eminent for ability, and influential members of a great world in which extraordinary capacity was never an excuse for want of urbanity or the absence of the desire to please; their intercourse was charming as well as profoundly interesting to me.

During a conversation I once had with Lady Dacre about her husband, she gave me the following extract from the writings of Madame Huber, the celebrated Thérèse Heyne, whose first husband, Johann Georg Forster, was one of the delegates which sympathizing Mentz sent to Paris in 1793, to solicit from the revolu-

tionary government the favor of annexation to the French republic.

"In the year 1790 Forster had attached to himself and introduced in his establishment a young Englishman, who came to Germany with the view of studying the German philosophy [Kant's system] in its original language. He was nearly connected with some of the leaders of the then opposition. He was so noble, so simple, that each virtue seemed in him an instinct, and so stoical in his views that he considered every noble action as the victory of self-control, and never felt himself good enough. The friends [Huber and Forster] who loved him with parental tenderness sometimes repeated with reference to him the words of Shakespeare, —

" 'So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.' "

But, thanks to fate, he has falsified that prophecy; the youth is grown into manhood; he lives, unclaimed by any mere political party, with the more valuable portion of his people, and satisfies himself with being a good man so long as circumstances prevent him from acting in his sense as a good citizen. Our daily intercourse with this youth enabled us to combine a knowledge of English events with our participation in the proceedings on the Continent. His patriotism moderated many of our extreme views with regard to his country; his estimate of many individuals, of whom from his position he possessed accurate knowledge, decided many a disputed point amongst us; and the tenderness which we all felt for this beloved and valued friend tended to produce justice and moderation in all our conflicts of opinion."¹

Lady Dacre had had by her first marriage, to Mr. Wilmot, an only child, the Mrs. Sullivan I have mentioned in this letter, wife of the Reverend Frederick Sullivan, Vicar of Kimpton. She was an excellent and most agreeable person, who inherited her mother's literary and artistic genius in a remarkable degree, though her different position and less leisurely circumstances as wife of a coun-

try clergyman and mother of a large family, devoted to the important duties of both callings, probably prevented the full development and manifestation of her fine intellectual gifts. She was a singularly modest and diffident person, and this as well as her more serious avocations may have stood in the way of her doing justice to her uncommon abilities, of which, however, there is abundant evidence in her drawings and groups of modeled figures, and in the five volumes of charming stories called *Tales of a Chaperon*, and *Tales of the Peerage and the Peasantry*, which were not published with her name but simply as edited by Lady Dacre, to whom their authorship was, I think, generally attributed. The mental gifts of Lady Dacre appear to be heirlooms, for they have been inherited for three generations, and in each case by her female descendants.

The gentleman who accompanied her to our house, on the evening I referred to in my letter, was the Honorable James Stuart Wortley, youngest son of the Earl of Wharnccliffe, who was prevented by failure of health alone from reaching the very highest honors of the legal profession, in which he had already attained the rank of solicitor-general, when his career was prematurely closed by disastrous illness. At the time of my first acquaintance with him he was a very clever and attractive young man, and though intended for a future Lord Chancellor he condescended to sing sentimental songs very charmingly.

Of my excellent and amiable friend, the Reverend William Harness, a biography has been published which tells all there is to be told of his uneventful life and career. Endowed with a handsome face and sweet countenance and very fine voice, he was at one time, a fashionable London preacher, a vocation not incompatible, when he exercised it, with a great admiration for the drama. He was an enthusiastic frequenter of the theatre, published a valuable edition of Shakespeare, and wrote two plays in blank verse which had considerable merit; but his preëminent gift was goodness, in which I have known few people

¹ Sketch of Lord Dacre's character by Madame Huber.

who surpassed him. Objecting from conscientious motives to hold more than one living, he received from his friend, Lord Lansdowne, an appointment in the Home Office, the duties of which did not interfere with those of his clerical profession. He was of a delightfully sunny, cheerful temper, and very fond of society, mixing in the best that London afforded, and frequently receiving with cordial hospitality some of its most distinguished members in his small, modest residence. He was a devoted friend of my family, had an ardent admiration for my aunt Siddons, and honored me with a kind and constant regard.

Miss Joanna Baillie was a great friend of Mrs. Siddons's, and wrote expressly for her the part of Jane de Montfort, in her play of De Montfort. My father and mother had the honor of her acquaintance, and I went more than once to pay my respects to her at the cottage in Hampstead where she passed the last years of her life.

The peculiar plan upon which she wrote her fine plays, making each of them illustrate a single passion, was in great measure the cause of their unfitness for the stage. De Montfort, which has always been considered the most dramatic of them, had only a very partial success, in spite of its very great poetical merit and considerable power of passion, and the favorable circumstance that the two principal characters in it were represented by the eminent actors for whom the authoress originally designed them. In fact, though Joanna Baillie selected and preferred the dramatic form for her poetical compositions, they are wanting in the real dramatic element, resemblance to life and human nature, and are infinitely finer as poems than plays.

But the desire and ambition of her life had been to write for the stage, and the reputation she achieved as a poet did not reconcile her to her failure as a dramatist. I remember old Mr. Sotheby, the poet (I add his title to his name, though his title to it was by some esteemed but slender), telling me of a visit he had once paid her, when, calling him

into her little kitchen (she was not rich, kept few servants, and did not disdain sometimes to make her own pies and puddings), she bade him, as she was up to the elbows in flour and paste, draw from her pocket a paper; it was a play-bill, sent to her by some friend in the country, setting forth that some obscure provincial company was about to perform Miss Joanna Baillie's celebrated tragedy of De Montfort. "There," exclaimed the culinary Melpomene, "there, Sotheby, I am so happy! You see my plays can be acted somewhere!" Well, too, do I remember the tone of half-regretful congratulation in which she said to me: "Oh, you lucky girl — you lucky girl; you are going to have your play acted!" This was Francis I., the production of which on the stage was a bitter annoyance to me, to prevent which I would have given anything I possessed, but which made me (vexed and unhappy though I was at the circumstance on which I was being congratulated) an object of positive envy to the distinguished authoress and kind old lady.

In order to steer clear of the passion of revenge, which is in fact hatred proceeding from a sense of injury, Miss Joanna Baillie in her fine tragedy of De Montfort has inevitably made the subject of it an *antipathy*, that is, an instinctive, unreasoning, partly physical antagonism, producing abhorrence and detestation the most intense, without any adequate motive; and the secret of the failure of her noble play on the stage is precisely that this is not (fortunately) a natural passion common to the majority of human beings (which hatred that *has* a motive undoubtedly is, in a greater or less degree), but an abnormal element in exceptionally morbid natures, and therefore a sentiment (or sensation) with which no great number of people or large proportion of a public audience can sympathize or even understand. Intense and causeless hatred is one of the commonest indications of insanity, and, alas! one that too often exhibits itself towards those who have been objects of the tenderest love; but De Montfort is not insane, and his loathing is un-

accountable to healthy minds upon any other plea, and can find no comprehension in audiences quite prepared to understand, if not to sympathize with, the vindictive malignity of Shylock and the savage ferocity of Zanga. Goethe, in his grand play of Tasso, gives the poet this morbid detestation of the accomplished courtier and man of the world, Antonio; but then, Tasso is represented as on the very verge of that madness into the dark abyss of which he subsequently sinks.

Shakespeare's treatment of the passion of hatred, in *The Merchant of Venice*, is worthy of all admiration for the profound insight with which he has discriminated between that form of it which all men comprehend, and can sympathize with, and that which, being really nothing but diseased idiosyncrasy, appears to the majority of healthy minds a mere form of madness.

In his first introduction to us the Jew accounts for his detestation of Antonio upon three very comprehensible grounds: national race hatred, in feeling and exciting which the Jews have been quite a "peculiar people" from the earliest records of history; personal injury in the defeat of his usurious prospects of gain; and personal insult in the unmanly treatment to which Antonio had subjected him. However excessive in degree, his hatred is undoubtedly shown to have a perfectly comprehensible, if not adequate cause and nature, and is a *reasonable* hatred, except from such a moral point of view as allows of none.

An audience can therefore tolerate him with mitigated disgust through the opening portions of the play. When, however, in the grand climax of the trial scene Shakespeare intends that he shall be no longer tolerated or tolerable, but condemned alike by his Venetian judges and his English audience, he carefully avoids putting into his mouth any one of the reasons with which in the opening of the play he explains and justifies his hatred. He does not make him quote the centuries-old Hebrew scorn of and aversion to the Gentiles, nor the merchant's interference with his

commercial speculations, nor the man's unprovoked spitting at, spurning, and abuse of him; but he will and *can* give no reason for his abhorrence of Antonio, whom he says he *loathes* with the inexplicable revulsion of nature that certain men feel towards certain animals; and the mastery of the poet shows itself in thus making Shylock's cruelty monstrous and accounting for it as an abnormal monstrosity.

Hatred that has a reasonable cause may cease with its removal. Supposing Antonio to have become a converted Jew, or to have withdrawn all opposition to Shylock's usury and compensated him largely for the losses he had caused him by it, and to have expressed publicly, with the utmost humility, contrition for his former insults and sincere promises of future honor, respect, and reverence, it is possible to imagine Shylock relenting in a hatred of which the reasons he assigned for it no longer existed. But from the moment he says he has no reason for his hatred other than the insuperable disgust and innate enmity of an antagonistic nature, — the deadly, sickening, physical loathing that in rare instances affects certain human beings towards others of their species, and towards certain animals, — then there are no calculable bounds to the ferocity of such a blind instinct, no possibility of mitigating, by considerations of reflection or feeling, an inherent, integral element of a morbid organization. And Shakespeare, in giving this aspect to the last exhibition of Shylock's vindictiveness, cancels the original appeal to possible sympathy for his previous wrongs, and presents him as a dangerous maniac or wild beast, from whose fury no one is safe, and whom it is every one's interest to strike down; so that at the miserable Jew's final defeat the whole audience gasps with a sense of unspeakable relief. Perhaps, too, the master meant to show — at any rate he has shown — that the deadly sin of hatred, indulged even with a cause, ends in the dire disease of causeless hate and the rabid frenzy of a maniac.

It has sometimes been objected to this

wonderful scene that Portia's reticence and delay in relieving Antonio and her husband from their suspense is unnatural. But Portia is a very *superior woman*, able to control not only her own palpitating sympathy with their anguish, but her impatient yearning to put an end to it, till she has made every effort to redeem the wretch whose hardness of heart fills her with incredulous amazement, — a heavenly instinct akin to the divine love that desires not that a sinner should perish, which enables her to postpone her own relief and that of those precious to her till she has exhausted endeavor to soften Shylock; and Shakespeare thus not only justifies the stern severity of her ultimate sentence on him, but shows her endowed with the highest powers of self-command, and patient, long-suffering with evil; her teasing her husband half to death afterward restores the balance of her humanity, which was sinking heavily towards perfection.

Bryan Waller Procter, dear Barry Cornwall, — beloved by all who knew him, even his fellow-poets, for his sweet, gentle disposition, — had married (as I have said elsewhere) Anne Skepper, the daughter of our friend, Mrs. Basil Montague. They were among our most intimate and friendly acquaintance. Their house was the resort of all the choice spirits of the London society of their day, her pungent epigrams and brilliant sallies making the most delightful contrast imaginable to the cordial kindness of his conversation and the affectionate tenderness of his manner; she was like a fresh lemon, — golden, fragrant, firm, and wholesome, — and he was like the honey of Hymettus; they were an incomparable compound.

The play which I speak of as his, in my last letter, was Ford's *White Devil*, of which the notorious Vittoria Corrombona, Duchess of Bracciano, is the heroine. The powerful but coarse treatment of the Italian story by the Elizabethan playwright had been chastened into something more adapted to modern taste by Barry Cornwall; but, even with his kindred power and skillful handling, the work of the early master retained too

rough a flavor for the public palate of our day, and very reluctantly the project of bringing it out was abandoned.

The tragical story of Vittoria Corrombona, eminently tragical in that age of dramatic lives and deaths, has furnished not only the subject of this fine play of Ford's, but that of a magnificent historical novel, by the great German writer, Tieck, in which it is difficult to say which predominates, the intense interest of the heroine's individual career, or that created by the splendid delineation of the whole state of Italy at that period, — the days of the grand old Sixtus the Fifth in Rome, and of the contemporary Medici in Florence; it is altogether a masterpiece by a great master. Superior in tragic horror, because unrelieved by the general picture of contemporaneous events, but quite inferior as a work of imagination, is the comparatively short sketch of Vittoria Corrombona's life and death contained in a collection of Italian stories called *Crimes Célèbres*, by Stendahl, where it keeps company with other tragedies of private life, which during the same century occupied with their atrocious details the tribunals of justice in Rome. Among the collection is the story from which Mr. Fechter's melodrama of *Bel Demonio* was taken, the story of the Cenci, and the story of a certain Duchess of Pagliano, all of them inconceivably horrible and revolting.

About the same time that this play of Barry Cornwall's was given up, a long negotiation between Miss Mitford and the management of Covent Garden came to a conclusion by her withdrawal of her play of *Iñez de Castro*, a tragedy founded upon one of the most romantic and picturesque incidents in the Spanish chronicle. After much uncertainty and many difficulties, the project of bringing it out was abandoned. I remember thinking I could do nothing with the part of the heroine, whose corpse is produced in the last act, seated on the throne and receiving the homage of the subjects of her husband, Pedro the Cruel, — a very ghastly incident in the story, which I think would in itself have endangered the success of the play. My de-

spondency about the part of Iñez had nothing to do with the possible effect of this situation, however, but was my invariable impression with regard to every new part that was assigned to me on first reading it. But I am sure Miss Mitford had no cause to regret that I had not undertaken this; the success of her play in my hands ran a risk such as her fine play of *Rienzi*, in those of Mr. Young or Mr. Macready, could never have incurred; and it was well for her that to their delineation of her Roman tribune, and not mine of her Aragonese lady, her reputation with the public as a dramatic writer was confided.

I have mentioned in this last letter a morning visit from Chantrey, the eminent sculptor, who was among our frequenters. His appearance and manners were simple and almost rustic, and he was shy and silent in society, all which may have been results of his obscure birth and early want of education. He was apprenticed in his youth to a carpenter, and dining with Rogers one day after his fame as an artist had long been recognized by the world, he said, pointing to a sideboard in the dining-room, "I once mended that piece of furniture for you," and pointed out some trifling repairs which in his days of joining and cabinet-making he had been sent by his master-carpenter to execute. It was to Sir Francis Chantrey that my father's friends applied for the design of the beautiful silver vase which they presented to him at the end of his professional career. The sculptor's idea seemed to me a very happy and appropriate one, and the design was admirably executed; it consisted of a simple and elegant figure of Hamlet on the cover of the vase, and round it, in fine relief, the Seven Ages of Man, from Jaques's speech in *As You Like It*; the whole work was very beautiful, and has a double interest for me, as that not only of an eminent artist, but a kind friend of my father's.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, {
March 7, 1831. }

MY DEAREST H——: With regard to change as we contemplate it when part-

ing from those we love, I confess I should shrink from the idea of years intervening before you and I met again; not that I apprehend any diminution of our affection, but it would be painful to be no longer young, or to have grown *suddenly* old to each other. But I hope this will not be so; I hope we may go on meeting often enough for that change which is inevitable to be long imperceptible; I hope we may be allowed to go on *wondering* together, till we meet where you will certainly be happy, if wonder is for once joined to *knowledge*. I remember my aunt Whitelock saying that when she went to America she left my father a toddling thing that she used to dandle and carry about; and the first time she saw him after her return, he had a baby of his own in his arms. That sort of thing makes one's heart jump into one's mouth with dismay; it seems as if all the time one had been *living away*, unconsciously, was thrown in a lump at one's head.

J—— F—— told me on Thursday that her sister, whose wedding-day seemed to me about yesterday, was the mother of four children; she has lost no time, it is true, but my "yesterday" must be five years old. After dinner, yesterday, wrote a new last scene to Francis I. I mean to send it to Murray.

A—— says you seem younger to her than I do; which considering your fourteen years' seniority over me is curious; but the truth is, though she does not know it, I am still *too young*; I have not lived, experienced, and suffered enough to have acquired the self-forgetfulness and gentle forbearance that make us good and pleasant companions to our *youngers*.

Henry got into a scrape, yesterday, about the college report, which states him to have been "absent and late" several times. I believe there was really some mistake in the statement; nevertheless, a conviction is irresistibly borne in upon all our minds that it is hardly possible to be dancing till four in the morning and in college at eight with a clear head and one's studying wits about one.

Henry and I are going together to the Zoological Gardens one of these days;

that lovely tigress hangs about my heart
and I must go and see her again. Ever
your affectionate F. A. KEMBLE.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
March 9, 1831. }

MY DEAR H—: Why are you not here to kiss and congratulate me? I am so proud and happy! Mr. Murray has given me four hundred and fifty pounds for my play alone! the other things he does not wish to publish with it. Only think of it—was there ever such publishing munificence! My father has the face to say *it is not enough!* but looks so proud and pleased that his face alone shows it is *too much* by a great deal; my mother is enchanted, and I am so happy, so thankful for this prosperous result of my work, so delighted at earning so much, so surprised and charmed to think that what gave me nothing but pleasure in the doing has brought me such an after-harvest of profit; it is too good almost to be true, and yet it is true.

But I am happy and have been much excited from another reason, to-day. Richard Trench, John's dear friend and companion, is just returned from Spain, and came here this morning to see us. I sat with him a long while. John is well and in good spirits. Mr. Trench before leaving Gibraltar had used every persuasion to induce my brother to return with him, and had even got him on board the vessel in which they were to sail, but John's heart failed him at the thought of forsaking Torrijos, and he

went back. The account Mr. Trench gives of their proceedings is much as I imagined them to have been. They hired a house which they denominated Constitution Hall, where they passed their time smoking, and drinking ale, John holding forth upon German metaphysics, which grew dense in proportion as the tobacco fumes grew thick and his glass grew empty. You know we had an alarm about their being taken prisoners, which story originated thus: they had agreed with the constitutionalists in Algeciras that on a certain day the latter were to *get rid* of their officers (murder them civilly, I suppose), and then light beacons on the heights, at which signal Torrijos and his companions, among them our party who were lying armed on board a schooner in the bay, were to make good their landing. The English authorities at Gibraltar, however, had note of this, and whilst they lay watching for the signal they were boarded by one of the government ships and taken prisoners. The number of English soldiers in whose custody they found themselves being, however, inferior to their own, they agreed that if the beacons made their appearance they would turn upon their guards and either imprison or kill them. But the beacons were never lighted; their Spanish fellow-revolutionists broke faith with them, and they remained ingloriously on board until next day, when they were ignominiously suffered to go quietly on shore again.

Frances Anne Kemble.

THE HOUSE BELOW THE HILL.

You ask me of the farthest star,
Whither your thought can climb at will,
Forever-questioning child of mine.
I fear it is not half so far
As is the house below the hill,
Where one poor lamp begins to shine,
The lamp that is of death the sign.

Has it indeed been there for years,
 In rain and snow, with ruined roof
 For God to look through, day and night,
 At man's despair and woman's tears,
 While with myself I stood aloof,
 As one by some enchanted right
 Held high from any ghastly sight?

. . . One of my children lightly said,
 "Oh, nothing (Why must we be still?),
 Only the people have to cry
 Because the woman's child is dead
 There in the house below the hill.
 I wish that we could see it fly.
 It has gold wings, and that is why!"

Gold wings it *has*? I only know
 What wasted little hands it had,
 That reached to me for pity, but
 Before I thought to give it — oh,
 On earth's last rose-bud faint and sad,
 Less cold than mine had been, they shut.
 Sharper than steel some things should cut!

. . . I thought the mother showed to me,
 With something of a subtle scorn
 (When morning mocked with bird and dew),
 That brief and bitter courtesy
 Which awes us in the lowliest born.
 Ah, soul, to thine own self be true;
 God's eyes, grown human, look thee through!

"We need no help — we needed it.
 You have not come in time, and so
 The women here did everything.
 You did not know? You did not know!"
 I surely saw the dark brows knit.
 To let the living die for bread,
 Then bring fair shrouds to hide the dead!

What time I cried with Rachel's cry,
 I wondered that I could not wring,
 While sitting at the grave, forlorn,
 Compassion from yon alien sky,
 That knows not death nor anything
 That troubles man of woman born,
 Save that he wounded Christ with thorn.

My sorrow had the right to find
 Immortal pity? I could sit,
 Not hearing at my very feet
 The utter wailing of my kind,
 And dream my dream high over it!

O human heart, what need to beat,
If nothing save your own is sweet?

Ah me, that fluttering flower and leaf,
That weird wan moon and pitiless sun,
And my own shadow in the grass,
Should hide from me this common grief!
Was I not dust? What had I done?
In that fixed face as in a glass
I saw myself to judgment pass!

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I AM not sure but that the work which a gifted and enterprising young friend of mine now has in hand is an infringement upon the patent of a well-known *littérateur*. He is writing on what he denominates Elongated Classics, and, being a gentleman of perfect rectitude, it of course goes without saying that he would abandon his task at the first authoritative intimation that he was trespassing upon what was, even constructively, another man's preserves. He came to me a few evenings since for my opinion upon this last point. But all I felt warranted in saying to him was that I had never seen it stated that the gentleman who is now perpetrating Condensed Classics designed, in due course of time, to follow them up with Elongated Classics. I added that it was perhaps only reasonable to presume that, having once acquired a taste for blood, so to speak, the perpetrator of Condensed Classics would not quit his quarry until he had exhausted it; that the one extreme, "condensed," would likely enough suggest the other extreme, "elongated;" and that having condensed and elongated there was no telling but he would put the climax upon the series with Improved Classics and — in response to an encore — Perfected Classics. At this point in my remarks my friend abruptly cut me short with the query,

Would n't I write to The Atlantic, for instance, stating just what his plan in Elongated Classics was? If I would, why, then, if any man had a prior claim to the vein he was working, that fact would appear and he, my friend, would draw off. "Say, please," he continued, "that I am addressing myself to the task of putting what those who visited the late Centennial Exhibition would designate as substantial 'annexes' upon such of our English classics as I find are inadequate, unsatisfactory, deficient in whole-some *embonpoint*, as they stand. I have begun with the series commonly known as Little Classics, since their very name implies that they are classics that have not attained full growth. I have first elongated Mr. Edward Everett Hale's A Man without a Country. You shake your head? Throw up your hands? Complain of an attack of goose-flesh? Pshaw! Look at Shakespeare. He very plainly indicates that in his opinion one cannot have too much of a good thing, by making Orsino in Twelfth Night exclaim, —

'If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it.'

That is good enough authority for me. Holding fast to the hand of Shakespeare I propose to obey the voice that whispers to me, Write on, give us excess of classics. Swift declared that the man who makes two ears of corn grow where

only one grew before is to be reckoned a public benefactor. Is this remark, think you, intended solely for the encouragement of grangers, and not as well for those who hoe intellectual corn? But to dismiss this point; I think you will agree that I have managed my elongation of *A Man without a Country* very cleverly. Let me sketch it for you. As Mr. Hale leaves the *Little Classic*, 'the country yet remains,' but the man is dead in the ocean. I go on to show that Philip Nolan (the man) was consigned to the deep while yet he was alive and vigorous, as part of a plot of his military and naval friends for his escape. The life-preservers which were concealed about his person sustained him until the boat which had been secured to pick him up got him aboard. He was duly landed on American shores, and without losing any time proceeded to Alaska and immediately began to grow up with the country. He was successful in business, and soon was known all over Alaska for his fervent and uncompromising patriotism. Discovering by chance that he was sole heir to the Anneke Jans estate, he brought suit, beat Trinity Church, and came into his property. Dying, he left his vast wealth to be divided into three parts, one to be devoted to completing the Washington Monument, another to the establishment of a Home for Aged and Infirm United States Patriots, and the balance to be invested and the annual interest offered as a prize for the best essay by an American citizen upon *Love of Country*. How does that seem to strike you?"

I frankly answered that I thought it was sacrilege of the first water; and that I considered him a candidate for bulldozing whose claims could not in justice be ignored.

My friend heard me with a really superior smile upon his face and replied, "I radically differ with you in your judgment upon my conduct; and since I with my *Elongated Classics* and the perpetrator of *Condensed Classics* are in the same boat and must necessarily sink or float together, in defending my own position I defend his. Now I notice that the condenser, in the two *Condensed*

Classics which he has already put forth, explains that his aim has been 'to cut out everything that a skillful novel-reader would naturally skip and everything that he might skip if he knew what were coming.' Of course it's just the reverse with me. *My* aim, as an elongator, has been to insert everything that a skillful novel-reader would naturally insert and everything that he might insert if he had the brains. The condenser also explains that he prepares his *Condensed Classics* for the benefit of those who are in a hurry — an unique tribute, you see, to the spirit of the age." It is 'the rapid reader, who desires only the story,' whom he has in his eye as he goes about his task. Precisely the opposite with me. As an elongator, I look for welcome from that large class which always has more time on its hands than it knows what to do with. I elongate for ladies and gentlemen of leisure, who read slowly; in whom, as Tennyson says of Eleanor, —

'There is nothing sudden.'

Paul, you remember, said that he 'both knew how to be abased and how to abound.' Now the only difference between me and the condenser is just this: he thinks certain of our English classics did not know how to be abased, that is, did not have the gift of restraint; I, on the contrary, think that others of them did not know how to abound, that is, did not have the gift of 'sustained effort.' "

Here I broke in and asked my friend these questions: "Do you suppose when the condenser explained in the preface to *Our Mutual Friend*, and *Ivanhoe*, that his aim had been to 'cut out everything that a skillful novel-reader would naturally skip and everything that he might skip if he knew what was coming,' it occurred to him that both Dickens and Scott were skillful novel-readers as well as consummate novel-writers? Both knew just 'what was coming,' and yet neither one ventured upon the skipping which the condenser has perpetrated. Again, do you think the condenser is happy in his definition of a *skillful* novel-reader, as one 'who desires only the

story"? Is not just the contrary true—that it is only the most unskillful, inexperienced, and silly readers (whose taste ought not to be pandered to) who desire only the story? and that the reader who is indeed an expert realizes that to him who reads 'only the story' the story is never fully told? There—those are my questions. Be good enough to favor me with direct answers."

My friend, asking for a little space to collect his thoughts, withdrew. After an hour's absence he returned and remarked with great dignity of manner that, by advice of counsel, he must refuse to answer any and all of my questions.

"Very good," said I; "I am not surprised; but let me try you with a few easier queries. Do you or do you not justify those visitors to the Centennial Exhibition who condensed some of the classics in stone and canvas in Memorial Hall while the policemen were not looking? The managers, you remember, showed their view, by means of placards printed in many tongues and prominently displayed, bearing the legend, 'Do not touch with cane or umbrella.' Were those managers reasonable or unreasonable? And the particular visitor who condensed a Venus by breaking off one of her fingers with a blue cotton umbrella, was he or was he not entitled to have an annex of head put upon him by the sculptor? What say you?"

"Well," returned my friend, "for my part, and I am sure I speak the opinion of the condenser, I cannot see that this condenser of Venus was blameworthy. I really cannot. He was probably influenced in what he did by a laudable desire to help those rapid visitors to Memorial Hall who correspond to those 'rapid readers' of classics of whom the condenser makes mention. Suppose he did break off one finger! Enough certainly remained to give the rapid visitor a correct idea of the style of Venus's hand. The hall was so crowded with things pleasant to the eye that it was simply absurd to suppose that a rapid visitor could or would find

time to devote to every one of Venus's ten fingers. The man who eliminated one of them has a perfect defense in the explanation that he merely cut away an insignificant member which a skillful sight-seer would naturally skip, and a member which he might skip if he knew how much there was to be seen in Memorial Hall. Now when I come to elongate Romeo and Juliet"—

At this point, in a moment of emotional insanity, I seized a paper-knife from the table at which I was sitting and plunged it into the person of the ingenious elongator. That was some eighty hours ago, and as he has not come to yet, I feel warranted in hoping for the best. In this event, I suppose it will not be necessary to solve the doubt I mentioned at the outset.

—When next I visit, as school-committee man, the Training School for Novelists, I mean to ask one of the advanced class what he regards as the chief advantage held by an author in telling his story in an autobiographic form. You would say, would you not,—I believe that is the insinuating method of examination when one wishes to state his own views rather than elicit the pupil's,—that a novelist using this form is confined to pure history of the movements of his characters? He cannot know anything more of their motives than his readers will learn when they have read the story, and he is forbidden to say that they thought thus and thus. Whatever takes place is within the immediate knowledge of the narrator, either coming under his observation or directly reported to him. Hence there will be a simplicity of evolution, since all the action is referred ultimately to a single person, and the reader taking his place by the side of the narrator is never required to leave it. The writer is likely to keep closer to reality, the reader becomes more identified in interest with the writer. The characterization of the first person in the story undoubtedly becomes a more subtle task, but in this solitary case the novelist has the means of bringing into service the thoughts and impressions of a character, as these af-

fect the movement of the story. In all other cases he is restricted to actions, and to those actions which the reader can determine as well as the writer.

I noticed in reading Mr. James's *Roderick Hudson* that I was constantly conceiving Rowland Mallet as the teller of the story, so that when occasionally Rowland is praised, I felt a disagreeable sensation as if the author had praised himself. Looking more narrowly into the story I discovered that my impression arose from the fact that nothing takes place except under the direct cognizance of Mallet. Either he is present, or an incident or scene is reported to him. Whether or not Mr. James distinctly proposed to himself this problem, he has plainly written a story under the assumption of an autobiography, but not in the autobiographic form, and I do not see what he has gained by it. He certainly has lost the directness and intelligibility of the autobiography, and has not gained the freedom which that renounces. His Mallet is as colorless as if he were the teller of the story, and the reader is made in many cases to go twice over the ground because of this numbering of the story-teller among the *dramatis personæ*.

This is rather a curiosity of the autobiographic form, which, by the way, is not to be assumed without counting the cost. It has obvious conditions, which cannot be disregarded at the author's convenience, or forgotten as they sometimes seem to be by one of our cleverest story-tellers. In the story, *Our New Crusade*, the supposed narrator intimates that he is a member of Dr. Claridge's family; at all events an inmate of his house; but he wishes us to understand that he is personally of no account. "Dr. Claridge is a man of the world, though he was a college president. Aunt Lois is not a woman of the world, but she is what is better, a child of God, self-abnegating and self-sacrificing; and I never saw or heard of the exigency that she is not fit for. What Susie is I have tried to tell. What Bernard is you will see. What I am is no matter." In only one scene is the narrator directly recognized

by any character in the book: then he engages in a short conversation, is dispatched on an errand, and so dismissed by the rest of the characters. His name even is not given; but he proves to be the most powerful and penetrating character in the whole book. While no one else pays the slightest attention to him, he is ubiquitous and observing to an almost incredible extent. The lovers, especially, carry on their tenderest conversation loud enough for him to hear them, whether they are driving in a carriage, or walking at dead of night beside a canal, or alone in a conservatory. In this last instance the story-teller takes pains to exclude every other living soul from the orchid house, where his favorite pair of lovers are to come to an understanding, and, as if to prove an *alibi* in his own case for the benefit of the skeptical reader, states incidentally that he was in the drawing-room all the time. Nevertheless, the tones of their voices, their gestures, their starts, their glances no less than their broken and impassioned words, cannot escape him; and yet he has another pair of lovers to look after at the same time, and is obliged to bring the four together and report their mutual congratulations, while he and Miss Clarke and Miss Gilbert are looking on with some wonder at the excited talk and its dumb show. In another instance he goes off with all the company to the supper-room, leaving two of his characters to tell their most cherished confidences to one another, while the person most deeply concerned is hidden in an easy-chair conveniently near. This young girl comes forward at the proper time and confesses to the other young girl; but where was our story-teller all the while? It is true that early in the story he mentions casually that he heard one or two trivial incidents from Susie and aunt Lois, but he cannot have the hardihood to tell us that these young ladies with their tender secrets, and these young men with their manly words, called him aside and bade him make a stenographic report. Taking out the one or two occasions when he asserts that he was present, and the one or two

conversations which he explains were specially reported to him, it is fair to say that the whole story proceeds upon the assumption that the story-teller is not himself an actor, but the creator of the story. The proper relation of the narrator to the other actors is wholly disregarded.

From true autobiographic stories it would not be hard to establish the proposition that theirs is the highest form of the novelist's art.

— An Arcadian thinker might imagine that the piano-forte was an instrument invented and made solely to further the ends of the art of music. I have no doubt that some such idea existed in the brains of the first inventors and makers of the instrument. Piano-forte makers, indeed, still vie with one another in making more or less successful attempts at improving the instrument, and pianists are certainly not behindhand in pushing the art of playing upon it to its uttermost limits. But Music, after innocently dreaming for years that all these commendable endeavors were made in her service, has awakened to the fact that she and her servants have in some unaccountable way exchanged places; that the piano-forte has been the while cunningly binding her, hand and foot, and now asserts its own mastership in a very loud, jingling manner. Pianists who have done their utmost to fit themselves for the service of Art, perhaps even to be the high priests in her temple, and who naturally look upon the piano-forte as *their* servant, now find themselves in the incongruous position of mere advertising agents for the manufacturers. Before going into details, I will give two anecdotes, which I know to be true.

Some years ago a gentleman of my acquaintance was walking in the streets of Bonn on the Rhine with one of the leading London pianists. They were met at a street corner by a man who had a few minutes' conversation with the pianist; after he had gone away, the pianist said to our friend, "That was a member of the firm of —, in —, in the United States. He has just renewed an offer he made me yesterday of — dollars

per month, with all my expenses paid, to give a series of concerts in America *with his firm's piano-fortes.*" The second story is this. Not many years ago a well-known impresario brought a concert troupe to America, one of the members of which was a pianist of some note in England. After a month the pianist severed his connection with the troupe and returned to England. To fill his place the impresario engaged a distinguished American pianist for a certain number of concerts. The pianist expressing a decided preference for the A piano-fortes, the manager said that it was perfectly immaterial to him what instruments were used at his concerts. The next day, thinking over his engagement, the pianist remembered that, somehow or other, nothing had been said about how much he was to be paid; so he called upon the manager.

"You must be the most confiding of men! Here you have engaged me for so many concerts, and have not even asked what my terms are!"

"Well! I am sure I don't see what I have to do with that."

"I should imagine that, as you are to pay me, it might be of some importance to you to know how much I ask."

"I pay you? Nothing of the sort! Mr. A pays you, as you use his piano-fortes."

"You had better see Mr. A before we go any further; for I am sure he will not agree to that arrangement."

"You are joking! I have given concerts in this country for the last ever-so-many years, and have never paid pianists a single cent in my life. The piano-forte makers *always* pay them."

It was found, however, that Mr. A, although perfectly willing to furnish instruments, charge and carriage free, would not agree to pay anything. He knew that it was the custom of many makers to do so, but he had never done it, and never would. The manager was in a huge rage, cut down his engagement with the pianist to five nights, and on paying him, vowed that he had never been so swindled in his life.

The custom of piano-forte makers'

paying pianists to play exclusively upon their instruments has, it must be admitted, one good side. Very probably many of the great pianists who have visited this country would never have come here at all, except for the enterprise of pianoforte makers in bringing them for their own ends. In the beginning, when the public did not know, or care to inquire, about the practice, the "preference" of a great pianist for one piano-forte over all others was a most capital advertisement for the maker. But now that every one knows perfectly well that it is a mere matter of business contract, and that pianists play upon a certain firm's piano-fortes simply because they are hired to do so, and not because they prefer to do so, the excellence of the arrangement as an advertisement consists solely in the A, B, or C piano-forte's standing on the platform at concerts with the maker's name, in large gilt letters, staring the audience out of countenance, and doing its best to put all thoughts of music to flight and impress the public with the all-important fact of its existence. The evils of the system are great. I saw the other day a letter from a noted pianist to the president of one of our musical societies, somewhat to this effect (I quote from memory): "I find myself in a very strange position. I am under contract to Mr. A to play only upon his piano-fortes. I cannot play at the X concerts in Baltimore, because they use only the B piano-fortes; I cannot play at the Y concerts in Cincinnati, because they use only the C piano-fortes; it is the same thing with the Z or W concerts in New York and Philadelphia, where the D and E piano-fortes are used. Unless your society and Mr. F are willing to let me play on the A instrument, I do not see how I can play at your concerts either." Here you see how a pianist can be debarred from a most important musical field all over the country, and the public deprived of the pleasure of hearing him except under very narrow conditions. The fault, no doubt, lies with the pianists themselves who enter upon such engagements. And yet the yearly income of only too many American pia-

nists would be seriously affected for the worse if they did not make these very pernicious contracts with manufacturers.

— Of the causes that go to account for the extensive production and enjoyment of literature destitute of any claim to the dignity or title of art, no one is so potent as the absence of recognized standards of artistic excellence. Our current literature as well as our current criticism is to a very large extent written by persons whose æsthetic consciences, however strong and tender naturally, have received no development through education, while they have been vitiated by daily contact with æsthetic evil, in the form of literary productions wherein every law of art is violated. The truth is, we need both a Bible of art, deriving its authority from the records of the entire æsthetic revelation, and a hierarchy of critics, who shall be faithful interpreters and teachers of the same. The only work that has hitherto attained authority in literature is the fragmentary treatise of Aristotle, *On the Poetic Art*, which is well worthy to be considered the æsthetic decalogue. Though it belongs to the old dispensation, it is still valid; and, while we are waiting for the canon of the new dispensation of pure humanity in literature, we could hardly, I think, do anything better than master it. Its influence upon the literatures of France and Germany is incalculable. To it the former owes its exquisite form and finish, the latter its earnestness and endeavor after unity. From it Lessing, the greatest of modern critics, and Sainte-Beuve,¹ who may perhaps be ranked next to him, drew the principles of their art. It forms the basis of instruction in literary art in Germany, France, and Italy, and in all these countries has been made accessible by almost innumerable translations, commentaries, and academic lectures. In England and America it is almost entirely neglected. The latest English translation — reprinted with a few corrections in J. W. Donaldson's *Theatre of the Greeks* — appeared in 1812, and

¹ I happen to own Sainte-Beuve's private copy of M. Egger's edition of the *Poetics*.

there is no commentary worthy of the name in our language.

What are our universities and colleges doing, that they can afford to neglect this work, a series of lectures upon the doctrines of which would do more to impart correct views of literary art than any other influence that could readily be named or that they could exert?

After Aristotle, a course in Lessing's *Hamburgische Dramaturgie* would be most salutary. Why is that model of criticism, unsparing but just, so little read and imitated?

—I have been watching with interest the progress of the new decoration in Trinity Church, Boston. Mr. John La Farge, of Newport, has undertaken this novel work, seconded by Mr. Francis Lathrop, of New York, and F. D. Millet, of Boston. It was certainly very odd and very inspiring to see these gentlemen at work. The younger artists were busy drawing immense figures or patterns on coarse paper, through which the design was to be pricked and sifted in outline on the church walls or ceiling; at a later stage they might be seen clad in blue overalls, "of many colors" from frequent daubings, and perched on some dizzy remnant of scaffolding in the lofty tower, where they were finishing the work of painting. The figures in the tower have been laid on in colors mixed with wax, a sort of encaustic; and down in the gallery a privileged few might behold the little "camping out" arrangement by which the wax was melted for this purpose. The artists have, of course, been assisted by a corps of journeymen decorators, who carried out the mechanical parts of the work. To me the most delightful element in this whole affair has been the intimate association of the artists and the workmen. The former have worked side by side with the artisans, and have accepted wages but little larger than those of these professional "decorators;" they took service not for commercial gain, but out of love for an ideal pursuit. They will find an enviable reward, though, in the fact that they have advanced American art in a department where it has hitherto been sordid and

mechanical. Their undertaking has been, both in spirit and practice, something quite unprecedented in this country, and vividly recalls the similar labors of mediæval masters and their pupils or friends. Unfortunately, there has been one very modern and American drawback, and that was the frightful haste with which the artists were forced to work. It is strange that when a congregation builds an ambitious church, giving its architect ample time to build properly, so that the building may last for generations, they should have thought it imperative to have it decorated within a couple of months, because they were anxious to consecrate the church at Christmas. As they went in search of real artistic adornment, one would fancy they might respect it enough to wait a little. Is the occupation of the church at a set date so much more momentous than securing a beauty which would last as long as the church itself?

—I am one of your readers who have noted with interest and satisfaction the development of Mr. Edgar Fawcett's curious felicity of expression in the many little poems of his which you have published. I was first struck by the felicity I mention in the four or five poems grouped under the title of *Fancies*, in a number of *The Atlantic* printed three or four years ago.¹ One of them was called *An Oriole*, and in that fancy he richly likened the bird to "some orange tulip, flaked with black," which, —

"Yearning toward heaven until its wish was heard,

Desired unspeakably to be a bird."

As I remember the poems, there was in almost every verse some cunning touch of this sort, some striking luck of phrase; but I thought the lines on *A Toad* the most fortunate of all in the qualities I admired in the other poems. He is called a "dull bulk," a "gray lump of mottled clamminess, with that preposterous leer." The opening lines remained with me on one reading: —

"Blue dusk, that brings the dewy hours,
Brings thee, of graceless form in sooth,
Dark stumbler at the roots of flowers,
Flaccid, inert, uncouth."

This I think simply a masterpiece of

¹ May, 1874

characterization; as far as it goes I do not see how there can be anything better. But the poems are, as they are called, strictly fancies, and their triumphs seem the achievement of sensitive nerves rather than of intellectuation. I don't mean to say that their range bounds Mr. Fawcett's faculty. Shortly after they appeared, you printed a poem of his entitled *Immortelles*,¹ in which there was the deeper stir, the creative thrill of imagination. I allow myself still, even in these hard times, the luxury of being moved by poetry I like, and I recall with emotion some of the vivid phrases in which the poet mused upon those flowers, with their

"pale-gold, brittle petals primly set
About dry, brittle hearts of deeper gold.

"Do I but fancy that an aching need
Lives in the wan, inanimate looks they lift?

"Yes, if I read their joyless calm aright,
Mere immortality can ill repay
This sluggish veto of corruption's blight,
This dull and charmless challenge to decay!

"Ah! where in this white urn they dimly smile,
Full oft, I doubt not, each poor bloom has
sighed

*To have been some odorous radiance that erewhile
Divinely was a rose, although it died!*"

This, if I understand and feel such things aright, is fine and lovely poetry. It is a pity that we could not have a collection of the little pieces that Mr. Fawcett has printed with you (and others like them that he may have in his portfolio), in some pretty little volume. I do not believe we should find them monotonous, or tire of them; and I believe that their quality — peculiarly his own, and not reminding me, at least, of any other poet — would make him a fair-sized public at once. I read all his *Atlantic* verse with pleasure, though I am beginning to tremble for one technical grace of his, which I'm afraid is turning into a vice; I mean the redundant syllabification of his verse, as in the next to the last line quoted. It is a charm that to remain a charm must be sparingly used.

— It seemed to me that whoever wrote of Mr. Bret Harte and the dramatic criticisms in the Club, last month, hardly did

¹ April, 1875

the theatre-going public justice in what he said of the present difference between the stage and the drama. It is true that most of the plays which nowadays succeed are plays of theatrical rather than dramatic effect, and that they are very far from being good literature. But they are not all so, by any means. I have never read Mr. Charles Reade's *Dora*, but I am sure its charming qualities must be literary; and I have lately been reading the plays of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, which are very good literature indeed. (I am surprised, by the way, that you have not yet criticised in *The Atlantic* the volume of his plays published by Scribner & Co., last year.) This gentleman wrote *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*, which was given so exquisitely at the Globe Theatre in Boston several winters ago, and he is the author of three other plays in blank verse which are now printed with the *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*. That is the best of them, to be sure, but they are all good. He has mastered the art of placing some poetic fancy in realistic contact with the verities of every-day life — not to make us laugh at the fancy, but to make us ashamed of our own mean and prosaic conditions. The *Wicked World* is full of charming satire of this sort. The *Palace of Truth* is a comedy in which the fantastic supposition of an edifice where every one is obliged to speak his mind gives rise to many amusing situations: it is pure comedy of the lightest, sweetest, pleasantest sort, and is blank verse of the best dramatic kind. The *Princess* is what the author calls "a respectful parody" of Mr. Tennyson's poem. It is from first to last delicious — the merriest and brightest fun, treating the whole conceit of the poem with airy burlesque. As for *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*, you know how beautiful that is on the stage, but I can assure you that it not only bears reading but improves by it — as a play of Shakespeare's does. It is in fact a lovely poem, delicately pathetic in its denouement, where poor *Galatea* dies back into stone heart-broken, and just as delicately humorous and witty in other places. The allegory never lies heavy on the play, but is so

interfused with it as to be the life of the piece, and the persons are not merely puppets to work out the drama, but are skillfully painted characters. This has been a popular play, and still is so. I don't think any audience found it too fine, fine as it was; and I think that our playwrights should not be more mechanical and ordinary than they can help from the mistaken opinion that if they don't fail æsthetically the audience will. At least they need not *aim* to fall below Shakespeare. When they touch his level, it will be time for them to consider.

— I remember now what I wanted to say about Mr. Bret Harte, in answer to his ardent admirer in the January Club. His most fatal defect — Bret Harte's, of course — seems to me a lack of literary *conscience*. It is this which accounts for the frightful inequalities in his work. Apparently he will do well only what he can do easily. There could not be a better illustration of what I say than that same poem, Concepcion de Arguelo. What artistic immorality for him to de-face that pathetic, and in the main nobly told story, by such a line as —

'All to honor Sir George Simpson, famous traveler
and guest?'

And there are other lines quite as monstrously prosaic.

— I believe that the critics who mock at Deronda's befriending Gwendolen in that high way, at the close of George Eliot's novel, are invariably men. One of the chief moral differences between men and women, and a prolific source of sorrow which is not quite tragedy, is that while women are capable of friendship for both women and men, men can feel it for men only. A man can be almost anything to a woman — her supporter, her teacher, her defender, her lover, her slave, her sacrifice; but her equal and unalterable *friend*, he cannot and will not be, as yet.

— It appears to me an invidious distinction to apply the phrase "American humorists" to a certain small group of writers connected with our journals and magazines. I have come to the conclusion that *all* persons concerned in the manufacture of the purely intellectual

portions of magazines and newspapers are humorists; and I divide them into two classes: the conscious and the unconscious. The unconscious humorist is apt to be the more amusing of the two. What comical verse and prose, — and what comical reviews of them, — not in the least intended to be comical, are served up to us every day of the month, and every month of the year! The grace that is unaware of itself is the perfect grace. To successfully simulate this unconsciousness is the triumph of art. If I were a premeditated humorist instead of a producer of comical serious things, I should waste away to a skeleton and get myself into powder as soon as possible, out of sheer envy of that newspaperman who, the other day, in describing the sudden death of a young lady while visiting some gay friends in the country, said that in the midst of the festivities "the hand of death stepped in." Here is perfection — unintended perfection — perfection pure and simple, with no base alloy of self-consciousness or common sense. I do not see how the professional humorist manages to make a living in this country, where almost every journal or magazine has on its working staff two or three serious penmen quite capable of unwittingly beating him on his own ground. Our comical serious writers have never had justice done them, perhaps because they are for the most part writers of criticism, and cannot conveniently be reviewed. That some of them, in the dearth of native appreciation, have sought foreign shores is evident. Who but an unconscious American humorist could have paid Mr. Aldrich such a handsome compliment as this in the London Graphic? "One of Mr. Aldrich's least pretending yarns is the gem of the book!" If that is not the inimitable touch of a fellow-countryman, I have studied our more serious and didactic writers in vain.

— I wish somebody would register scientific observations on the succession of book epidemics; I mean those distinct waves of desire for a particular class of books, which are always making themselves felt. Lately, as you know, we

have been having swarms of literary, artistic, and musical biographies, recollections, etc. They have come in series, in regular rank of compilation and abridgment, or scattered like skirmishers, and anon trundling in lonely ponderosity, like heavy columbiads. The invasion was irresistible. Writers began to feel the necessity of having "reminiscences" about *somebody*, and the publishers were forced to print *everybody's* "recollections." Trevelyan's Macaulay and the Life of McLeod seemed to close the campaign; but the "anecdote-biography" of Shelley comes like a spent shot over the field. And now we have got to take up travel. There is Mr. Schuyler's great book on Turkistan; Rev. Henry M. Field's tour around the world; Mr. B. R. Curtis's ditto; a volume or two on the Servians, already out, with one on Herzegovina, by W. J. Stillman, in press; and a Library of Travel to be edited by Bayard Taylor; not to speak of the English and French visitors to the Centennial Exhibition who are beginning to relieve their minds about us. The thing is aggravated in this country by the popular notion that you can know everything by reading about a few things, that is, that "condensed" army-sausage editions are just as nutritious and more convenient than a diet of full-grown tomes; but besides this, I believe — if proper investigation were made — we should discover conspiracy among writers to get up an overstimulated, intoxicated demand for a particular kind of books, so that all the weak brothers can get their MSS. works of that class accepted by publishers. I suspect that there are secret conventions held, which are captured by those writers who at the moment have homogeneous volumes ready for the press.

— A new face was put upon the familiar fact that all suffering and enjoyment are relative, when I heard two sailors on the day of the great December gale talking of the harm the storm would do at sea, and of how hard it would be for the men. "I tell you," said one of them, "I should hate to be outside, to-day; unless I was laid up, so's 't I could n't go on deck." In which case, ap-

parently, he would n't have minded it. Some people might think the city fireside not too snug; but for his part, give him a bunk in a foul fore-castle, knocking about through that roaring, raving maniac of a tempest in an old coaster, with a good broken leg, or so, as an excuse for keeping below, and he would show you what comfort was.

— I have been waiting a great while for some one to urge my favorite argument against the study of Greek, and the writer on that topic in your last number inflicted another disappointment upon me. My position is simply this: that if classic Greek had been worth while, on the whole, the Greeks themselves would not have dropped it. Apparently they found the language of Sophocles and Plato too much for human endurance, and, after giving it a fair trial, took up a handier dialect, which serves all the purposes of life without anything like the former wear and tear, and will probably be equal to literature when the modern Greeks have any. If the rest of us had been as wise as they, Greek would not only have been dead but buried, long ago. It is the ridiculous assumption of knowing better than the Greeks themselves, which still burdens the foreign student with the incubus which they have shaken off.

— Here in Boston people have been commenting on the cordial appreciation of Soldene, and the comparative neglect of Mme. Janaushek, during their recent respective engagements. It seems to be as true now as when the Rejected Addresses were written, that

"The play of limbs succeeds the play of wit."

Yet I think I could offer some explanation. That was certainly a highly interesting *tour de force* of Mme. Janaushek's, which the bills called her "grand dual impersonation" of Lady Dedlock and Hortense the French maid, in Bleak House. It reminded me of Plato's argument in the Phædo, that one and one as such do not make two, and that two things become one because they partake of unity. But, besides that, there was plenty of good and subtle art in the acting. Nevertheless, I

could n't help wondering why we all went and sat there to be so deliberately made miserable. This was really the great object of the performance. Every little anguish or terror in the play was dwelt on to a rasping extent, and brought to bear on our nerves like a file. All the theatrical machinery was exerted to squeeze out of the audience their last available drop of emotion. Now and then the acting would come nearly to a stand-still for a minute or so, while the players waited for us to feel as badly as possible: it was like an impromptu intermission for sobs, and you expected to hear tears falling on the floor of the auditorium. Histrionism was sacrificed to sentimentality. Now, people who are in a pathetic situation in real life don't make a spectacle of it; and if French actors had had this play in hand they would have kept its passion and sorrow entire, without losing the dignity or the vivacity of art. I myself, who have never seen an *opéra bouffe*, was simple enough to be a good deal moved by Mme. Janauschek. But the sensation I have just described — that of knowing that my feelings were not only "enlisted" to excess, but fairly kidnapped and conscripted — is one which those people avoid who seek refreshment in the Sol-deneities of the day.

— Is n't it deplorable that a mind like George Eliot's, able psychologically to "track suggestion to her inmost lair," should not have labored rather in the department of history than of fiction? I believe that she might have breathed into past records a rich vitality of explanation. Her talents are peculiarly explanatory. She is a literary dissector, and uses, everybody will admit, her scalpel with a wonderful, sinewy dexterity. In history this sort of surgery might have been admirable enough; for historians, after all, only stand over dead bodies and attempt to tell us what the life has been and what the diseases were that caused death. But fiction deals with living types. Fiction creates. It should not laboriously explain; its characters should

constitute their own reasons for being. If Shakespeare had written novels, he would never have devoted page after page to his own personal thoughts about Othello's jealousy or Hamlet's insanity. He would very probably have made these things speak for themselves, much as they speak now. George Eliot is so utterly lacking in this dramatic faculty of making her characters directly confront the reader, and she so notably possesses the faculty of astonishing and charming him by brilliant accounts of just what, in the judgment of George Eliot, these characters are, that to my thinking *Middlemarch* and *Deronda* are just as much failures in the way of novels as some imaginary history of Elizabeth or James II., wrought by the same hand, might have been an almost immortal success.

— When I have supped full upon the sneers with which it is the habit, in some quarters, to treat our national politics, I find it instructive to glance at the condition with which England is just now blessed. Lord Beaconsfield has had it in his power, by a couple of silly after-dinner speeches, seriously to complicate the position of Great Britain, for a time, on the Eastern question, and to throw the people of that kingdom into extreme tremors. It required a very powerful and well-organized expression of popular opinion to neutralize, even partially, the vagaries of this servile prime minister. His position is as monstrous and as ill-advised as that of the elder Pitt and the opposition who in 1739 overcame the better counsel of the then premier, Walpole, and forced England into unjustifiable and disastrous war with Spain; the difference being that Pitt had the people on his side, while Beaconsfield has them against him. What would be said if a secretary of state at Washington were to take such a course as this? It gives especial pungency to Lord Beaconsfield's performances that he is publicly assumed by the English papers to have drunk too much at the dinners preceding his utterances.

SUNSET SONG.

Words by CELIA THAXTER.

Music by JULIUS EICHBERG.

Andante non lento. Far off against the so - lemn sky Black lie the city's

pp

Ped. * *Ped.*

towers, Be-fore me rustles, dim and dry, My field of gold - en

*

flowers. How thin the wind's cool whis - per draws Through withered leaf and

Ped. * *Ped.*

stalk! Is this the breeze that once would pause With blos - soms bright to

cres. f dim. p *dol.*

* *Ped.* *

talk ? Dark lies the land with twi - - light sad,

cantabile cres. il Basso

No bird sings in its bowers;

pph

Where is the glo - - ry once that clad My

p

field of gold - en flowers ? The distant city rings its bells,

Ped. *

Like memory's tender chime; O sweet, sweet bells, ye speak farewells To life's en -

cres. f dim. p dol.

*Ped. * Ped. **

- - chant - ed prime! Dark lies the land in twi - light cold, Gone are the sumptuous

*Ped. * Ped.*

hours, The cit - y sleeps, and shadows fold My field of gold-en

molto rit.

flowers. The cit-y sleeps, and shadows fold, My field of golden flowers.

tempo dim. pp una corda

RECENT LITERATURE.

It is more than a year since we noticed these memoirs,¹ and now an array of six volumes stands before us. They comprise the latter part of Mr. Adams's service as secretary of state, his presidency, what his son calls "the last two years of leisure," and his stormy service in the lower house of Congress. The latter part we reserve for notice hereafter.

We see no reason to alter our criticisms of last year on the editing of these volumes. It is always candid and impartial. The diary tells nearly all the story; the few notes are judicious. We are still confined in a most tantalizing manner to Mr. Adams's public career, rarely admitted to his private life, because, as we are more than once assured, "these are not matters of public interest." On the contrary, while the long disputes in the House of Representatives may be very well worth depositing in some public library as materials for history, what the public wants is more about Mr. Adams's private life, in a book about one third the size of the present, and that sooner or later it must have. Our notice will touch such points of Mr. Adams's personal character and habits as these volumes strongly bring out.

We begin with him in Mr. Monroe's cabinet, and a most uncomfortable, impracticable associate he must have been, by his own account. He had a most troublesome way of being always in the right,—of course we all are,—and of insisting on facts and forcing his colleagues to confess their error, returning again and again to the charge. Such scenes as this must have been very common: "General Scott and I entered into a very earnest discussion as to the power of Congress to make internal improvements. I asked him several questions, till he said he did not like the Socratic mode of reasoning." Mr. Adams, in fact, seems to have been wholly uninformed as to what would please and what would alienate men in intercourse. Eager to do the right thing, anxious to win friendship, just as he was eager to write poetry, he scarcely knew how. Soon after his inauguration he was invited to attend the Maryland Cattle

Show, close to Baltimore, and after hesitating concluded not to go. "It is apparent," he says, "that the society wish to make the president a part of their exhibition. To gratify this wish, I must give four days of my time, no trifle of expense, and set a precedent for being claimed as an article of exhibition at all the cattle shows throughout the Union. From cattle shows to other public meetings, for purposes of utility or exposures of public sentiment, the transition is easy. Invitations to them would multiply from week to week, and every compliance would breed the necessity for numerous apologies. Finally, this is no part of my duties, and some duty must be neglected to attend to it. 'Seest thou a man diligent in his business?'" On a return journey from home, while president, he arrives at Philadelphia. "There was a coach and four horses at the wharf, sent by I know not whom, but I declined riding, and walked to the Mansion House."

At the time he was talked of for president, this way of dealing with men was a heavy tax upon his friends and a proportionate delight to his enemies. He wanted to be president, and believed he ought to be made so somewhat as Washington was, spontaneously. One of the most curious passages in these volumes occurs at a point where there is a break in the diary, a dialogue between Joseph Hopkinson and Mrs. Adams. In this, Lady Macbeth's taunts on her husband's halting ambition are most ingeniously and delicately applied to Mr. Adams.

This difficulty in commending himself to men naturally made it hard for him to get at their hopes and views. General Jackson's name being mentioned in connection with his own in 1824, "I said the vice-presidency was a station in which the general could hang no one, and in which he need quarrel with no one. His name and character would serve to restore the forgotten dignity of the place, and it would make an easy and dignified retirement for his old age!"

Not being willing to take any active measures to be president, his animosity against all his competitors, and all whose support

¹ *Memoirs of John Quincy Adams*. Comprising Portions of his Diary from 1795 to 1848. Edited by

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. Vols. VI.—XI. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1875-76.

he believed doubtful, approached frenzy. Of Henry Clay he says, "In pursuing a generous policy to him, as an enemy and a rival, I do some violence to my own inclinations, and shall be none the better treated for it. But I regard only the public interests." Later, "Clay plays brag, as he has done all his life." Of Mr. Crawford there is hardly mention made without some bitter attack. "Treachery of the deepest dye is at the bottom of Crawford's character. The whole composition is like one of Milton's fallen angels, except that Milton has made his devils true to one another." This after Mr. Crawford had been disabled by palsy! Mr. Webster and Mr. Crowninshield being brought to a distinct issue of fact, Mr. Adams has no hesitation in taking the word of the latter, because he is the more devoted partisan, and Mr. Webster is scarcely allowed to be an honest man. These thoughts, which he fancied remained locked in his diary, really embittered his whole life. He was constantly saying to himself, "I will not remember that this man is my personal enemy!" and so many a sentence which he fancied had no keenness but that of argument was really barbed with rancor. Like other public men who indulge in the bitterest thoughts, almost calumnies, of their opponents, he winced at every blow. A Philadelphia paper having charged him with wearing neither waistcoat nor cravat, and sometimes going to church barefoot, he takes great pains to show that he did not mind it as his wife did. Other calumnies, some indeed truly infamous, he records; but when he says, "No man in America has made his way through showers of ribaldry and invective of this character more frequent and various than I have breathed," we may venture to think he fancied himself treated worse than he really was. Some months later, when the storm was hotter than ever, he says, "It does not surprise me, for I have seen the same species of ribaldry year after year heaped upon my father, and for a long time upon Washington."

He lived through it. His talents and merits, and the devotion of friends who would not be frozen or rebuffed, won him the presidency, and among his very first acts after his election was to offer Mr. Crawford a new term in the chair of the treasury, though he had again and again recorded him as in every way unfit for it, or indeed for any post demanding sound sense or probity. Of course Mr. Crawford refused.

Mr. Adams's idea of official appointments was so lofty that it would be almost impracticable for a man even of Clay's address or Franklin's knowledge of human nature. For Mr. Adams, who learnt man with difficulty and won them slowly, it was utterly impossible to fill all the offices with men of spotless character, from all sections of the Union, thoroughly devoted to his person, not bound to party, and each specifically adapted for his office. The gradual tapering off and ultimate extinction of the old Virginia dynasty raised up a host of office-seekers who had been virtually proscribed, from west, north, and centre, — although, of course, not a hundredth, perhaps not a thousandth, of the shoals of frogs that now fill the kneading-troughs of the White House, and of which the enchantments of the rival sorcerers only multiply the numbers. Mr. Adams not only did not like these persons, he could not understand them. He never asked for an office, — he only pronounced every one a self-seeker who did not recommend him. Why then did others seek office? Unfortunately, too, in some cases where he gave up his own judgment to select persons pressed upon him, his objections proved to be well founded, as, for instance, when he yielded in appointing William P. Preble as a northeast boundary commissioner, — a public man whose first idea was Maine, and his second that the award of the King of Holland was as iniquitous as everything which proceeds from that foul monster, a crowned head.

Elected, as he was, by a minority of the people and of the House, so long a federalist and yet not quite accepted by the democrats, Mr. Adams's administration in the nature of things encountered a strong and systematic opposition from the outset, which soon swelled into an adverse majority; and although his supporters formed the nucleus of what ultimately became a great national party, it was far from such during his term of office. The history of this struggle is well given in the diary, but under the Herculean labors of his office, — no little increased by the absence in Europe of his secretary of the treasury at its beginning, — the invincible diarist broke down, and never brought up the arrears of copying and filling out his scanty notes of each day. No ruler ever more completely believed "L'état, c'est moi." Frederick II. himself was not more eager to do everything in person. Now there are reasons for thinking that a purely personal government, where

every free-born citizen comes to the chief magistrate in person for everything, is not unacceptable to the people of the United States. But Mr. Adams was neither prompt enough nor unscrupulous enough. A mind slow to convince and a conscience tender to act became utterly overwhelmed by the business of his post. Female applicants were particularly perplexing. "The wife of Willis Anderson came to petition for his pardon. All importunities are trials of temper. The importunities of women are double trials. I had refused this woman three times, and she had now nothing new to allege. I now desired her not to come to me again. She hinted that her husband did not wish to be discharged from prison himself, and that it would be no relaxation of his punishment to turn him over to her."

Yet he still kept up other tastes with indefatigable energy. He swam across the Potomac day after day, on one occasion running serious risk of life. Then he took to walking round the Capitol square, morning after morning, consuming an hour of what would be thought priceless time. On one occasion he took this walk on a sprained ankle. He suggested the design for Persico's group for the pediment of the Capitol. Finding the grounds of the White House deficient in trees, he took up the whole art and science of plantations — Evelyn and Michaux — at fifty-eight, and records with the eagerness of a school-boy the delight he felt in seeing unfold the wonderful secrets which oak and chestnut keep locked in their trunks. There he found the comfort and strength which he had in vain tried to wring from poetry and science. Long had he borne the sacred things of the Muses, smitten by a mighty love; but when he found that his sluggish nature and the cold blood around his heart denied the access to these chambers of nature, he could pray almost with exultation, "*Flumina amem silvasque inglorius.*"¹

His literary pursuits he had to intermit while president. But on his retirement he seized on them again with renewed avidity. He returns with especial delight to his beloved Cicero, and completes the perusal of his entire works. But at the same time that he is tracking Antony through the mazes of the war at Mutina by the clew of the Philipics, he is seeing what this new novel of Pelham is, that is so much talked of. Fresh from the pages of Tacitus, he

compares the senate in Jackson's early years to the senate of Tiberius!

The rising school of oratory attracts his attention, and he claims with honest and just pride that its origin is due to his own lectures as Boylston professor. He certainly was doomed to prove its value in no slight measure. The most striking incident in his presidency beyond all doubt was the coincidence of his father's death with that of Jefferson, on July 4, 1826. From that time on for weeks, one might say months, Mr. Adams never could be sure that he would not have to be present at the delivery of some sermon or oration on these two. At first he begins to give his opinion of these performances. But at last the mere record of them is all he can make. On the day when Mr. Webster delivered his memorable oration at Faneuil Hall, two hours and a half in delivery, Mr. Adams had already attended one by Samuel L. Knapp at Chauncy Street Church, for which he left home at seven A. M. Apropos of Mr. Webster's oration. The writer of this notice has been assured by one of the audience on that occasion, a person of unimpeachable veracity, that the speaker wore knee-breeches and the academic gown. Another, of equal probity, flatly denies this statement. Can some third eye-witness decide?

The popularity of such addresses put Mr. Adams on his mettle. He began to think that he too could speak oftener, more fluently, and on more varied subjects than he did. He accepted invitations to address lyceums and other popular bodies. The journey of Lafayette through the country during his presidency, and the evident satisfaction which the old hero took in the ovations, however tedious, that everywhere awaited him, made him feel that there might be after all some pleasure in going round the country and showing yourself to your fellow-citizens. Thus at considerably over sixty years of age he was acquiring new tastes, taking up new pursuits, and actually forming a new character. Just at the time that himself and his old friends and enemies were fancying that his political career was ending in comparative failure, new friends were learning what a vast force of probity, of energy, of wisdom, underlay that unconciliatory outside. In short, he was succeeding in expressing himself; and when the country appeared to have utterly rejected him, his immediate fellow-citizens determined he should ex-

¹ Virgil, *Georgics*, ii. 483-486

press himself in a new hall, which we must reserve for another notice.

— There can be no harm in our expressing the wish that all readers who take up Mr. Weiss's collected Shakespearian lectures¹ might have heard him deliver them. But even those who have not enjoyed this pleasure will find traces of the writer's peculiar eloquence in his rich, verbal style, though reproduced somewhat as the wave marks on a beach recall the absent tide. It is worth while to point out that this eloquence, even when we have only the literary part of it, as in the book before us, never wearies with mere rhetoric, notwithstanding that it is interpretation, rather than criticism, with which the author is occupied. But it is not alone in sympathetic apprehension that Mr. Weiss exhibits his strength; he also entertains and instructs by his dissertations on wit, humor, and irony, by the breadth and the detail of his comments on characters and his discovery of the art employed in their management, no less than by his evidences of Shakespearian erudition. If we think him metaphysical and fanciful at times, and if we cannot always admit his conclusions as to the authenticity of portions of the plays, we must at any rate confess that no one has handled the Bacon controversy more conclusively than Mr. Weiss. He has an amazing faculty for passing over familiar ground with a perfectly fresh enjoyment that enables him to seize a multitude of new influences and thoughts. Another result of this unprejudiced perception is his liberality in drawing illustrations of particular literary qualities from very recent writers: Mr. Blackmore, Thomas Hardy, Julian Hawthorne, and Edgar Fawcett are all quoted from. The "up to date" tendency of the lecture-form has perhaps something to do with this, and is also to be thanked, in part, for the astonishing variety of amusing anecdotes and repartees, drawn from life and books, with which Mr. Weiss diversifies his chapters. These laughable things indicate a high degree of that virtue of quotation which Mr. Emerson has lately given its due. It is interesting, by the way, to compare Mr. Weiss's opening discourse with Mr. Emerson's essay on *The Comic*. Both start from the accepted point that man is the only laughing animal. But Mr. Weiss surprises us by carefully tracing a high degree of en-

joyment in other animals, which sometimes rises into mirthfulness; and he then shows that the essential difference between this and man's power of laughter lies in his ability to "entertain keenly the pathos of life," and his accumulation of all mental traits "into the faculty of imagination, upon which everything that is laughable depends." Mr. Emerson confuses humor with wit. "Humor," Mr. Weiss says, "is a kind of disposition to adopt the whole of human nature, fuse all its distinctions, tolerate all its infirmities. . . . Human dissatisfaction springs from the want of this ability to comprehend the whole within one reconciling idea . . . we have an instinct that all dissonant things ought to be reconciled . . . but only can be by the finite becoming the infinite. Humor strives to bridge this gulf. It is man's device to pacify his painful sense that so many things appear wrong and evil to him." Mr. Weiss cannot, however, rival Mr. Emerson's clear statement that "it is in comparing fractions with essential integers or wholes that laughter begins." The richest interpretations in this volume are those of Portia, Helena, Ophelia, and Lady Macbeth; yet singularly enough the weakest part of the whole is the discussion of differences between men and women in general. Emboldened, perhaps, by his triumphs of interpretation, the author has attempted to clear up in a very brief space a mystery which we cannot believe will ever yield itself to treatment so direct. But, as a teacher of Shakespeare, Mr. Weiss has a very poetic and also a precise grasp of his subject, and a wide comprehension unusual with writers in the crowded field he has entered.

— In some things Mr. Tennyson's second play² is a great advance upon his first. He has so far mastered the dramatic form as to have avoided the capital error of the *Queen Mary*, where the principal action took place by hearsay, and the only thing actually presented was the dialogue about it. There is, too, much more unity in this new play, where the interest very fully and constantly centres in Harold. His character is well imagined, we think, though still not very forcibly. Something very open, very kindly, very manly, takes one's liking at his first words; and this liking follows him throughout, in sympathy for the true soul trapped into falsehood by no selfish coward ice, but by pity, and then led into more and

¹ *Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare*. Twelve Essays. By JOHN WEISS. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

² *Harold: A Drama*. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

more falsehood by love of country and by the hope of saving the land which has chosen him her forsworn king. To save his brother, a hostage in William's hands, Harold swears upon the bones of the saints to make William king of England; and then to win Morcar of Northumberland to his aid against William, he breaks faith with Edith and weds Aldwyth, Morcar's sister. The poet contrives that all this shall happen without the sense on the reader's part that Harold is either a weak or faithless man; so much otherwise, indeed, that his miserable overthrow and death move an indignant compassion. Unhappily, also, the poet contrives that it shall all happen without any strong dramatic or moral effect. Harold's speech, in the scene where he last appears —

"I married her for Morcar—a sin against
The truth of love. Evil for good, it seems,
Is as if childless of the good as evil
For evil"—

is not that supreme cry of conscience which it should be; and generally speaking the trouble with the drama is that it is not dramatic enough. There are two good strokes of theatre: where William, having Harold's word, flings open the doors that conceal the secret conclave of the Norman nobles and clergy and bids him swear in their presence to keep it; and then where he pulls away the pall of the ark on which Harold has sworn, and shows it filled with the bones of the saints; but these are theatrical, not dramatic. In the scenes at William's court in Normandy there are vivid suggestions of the cruel tyranny with which he rules; the state of a feudal despot who tears out men's eyes and tongues and lops away their limbs is obliquely shown with a good, hearty, wholesome hate; and William himself is made to reveal himself nakedly for the cruel, wily savage he was. His talk is about the best talk in the book. There is much other talk,—tall, stout, resounding talk,—but somehow the people do not seem to mean it; not even Harold, whom one feels to be as truly characterized as William; it seems rather to serve the poet's occasion than the speakers'.

There are no pathetic passages in the Harold to compare with the speeches in the Queen Mary describing the death of Lady Jane Grey; there are in fact no very touching passages at all; and there is a meagreness in this play, a thinness of person and fact, which makes the former seem very robustly substantial. A magic tissue, like that which clothes all life in the Idyls of

the King, makes these people intangible to us; and it is hard to see what thing worthy of him Mr. Tennyson accomplishes in his drama. He has not taken the space to paint us some vivid picture of the past, in which the figures could be said to have lived, if not to live; and in the narrow bounds which he has set himself there is a want of all atoning intensity. It affects one like tapestry. There is color and action, but the color has an unsatisfactory, dreamy blur; the action has the constraint of the loath material in which success is always more of a wonder than a pleasure.

—It seems to us that the unknown author of *Mercy Philbrick's Choice*,¹ however well she may be faring in respect of having her book much read and vivaciously discussed, has never yet had exact justice rendered her. The greatest merit of the book, its beautiful literary workmanship, is hardly insisted on at all; yet it is so very rare a merit that one would think it ought to be the first to claim the critic's admiration. The style of *Mercy Philbrick* is a model for study. It is quiet and clear and strong. Everywhere there is a calm and just selection of words, moderation and delicacy of epithet; in the pictures, whether of New England scenery or manners, a kind of gentle and unstudied fidelity. In short, this grave and rather singular tale has precisely those retiring literary charms which Sainte-Beuve taught us to appreciate, and which he would himself have applauded most warmly; and these modest graces are so foreign to most of our light literature that it seems even a duty to lay stress upon them. About the interest and agreeableness of *Mercy Philbrick* as a story, there will inevitably be different opinions, but we think that even its partisans have not selected the best ground of defense against sundry rather foolish attacks which have been made upon it. It is not and does not pretend to be a typical love story. It is merely the simple recital of a strange heart experience, and a strangely sad one. A woman of the richest capacities, both mental and affectional, meets in her early, artless youth with a man upon whom she somewhat eagerly bestows her heart, and who proves only half worthy of it. The mixture in Stephen White of strength and weakness, magnanimity and meanness, honor and fraud, is delineated in a manner so masterly that it reminds one of George Eliot's own. The man is painfully *real*; all the more so for the contradictions in his char-

¹ *Mercy Philbrick's Choice*. No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

acter; and the unusual and objectionable relation which grew up between him and Mercy was perfectly probable under the circumstances. Given that man and that maiden, — for though we are told she was a widow it is impossible to keep the fact in mind, — and their residence under the same roof, even in the sordid relation of landlord and tenant, and the rest all follows as sure as fate. Herein lies the chief art of the story. Moreover, the subdued intensity with which it is told produces an effect as if it were whispered by the heroine's self in some sombre twilight hour, long, long after it all occurred. And the listener, who is the reader, knows very well while he listens that such an experience was probably but one of many to the woman to whom it came, while it absolutely exhausted the man's rather pitiful possibilities. And yet, if Stephen had been wholly unworthy of Mercy the tale would not have been half so sad. He is the one to be compassionate. The greatest blemish on the art of the book is the manner in which the poems are introduced, or rather *added*, — mechanically and of malice aforethought, like stucco ornaments. As to the poems themselves, some are very good indeed; some not so good. One, *A Woman's Battle*, is of exquisite and memorable beauty. But it is easier to believe that the book was written for them, than they for the book; and the *Woman's Battle* itself can have to the personages and events of the story only so forced and fanciful an application as almost threatens to impair its candid and sorrowful charm.

— Mr. Boyesen, in his recent collection of short stories,¹ unites the elements which distinguish his two novels from each other. *Gunnar* was a tale of Norse life solely, and *A Norseman's Pilgrimage* carried the reader into the now popular domain of mixed American and European life and character: in the present volume three of the tales are Norwegian, the other three have a double nationality. Truly the Nameless and Asathor's Vengeance have a wild poetic completeness which we miss in the rest of the group, for Mr. Boyesen's pictures of real life, drawn with much freshness and skill, have a certain note of crudeness in them for which it is not quite easy to account. It appears to us to proceed from an inclination on the author's part to

rest satisfied with his first conception of particular passages, when further maturing would improve them, and from his habit of stating other things, very well in themselves, with so little art that they sound commonplace. This, however, is matter for literary criticism alone, and will trouble very few readers. The *Story of an Outcast* is the only part of the volume which we distinctly dislike: it is a painful story of a sin told with a directness bordering on bluntness, for which we can discover no compensating moral or idea or sentiment. Here, too, we notice a pair of verbal errors: "the sad *feature* about his mouth," instead of "*expression*," and "*smolder* into the earth" where "*molder*" should have been used. But in general Mr. Boyesen's style is very pure and agreeable, often reaching a delightful and poetic grace. The *Man who Lost his Name*, which is the first of these fictions, we have reserved to mention last, because it is in some respects the finest. It contains a careful study of an American girl, traced with a lightness and brilliancy which command decided approbation; and in truth the whole volume shows a combined vigor and daintiness in the author's genius which lead us to expect the happiest results from it in future.

— Of the few public buildings which have stood a hundred years in America, Independence Hall in Philadelphia easily holds the first place in popular regard. It has been subjected to as much contumely and neglect, too, as any other national monument, and our gratitude to Colonel Etting for his ardent labors in restoring the hall, and for his record of its history,² is all the more lively from the evidence before us that nothing but individual enthusiasm could have availed to render the building what it now bids fair to be, a structural and graphic symbol of the birth of the republic. It seems as if in this country people in their corporate capacity were indifferent to public monuments, or grossly ignorant or inefficient when undertaking them, and that permanent records of national or civic history owed their existence as a rule to the individual efforts of private citizens. It has come to be generally assumed that government will not or cannot concern itself with monuments, and that voluntary associations alone are competent to undertake them. Massachusetts in its cor-

¹ *Tales from Two Hemispheres*. By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYSEN, author of *Gunnar* and *A Norseman's Pilgrimage*. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

² *An Historical Account of the Old State House of Pennsylvania now known as the Hall of Independence*. By FRANK M. ETTING. With numerous Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

porate capacity refused to save the Hancock house, and the national government has never, so far as we know, attempted what it should beits pride to do, to gather and publish the writings of Washington. If the spirit of our institutions forbids such honorable expenditure, it is to be feared that this vague spirit is not much concerned about a vast deal of expenditure for purposes which are not national but selfish.

Colonel Etting's volume is a witness to what can be done where intelligence and enthusiasm are combined. He has brought together all the scraps of historical material which bear upon the building and the use to which it has been put, has restored the design to the true originator, and has given abundant illustration of the several stages of appearance made by the hall. The last few pages are the most interesting and the most stimulating; they hint to other communities what may be done by combined effort to restore and preserve such memorials as exist. The book is what it purports to be, an historical account of the hall, differing in this respect from Belisle's History of Independence Hall, which has no value as a history of the hall, and only aims at giving sketches of the persons connected with the events which took place in the building. There is room, we think, for a small volume which should take Mr. Etting's material and cast it in a more graphic and narrative form, by which the personality of Independence Hall might be made vivid to the reader, somewhat as it now is made clear to the spectator. An historical sketch which should use this hall as a background would serve a good purpose in a lesson in history; the hall itself affords now a most admirable object-lesson.

—The first number of this work has just appeared.¹ It contains four colored plates representing five familiar wild flowers: the columbine, the wild geranium or cranesbill, the wavy-leaved aster, and two gerardias, one of which may be better known by its common name, the downy false foxglove. The text gives a description of each plant in language so clear and simple that any lover of flowers, though not a professed botanist, can identify the species. Here and there foot-notes are added to aid the student in understanding the name and arrangement of the floral organs. Technical terms, however, are very sparingly used. Yet the statement of facts is scientifically accurate.

But the text contains much more than mere botanical description. Our plants are compared with other species of their own genus and family, and points of likeness and unlikeness are pointed out. We learn to know their geographical range, their favorite haunts, some of their uses, their habits, and what may be termed their behavior. Under this head are mentioned the spiral twists and turnings by which the erodium buries its own seed in the ground; the thievish habits of the pretty gerardias, which, not content with preying on strangers, must needs turn on themselves and attack their own plunder; and the cannibalism of those mistletoes that devour their own kith and kin.

Reference is made to the investigations of the German botanists, Sprengel and Müller, on the subject of fertilization by means of insects; and we are shown that the structure of each of our plants lends itself to the accomplishment of this end. Especially quaint is Sprengel's account of the contrivances that aid cross-fertilization in the wood geranium, *G. Sylvatica*, an account published almost a hundred years ago. Insects visit the plant in search of nectar. Sprengel found that the lower part of the petals is provided on the inner side and on both edges with fine, soft hairs; and these, he thought, serve to protect from rain drops the nectar contained in glands lying at the base of the petals, just as the hairs of the eyebrows and eyelashes retain any drops of perspiration that fall from the forehead, and keep them from the eye; and yet the insect is not hindered in the least from reaching the nectar. Within the compass of a few pages the author has given us the life history of our plants. He possesses the rare power of presenting scientific facts in such a clear, concise, and telling manner that the veriest novice cannot fail to comprehend them, and the most stubborn disbeliever in the interest of scientific studies must needs confess their charm. Only one improvement in this beautiful work suggests itself to our mind. It would add to its usefulness if drawings of the stamens, pistils, and sections of the ovary were added to the plates. It would then be complete as a manual of reference.

Professor Goodale has been ably seconded by Mr. Sprague, who is already well known by his admirable illustrations of Dr. Gray's work on the Genera of the United States. Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co.; Cambridge: The Riverside Press 1876.

¹ *The Wild Flowers of America*. Illustrations by ISAAC SPRAGUE. Text by GEORGE L. GOODALE, M. D.

States, and of Mr. Emerson's Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts. The drawings combine scientific accuracy with much of the grace and beauty of nature. He carefully indicates the differing color and divergence of the stamens and pistils in older and younger flowers, and the successive stages of development in the fruit. Beside each plant he groups some of its root-leaves, for these, as every careful observer knows, differ very much in shape and size from the leaves that grow higher on the stem.

The plates are chromo-lithographs. The color of the flowers is true to nature, and the shading is as delicate as if it had been done by hand. The type and paper are in keeping with the general excellence of the work.

— Here is a singular, unassuming little collection of abbreviated sketches and stories,¹ so slight and unconnected that only the most modest writer would have thought of putting them together. They are very prettily written, though one may not always understand *why* they were written, except for the sake of some association hardly of general interest. They are like flowers, or rather like grasses and minute buds picked in various regions and kept in a hortus siccus, — mementos a trifle scant and something too *soignés*, but acceptable. *Seashore and Prairie* is precisely the sort of book to be read between the scattered moments of talk or reverie which one enjoys while lolling under a tree in summer.

— If some one who had found Mr. Hutton's essays² dull should ask us to explain our good opinion of them, we could put our reply in the briefest form by saying that in the case of each author whom he discusses the critic has, through long reflection, reached some one thought concerning his subject which is simple and searching and true. It often happens that one cannot say as much as this for critics more congenial and more clever than Mr. Hutton. But he hardly gets beyond one really fathoming idea in the same essay. In the chapter on Wordsworth, this initial perception goes to the interior of the matter so directly that it suffices entirely, and the simple working out of the essayist's theory and the exemplifying of it in various quotations from the poet are enough to insure an analysis of much interest. Mr. Hutton finds the source

of Wordsworth's power in the fact that he does not surrender himself to nature and to moods, but checks the current of spontaneous feeling as soon as it has begun to flow, with "a steady remonstrance and a high resolve" (using Wordsworth's own words), so as to gain some insight or some inspiration which natural influences and impulses would not give. This observation is very well developed. The title, *Goethe and his Influence*, might have been shortened, for the chapter which it heads makes no attempt to discuss Goethe's influence, but is simply a well-economized and impartial sketch of the great German's life, with excellent comments interspersed. "Adequate to himself," he says, in conclusion, "was written on that broad, calm forehead; and therefore men thronged eagerly about him to learn the incommunicable secret. It was not told, and will not be told. For man it is a weary way to God, but a wearier far to any demi-god." Nothing in Hawthorne seems to impress him much, aside from that author's power in depicting "unnatural alliances of feeling;" and, though the discussion of Clough is interesting, as coming from one who apparently knew him, and the essay on Matthew Arnold's poetry as coldly complete as its theme, we do not think that Mr. Hutton does as well in any of these pieces as in his account of Goethe. He makes a painstaking examination of George Eliot which stands quite on a par with the latter; but, after we have given him credit for culture, coolness, independent judgment, and a lucid style (with, however, a bias for cumbersome wording), we must own to a fellow-feeling with our supposititious reader who finds Mr. Hutton somewhat dull.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.³

For many years French writers have been busy editing older works, but of late the number of reissues of long famous books has almost outweighed that of new ones, which have, too, been very nearly outdone in the matter of interest. It is some time since there has been an edition of the letters of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, and many readers will doubtless be glad to hear of their reappearance with copious notes by M. Eugène Asse, who has already published

¹ *Seashore and Prairie*. By MARY P. THACHER. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

² *Essays in Literary Criticism*. By RICHARD HOLT HUTTON. Philadelphia: Joseph H. Coats & Co.

³ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

the *Lettres Portugaises*, and is preparing those of Montesquieu, and of Madame du Deffand to the Chevalier d'Aydie, for immediate publication. Those who recollect what Sainte-Beuve has said about this interesting woman, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, will need no further recommendation to this volume; those who do not will find among his writings his valuable judgment on one of the most romantic of the side-pieces of literature. It will be remembered that Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was one of the celebrated women of Paris, who about a century ago conducted a *salon* where the wisest and wittiest people met and founded traditions of all that is best in French society. At the age of twenty-one she had become the companion of Madame du Deffand, the great friend of Horace Walpole, and for ten years their intimacy had lasted when Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was discovered in what her older friend considered an act of treachery, namely, in holding a little court of her own where she received adoration from the most interesting of the visitors to the house. This betrayal caused the separation of the two women, and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse at once set up a *salon* where the leading wits of Paris saw her daily and delighted in her conversation. D'Alembert's adhesion to Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was one of the most marked incidents of this affair, and his defection was a great blow to Madame du Deffand, who never forgave either him or the woman whom he preferred to herself. In fact, D'Alembert was seriously in love with Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, while her feeling for him knew many vicissitudes. A formidable rival was M. de Mora, a young Spanish nobleman of great promise, ten years her junior, to whom she was ardently attached. He was called home, and shortly after his departure Mademoiselle de Lespinasse fell in love with M. de Guibert, an officer who was considered one of the leading men of the day. He had distinguished himself on the field, he had written well on the art of war, and he had composed a tragedy, which was for a literary man in France at that day what the composition of a rhapsody on an Italian painter is for a young English writer now.

This book is mainly made up of her letters to him, which portray with painful accuracy the passion that destroyed her life. Her love for Guibert was the cause of great

torment to her on account of her recent and indeed still present affection for Mora, while later her chief suffering came from Guibert's indifference, his marriage with another woman, and her consequent jealousy. What Clarissa Harlowe is among novels, this volume is among memoirs, in the direct appeal it makes to human sympathies and in the exposure it makes of the tenderest feelings. The series of letters forms an unequalled narration of passion told without a veil of reserve, for the letters were written for only one man's perusal. It is fair to say that we of a hundred years later will read them with much more sympathy than Guibert gave them, for in the whole story he wears the appearance of a man whose only interest in life was his own success. She saw through him clearly, and she was right when she said, "You were right in telling me you did not need to be loved as I love you; no, that is not your measure; you are so perfectly amiable that you ought to be the first object of all those charming ladies who wear on the outside of their heads all that they carry within, and who are so amiable that they love themselves in preference to everything." But to follow Sainte-Beuve here would be like pretending to discover America by starting from Liverpool in a Cunard steamer. It is only necessary to announce the book and let it make its way to readers, who will rejoice in finding facts that outdo fiction on its own ground. Certainly the time of meagre original additions to literature is well employed in bringing out new editions of the valuable books of the past.

— Another of the same sort is Dussieux's collection of the *lettres intimes* of Henry IV.¹ Henry the Fourth is already well known as an excellent writer of French, and of that sort of French which was written before it had become enslaved by rules and rigid etiquette. This volume makes no pretensions to including all of Henry IVth's correspondence, but such a collection has been made as shall illustrate the most prominent sides of this king's complex character. We have accordingly letters written from the camp, which show his joy in fighting, love letters of a rather graceless sort, and others which express his difficulties when married to Mary Medici and seated on the throne of France. But whatever the cause of his writing, there is in every line the charm that makes this king one of the most fascinating of those honorable à l'Ecole militaire de Saint-Cyr. Paris: Baudry. 1876.

¹ *Lettres Intimes de Henri IV.* Avec une Introduction et des Notes par L. DUSSIEUX, Professeur

known to history, and perhaps the most fascinating Frenchman that ever lived. Readiness of device, a constant tendency to judge everything according to a witty, half-cynical standard, bravery and gallantry were combined in him in such a way that he is an excellent representative Frenchman of the Gallic type, of the sort that was more frequent before the Revolution, before the time when a nation than this veritable person. This volume contains an excellent copy of the portrait of Henry IV. in the museum at Versailles, which represents most admirably that wise and witty face; there is in addition a good copy of the interesting mask taken after his death. As to the style of these letters, it would be hard to say too much in praise. It is as vigorous as possible, with all the variety and mark of originality which are lacking in modern French. A perusal of this volume will throw a great deal of light on the history of the period.

— M. Marius Topin has just published a volume of essays on contemporary French novelists¹ which may be found worth reading, though it contains nothing like the last word on any of the authors written about. Those here discussed are George Sand, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Charles de Bernard, Alexandre Dumas, Mérimée, Ferry, Sandeau, About, Flaubert, Alphonse Daudet, Zola, Claretie, Madame Bentzon, Madame Caro, Madame Craven, Gaboriau, Theuriet, Jules Verne, and a few others less well known. The notices of the most important of these men are the least satisfactory, because they are too brief to begin to cover the ground. The others are treated with commendable fairness, in spite of the necessary air of compliment with which M. Topin first addresses his remarks to his contemporaries. It is with considerable tact that this critic shows the merits and faults of the different writers. It is, however, hard to agree with much that he says. It requires, for instance, a very catholic taste to find anything sublime in the melodramatic Captain Nemo of Jules Verne's

Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea, and the admiration expressed for Gaboriau borders on the excessive; but these failures are mainly due to his good nature and his willful determination to say polite things, as well as to his non-observance of the true proportion between the different men, so that what is called sublime in Jules Verne would be ridiculous in Balzac, and yet the same adjectives have to do double duty. Topin's admiration for Zola is tempered by discreet blame for the way in which his virulence against the second empire has run away with him, and frequently he shows agreeable sympathy for merits which a hatter reader would be too inclined to overlook. On the whole the book will be found to have more that is good than what is bad in it.

— The connection between Richardson, Rousseau, and Goethe,² the three men whom Mr. Erich Schmidt has chosen for discussion in his study of the novel of the last century, does not perhaps strike the casual observer with much force. A little reflection, however, will be sufficient to make it plain that it existed, and was an element of great importance; how great it was, and how intricate in its workings, this interesting book clearly shows. Nowadays Richardson is so little read that we are accustomed to regard the admiration our forefathers had for him as one of the many proofs of their inferiority to us, their enlightened descendants. As for toiling through the many bulky volumes of his novels, one would only do it when traveling by stage from Boston to Washington; the two things have disappeared together. Even when we have the bulky tales trimmed and shortened for our greater ease, it is hard to make out what so excited enthusiasm in the last century. There are many things to explain that, however, as for instance, the rarity of entertaining reading, and the natural way in which Richardson represented what was one of the prevailing feelings of his time, the lingering relic of Puritanism. In England, Fielding's parody and different tone were an immediate and healthy reaction against much of Richardson's mawkish sentiment. In Germany, however, his novels had the most enormous success, of which Schmidt gives many proofs. One minor poet sang his praises, calling "the Briton Richardson more immortal than Homer," and solidier heads, Goethe, Wieland, and Herder,

trag zur Geschichte des Romans im achtzehnte Jahrhundert. Von ERICH SCHMIDT Jena: Frommann. 1875

¹ *Romanciers Contemporains*. Par MARIUS TOPIN. Paris: Charpentier. 1876.

² *Richardson, Rousseau, und Goethe*. Ein Bei-

were full of admiration. The imitations by inferior writers were numerous, and novels written in the form of letters became excessively common. In France, as Schmidt says, Marivaux and Nivelle de la Chaussée had been Richardsonian before Richardson, but he nevertheless was greeted as a reformer and founder of new things. Diderot's panegyric about him was of the most enthusiastic kind. "O Richardson! Richardson! homme unique à mes yeux! tu seras ma lecture dans tous les temps!" and again, "O Richardson! si tu n'as joui de ton vivant de toute la réputation que tu méritais, combien tu seras grand chez nos neveux, lorsqu'ils te verront à la distance d'où nous voyons Homère!"

There is but little doubt, according to Schmidt, that Richardson's success gave Rousseau the thought of publishing his *Nouvelle Héloïse* in epistolary form. After all, the main objection nowadays to that method is its antiquity; its merits on the other hand are numerous: it gives the reader a clear insight into the letter-writer's mind without the need of didactic instruction, and shows qualities with an air of naturalness that outweighs often the author's unsupported affirmation of their existence. Goethe's *Werther* is also told in letters, but only in those of a single person, while the *Nouvelle Héloïse* is made up from the correspondence of a number of people.

The origin of Rousseau's great novel Schmidt finds in his affection for the Countess d'Houdetot, which is narrated at length in his *Confessions*. How close is the connection between his experience and this novel is clearly shown. What besides the epistolary form was derived from Richardson is slight enough. Schmidt considers Julie and Claire to have been modeled in some respects after Clarissa Harlowe and Anne Howe. The other resemblances are less marked. The *Nouvelle Héloïse* appeared in 1761, and at once created great applause in Germany; its influence on Goethe in his composition of *Werther* is well known. Schmidt makes very full comparisons between the two great novels, and in addition throws a great deal of light on the influence they had and the condition of the reading public at the time. Rousseau was the first to praise the beauty of the Alps. Dr. Lowther, in Richardson's *Sir Charles Grandison*, in speaking of his crossing the Alps of Savoy laments losing sight of the farmers plowing and pruning, and called Savoy "one of the worst countries under heaven."

In Germany the love of nature had been fostered by Thomson and Young and Ossian; the two last-named are especially responsible for the superfluous and eternal appearance of the moon in German books. Rousseau also taught his readers to admire an English park more than the artificially arranged garden of the French; indeed, it would be hard to enumerate all of his ideas, now conventional platitudes, which once were novel.

What most distinguishes that time from our own is the tender sensitiveness, the tearful susceptibility which distinguished all who pretended to stand superior to the common herd. "Rousseau and Goethe were the first to honor the poetry of love and intense passion," says Schmidt. Instances from the two novels are given in abundance, and in addition the following extract from a letter of Caroline Flachsland to Herder: "He wept for joy, and as for me, I lay with my head on Merck's bosom; he was exceedingly touched, wept with me, and—I don't remember everything we did. O sweet tear of my life! shed in the arms of a friend! O sweet tears of friendship, how divine ye are!" In his letters in return he calls her "an angel," "holy one of the Lord;" he speaks of her "holy foot." She is not behind him; she says, speaking of him, "A heavenly being in human form stood before me." To him her picture was "the sweetest sacrament." He ended his letters with "Hosanna in the highest," "Kyrie Eleison." This disagreeable mixture of religion and of human affection was one of the most wide-spread results of the sentimentalism of the time.

It is impossible to give by extracts a complete notion of this book of Schmidt's, which is itself so much made up of extracts from various authors who throw light on the subjects treated. It should be read to be fully enjoyed. Those who take it up will find it an entertaining and useful book, a modest monument of thorough research and intelligent thought. It throws a great deal of light on the ways and feelings of the last century. And in performing his task Schmidt has shown the energy characteristic of his countrymen in reading and annotating all manner of third and fourth rate novels written a hundred years ago, in order to show how great was the influence of the foreign authors upon German thought.

—Hand-books of literature are more frequently a combination of dates and more or less hackneyed extracts than they are

intelligent guides or companions to curious readers; in M. Courrière's history of Russian literature,¹ however, which is one of a series treating of the various contemporary literatures of Europe, we have a thoughtful book which gives us, in addition to the necessary facts, such exposition and explanation of their underlying causes as is most rare and valuable. The foreigner's knowledge of Russian literature is necessarily limited by general ignorance of the language. In translations there is nothing open to him except Tourguéneff, Pouchkine, Count A. Tolstoi, Herzen, some of Pisemski and of Gogol, and, as the fruit of some research, detached bits of Lermontoff and others. On the whole, in view of the small compass of Russian literature, this is not so bad a showing, but the translations are of various degrees of merit, and at the best are translations. Admirers of Tourguéneff will find in this volume an interesting discussion of his writings and of their place in Russian literature.

—D'Haussonville's life of Sainte-Beuve² is a decidedly readable book, and it is by no means surprising that a critic who from the nature of his profession left a good many enemies behind him should have his life told in a spirit far removed from intemperate eulogy. On the whole, the book leaves on the reader's mind a somewhat unpleasant impression of the great French writer, who in his day exercised similar arts, and with little touches of venom distilled in his praise was far from being as laudatory as he at first seemed to be. While d'Haussonville's intent is plain, it can hardly be said that he exceeds reasonable limits in writing this life. The fact is that we are so accustomed to the opposite method, that of blind advocacy on the part of biographers, who vie with one another in describing spotless characters, that one who uses cool judgment strikes us at first as un-

pleasantly as do those friends who share our confidence and yet begin with our faults in describing us to strangers. This may, to be sure, secure their liking more certainly than lavish praise, which seldom fails to call up hidden hatred, but to our vanity it bears the appearance of treachery. This biography seems more unkind than perhaps it should on due consideration. D'Haussonville shows that Sainte-Beuve was of a timid, retiring nature, averse to discord and confusion; but then, is it not unwise to ask that the qualities of a cavalry-officer and of a literary man should be combined in the same man? Sainte-Beuve showed no weakness towards the end of his life, when he was a senator, and by his speeches aroused a great deal of violent opposition, and some part of his previous indifference may fairly be ascribed to that lack of sudden and blind enthusiasm which was part of his critical nature. That he should try many things and really believe in but few was different from the general experience of men whose experiments are not many, whose views are soon ascertained and held with obstinacy, but it is to this restless spirit of inquiry in Sainte-Beuve that we owe the great variety of his wise sayings on so many branches of experience and thought. He, unlike most persons who have their lives written, had his faults, but in spite of them he will doubtless be known as the most remarkable man, from a purely literary point of view, of the last forty years of French history. His ability is not denied by d'Haussonville, and the life that he has written, although not of the usual kind, throws much light on the incidents of his career. The epigram, quoted from Cousin, with which the volume closes, that Mérimée was a gentleman and Sainte-Beuve was not, is of the nature of a pin-thrust, and of no more importance than that would be in sanguinary warfare.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: A Vocabulary of English Rhymes, arranged on a New Plan. By Rev. Samuel W. Barnum.

Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, New York: The Life of Christ. By F. W. Farrar, D. D., Canon of Westminster. Illustrated. Parts I. to IV.

Census of Massachusetts: 1875. Prepared under the Direction of Carroll D. Wright, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor. Volume I. Population and Social Statistics.

Estes and Lauriat, Boston: Half Hours with Insects. By A. S. Packard, Jr. — Roman Legends. A Collection of the Fables and Folk-Lore of Rome. By R. H. Busk.

J. B. Ford & Co., New York: A New Library of Poetry and Song. Edited by William Cullen Bryant. Illustrated with Steel Portraits, Wood Engravings, Silhouette Titles, Manuscript Fac-similes, etc. Parts I. to VIII.

William F. Gill & Co., Boston: Impressions and le Vicomte d'HAUSSONVILLE, Député à l'Assemblée nationale. Paris: Lévy. 1875

¹ *Histoire de la Littérature Contemporaine en Russie.* Par C. COURRIÈRE. Paris: Charpentier. 1875.

² *C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* Par

Reminiscences. By George Sand. Translated by H. K. Adams. With Memoir.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Noblesse Oblige. By the Author of Mlle. Mori.

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James R. Osgood & Co., Boston: Poems of Places. Scotland. Vol. I. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: History of French Literature. I. From its Origin to the Renaissance. By Henri Van Laun. — History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century. By Leslie Stephen. In Two Volumes. — Octavius Brooks Frothingham and the New Faith. By Edmund C. Steadman. — Modern Materialism. Its Attitude towards Theology. By James Martineau, LL. D. — A Child's Book of Religion. For Sunday Schools and Homes. Compiled by O. B. Frothingham. New Edition. Revised. — Outlines of Lectures on the History of Philosophy. By John J. Elmendorf, S. T. D. — An Alphabet in Finance. A Simple Statement of Permanent Principles and their Application to Questions of the Day. By Graham McAdam. With Introduction by R. R. Bowker. — The Gold of Chickaree. By Susan and Anna Warner.

Roberts Bros., Boston: Imaginary Conversations. By Walter Savage Landor. Second Series. Dialogues of Sovereigns and Statesmen. — Wenderholme. A Story of Lancashire and Yorkshire. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: Philip Nolan's Friends: A Story of the Change of Western Empire. By Edward E. Hale. — Sans-Souci Series. Anecdote Biography of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. — The Boy Emigrants. By Noah Brooks. With Illustrations by Thomas Moran and W. L. Sheppard.

Charles P. Somerby, New York: Heroines of Free Thought. By Sara A. Underwood.

Special Report on Public Libraries in the United States. Bureau of Education. Part II.

The Centennial Exposition of 1876. By S. R. Crocker. Reprinted from The Literary World.

ART.

MR. HUNT's picture of Hamlet, recently shown in Boston with perhaps twenty others by the same artist, was apparently meant for Mr. Booth as Hamlet, or—to adopt the popular witticism—Hamlet as Mr. Booth. It is not a portrait, but neither is it an ideal interpretation of Shakespeare's character; so that one is obliged to fall back upon its merits as a study in slate hues. But even in this aspect it fails to please: the nocturnal effect is an overdose of black lead, the battlements and towers are more insignificant than stage scenery, and Hamlet is merely an unappalling blackness in the midst of an unpicturesque darkness. From this one turned promptly to the landscapes and portraits, where Mr. Hunt could be found at his best. There

was no pastoral scene among the landscapes which equaled The Ploughers of a year ago; but there was much that gave pleasure, as the two large studies of sylvan penetrabilia, with their consociation of swarthy boles and impleached stretches of green overhead, filtering the sunlight into tender tints, or that other instance of an immense, involuted cloud-pile steeped in a hyacinthine atmosphere and seeming about to roll down upon and smother the quiet green landscape in the foreground. Some bathers in a river yellow-green with late sunset light made a singular and rather inviting picture, though it was vexatious to have the plane of the river tipped decidedly downward toward the inner line of its curve. Another canvas was devoted to a

naked boy mounted on the shoulders of a second who stood arm-pit deep in a quiet bit of water. This acrobatic bather was bodied forth with a lithe, palpitant grace that fairly captivated the eye; the whole affair was beautiful in its rich and noble simplicity; it was summer and youth and the joy of young life; the Yankee country lad (if you will) was in his beauty and unconscious nudity and sensuous delight as Greek as anything that ever lived. Altogether the most charming head was that of a little ragged Italian boy, which illustrated Mr. Hunt's best mood of a kind of ideal languor united with a keen realistic *verve*. The half-length of a lady, higher on the wall, draped in a shawl chiefly orange in color, surpassed this boy in energy of tone; and in fact each one of the human subjects had its especial merit. We wish we had not to add, as we usually must in Mr. Hunt's case, that they also, with two or three exceptions, had their marked individual short-comings. As exceptions we may name a broad portrait of a large, stalwart gentleman with gray side-whiskers, the commanding vigor and entire consummation of which were very acceptable and masterly; also the shrewdly characterized likeness of (we believe) Oakes Ames, and the portrait of a lady and her son. The last-mentioned, which gave the feminine figure at length and introduced the boy in the background, was particularly noticeable for the unforced relief into which the forms were brought. It was an exceptional example of verisimilitude which escaped being imitation. Altogether, the collection made a praiseworthy year's work, and served to remind us of how good a thing it is to have two or three artists among a hundred who can keep so close to their inspiration as Mr. Hunt does, and serve it so assiduously, albeit with something of the

haste and impatience of the cis-Atlantic temperament.

— A correspondent sends the following account of a simpler method of cleaning pictures than that described in *The Atlantic* for September, 1876:—

Spread out upon a cleanly swept bare floor a sheet of canton flannel the exact size of the canvas to be treated, and sprinkle it with alcohol, wetting it evenly all over. Turn the painting in its frame face downwards over this. Of course it is requisite that the canvas should not bag, and that the frame shall be deep enough to keep it about two inches from the flannel. Cover the whole with a thick doubled quilt or shawl which will overlap the frame some inches on every side. This method is superior in many obvious respects besides its simplicity to that of inverting the alcohol above the painting. It is unnecessary that the "box" should be air-tight, but it must merely be close enough to prevent too rapid an evaporation of the alcohol. For unframed canvas a box may be improvised from four slips of common inch deal, three inches wide, which may be drawn together to the exact size of any painting, and will be found sufficiently close at the corners without fastening. To cover a large surface with alcohol quickly enough, a very small watering pot is convenient. About three to four ounces of alcohol are enough for an ordinary portrait. The whole operation is extremely simple and the result is amazing. Of course the painting must undergo a careful surface cleansing before being treated by the alcohol; and if there is dirt *between* layers of old varnish, only the practiced hand of an expert can get it out. Experience will teach the proper length of exposure to the alcohol, and there is no danger to the painting in any stage of the process.



MUSIC.

THE first concert of the subscription series given in Saunders Theatre in Cambridge was in many respects a delightful occasion. It is not often that we have a chance of hearing music amid such thoroughly congenial

surroundings. The architectural beauty of the hall itself, the exquisite good taste of its fittings, all tended to put the mind into a condition favorable to artistic enjoyment; and even if the little pleasurable excitement

of looking forward to hearing Mr. Thomas's excellent orchestra play such a programme in a hall of suitable size had not of itself sufficed to throw us all into the proper musical mood, the entirely æsthetic atmosphere of the place would have done it. Among other excellent qualities as a concert-hall, Saunders Theatre has one which is rare. *The stage is low enough!* Those listeners who are seated on the floor do not hear the music vaguely hovering over their heads, but receive the harmonious blast from the orchestra directly in their faces. But it must be admitted that all parts of the hall are not equally good for hearing. The music sounded very brilliant in the gallery and in many parts of the floor, but in all that part of the first balcony that faces the stage the sound is uncomfortably dull and unpenetrating. The concert opened fittingly with Beethoven's great overture, *The Consecration of the House*. It was played with Mr. Thomas's usual care, but we have heard much more effective performances of it elsewhere. The two movements of Schubert's unfinished gem of a symphony in B-minor were indeed wonderfully played as far as delicacy of execution went. We have rarely heard such exquisite blending of the various voices of the orchestra, such delicious contrasts of light and shade. But we think that nine musicians out of ten will agree with us in saying that the performance was spoiled outright by Mr. Thomas's unaccountably slow tempo in both movements. The symphony was absolutely stretched upon the rack, and seemed to be harmoniously bemoaning its own agonies. A similar fault was evident in Mr. Jacobsohn's playing of Mendelssohn's violin concerto. Mr. Jacobsohn knows how to draw the most exquisitely beautiful tone from his instrument, which is evidently a very fine one; he has at times a rare grace, of perhaps rather a *salon* stamp, in rounding off phrases of a sentimental character, but his style lacks distinction, energy, and above all, variety. The ear tires of hearing a constant succession of sweet sounds without animation or any stirring accent. Mr. John K. Paine's overture to *As You Like It*, all who heard it agree in calling one of the most gratifying successes of a composer, who, in the opinion of one of our very highest musical authorities, "shows that he can write well for the orchestra; that he has plenty to say, and that what he has to say is worth saying and is well said."

—Of Madame Essipoff's concerts much

might be said, and many a wholesome moral might be drawn from her playing. Madame Essipoff is, as we all expected to find her, certainly a most wonderful executant. Her technique knows only those limits which stern nature has set to all human power, and her fingers recoil only before the impossible. Her absolute independence of finger, her power of making a melody distinctly prominent, no matter what accompanying phrases her hands may be called upon to play simultaneously with it, we have never seen surpassed. Her ease in playing, even in the most finger-racking passages, is absolute. Of sensibility, grace, fire, depth of feeling even, there seems to be no want in her. But with all these fine qualities, we have rarely seen a pianist of her reputation who has made a more questionable impression upon us. Of that fine appreciation of what is most intrinsically great in the works of great composers, that sense of the fitness of things which stamps the brilliant performer as a true artist, we find very little in her. To play with expression, passion, grace, is one thing, but to play with the *right* expression, passion, or grace, is often a wholly different thing. Madame Essipoff is still young, only twenty-four years of age, and the critic of her playing must grasp at the most natural explanation of the blemishes which every musician must have been struck with in the greater part of it, that is, that she must have been for some time under bad musical influences; at least withdrawn from good and wholesome ones. No piano-forte teacher would allow a pupil to abuse the pedal as she sometimes does; no musician of principle would commend the substitution of a marked *forte* for a murmuring *pianissimo* in the opening phrase of a Beethoven sonata. But speaking of good and bad musical influences, we cannot refrain from mentioning a man in this connection, a man of undenied genius and that intense personal fascination and power which goes with genius, but who occupies a more and more questionable place in the esteem of his still admiring brother artists, — Anton Rubinstein. It has become too painfully evident that Rubinstein often plays works of the great masters not as they are, but as his momentary mood impels him to feel them. He either cannot or is often too careless to merge his own fiery individuality in that of the composer. It takes little acumen to see how utterly different Rubinstein's nature is from that of Beethoven, Bach, Schumann, Men-

delssohn, and many other composers. His own national instinct in art is often at variance with theirs. His license in interpreting their works is large indeed. His hot Slavie blood, made more untamable by the general tendency towards intensity of the age he lives in, is ever liable to rebel against that moderation in expression and style which his great predecessors felt to be one of the highest elements in art. Schumann, intense as he is, becomes at times a perfect bull in a china-shop in Rubinstein's hands; Chopin, whose waltzes and mazurkas used to make the Polish ladies dance until they fainted, is often fit to turn the saints themselves into bacchantes when he speaks to us through Rubinstein's fingers. How we are tempted to lose sight of the grand original text, and subscribe to the Rubinstein version, saying with Berlioz's cantatrice, "Parce qu'elle fait mieux !" (Because it sounds better !) But the bitter after-taste, the curious twinges of our artist conscience that are certain to ensue upon these fierce pleasures, the æsthetic next day's headache, all tell us that the intoxicating draught was not pure after all. It may be doubted whether inebriation, either alcoholic or æsthetic, is a proper use of our faculties. But young people have strong heads and digestions, and can indulge in excesses without the immediate evil results that more experienced mortals cannot escape from, although the evil results may be felt later even by the young ones. Now Rubinstein's influence upon young musicians has been in many cases undeniably bad. Admiration prompts imitation, even over-imitation. Why should not I too be a thunderer ? says the young pianist, and so sets to work premeditatedly to offer to the world his or her modicum of exaggerated passion and sentiment. We think that we can trace somewhat of this influence in Madame Essipoff's playing. The license she takes in playing standard compositions is great, but it lacks the conviction of spontaneity and originality, and is without either charm or savor. It is painful to think that such rare gifts, such excellent talents, should be allowed to run in so dangerous a channel. Madame Essipoff was evidently meant by nature, and has been fitted by training, to do great things; but she seems now, almost at the outset of her career, to be in the downward path. Such a reputation as hers cannot have been won by playing in the way she did in Boston. If she could be made to feel that she cannot yet walk quite alone, if she would

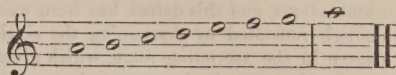
for some time to come be a little timid of freeing herself from the guidance of trustworthy guardians, such as Liszt or Dr. von Bülow, who, as some one has said, is a *man of principle*, what splendid results might we not expect ! She has already given us a guaranty of her power. Any pianist who can play Liszt's Study in D-flat as she did must be great. Let us say gladly, and in the face of all our grumbling, that her performance of this piece at least was masterly, superb at every point. Finer playing cannot be desired. Throughout the rest of her playing the very finest qualities were plainly perceptible, but they did not in every case compensate for her faults; they even threw those faults into more striking relief. Upon the whole, her very faults are of the easily cured sort, if the will be not wanting. Misdirected energy is far better than no energy at all, if it is only willing to be guided aright ; otherwise, indeed, it is far worse, but let us hope for the best. A person of Madame Essipoff's talent has no right to play badly ; and we feel sure that she can even now play better than she did. It must be that we have seen her at her worst, not at her best.

— Perhaps the most difficult thing to review worthily is a dictionary. Stainer and Barrett's Dictionary of Musical Terms¹ is certainly a valuable work, covering a field that, strange to say, has not been too well worked in our language. That it is not an absolutely complete work is sufficiently proved by the unaccountable absence of the words *polyphony* and *polyphonic*. One would naturally expect to find at least a page devoted to this subject in a musical dictionary, but we have searched the book in vain for even the barest mention of it. We notice with great pleasure a lengthy quotation from an excellent article by Mr. Hullah on Musical Nomenclature. His suggestions towards improving our by no means perfect English nomenclature are excellent. The distinction he makes, for instance, between the *imperfect fifth* (the natural fifth on the 7th degree of the scale) and the *diminished fifth* (an interval chromatically derived from the perfect fifth by sharpening its lower tone) seems to us admirable, and by no means merely fanciful. Equally good is his suggestion of the term *pluperfect*, to be applied to the inversions of imperfect intervals, as *augmented* is already

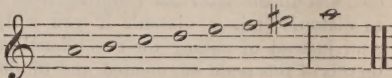
¹ A Dictionary of Musical Terms. Edited by J. STAINER, M. A., Mus. Doc., and W. A. BARRETT, Mus. Bach. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

in general use as an antonym to *diminished*. We cannot, however, quite agree with Mr. Hullah's doctrine of the minor scale and the intervals resulting therefrom. He says: "A chromatic scale I should define, with Dr. Crotch, to be a scale containing *more than two semitones*. The so-called 'natural' scale, and all other scales made like it, is not a chromatic scale, neither are any of the ancient scales formed from the arrangement of the same series of sounds in a different order. Of these last the 'natural' minor scale is one, and the only one familiar to the modern musician. Only, however, by means of a most serious alteration has it been reconciled to modern tonality, which above all things demands, as the unequivocal sign, seal, or confirmation of a key, the combination known as the 'discord of the dominant seventh.' Such a combination on the 5th of the natural minor scale is only possible by an alteration, or non-naturalization, which at once brings it under Dr. Crotch's definition. In the series A, B, C, D, E, F $\sharp$, G $\sharp$, and A, we find three semitones, and one interval greater than a tone. Moreover, by skips from one note to another of a scale so constituted, we get three other intervals alien to the natural scale, the inversion of the altered second formed by F G $\sharp$ the altered fifth formed by C G $\sharp$ and its inversion. These intervals are, I conceive, augmentations or diminutions of intervals which would have remained unaltered but for the artificial process needed to reconcile the minor key with modern tonality; they are, therefore, I believe, generally called *augmented* and *diminished*, accordingly. So all intervals, which the cultivated ear does not reject as cacophonous, formed by notes one or both of which are foreign to the key to which they are introduced, are but augmentations or diminutions of those that are natural to it." The excellent distinction Mr. Hullah makes is in applying the terms *augmented* and *diminished* to chromatic (altered) intervals only. The fourth on the 4th degree, and the fifth on the 7th degree of the major scale are diatonic intervals, and are hence to be called *pluperfect* and *imperfect* respectively. But the question we raise is whether the exceptional seconds and fifths of the minor scale, with their inversions (the second on the 6th degree, the seventh on the 7th degree, the fifths on the 3d and 7th degrees, and the fourths on the 4th and

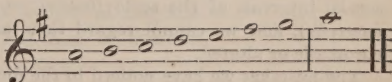
7th degrees¹) are really to be regarded as chromatic intervals or not. How does Mr. Hullah defend his use of the term *natural* as applied to the following scale?



Does he call it *natural* because it is composed simply of "white" notes? If so, it and the scale of C-major would be the only *natural* ones. Yet, according to the usual meaning of the word, it seems an ill-chosen term to apply to a scale which requires "a most serious alteration" before it can be accepted by modern ears as belonging to any definite tonality at all. It is true that the scale we have quoted above corresponds exactly enough to that of the ancient *Æolian* mode, as our major scale corresponds to the *Ionian* mode; but we cannot see that this is an argument to prove its *naturalness*. The modern ear so naturally and instinctively demands the authentic cadence to define a key, that we cannot even force ourselves to feel that a scale without a leading note (that is, without the semitone between the seventh degree and the octave of the tonic) has any definite tonality at all. Hence the alteration of the seventh degree, not of what Mr. Hullah calls the "*natural*" minor scale to form something artificial that the modern ear requires, but of the old *Æolian* mode, which sounds unnatural and unsatisfactory to the modern ear, to get something which the ear can naturally and instinctively accept as a minor scale. Hence we have the following series,



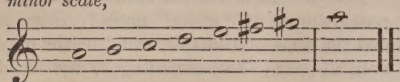
which we cannot help regarding as the only real, and if you will, *natural* minor scale. We are forced by our ear itself to regard the G-sharp as an essential part of the scale, not as an accidental note. Indeed, the sharp might have been written in the signature, as follows,



so that it should not have even the outward appearance of an accidental, were it not for the inconvenience of having two signatures intervals are unquestionably minor and major, respectively.

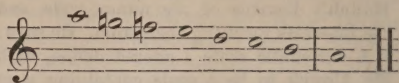
¹ We make no mention of the second on the 7th degree, or the seventh on the 1st degree, as these

of one sharp, one with F-sharp for G-major, and another with G-sharp for A-minor. To be sure, the *diabolus* between the sixth and seventh degrees is to a certain extent unmelodious, and this defect has been well enough remedied by sharpening the sixth degree in the ascending scale, which gives us what is generally known as the *melodic minor scale*,

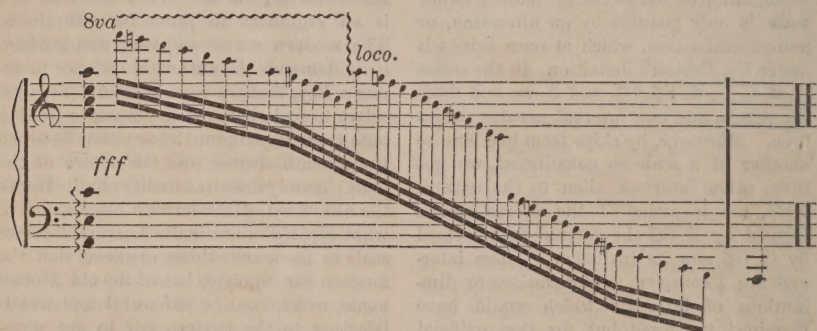


which is indeed incapable of diatonic harmonization, but which the ear readily accepts, under certain conditions, as a minor scale, the minor third between the tonic and the third degree making a sufficient distinction between it and the major scale to be easily grasped. The attempts to remedy the "diabolus" in the descending scale

have not been so successful, and the ear accepts the following,



as a minor scale only when the minor character of the composition in which it figures is impressed upon it by some other means (such, for instance, as a minor triad on the first note). Heard by itself, this scale is accepted by the ear as a minor scale only when the minor character of the piece has been previously established, and even then only for a distance not exceeding an octave. So true is this that Liszt, wishing to eliminate the "diabolus" from a long descending scale in one of his piano-forte pieces, found himself forced to make the following compromise.



Thus we should prefer to consider the harmonic minor scale as the only natural one, and all the intervals resulting from it as diatonic (minor-diatonic if you will). And instead of calling the exceptional intervals of this scale augmented and diminished (since they confessedly bring about no change of key), we would propose that the fourth on the 7th degree, the fifths on the 2d and 7th degrees, and the seventh on the 7th degree be called *imperfect*; and the second on the 6th degree, the fourth on the 4th and 6th degrees, and the fifth on the 3d degree be called *pluperfect*. They are essential intervals of the scale (*leitereigenen intervälle*), and we cannot regard them as chromatic or altered.

The mistakes we have noticed in the dictionary are very few. Point d'orgue (*Fr.*) is, as usual, wrongly translated, "pedal-

point," instead of "hold" or "cadenza." We wonder how Mr. Stainer would translate, La diva a fait un point d'orgue à la fin de "ah non credea" qui lui valut force bravas des plus frénétiques! But these errors are, as we have said, very rare, and most of the definitions are excellent, the explanations sufficiently clear and to the point. We heartily recommend the book.

— Robert Thallon's *The Boat of my Lover*¹ shows much sensibility to what is musical in music, and is carried through with a certain *verve* that takes hold of the listener. The end is unworthy of the rest of the song. In fact its only claim to the name of end is that nothing comes after it.

¹ *The Boat of my Lover*. Song. Words by the author of John Halifax, Gentleman. Music by ROBERT THALLON, JR. New York: G. Schirmer.

HOW NOT TO SETTLE IT.

READ TO THE HARVARD CLASS OF '29, JANUARY 4, 1877.

I LIKE, at times, to hear the steeples' chimes
 With sober thoughts impressively that mingle;
 But sometimes, too, I rather like — don't you? —
 To hear the music of the sleigh-bells' jingle.

I like full well the deep-resounding swell
 Of mighty symphonies with chords inwoven;
 But sometimes, too, a song of Burns — don't you? —
 After a stormy chorus of Beethoven.

Good to the heels the well-worn slipper feels
 When the tired player shuffles off the buskin;
 A page of Hood may do a fellow good
 After a scolding from Carlyle or Ruskin.

Some works I find, — say Watts upon the Mind, —
 No matter though at first they seemed amusing,
 Not quite the same, but just a little tame
 After some five or six times' reperusing.

So, too, at times when melancholy rhymes
 Or solemn speeches sober down a dinner,
 I've seen, it's true, quite often, — have n't you? —
 The best fed guests perceptibly grow thinner.

Better some jest (in proper terms expressed)
 Or story (strictly moral) even if musty,
 Or song we sung when these old throats were young, —
 Something to keep our souls from getting rusty.

The poorest scrap from memory's ragged lap
 Comes like an heirloom from a dear dead mother —
 Hush! there's a tear that has no business here,
 A half-formed sigh that ere its birth we smother.

We cry, we laugh; ah, life is half and half,
 Now bright and joyous as a song of Herrick's,
 Then chill and bare as funeral-minded Blair;
 As fickle as a female in hysterics.

If I could make you cry I would n't try;
 If you have hidden smiles I'd like to find them,
 And that although, as well I ought to know,
 The lips of laughter have a skull behind them.

Yet when I think we may be on the brink
 Of having Freedom's banner to dispose of,
 All crimson-hued, because the Nation would
 Insist on cutting its own precious nose off,

I feel indeed as if we rather need
 A sermon such as preachers tie a text on.
 If Freedom dies because a ballot lies,
 She earns her grave; 'tis time to call the sexton!

But if a fight can make the matter right,
 Here are we, classmates, thirty men of mettle;
 We're strong and tough, we've lived nigh long enough, —
 What if the Nation gave it us to settle?

The tale would read like that illustrious deed
 When Curtius took the leap the gap that filled in,
 Thus: "Five-score years good friends, as it appears,
 At last this people split on Hayes and Tilden.

"One half cried 'See! the choice is S. J. T.!' —
 And one half swore as stoutly it was t' other;
 Both drew the knife to save the Nation's life
 By wholesale vivisection of each other.

"Then rose in mass that monumental Class, —
 'Hold! hold!' they cried, 'give us, give us the daggers!'
 'Content! content!' exclaimed with one consent
 The gaunt ex-rebels and the carpet-baggers.

"Fifteen each side, the combatants divide,
 So nicely balanced are their predilections;
 And first of all a tear-drop each lets fall,
 A tribute to their obsolete affections.

"Man facing man, the sanguine strife began,
 Jack, Jim, and Joe against Tom, Dick, and Harry,
 Each several pair its own account to square,
 Till both were down or one stood solitary.

"And the great fight raged furious all the night
 Till every integer was made a fraction;
 Reader, wouldst know what history has to show
 As net result of the above transaction?

"Whole coat-tails, four; stray fragments, several score;
 A heap of spectacles; a deaf man's trumpet;
 Six lawyers' briefs; seven pocket-handkerchiefs;
 Twelve canes wherewith the owners used to stump it;

"Odd rubber-shoes; old gloves of different hues;
 Tax-bills, — unpaid, — and several empty purses;

And, saved from harm by some protecting charm,
A printed page with Smith's immortal verses;

"Trifles that claim no very special name, —
Some useful, others chiefly ornamental;
Pins, buttons, rings, and other trivial things,
With various wrecks, capillary and dental.

"Also, one flag, — 't was nothing but a rag,
And what device it bore it little matters;
Red, white, and blue, but rent all through and through,
'Union forever' torn to shreds and tatters.

"They fought so well not one was left to tell
Which got the largest share of cuts and slashes;
When heroes meet, both sides are bound to beat:
They telescoped like cars in railroad smashes.

"So the great split that baffled human wit
And might have cost the lives of twenty millions,
As all may see that know the rule of three,
Was settled just as well by these civilians.

"As well. Just so. Not worse, not better. No,
Next morning found the Nation still divided;
Since all were slain, the inference is plain
They left the point they fought for undecided."

If not quite true, as I have told it you, —
This tale of mutual extermination,
To minds perplexed with threats of what comes next,
Perhaps may furnish food for contemplation.

To cut men's throats to help them count their votes
Is asinine — nay worse — ascidian folly;
Blindness like that would scare the mole and bat,
And make the liveliest monkey melancholy.

I say once more, as I have said before,
If voting for our Tildens and our Hayeses
Means only fight, then, Liberty, good night!
Pack up your ballot-box and go to blazes!

Unfurl your blood-red flags, you murderous hags,
You *pétroleuses* of Paris, fierce and foamy;
We'll sell our stock in Plymouth's blasted rock,
Pull up our stakes and migrate to Dahomey!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

1877.

The American Naturalist;

A Popular Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Natural History and Travel.

The January number of this excellent periodical presents the following attractive table of contents:—

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Zoology.—Notes on some Oregon Birds.—Habits of the Whistler.

Anthropology.—Cordate Ornament.—Anthropological News.

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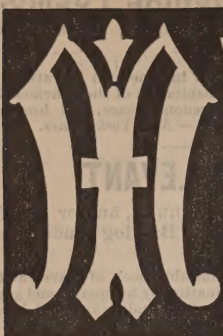
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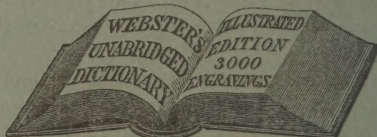
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336

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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
RODMAN THE KEEPER. <i>Constance Fenimore Woolson</i>	261	Charles Kingsley. — "Purely Oriental Thought." — The Real Character in Daniel Deronda. — Mrs. Gould's Home for Waifs in Rome. — Balzac's Correspondence. — Types not "aesthetically attractive."	
APART. <i>H. H.</i>	277	RECENT LITERATURE	369
OLD ENGLISH GUILDS AND TRADE UNIONS. <i>J. H. A. Bone</i>	278	Miss Preston's Troubadours and Trouvères. — Hale's Philip Nolan's Friends. — Susan and Anna Warner's The Gold of Chickaree. — Fisher's The Californians. — Wallace's The Geographical Distribution of Animals. — The Jericho, Road. — Student Life at Harvard. — Lowell's Three Memorial Poems. — Longfellow's Collection of Poems of Places. — Chadwick's A Book of Poems. — The American Architect and Building News. — Librairie de l'Art. — Miss Owen's The Art Schools of Mediæval Christendom. — Merriam's A Living Faith. — Field's From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn. — The Earl of Albemarle's Fifty Years of my Life. — Bancroft's History of the United States of America. — Barrett's The Carlyle Anthology. — <i>French and German</i> : Un Coin du Monde. — Fromentin's Les Maitres d'Autrefois. — Chotteau's Les Français en Amérique. — Levallois's Corneille Inconnu. — Publications Received.	
OUR LAST YEAR IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA. <i>H. B. K.</i>	287	MUSIC	385
A ROSARY OF SONNETS. <i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>	293	The Christmas Performance of Händel's Messiah by the Handel and Haydn Society. — Recent Music.	
THE AMERICAN. XXI., XXII. <i>Henry James, Jr.</i>	295	EDUCATION	386
THE PRODIGAL. <i>Charles H. Noyes</i>	311	"The Study of Greek in Harvard College:" Letter from Professor Davidson in reply to certain Critics.	
NEWSPAPER LITERARY CRITICISM. <i>E. S. Nardal</i>	312		
OUT OF THE QUESTION. Comedy. III., IV. <i>W. D. Howells</i>	317		
A LAST WORD. <i>A. R. Grote</i>	329		
TENERIFFE. <i>S. G. W. Benjamin</i>	330		
OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP. XX. <i>Frances Anne Kemble</i>	342		
DICKENS'S HARD TIMES. <i>Edwin P. Whipple</i>	353		
THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB	359		
The Removal of Duties on Imported Books. — Contingent Courage. — Books with a Following. — Pepino. — The Scarlet Letter on the Stage. — Two Kinds of Extremists. — New York Society in American Fiction. —			

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RODMAN THE KEEPER.

“KEEPER of what? Keeper of the dead. Well, it is easier to keep the dead than the living; and as for the gloom of the thing, the living among whom I have been lately were not a hilarious set.”

John Rodman sat in the door-way and looked out over his domain. The little cottage behind him was empty of life save himself alone. In one room the slender appointments provided by government for the keeper, who being still alive must sleep and eat, made the bareness doubly bare; in the other the desk and the great ledgers, the ink and pens, the register, the loud-ticking clock on the wall, and the flag folded on a shelf, were all for the kept, whose names, in hastily written, blotted rolls of manuscript, were waiting to be transcribed in the new red-bound ledgers in the keeper's best handwriting day by day, while the clock was to tell him the hour when the flag must rise over the mounds where reposed the bodies of fourteen thousand United States soldiers,—who had languished where once stood the prisoners, on the opposite slopes now fair and peaceful in the sunset; who had fallen by the way in long marches to and fro under the burning sun; who had fought and died on the many battle-fields that reddened the beautiful State, stretching from the peaks of the marble mountains in the smoky west down to the sea-islands

of the ocean border. The last rim of the sun's red ball had sunk below the horizon line, and the western sky glowed with deep rose-color, which faded away above into pink, into the salmon-tint, into shades of that far-away heavenly emerald which the brush of the earthly artist can never reproduce, but which is found sometimes in the iridescent heart of the opal. The small town, a mile distant, stood turning its back on the cemetery; but the keeper could see the pleasant, rambling old mansions, each with its rose-garden and neglected out-lying fields, the empty negro quarters falling into ruin, and everything just as it stood when on that April morning the first gun was fired on Sumter; apparently not a nail added, not a brushful of paint applied, not a fallen brick replaced, or latch or lock repaired. The keeper had noted these things as he strolled through the town, but not with surprise; for he had seen the South in its first estate, when, fresh, strong, and fired with enthusiasm, he too had marched away from his village home with the colors flying above and the girls waving their handkerchiefs behind, as the regiment, a thousand strong, filed down the dusty road. That regiment, a weak, scarred two hundred, came back a year later with lagging step and colors tattered and scorched, and the girls could not wave their handkerchiefs, wet and

sodden with tears. But the keeper, his wound healed, had gone again; and he had seen with his New England eyes the magnificence and the carelessness of the South, her splendor and negligence, her wealth and thriftlessness, as through Virginia and the fair Carolinas, across Georgia and into sunny Florida, he had marched month by month, first a lieutenant, then captain, and finally major and colonel, as death mowed down those above him, and he and his good conduct were left; everywhere magnificence went hand in hand with neglect, and he had said so as chance now and then threw a conversation in his path.

"We have no such shiftless ways," he would remark, after he had furtively supplied his prisoner with hard-tack and coffee.

"And no such grand ones either," Johnny Reb would reply, if he was a man of spirit; and generally he was.

The Yankee, forced to acknowledge the truth of this statement, qualified it by observing that he would rather have more thrift with a little less grandeur; whereupon the other answered that *he* would not; and there the conversation rested. So now ex-Colonel Rodman, keeper of the national cemetery, viewed the little town in its second estate with philosophic eyes. He no longer felt warning within him his early temptations to put in the missing nail or pick up the rusting axe; "for, if they did these things in a green tree, what will they do in a dry?" he thought. "It is part of a great problem now working itself out; I am not here to tend the living, but the dead."

Whereupon, as he walked among the long mounds, a voice seemed to rise from the still ranks below: "While ye have time, do good to men," it said. "Behold, we are beyond your care." But the keeper did not heed.

This still evening in early February he looked out over the level waste. The little town stood in the lowlands; there were no hills from whence cometh help, — calm heights that lift the soul above earth and its cares; no river to lead the aspirations of the children outward to-

wards the great sea. Everything was monotonous, and the only spirit that rose above the waste was a bitterness for the gained and sorrow for the lost cause. The keeper was the only man whose presence personated the former in their sight, and upon him therefore, as representative, the bitterness fell, not in words, but in averted looks, in sudden silences when he approached, in withdrawals and avoidance, until he lived and moved in a vacuum; wherever he went there was presently no one save himself; the very shop-keeper who sold him sugar seemed turned into a man of wood, and took his money reluctantly, although the shilling gained stood perhaps for that day's family dinner. So Rodman withdrew himself, and came and went among them no more; the broad acres of his domain gave him as much exercise as his shattered ankle could bear; he ordered his few supplies by the quantity, and began the life of a solitary, his island marked out by the massive granite wall with which the United States government has carefully surrounded those sad Southern cemeteries of hers; sad, not so much from the number of the mounds representing youth and strength cut off in their bloom, for that is but the fortune of war, as for the complete isolation which marks them. "Strangers in a strange land" is the thought of all who, coming and going to and from Florida, turn aside here and there to stand for a moment among the closely ranged graves which seem already a part of the past, that near past which in our rushing American life is even now so far away. The government work was completed before the keeper came; the lines of the trenches were defined by low granite copings, and the comparatively few single mounds were headed by trim little white boards bearing generally the word "unknown," but here and there a name and an age, in most cases a boy from some far-away Northern State; "twenty-one," "twenty-two," said the inscriptions; the dates were those dark years among the sixties, measured now more than by anything else in the number of maidens widowed in heart, and women

widowed indeed, who sit still and remember, while the world rushes by. At sunrise the keeper ran up the stars and stripes, and so precise were his ideas of the accessories belonging to the place that from his own small store of money he had taken enough, by stinting himself, to buy a second flag for stormy weather, so that, rain or not, the colors should float over the dead. This was not patriotism so-called, or rather mis-called, it was not sentimental fancy, it was not zeal or triumph; it was simply a sense of the fitness of things, a conscientiousness which had in it nothing of religion, unless indeed a man's endeavor to live up to his own ideal of his duty be a religion. The same feeling led the keeper to spend hours in copying the rolls. "John Andrew Warren, Company G, Eighth New Hampshire Infantry," he repeated, as he slowly wrote the name, giving "John Andrew" clear, bold capitals and a lettering impossible to mistake; "died August 15, 1863, aged twenty-two years. He came from the prison-pen yonder, and lies somewhere in those trenches, I suppose. Now then, John Andrew, don't fancy I am sorrowing for you; no doubt you are better off than I am at this very moment. But none the less, John Andrew, shall pen, ink, and hand do their duty to you. For that I am here."

Infinite pains and labor went into these records of the dead; one hair's-breadth error, and the whole page was replaced by a new one. The same spirit kept the grass carefully away from the low coping of the trenches, kept the graveled paths smooth and the mounds green, and the bare little cottage neat as a man-of-war; when the keeper cooked his dinner, the door towards the east, where the dead lay, was scrupulously closed, nor was it opened until everything was in perfect order again. At sunset the flag was lowered, and then it was the keeper's habit to walk slowly up and down the path until the shadows veiled the mounds on each side, and there was nothing save the peaceful green of earth. "So time will efface our little lives and sorrows," he mused, "and

we shall be as nothing in the indistinguishable past." Yet none the less did he fulfill the duties of every day and hour with exactness. "At least they shall not say that I was lacking," he murmured to himself as he thought vaguely of the future beyond these graves. Who "they" were, it would have troubled him to formulate, since he was one of the many sons whom New England in this generation sends forth with a belief composed entirely of negatives. As the season advanced, he worked all day in the sunshine. "My garden looks well," he said. "I like this cemetery because it is the original resting-place of the dead who lie beneath. They were not brought here from distant places, gathered up by contract, numbered and described like so much merchandise; their first repose has not been broken, their peace has been undisturbed. Hasty burials the prison authorities gave them; the thin, starved bodies were tumbled into the trenches by men almost as starved, for the whole State went hungry in those dark days. There were not many prayers, no tears, as the dead-carts went the rounds. But the prayers had been said, and the tears had fallen, while the poor fellows were still alive in the pens yonder; and when at last death came, it was like a release. They suffered long; and I for one believe that therefore shall their rest be long, — long and sweet."

After a time began the rain, the soft, persistent, gray rain of the Southern lowlands, and he stayed within and copied another thousand names into the ledger. He would not allow himself the companionship of a dog lest the creature should bark at night and disturb the quiet. There was no one to hear save himself, and it would have been a friendly sound as he lay awake on his narrow iron bed, but it seemed to him against the spirit of the place. He would not smoke, although he had the soldier's fondness for a pipe. Many a dreary evening, beneath a hastily built shelter of boughs, when the rain poured down and everything was comfortless, he had found solace in the curling smoke; but

now it seemed to him that it would be incongruous, and at times he almost felt as if it would be selfish too. "They cannot smoke, you know, down there under the wet grass," he thought, as standing at the window he looked towards the ranks of the mounds stretching across the eastern end from side to side; "my parade-ground," he called it. And then he would smile at his own fancies, draw the curtain to, shut out the rain and the night, light his lamp, and go to work on the ledgers again. Some of the names lingered in his memory; he felt as if he had known the men who bore them, as if they had been boys together and were friends even now although separated for a time. "James Marvin, Company B, Fifth Maine. The Fifth Maine was in the seven days' battle. I say, do you remember that retreat down the Quaker church road, and the way Phil Kearney held the rear-guard firm?" And over the whole seven days he wandered with his mute friend, who remembered everything and everybody in the most satisfactory way. One of the little head-boards in the parade-ground attracted him peculiarly because the name inscribed was his own: "—Rodman, Company A, One Hundred and Sixth New York."

"I remember that regiment; it came from the extreme northern part of the State; Blank Rodman must have melted down here, coming as he did from the half-arctic region along the St. Lawrence. I wonder what he thought of the first hot day, say in South Carolina, along those simmering rice-fields." He grew into the habit of pausing for a moment by the side of this grave every morning and evening. "Blank Rodman. It might easily have been John. And then, where should I be?"

But Blank Rodman remained silent, and the keeper, after pulling up a weed or two and trimming the grass over his relative, went off to his duties again. "I am convinced that Blank is a relative," he said to himself; "distant, perhaps, but still a kinsman."

One April day the heat was almost insupportable; but the sun's rays were

not those brazen beams that sometimes in Northern cities burn the air and scorch the pavements to a white heat; rather were they soft and still; the moist earth exhaled her richness, not a leaf stirred, and the whole level country seemed sitting in a hot vapor-bath. In the early dawn the keeper had performed his outdoor tasks, but all day he remained almost without stirring in his chair between two windows, striving to exist. At high noon out came a little black bringing his supplies from the town, whistling and shuffling along, gay as a lark; the keeper watched him coming slowly down the white road, loitering by the way in the hot blaze, stopping to turn a somersault or two, to dangle over a bridge rail, to execute various impromptu capers all by himself. He reached the gate at last, entered, and having come all the way up the path in a hornpipe step, he set down his basket at the door to indulge in one long and final double-shuffle before knocking. "Stop that!" said the keeper through the closed blinds. The little darkey darted back; but as nothing further came out of the window, — a boot, for instance, or some other stray missile, — he took courage, showed his ivories, and drew near again. "Do you suppose I am going to have you stirring up the heat in that way?" demanded the keeper.

The little black grinned, but made no reply, unless smoothing the hot white sand with his black toes could be construed as such; he now removed his rimless hat and made a bow.

"Is it, or is it not warm?" asked the keeper, as a naturalist might inquire of a salamander, not referring to his own so much as to the salamander's ideas on the subject.

"Dunno, mars'," replied the little black.

"How do *you* feel?"

"'Spects I feel all right, mars'."

The keeper gave up the investigation, and presented to the salamander a nickel cent. "I suppose there is no such thing as a cool spring in all this melting country," he said.

But the salamander indicated with

his thumb a clump of trees on the green plain north of the cemetery. "Ole Mars' Ward's place, — cole spring dah." He then departed, breaking into a run after he had passed the gate, his ample mouth watering at the thought of a certain chunk of taffy at the mercantile establishment kept by aunt Dinah in a corner of her one-roomed cabin. At sunset the keeper went thirstily out with a tin pail on his arm, in search of the cold spring. "If it could only be like the spring down under the rocks where I used to drink when I was a boy!" he thought. He had never walked in that direction before. Indeed, now that he had abandoned the town, he seldom went beyond the walls of the cemetery. An old road led across to the clump of trees, through fields run to waste, and following it he came to the place, a deserted house with tumble-down fences and overgrown garden, the out-buildings indicating that once upon a time there were many servants and a prosperous master. The house was of wood, large on the ground, with encircling piazzas; across the front door rough bars had been nailed, and the closed blinds were protected in the same manner; from long want of paint the clapboards were gray and mossy, and the floor of the piazza had fallen in here and there from decay. The keeper decided that his cemetery was a much more cheerful place than this, and then he looked around for the spring. Behind the house the ground sloped down; it must be there. He went around and came suddenly upon a man lying on an old rug outside of a back door. "Excuse me. I thought nobody lived here," he said.

"Nobody does," replied the man; "I am not much of a body, am I?"

His left arm was gone, and his face was thin and worn with long illness; he closed his eyes after speaking, as though the few words had exhausted him.

"I came for water from a cold spring you have here, somewhere," pursued the keeper, contemplating the wreck before him with the interest of one who has himself been severely wounded and knows the long, weary pain. The man

waved his hand towards the slope without unclosing his eyes, and Rodman went off with his pail and found a little shady hollow, once curbed and paved with white pebbles, but now neglected, like all the place. The water was cold, however, deliciously cold; he filled his pail and thought that perhaps after all he would exert himself to make coffee, now that the sun was down; it would taste better made of this cold water. When he came up the slope the man's eyes were open.

"Have some water?" asked Rodman.

"Yes; there's a gourd inside."

The keeper entered, and found himself in a large, bare room; in one corner was some straw covered with an old counterpane, in another a table and chair; a kettle hung in the deep fireplace, and a few dishes stood on a shelf; by the door on a nail hung a gourd; he filled it and gave it to the host of this desolate abode. The man drank with eagerness. "Pomp has gone to town," he said, "and I could not get down to the spring to-day, I have had so much pain."

"And when will Pomp return?"

"He should be here now; he is very late to-night."

"Can I get you anything?"

"No, thank you; he will soon be here."

The keeper looked out over the waste; there was no one in sight. He was not a man of any especial kindness, — he had himself been too hardly treated in life for that, — but he could not find it in his heart to leave this helpless creature all alone with night so near. So he sat down on the door-step. "I will rest awhile," he said, not asking but announcing it. The man had turned away and closed his eyes again, and they both remained silent, busy with their own thoughts; for each had recognized the ex-soldier, Northern and Southern, in portions of the old uniforms, and in the accent. The war and its memories were still very near to the maimed, poverty-stricken Confederate; and the other knew that they were, and did not obtrude himself.

Twilight fell, and no one came.

"Let me get you something," said Rodman; for the face looked ghastly as the fever abated. The other refused. Darkness came; still, no one.

"Look here," said Rodman, rising; "I have been wounded myself, was in hospital for months; I know how you feel, — you must have food; a cup of tea, now, and a slice of toast, brown and thin."

"I have not tasted tea or wheaten bread for weeks," answered the man; his voice died off into a wail, as though feebleness and pain had drawn the cry from him in spite of himself. Rodman lighted a match; there was no candle, only a piece of pitch-pine stuck in an iron socket on the wall; he set fire to this primitive torch and looked around.

"There is nothing there," said the man outside, making an effort to speak carelessly; "my servant went to town for supplies. Do not trouble yourself to wait; he will come presently, and — and — I want nothing."

But Rodman saw through proud poverty's lie; he knew that irregular quavering of the voice, and that trembling of the hand; the poor fellow had but one to tremble. He continued his search; but the bare room gave back nothing, not a crumb.

"Well, if you are not hungry," he said briskly, "I am, hungry as a bear; and I'll tell you what I am going to do. I live not far from here, and I live all alone too, I have n't a servant as you have; let me take supper here with you, just for a change, and if your servant comes, so much the better, he can wait upon us. I'll run over and bring back the things."

He was gone without waiting for reply; the shattered ankle made good time over the waste, and soon returned, limping a little but bravely hasting, while on a tray came the keeper's best supplies, Irish potatoes, corned beef, wheaten bread, butter, and coffee, — for he would not eat the hot biscuits, the corn-cake, the bacon and hominy of the country, and constantly made little New England meals for himself in his prejudiced little

kitchen. The pine torch flared in the door-way; a breeze had come down from the far mountains and cooled the air. Rodman kindled a fire on the cavernous hearth, filled the kettle, found a sauce-pan, and commenced operations, while the other lay outside and watched every movement in the lighted room.

"All ready; let me help you in. Here we are now; fried potatoes, cold beef, mustard, toast, butter, and tea. Eat, man; and the next time I am laid up, you shall come over and cook for me."

Hunger conquered, and the other ate, ate as he had not eaten for months. As he was finishing a second cup of tea, a slow step came around the house; it was the missing Pomp, an old negro, bent and shriveled, who carried a bag of meal and some bacon in his basket. "That is what they live on," thought the keeper.

He took leave without more words. "I suppose now I can be allowed to go home in peace," he grumbled to conscience. The negro followed him across what was once the lawn. "Fin' Mars' Ward mighty low," he said apologetically, as he swung open the gate which still hung between its posts, although the fence was down, "but I hurried an' hurried as fas' as I could; it's mighty fur to de town. Proud to see you, sah; hope you'll come again. Fine fambly, de Wards, sah, befo' de war."

"How long has he been in this state?" asked the keeper.

"Ever sence one ob de las' battles, sah; but he's worse sence we come yer, 'bout a mont' back."

"Who owns the house? Is there no one to see to him? has he no friends?"

"House b'long to Mars' Ward's uncle; fine place once, befo' de war; he's dead now, and dah's nobuddy but Miss Bettina, an' she's gone off somewhuz. Propah place, sah, fur Mars' Ward, — own uncle's house," said the old slave, loyally striving to maintain the family dignity even then.

"Are there no better rooms, — no furniture?"

"Sartin; but — but Miss Bettina, she took de keys; she did n't know we was comin' " —

"You had better send for Miss Bettina, I think," said the keeper, starting homeward with his tray, washing his hands, as it were, of any future responsibility in the affair.

The next day he worked in his garden, for clouds veiled the sun and exercise was possible; but, nevertheless, he could not forget the white face on the old rug. "Pshaw!" he said to himself, "have n't I seen tumble-down old houses and battered human beings before this?"

At evening came a violent thunder-storm, and the splendor of the heavens was terrible. "We have chained you, mighty spirit," thought the keeper as he watched the lightning, "and some time we shall learn the laws of the winds and foretell the storms; then, prayers will no more be offered in churches to alter the weather than they would be offered now to alter an eclipse. Yet back of the lightning and the wind lies the power of the great Creator, just the same."

But still, into his musings crept, with shadowy persistence, the white face on the rug.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed, "if white faces are going around as ghosts, how about the fourteen thousand white faces that went under the sod down yonder? If they could arise and walk, the whole State would be filled and no more carpet-baggers needed." So, having balanced the one with the fourteen thousand, he went to bed.

Daylight brought rain, — still, soft, gray rain; the next morning showed the same, and the third likewise, the nights keeping up their part with low-down clouds and steady pattering on the roof. "If there was a river here, we should have a flood," thought the keeper, drumming idly on his window-pane. Memory brought back the steep New England hill-sides shedding their rain into the brooks, which grew in a night to torrents and filled the rivers so that they overflowed their banks; then, suddenly, an old house in a sunken corner of a waste rose before his eyes, and he seemed to see the rain dropping from a moldy

ceiling on the straw where a white face lay.

"Really, I have nothing else to do, you know," he remarked in an apologetic way to himself, as he and his umbrella went along the old road; and he repeated the remark as he entered the room where the man lay, just as he had fancied, on the damp straw.

"The weather is unpleasant," said the man. "Pomp, bring a chair."

Pomp brought one, the only one, and the visitor sat down. A fire smoldered on the hearth and puffed out ærid smoke now and then, as if the rain had clogged the soot in the long-neglected chimney; from the streaked ceiling oozing drops fell with a dull splash into little pools on the decayed floor; the door would not close; the broken panes were stopped with rags, as if the old servant had tried to keep out the damp; in the ashes a corn-cake was baking.

"I am afraid you have not been so well during these long rainy days," said the keeper, scanning the face on the straw.

"My old enemy, rheumatism," answered the man; "the first sunshine will drive it away."

They talked awhile, or rather the keeper talked, for the other seemed hardly able to speak, as the waves of pain swept over him; then the visitor went outside and called Pomp out. "Is there any one to help him, or not?" he asked impatiently.

"Fine fambly, befo' de war," began Pomp.

"Never mind all that; is there any one to help him now, — yes or no?"

"No," said the old black with a burst of despairing truthfulness; "Miss Bettina, she's as poor as Mars' Ward, an' dere's no one else. He's had noth'n but hard corn-cake for three days, an' he can't swaller it no more."

The next morning saw Ward De Rosset lying on the white pallet in the keeper's cottage, and old Pomp, marveling at the cleanliness all around him, installed as nurse. A strange asylum for a Confederate soldier, was it not? But he knew nothing of the change, which

he would have fought with his last breath if consciousness had remained; returning fever, however, had absorbed his senses, and then it was that the keeper and the slave had borne him slowly across the waste, resting many times, but accomplishing the journey at last.

That evening John Rodman, strolling to and fro in the dusky twilight, paused alongside of the other Rodman. "I do not want him here, and that is the plain truth," he said, pursuing the current of his thoughts. "He fills the house; he and Pomp together disturb all my ways. He'll be ready to fling a brick at me too, when his senses come back; small thanks shall I have for lying on the floor, giving up all my comforts, and, what is more, riding over the spirit of the place with a vengeance!" He threw himself down on the grass beside the mound and lay looking up towards the stars, which were coming out, one by one, in the deep blue of the Southern night. "With a vengeance, did I say? That is it exactly, — the vengeance of kindness. The poor fellow has suffered horribly in body and in estate, and now ironical Fortune throws him in my way as if saying, 'Let us see how far your selfishness will yield.' This is not a question of magnanimity; there is no magnanimity about it, for the war is over, and you Northerners have gained every point for which you fought; this is merely a question between man and man; it would be the same if the sufferer was a poor Federal, one of the carpet-baggers, whom you despise so, for instance, or a pagan Chinaman. And Fortune is right; don't you think so, Blank Rodman? I put it to you, now, to one who has suffered the extreme rigor of the other side, — those prisoners yonder."

Whereupon Blank Rodman answered that he had fought for a great cause and that he knew it, although a plain man and not given to speech-making; he was not one of those who had sat safely at home all through the war, and now belittled it and made light of its issues. (Here a murmur came up from the long line of the trenches, as though all the dead had cried out.) But now the points

for which he had fought being gained, and strife ended, it was the plain duty of every man to encourage peace. For his part he bore no malice; he was glad the poor Confederate was up in the cot-tage, and he did not think any the less of the keeper for bringing him there. He would like to add that he thought more of him; but he was sorry to say that he was well aware what an effort it was, and how almost grudgingly the charity began.

If Blank Rodman did not say this, at least the keeper imagined that he did. "That is what he would have said," he thought. "I am glad you do not object," he added, pretending to himself that he had not noticed the rest of the remark.

"We do not object to the brave soldier who honestly fought for his cause, even though he fought on the other side," answered Blank Rodman for the whole fourteen thousand. "But never let a coward, a double-face, or a flippant-tongued idler walk over our heads. It would make us rise in our graves!"

And the keeper seemed to see a shadowy pageant sweep by, — gaunt soldiers with white faces, arming anew against the subtle product of peace: men who said, "It was nothing! Behold, we saw it with our eyes!" — stay-at-home eyes.

The third day the fever abated, and Ward De Rosset noticed his surroundings. Old Pomp acknowledged that he had been moved, but veiled the locality: "To a frien's house, Mars' Ward."

"But I have no friends, now, Pomp," said the weak voice.

Pomp was very much amused at the absurdity of this. "No frien's! Mars' Ward no friens'!" He was obliged to go out of the room to hide his laughter. The sick man lay feebly thinking that the bed was cool and fresh, and the closed green blinds pleasant; his thin fingers stroked the linen sheet, and his eyes wandered from object to object. The only thing that broke the rule of bare utility in the simple room was a square of white drawing-paper on the wall, upon which was inscribed in ornamental text the following verse: —

"Toujours femme varie,
 Bien fou qui s'y fie ;
 Une femme souvent
 N'est qu'une plume au vent."

With the persistency of illness the eyes and mind of Ward De Rosset went over and over this distich ; he knew something of French, but was unequal to the effort of translating ; the rhymes alone caught his vagrant fancy. "Toujours femme varie," he said to himself over and over again, and when the keeper entered, he said it to him.

"Certainly," answered the keeper ; "bien fou qui s'y fie. How do you find yourself, this morning?"

"I have not found myself at all, so far. Is this your house?"

"Yes."

"Pomp told me I was in a friend's house," observed the sick man, vaguely.

"Well, it is n't an enemy's. Had any breakfast? No? Better not talk, then."

He went to the detached shed which served for a kitchen, upset all Pomp's clumsy arrangements, and ordered him outside ; then he set to work and prepared a delicate breakfast with his best skill. The sick man eagerly eyed the tray as he entered. "Better have your hands and face sponged off, I think," said Rodman ; and then he propped him up skillfully, and left him to his repast. The grass needed mowing on the parade-ground ; he shouldered his scythe and started down the path, viciously kicking the gravel to and fro as he walked. "Was n't solitude your principal idea, John Rodman, when you applied for this place?" he demanded of himself ; "how much of it are you likely to have with sick men, and sick men's servants, and so forth?"

The "and so forth," thrown in as a rhetorical climax, turned into reality and arrived bodily upon the scene, — a climax indeed ; one afternoon, returning late to the cottage, he found a girl sitting by the pallet, — a girl young and dimpled and dewy, one of the creamy roses of the South that, even in the bud, are richer in color and luxuriance than any Northern flower. He saw her through the door, and paused ; distressed

old Pomp met him and beckoned him cautiously outside. "Miss Bettina," he whispered gutturally, "she's come back from somewhuz, an' she's awful mad 'cause Mars' Ward's here. I tole her all 'bout 'em, — de leaks an' de rheumatiz an' de hard corn-cake, but she done gone scole me ; an' Mars' Ward, he know now whar he is, an' he mad too."

"Is the girl a fool?" said Rodman. He was just beginning to rally a little. He stalked into the room and confronted her. "I have the honor of addressing" —

"Miss Ward."

"And I am John Rodman, keeper of the national cemetery."

This she ignored entirely ; it was as though he had said, "I am John Jones, the coachman." Coachmen were useful in their way ; but their names were unimportant.

The keeper sat down and looked at his new visitor. The little creature fairly radiated scorn ; her pretty head was thrown back, her eyes, dark brown fringed with long dark lashes, hardly deigned a glance ; she spoke to him as though he was something to be paid and dismissed like any other mechanic.

"We are indebted to you for some days' board, I believe, keeper, medicines, I presume, and general attendance ; my cousin will be removed to-day to our own residence ; I wish to pay now what he owes."

The keeper saw that her dress was old and faded ; the small black shawl had evidently been washed and many times mended ; the old-fashioned knitted purse she held in her hand was lank with long famine.

"Very well," he said, "if you choose to treat a kindness in that way, I consider five dollars a day none too much for the annoyance, expense, and trouble I have suffered. Let me see ; five days, — or is it six? Yes — thirty dollars, Miss Ward."

He looked at her steadily ; she flushed ; "The money will be sent to you," she began haughtily ; then, hesitatingly, "I must ask a little time" —

"Oh, Betty, Betty, you know you

cannot pay it. Why try to disguise — But that does not excuse *you* for bringing me here,” said the sick man, turning towards his host with an attempt to speak fiercely, which ended in a faltering quaver.

All this time the old slave stood anxiously outside of the door; in the pauses they could hear his feet shuffling as he waited for the decision of his superiors. The keeper rose and threw open the blinds of the window that looked out on the distant parade-ground. “Bringing you here,” he repeated; “*here*; that is my offense, is it? There they lie, fourteen thousand brave men and true. Could they come back to earth, they would be the first to pity and aid you, now that you are down. So would it be with you if the case were reversed; for a soldier is generous to a soldier. It was not your own heart that spoke then; it was the small venom of a woman, that here, as everywhere through the South, is playing its rancorous part.”

The sick man gazed out through the window, seeing for the first time the far-spreading ranks of the dead. He was very weak, and the keeper’s words had touched him; his eyes were suffused with tears. But Miss Ward rose with a flashing glance. She turned her back full upon the keeper and ignored his very existence. “I will take you home immediately, Ward, — this very evening,” she said.

“A nice comfortable place for a sick man,” commented the keeper, scornfully. “I am going out now, De Rosset, to prepare your supper; you had better have one good meal before you go.”

He disappeared; but as he went he heard the sick man say, deprecatingly, “It is n’t very comfortable over at the old house now, indeed it is n’t, Betty; I suffered” — and the girl’s passionate outburst in reply. Then he closed his door and set to work.

When he returned, half an hour later, Ward was lying back exhausted on the pillows, and his cousin sat leaning her head upon her hand; she had been weeping, and she looked very desolate, he noticed, sitting there in what was to her

an enemy’s country. Hunger is a strong master, however, especially when allied to weakness; and the sick man ate with eagerness.

“I must go back,” said the girl, rising. “A wagon will be sent out for you, Ward; Pomp will help you.”

But Ward had gained a little strength as well as obstinacy with the nourishing food. “Not to-night,” he said.

“Yes; to-night.”

“But I cannot go to-night; you are unreasonable, Bettina. To-morrow will do as well, if go I must.”

“If go you must! You do not want to go, then — to go to our own home — and with me” — Her voice broke; she turned towards the door.

The keeper stepped forward: “This is all nonsense, Miss Ward,” he said, “and you know it. Your cousin is in no state to be moved. Wait a week or two, and he can go in safety. But do not dare to offer me your money again; my kindness was to the soldier, not to the man, and as such he can accept it. Come out and see him as often as you please. I shall not intrude upon you. Pomp, take the lady home.”

And the lady went.

Then began a remarkable existence for the four: a Confederate soldier lying ill in the keeper’s cottage of a national cemetery, a rampant little rebel coming out daily to a place which was to her anathema-maranatha, a cynical, misanthropic keeper sleeping on the floor and enduring every variety of discomfort for a man he never saw before, — a man belonging to an idle, arrogant class he detested, — and an old black freedman allowing himself to be taught the alphabet in order to gain permission to wait on his master, — master no longer in law, — with all the devotion of his loving old heart. For the keeper had announced to Pomp that he must learn his alphabet or go; after all these years of theory, he, as a New Englander, could not stand by and see precious knowledge shut from the black man. So he opened it; and mighty dull work he found it.

Ward De Rosset did not rally as rapidly as they expected. The white-haired

doctor from the town rode out on horse-back, pacing slowly up the graveled roadway with a scowl on his brow, casting, as he dismounted, a furtive glance down towards the parade-ground. His horse and his coat were alike old and worn, and his broad shoulders were bent with long service in the miserably provided Confederate hospitals, where he had striven to do his duty through every day and every night of those shadowed years. Cursing the incompetency in high places, cursing the mismanagement of the entire medical department of the Confederate army, cursing the recklessness and indifference which left the men suffering for want of proper hospitals and hospital stores, he yet went on resolutely doing his best with the poor means in his control until the last. Then he came home, he and his old horse, and went the rounds again, he prescribing for whooping-cough or measles, and Dobbin waiting outside; the only difference was that fees were small and good meals scarce for both, not only for the man but for the beast. The doctor sat down and chatted awhile kindly with De Rosset, whose father and uncle had been dear friends of his in the bright, prosperous days; then he left a few harmless medicines and rose to go, his gaze resting a moment on Miss Ward, then on Pomp, as if he were hesitating. But he said nothing until on the walk outside he met the keeper, and recognized a person to whom he could tell the truth. "There is nothing to be done; he may recover, he may not; it is a question of strength, merely. He needs no medicines, only nourishing food, rest, and careful tendance."

"He shall have them," answered the keeper, briefly. And then the old gentleman mounted his horse and rode away, his first and last visit to a national cemetery.

"National!" he said to himself, — "national!"

All talk of moving De Rosset ceased, but Miss Ward moved into the old house. There was not much to move: herself, her one trunk, and Mari, a black attendant, whose name probably began life as

Maria, since the accent still dwelt on the curtailed last syllable. The keeper went there once, and once only, and then it was an errand for the sick man, whose fancies came sometimes at inconvenient hours, — when Pomp had gone to town, for instance. On this occasion the keeper entered the mockery of a gate and knocked at the front door, from which the bars had been removed; the piazza still showed its decaying planks, but quick-growing summer vines had been planted, and were now encircling the old pillars and veiling all defects with their greenery. It was a woman's pathetic effort to cover up what cannot be covered — poverty. The blinds on one side were open and white curtains waved to and fro in the breeze; into this room he was ushered by Mari. Matting lay on the floor, streaked here and there ominously by the dampness from the near ground. The furniture was of dark mahogany, handsome in its day: chairs, a heavy pier table with low-down glass, into which no one by any possibility could look unless he had eyes in his ankles, a sofa with a stiff round pillow of hair-cloth under each curved end, and a mirror with a compartment framed off at the top, containing a picture of shepherds and shepherdesses, and lambs with blue ribbons around their necks, all enjoying themselves in the most natural and life-like manner. Flowers stood on the high mantelpiece, but their fragrance could not overcome the faint odor of the damp straw-matting. On a table were books, a life of General Lee, and three or four shabby little volumes printed at the South during the war, waifs of prose and poetry of that highly wrought, richly colored style which seems indigenous to Southern soil.

"Some way, the whole thing reminds me of a funeral," thought the keeper.

Miss Ward entered, and the room bloomed at once; at least, that is what a lover would have said. Rodman, however, merely noticed that she bloomed, and not the room, and he said to himself that she would not bloom long, if she continued to live in such a moldy place. Their conversation in these days

was excessively polite, shortened to the extreme minimum possible, and conducted without the aid of the eyes, at least on one side. Rodman had discovered that Miss Ward never looked at him, and so he did not look at her, that is, not often; he was human, however, and she was delightfully pretty. On this occasion they exchanged exactly five sentences, and then he departed, but not before his quick eyes had discovered that the rest of the house was in even worse condition than this parlor, which, by the way, Miss Ward considered quite a grand apartment; she had been down near the coast, trying to teach school, and there the desolation was far greater than here, both armies having passed back and forward over the ground, foragers out, and the torch at work more than once.

"Will there ever come a change for the better?" thought the keeper, as he walked homeward. "What an enormous stone has got to be rolled up hill! But at least, John Rodman, *you* need not go to work at it; *you* are not called upon to lend your shoulder."

None the less, however, did he call out Pomp that very afternoon and sternly teach him "E" and "F," using the smooth white sand for a blackboard, and a stick for chalk. Pomp's primer was a government placard hanging on the wall of the office. It read as follows:—

IN THIS CEMETERY REPOSE THE REMAINS
OF
FOURTEEN THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND
TWENTY-ONE

UNITED STATES SOLDIERS.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not written of the soul!"

"The only known instance of the government's condescending to poetry," the keeper had thought, when he first read this placard. It was placed there for the instruction and edification of visitors, but no visitors coming, he took the

liberty of using it as a primer for Pomp. The large letters served the purpose admirably, and Pomp learned the entire quotation; what he thought of it has not transpired. Miss Ward came over daily to see her cousin. At first she brought him soups and various concoctions from her own kitchen, — the leaky cavern, once the dining room, where the soldier had taken refuge after his last dismissal from hospital; but the keeper's soups were richer, and free from the taint of smoke; his martial laws of neatness even disorderly old Pomp dared not disobey, and the sick man soon learned the difference. He thanked the girl, who came bringing the dishes over carefully in her own dimpled hands, and then, when she was gone, he sent them untasted away. By chance Miss Ward learned this, and wept bitter tears over it; she continued to come, but her poor little soups and jellies she brought no more.

One morning in May the keeper was working near the flag-staff, when his eyes fell upon a procession coming down the road which led from the town and turning towards the cemetery; no one ever came that way, what could it mean? It drew near, entered the gate, and showed itself to be negroes walking two and two, old uncles and aunties, young men and girls, and even little children, all dressed in their best; a very poor best, sometimes gravely ludicrous imitations of "ole mars'," or "ole miss'," sometimes mere rags bravely patched together and adorned with a strip of black calico or rosette of black ribbon; not one was without a badge of mourning. All carried flowers, common blossoms from the little gardens behind the cabins that stretched around the town on the outskirts, — the new forlorn cabins with their chimneys of piled stones and ragged patches of corn; each little darky had his bouquet and marched solemnly along, rolling his eyes around, but without even the beginning of a smile, while the elders moved forward with gravity, the bubbling, irrepressible gayety of the negro subdued by the newborn dignity of the freedman.

"Memorial Day," thought the keeper; "I had forgotten it."

"Will you do us de hono', sah, to take de head ob de processio', sah?" said the leader, with a ceremonious bow. Now the keeper had not much sympathy with the strewing of flowers, North or South; he had seen the beautiful ceremony more than once turned into a political demonstration; here, however, in this small, isolated, interior town, there was nothing of that kind; the whole population of white faces laid their roses and wept true tears on the graves of their lost ones in the village churchyard when the Southern Memorial Day came round, and just as naturally the whole population of black faces went out to the national cemetery with their flowers on the day when, throughout the North, spring blossoms were laid on the graves of the soldiers, from the little Maine village to the stretching ranks of Arlington, from Greenwood to the far western burial-places of San Francisco. The keeper joined the procession and led the way to the parade-ground. As they approached the trenches, the leader began singing and all joined. "Swing low, sweet chariot," sang the freedmen, and their hymn rose and fell with strange, sweet harmony, — one of those wild, unwritten melodies which the North heard with surprise and marveling when, after the war, bands of singers came to their cities and sang the songs of slavery, in order to gain for their children the coveted education. "Swing low, sweet chariot," sang the freedmen, and two by two they passed along, strewing the graves with flowers till all the green was dotted with color. It was a pathetic sight to see some of the old men and women, ignorant field-hands, bent, dull-eyed, and past the possibility of education even in its simplest forms, carefully placing their poor flowers to the best advantage. They knew dimly that the men who lay beneath those mounds had done something wonderful for them and for their children, and so they came bringing their blossoms, with little intelligence but with much love.

The ceremony over, they retired; as

he turned, the keeper caught a glimpse of Miss Ward's face at the window.

"Hope we's not makin' too free, sah," said the leader, as the procession, with many a bow and scrape, took leave, "but we's kep' de day now two years, sah, befo' you came, sah, an' we's teachin' de chil'en to keep it, sah."

The keeper returned to the cottage. "Not a white face," he said.

"Certainly not," replied Miss Ward, crisply.

"I know some graves at the North, Miss Ward, graves of Southern soldiers, and I know some Northern women who do not scorn to lay a few flowers on the lonely mounds as they pass by with their blossoms on our Memorial Day."

"You are fortunate. They must be angels. We have no angels here."

"I am inclined to believe you are right," said the keeper.

That night old Pomp, who had remained invisible in the kitchen during the ceremony, stole away in the twilight and came back with a few flowers; Rodman saw him going down towards the parade-ground, and watched. The old man had but a few blossoms; he arranged them hastily on the mounds with many a furtive glance towards the house, and then stole back, satisfied; he had performed his part.

Ward De Rosset lay on his pallet, apparently unchanged; he seemed neither stronger nor weaker. He had grown childishly dependent upon his host, and wearied for him, as the Scotch say; but Rodman withstood his fancies, and gave him only the evenings, when Miss Bettina was not there. One afternoon, however, it rained so violently that he was forced to seek shelter; he set himself to work on the ledgers; he was on the ninth thousand now. But the sick man heard his step in the outer room, and called in his weak voice, "Rodman, — Rodman." After a time he went in, and it ended in his staying, for the patient was nervous and irritable, and he pitied the nurse, who seemed able to please him in nothing. De Rosset turned with a sigh of relief towards the strong hands that lifted him readily, towards

the composed manner, towards the man's voice that seemed to bring a breeze from outside into the close room; animated, cheered, he talked volubly. The keeper listened, answered once in a while, and quietly took the rest of the afternoon into his own hands. Miss Ward yielded to the silent change, leaned back, and closed her eyes. She looked exhausted and for the first time pallid; the loosened dark hair curled in little rings about her temples, and her lips were parted as though she was too tired to close them; for hers were not the thin, straight lips that shut tight naturally, like the straight line of a closed box. The sick man talked on. "Come, Rodman," he said, after a while, "I have read that lying verse of yours over at least ten thousand and fifty-nine times; please tell me its history; I want to have something definite to think of when I read it for the ten thousand and sixtieth."

"Toujours femme varie,
Bien fou qui s'y fie;
Une femme souvent
N'est qu'une plume au vent,"

read the keeper slowly, with his execrable English accent. "Well, I don't know that I have any objection to telling the story. I am not sure but that it will do me good to hear it all over myself in plain language again."

"Then it concerns yourself," said De Rosset; "so much the better. I hope it will be, as the children say, the truth, and long."

"It will be the truth, but not long. When the war broke out I was twenty-eight years old, living with my mother on our farm in New England. My father and two brothers had died and left me the homestead, otherwise I should have broken away and sought fortune farther westward, where the lands are better and life is more free. But mother loved the house, the fields, and every crooked tree. She was alone, and so I stayed with her. In the centre of the village green stood the square, white meeting-house, and near by the small cottage where the pastor lived; the minister's daughter, Mary, was my promised wife. Mary was a slender little creature

with a profusion of pale flaxen hair, large, serious blue eyes, and small, delicate features; she was timid almost to a fault; her voice was low and gentle. She was not eighteen, and we were to wait a year. The war came, and I volunteered, of course, and marched away; we wrote to each other often; my letters were full of the camp and skirmishes; hers told of the village, how the widow Brown had fallen ill, and how it was feared that Squire Stafford's boys were lapsing into evil ways. Then came the day when my regiment marched to the field of its slaughter, and soon after our shattered remnant went home. Mary cried over me, and came out every day to the farmhouse with her bunches of violets; she read aloud to me from her good little books, and I used to lie and watch her profile bending over the page; with the light falling on her flaxen hair low down against the small, white throat. Then my wound healed, and I went again, this time for three years; and Mary's father blessed me, and said that when peace came he would call me son, but not before, for these were no times for marrying or giving in marriage. He was a good man, a red-hot abolitionist, and a roaring lion as regards temperance; but nature had made him so small in body that no one was much frightened when he roared. I said that I went for three years; but eight years have passed and I have never been back to the village. First, mother died. Then Mary turned false. I sold the farm by letter and lost the money three months afterwards in an unfortunate investment; my health failed. Like many another Northern soldier I remembered the healing climate of the South; its soft airs came back to me when the snow lay deep on the fields and the sharp wind whistled around the poor tavern where the moneyless, half-crippled volunteer sat coughing by the fire. I applied for this place and obtained it. That is all."

"But it is not all," said the sick man, raising himself on his elbow; "you have not told half yet, nor anything at all about the French verse."

"Oh—that? There was a little

Frenchman staying at the hotel; he had formerly been a dancing-master, and was full of dry, withered conceits, although he looked like a thin and bilious old ape dressed as a man. He taught me, or tried to teach me, various wise sayings, among them this one, which pleased my fancy so much that I gave him twenty-five cents to write it out in large text for me."

"*Toujours femme varie,*" repeated De Rosset; "but you don't really think so, do you, Rodman?"

"I do. But they cannot help it; it is their nature. I beg your pardon, Miss Ward. I was speaking as though you were not here."

Miss Ward's eyelids barely acknowledged his existence; that was all. But some time after she remarked to her cousin that it was only in New England that one found that pale flaxen hair.

June was waning, when suddenly the summons came; Ward De Rosset died. He was unconscious towards the last, and death, in the guise of sleep, bore away his soul. They carried him home to the old house, and from there the funeral started, a few family carriages, dingy and battered, following the hearse, for death revived the old neighborhood feeling; that honor at least they could pay, — the sonless mothers and the widows who lived shut up in the old houses with everything falling into ruin around them, brooding over the past. The keeper watched the small procession as it passed his gate on its way to the churchyard in the village. "There he goes, poor fellow, his sufferings over at last," he said; and then he set the cottage in order and began the old solitary life again.

He saw Miss Ward but once.

It was a breathless evening in August when the moonlight flooded the level country. He had started out to stroll across the waste, but the mood changed, and climbing over the eastern wall he had walked back to the flag-staff, and now lay at its foot gazing up into the infinite sky. A step sounded on the gravel walk; he turned his face that way and recognized Miss Ward. With confident step she passed the dark cottage,

and brushed his arm with her robe as he lay unseen in the shadow. She went down towards the parade-ground, and his eyes followed her. Softly outlined in the moonlight she moved to and fro among the mounds, pausing often, and once he thought she knelt. Then slowly she returned, and he raised himself and waited; she saw him, started, then paused.

"I thought you were away," she said; "Pomp told me so."

"You set him to watch me?"

"Yes. I wished to come here once, and I did not wish to meet you."

"Why did you wish to come?"

"Because Ward was here — and because — because — never mind. It is enough that I wished to walk once among those mounds."

"And pray there?"

"Well, — and if I did!" said the girl, defiantly.

Rodman stood facing her, with his arms folded; his eyes rested on her face; he said nothing.

"I am going away to-morrow," began Miss Ward again, assuming with an effort her old, pulseless manner. "I have sold the place, and I shall never return, I think; I am going far away."

"Where?"

"To Tennessee."

"That is not so very far," said the keeper, smiling.

"There I shall begin a new existence," pursued the voice, ignoring the comment.

"You have scarcely begun the old; you are hardly more than a child, now. What are you going to do in Tennessee?"

"Teach."

"Have you relatives there?"

"No."

"A miserable life, — a hard, lonely, loveless life," said Rodman; "God help the woman who must be that dreary thing, a teacher from necessity."

Miss Ward turned swiftly, but the keeper kept by her side. He saw the tears glittering on her eyelashes, and his voice softened. "Do not leave me in anger," he said; "I should not have

spoken so, although indeed it was the truth. Walk back with me to the cottage, and take your last look at the room where poor Ward died, and then I will go with you to your home."

"No; Pomp is waiting at the gate," said the girl, almost inarticulately.

"Very well; to the gate, then."

They went towards the cottage in silence; the keeper threw open the door. "Go in," he said. "I will wait outside."

The girl entered and went into the inner room; throwing herself down upon her knees at the bedside, "O Ward, Ward," she sobbed, "I am all alone in the world now, Ward, all alone!" She buried her face in her hands and gave way to a passion of tears; and the keeper could not help but hear as he waited outside. Then the desolate little creature rose and came forth, putting on, as she did so, her poor armor of pride. The keeper had not moved from the doorstep. Now, he turned his face. "Before you go, — go away forever from this place, — will you write your name in my register," he said, "the visitors' register? The government had it prepared for the throngs who would visit these graves; but with the exception of the blacks, who cannot write, no one has come, and the register is empty. Will you write your name? Yet do not write it unless you can think gently of the men who lie there under the grass; I believe you do think gently of them, else why have you come of your own accord to stand by the side of their graves?" As he said this, he looked fixedly at her.

Miss Ward did not answer; but neither did she write.

"Very well," said the keeper; "come away. You will not, I see."

"I cannot! Shall I, Bettina Ward, set my name down in black and white as a visitor to this cemetery, where lie fourteen thousand of the soldiers who killed my father, my three brothers, my cousins; who brought desolation upon all our house, and ruin upon all our neighborhood, all our State, and all our country? — for the South is our country, and not your icy North. Shall I forget these

things? Never! Sooner let my right hand wither by my side! I was but a child; yet I remember the tears of my mother, and the grief of all around us. There was not a house where there was not one dead."

"It is true," answered the keeper; "at the South, all went."

"Grief covers our land."

"Yes; for a mighty wrong brings ever in its train a mighty sorrow."

Miss Ward turned upon him fiercely. "Do you, who have lived among us, dare to pretend that the state of our servants is not worse this moment than it ever was before?"

"Transition."

"A horrible transition!"

"Horrible, but inevitable; education will be the savior. Had I fifty millions to spend on the South to-morrow, every cent should go for schools, and for schools alone."

"For the negroes, I suppose," said the girl with a bitter scorn.

"For the negroes, and for the whites also," answered John Rodman gravely. "The lack of general education is painfully apparent everywhere throughout the South; it is from that cause more than any other that your beautiful country now lies desolate."

"Desolate, — desolate indeed," said Miss Ward.

They walked down to the gate together in silence. "Good-by," said John, holding out his hand; "you will give me yours or not as you choose, but I will not have it as a favor."

She gave it.

"I hope that life will grow brighter to you as the years pass. May God bless you."

He dropped her hand; she turned, and passed through the gateway; then, he sprang after her. "Nothing can change you," he said; "I know it, I have known it all along; you are part of your country, part of the time, part of the bitter hour through which she is passing. Nothing can change you; if it could, you would not be what you are, and I should not — But you cannot change. Good-by, Bettina, poor little child; good-by.

Follow your path out into the world. Yet do not think, dear, that I have not seen — have not understood.”

He bent and kissed her hand; then he was gone, and she went on alone.

A week later the keeper strolled over towards the old house. It was twilight, but the new owner was still at work. He was one of those sandy-haired, energetic Maine men, who, probably on the principle of extremes, were often found through the South, making new homes for themselves in the pleasant land.

“Pulling down the old house, are you?” said the keeper, leaning idly on

the gate, which was already flanked by a new fence.

“Yes,” replied the Maine man, pausing; “it was only an old shell, just ready to tumble on our heads. You’re the keeper over yonder, an’t you?” (He already knew everybody within a circle of five miles.)

“Yes. I think I should like those vines if you have no use for them,” said Rodman, pointing to the uprooted greenery that once screened the old piazza.

“Wuth about twenty-five cents, I guess,” said the Maine man, handing them over.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

APART.

DEAR heart, I love thee so,
 I turn my face
 Again, again, each day
 Toward thy far-off place;
 I even note the way
 Of clouds, if thitherward they go,
 I love thee so.

The time, not by my sun
 I count, but thine;
 I keep the reckoning
 By many a precious sign;
 I know so well each thing
 Thou dost, my thought can swift forerun
 Thy later sun.

Oh, why are we apart?
 No atom can
 From atom in the earth
 Remove, but jars the plan
 God fashioned in its birth;
 How dare we break true love’s true heart,
 Going apart?

H. H.

OLD ENGLISH GUILDS AND TRADE UNIONS.

WHEN the Duke of Gloucester, uncle of Richard II., of England, had shown his overpowering affection for the young king by cutting off the heads of Richard's most intimate friends and advisers and driving the remainder of his faction from the court, he bethought him of a way to prevent unpleasant consequences to himself from such arbitrary proceedings. A Parliament was summoned in the king's name, by the duke's authority, whose business was to correct the evils of the state and establish order. This was effected by legalizing all the acts of the duke against the king's friends, and by sending more of the unfortunates to the scaffold or into banishment. This was in February, 1388.

The "Wonderful Parliament," or the "Unmerciful Parliament," for by both names it is known in English annals, had not been dispersed many months when it was summoned to meet again, this time more to look after the social and industrial condition of the commonalty than to deal with the turbulent and disaffected nobles. The masses needed this looking after. During the preceding ten years they had not only proclaimed their conviction that society was constructed on an erroneous and unjust plan, but had endeavored to reconstruct it on a system of their own devising. Thousands of them had taken the field, with a determination to right the wrongs of centuries in a few weeks. The first point for which they contended was the abolition of slavery. The great mass of agricultural laborers were bond-slaves to the land-owners, as much a part of the estates as the oaks that grew on them, and were transferred with the land from one owner to another. Somehow it had crept into or been driven into their labor-dulled brains that this was not a natural order of affairs. One Langland had put forth a long poem in the homely language of the people, so that it could be recited and understood by the com-

mon folk, in which the wickednesses of the great in church and state had been painted in glaring colors, and the sufferings and virtues of Piers, the humble plowman, placed in sharp contrast. John Ball, the "crazy priest of Kent," chanted as text the couplet, —

"When Adam delyed, and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?"

following it with the argument that as in the beginning of the world there were no slaves, so ought there to be none now; that the laborer was worthy of his hire; and that it was cruel wrong for the masters to be dressed in velvet and furs, fed daintily, and lodged in handsome mansions, whilst the laborers were barely clad, fed on rye and the refuse of the straw, with only water to drink, and compelled to brave the wind and rain in the fields. Wat Tyler and Jack Straw led their hungry and ragged hosts to London and forced from the king himself a promise that their grievances should be redressed — a promise which he hastened with kingly speed to break as soon as the deceived peasants had gone home. It was true that the insurrection had been drowned in blood; that the audacious Walter the Tiler had been murdered as he talked to the king, and John Ball and Jack Straw beheaded and then hung in chains; and that the lot of the unhappy serfs was made, if possible, harder than before the insurrection. In spite of this the governing classes were far from being satisfied with the condition of the commonalty. The peasants who had left their miserable homes to join the insurrection did not all return. Some roamed the country as "beggars and common nuisances." Others took refuge in towns, where a residence of a twelve-month and a day released them forever from the claims of their former lords. Of these many sought employment in the crafts practiced in the towns, and thus deranged the prices of artisan labor and caused complaint among the trade opera-

tives. The whole mass of workers in town and country was in the state of ferment and unrest preceding a great social and industrial revolution.

The annalist says this Parliament at its autumn meeting passed "sixteen good acts," touching among other things the condition of laborers and the regulation of beggars and common nuisances. Good the legislation may have been as seen from the stand-point of the ruling class; certainly there were few errors on the side of mercy to the poor folk. Among other acts passed was one designed to elicit information in regard to the nature and condition of the associations of burgher-folk and artificers in the towns. These associations were numerous; the members were closely banded together, and had more than once manifested a spirit of independence that the nobles disliked. Many a serf who had escaped from the estate on which he was born thrall, and had in course of time become a dweller in town and member of a guild, defied the powerful noble from whom he had fled, and found security in the protection of his brother guildmen. It was important to know the numbers and real character of this independent and possibly dangerous element, so writs were sent out to every sheriff in England, calling for returns of all details as to the foundation, statutes, and property of guilds, and also for copies of the charters or letters patent of all mysteries or crafts. The writs were to be issued November 1, 1388, and all the returns were to be made before the 2d of the following February. How many returns were made is not known, but the fact that more than five hundred are still extant gives some idea of the extent and importance of these associations. Some of the charters and regulations contained in the returns have been preserved and published in local histories, but by far the greater number, and the most valuable as throwing light on the social and industrial history of England in one of its most interesting transition periods, slept for centuries in obscurity in the Public Records Office in London, until a few years since

Mr. Toulmin Smith, a zealous literary antiquary, was moved by curiosity to unfold three bundles of parchment and paper, when he found a historical treasure, the existence of which had been hitherto unsuspected. A number of the documents were transcribed with great care and printed for the use of those interested in such social studies.

Two kinds of guilds were recognized in the act of Parliament calling for the returns: the guild proper, or what may be called the social guild; and the associations of mysteries and crafts, or craft guilds. An interest other than merely antiquarian is given the subject by the fact that the social guild is the original of the modern benevolent societies, friendly associations, and organizations such as the Odd Fellows, Good Fellows, church guilds, and others of that class; whilst the craft guild is the parent stock from which have sprung into existence all the industrial organizations of to-day, whether trades unions, international unions, or employers' associations. A study of these old returns, for which we are indebted to the jealous inquiries of the Parliament of 1388, will therefore not only reveal curious phases of English social life five centuries ago, but will furnish the student of the social problems of to-day light from the past that may aid him in his task.

The guild was an institution of English origin. Long before the associations of similar nature appeared on the continent of Europe their existence was recognized in English laws and records. In the latter part of the seventh and beginning of the eighth century a body of Anglo-Saxon laws was formed, among which are found two concerning the liability of the brethren of a guild in the case of slaying a thief. A hundred years later the laws of Alfred recognized the guild. When a kinless man committed manslaughter, the guild helped him to pay the decreed price of blood; when a man without relatives was slain, the guild had a claim on part of the blood-money paid by the slayer. A body of laws for the city of London dating in the time of Athelstan, in the first half of the tenth

century, contains ordinances for the keeping up of social duties in the guilds. From that time down to the period of the returns of the guilds in answer to the demand of the Parliament of 1388 there is frequent mention of these organizations, and some of the returns made in that year speak of the existence of the societies as "from time whereunto the memory of man runneth not."

The leading features of the guilds of Anglo-Saxon times were the establishment of friendly feeling among the members, assistance in misfortune, relief to the family in case of death, and — though this was not insisted upon in all guilds — the promotion of religion. The members of the guild were "brothers." They gave their "wed" or pledge to each other to stand together as brethren of the same family, and to care for the common interest as for their own. They undertook to pay their "gylde" or stated contribution to the common chest, and to perform the duties required of them by the regulations of the guild. The agreement of the Guild of Exeter, dating in the Anglo-Saxon period, runs thus, the original being in Anglo-Saxon: —

"This assembly was collected in Exeter for the love of God and for our souls' need, both in regard to our health of life here and to the after days which we desire for ourselves by God's doom. Now we have agreed that our meeting shall be thrice in the twelve months: once at St. Michael's mass; the second time at St. Mary's mass, after midwinter; and the third time on Allhallows mass-day after Easter. And let each guild-brother have two sisters of malt, and each young man one sester, and a seat of honey. And let the mass-priest at each of our meetings sing two masses, one for living friends, the other for the departed; and each brother of common condition two psalters of psalms, one for the living and one for the dead. And at the death of a brother, each man six masses, or six psalters of psalms; and at a death each man five pence. And at a house-burning, each man one penny. And if any one neglect the day, for the first time, three masses; for the

second, five; and at the third time let him have no favor, unless his neglect arose from sickness or his lord's need. And if any one neglect his contribution at the proper day, let him pay twofold. And if any one of this brotherhood misgreet another, let him make amends with thirty pence. Now we pray for the love of God that every man hold this meeting rightly, as we rightly have agreed upon it. God help us thereunto."

Here we have provision for regular meetings to which the members must bring contributions of malt and honey, suggesting the subsequent brewing of ale and luscious mead, sweet to the thirsty throats of the guild brethren; religious services with which to celebrate their meetings; aid in case of fires, which in the days of wood and thatch were common misfortunes; relief for families at death; penalties for default of meeting or of prompt payment of dues, and a heavy penalty in case of unbrotherly treatment of a member. These features, or their equivalents, are to be found in nearly all the later guild-ordinances. Another guild, at Cambridge, added to the customary articles of association provision for the members' standing by each other with money and weapons when occasion required.

In looking over the collection of returns made in answer to the order of the Parliament of 1388, we are particularly struck by one fact: the presence of women in the guilds. Out of more than five hundred of these organizations making return, only about five fail to recognize the membership of women. In nearly all of them perfect equality of the sexes is established. Their admission fee and yearly dues are the same as those of men, the same penalties for default or misbehavior are imposed, the same privileges are granted, except that possibly they were not eligible to office, though of this there is no positive evidence one way or the other. They could vote for officers if they could not be voted for; no ordinances could be adopted without their assent as well as that of the male members; they wore the livery of the guild, marched in its processions, at-

tended its feasts, and drank the festival ale with as little restraint as the men. Everywhere and in everything it was "the bretheren and sisteren," and not merely the brothers. Here is a fresh text for the advocates of the equality of the sexes.

The objects of the organizations as set forth in answer to the questions put under this head were numerous and varied. Some professed no other object than "to nourish good fellowship;" others were organized for a special purpose; whilst still others charged themselves with certain works, though these were not the special occasion of their banding together. The Guild of the Young Scholars of Lynn originally was formed with the purpose of maintaining an image of St. William in the parish church and supplying it on each festival day with six tapers of wax. The Poor Men's Guild of Norwich was designed to "help and amend the parish church." Several guilds of the Norfolk sea-side town of Wymondham were formed for the sole purpose of praying for all sorts of people, including shipmen and travelers by sea, and of searching for drowned brethren and burying them. The fact of there being five of these guilds in one small place is suggestive of the dangers of the coast in that vicinity. At York an organization was formed for the annual performance of the play of the Lord's Prayer, "in which play all manner of vices and sins were held up to scorn, and the virtues were held up to praise." This, like the Passion Play at Oberammergau, was considered as a religious observance rather than a dramatic amusement, so that, as set forth in the preamble to the rules, "as those who remain in their sins are unable to call God their father, therefore the brethren of the guild are, first of all, bound to shun company and businesses that are unworthy, and to keep themselves to good and worthy businesses." The Guild of the Blessed Mary, at Chesterfield, was established in 1218, "to hold certain services, and the better to assure the liberties of the town." This must have been one of the town-soci-

eties that were looked on with such disfavor by the raiding knights and nobles whose chief law was that of the strong hand. One guild was established for the promotion of minstrelsy, another for the ringing of the church bells, another for the proper keeping of the parish records. Whatever their original object, the same general features characterized the rules of them all.

The "bretheren and sisteren" were required to be persons of good repute, not rioters or brawlers, or men or women of evil life. Some of the documents specially and very minutely prohibit unchastity in any form. Occasionally restrictions as to the class admitted to membership are found, though in some the extremes of society met on the roll of members. The Guild of Corpus Christi, of York, notable for its gorgeous pageants and curious "mystery plays," was originally restricted to the clergy, though lay members might be admitted and allowed to pay the dues, but not to share in the management. Ultimately it was liberalized, both sexes were admitted, and nearly fifteen thousand names were at one time on its rolls. The Guild of St. Michael on the Hill, Lincoln, was so jealous of the rich and powerful getting control, that its rules forbade any but those of common and middling rank being admitted to membership. The Guild of the Annunciation, Cambridge, was peculiar in its antipathies. No parson, nor baker, nor wife, without her husband was already a member, could be admitted. The prohibition of wives of non-members was probably owing to a fear of the guild-secrets being divulged at home, but why parsons, and above all bakers, should have incurred the special enmity of the fraternity is an unsolved problem.

Various regulations existed as to the manner of electing members, but however admitted the new brother or sister was obliged to take the oath of brotherhood and obedience. In no case could a new member be received except on one of the stated days of general meeting. The customary proceeding is set forth in detail in the rules of the Guild

of St. Katherine, Stamford. It is there ordained that on the Eve of St. Katherine, after evening prayers in the chapel, "the alderman [master of the guild] and his brethren shall assemble in their hall, and drink, and there have courteous communication for the welfare of the said guild. And then shall be called forth all those that shall be admitted brethren or sistren of the guild; and the alderman shall examine them in this wise: 'Sir, or sirs, be ye willing to be brethren among us in this guild, and will desire and ask it in the worship of Almighty God, our blessed Lady St. Mary, and of the holy virgin and martyr, St. Katherine, in whose name this guild is founded, and in the way of charity?' And by their own will they shall answer 'yea' or 'nay.' Then the alderman shall command the clerk to give this oath to them in form and manner following: 'This hear ye, alderman; I shall true man be to God Almighty, to our Lady St. Mary, and to that holy virgin and martyr, St. Katherine, in whose honor and worship this guild is founded; and shall be obedient to the alderman of the guild, and to his successors, and come to him and to his brethren when I have warning, and not absent myself without cause reasonable. I shall be ready at scot and lot, and all my duties truly pay and do; the ordinances, constitutions, and rules, with the counsel of the same guild, keep, obey, and perform, and to my power maintain, to my life's end; so help me God and Holy Dame, and by this book;' and then kiss the book, and be lovingly received with all the brethren; and then drink about; and after that, depart for that night."

Two things will be noticed in this order for making new members: the oath to keep "the counsel" or secrets of the brotherhood, and the drinking ceremonies. The obligation of secrecy is to be found in all the guilds, whether social or of crafts. Heavy fines were levied by some as penalty for revealing the business of the meetings. Drinking occupied a prominent place in everything connected with the meetings of the fra-

ternities. We have seen how the oldest rules that have come down to us from Anglo-Saxon times provided for liberal contributions of malt and honey for the festal carouse. The Guild of St. Katherine, which was more largely of a religious character than most of these organizations, began proceedings with a general drinking, and closed with drinks all around. The "time of drinking" is the expression used in nearly every instance for the festival gathering, but the several guilds of each town had their peculiar observances and rules for those occasions. Thus the numerous guilds of Lynn agree in paying the fees of the officers in good home-brewed. The usual payment was two gallons of ale to the alderman, one gallon to the steward, whilst the clerk and dean were put off with a bottle each. One guild makes the gross amount the same, but distributes it differently, giving all the officers a gallon apiece. The Beverly guilds went to mass on their feast-day, and after service repaired first to their homes and then reassembled in the guildhall to "eat bread and cheese and drink as much ale as is good for them." That they sometimes took a little more ale than was good for them is indicated by the rule in several guild-ordinances that if any become unruly during the time of drinking they shall be compelled to hold in their hands for a stated period a rod of disgrace, or pay a fine. Falling asleep during the carousal was an offense held in great detestation by the numerous guilds of Lynn; but a still greater enormity in their eyes was letting the cup stand. "A hearty swig and pass to your neighbor" was the rule of practice among the jolly "bretheren and sisteren" of the Lynn societies, and as they sat on the long benches down the hall some musical brother probably struck up the ditty,—

"Bring us in no brown bread, for that is made of
bran,

Nor bring us in no white bread, for therein is no
game,

But bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no beef, for there is many bones,

But bring us in good ale, for that goeth down at
once;

And bring us in good ale."

The whole company of brothers and sisters — for all English people were singers in those days — would join in the rousing chorus, —

“Bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale;
For our blessed Lady’s sake, bring us in good ale.”

It was ruled, too, that none should come to the feasts or meetings without being decently attired. “No one shall come before the alderman and guild bretheren or sisteren in time of drink in tabard or cloak, or bare-legged or bare-footed,” say the ordinances of several guilds, on penalty of a pennyworth of wax for the festal candles to be paid by each cloaked or tabarded or bare-legged offender.

Whilst the members were having a jolly time in the guildhall, the poor without were not forgotten. At Stratford-on-Avon, two centuries and more before that town earned its place on the roll of fame by becoming the birthplace of the “Swan of Avon,” it was provided that every brother and sister should bring to the feast a great tankard — none of your small, pinched-up affairs, but a portly vessel that afforded a good many long pulls before the drinker could see its bottom. These tankards were to be filled with nappy ale, devoutly prayed over, and given to the poor. So all the guilds of Lynn provided that tankards of ale be given on feast-days “to the poor who most need it.” The thoughtful tailors added money to a bottle of ale for the relief of those in distress, whilst brothers or sisters absent “in time of drinking,” on account of sickness, were to be remembered, some with a bottle and others with a gallon of ale with which to comfort their hearts at home. But in case of shamming, the one who thus obtained the ale on false pretences was condemned to pay half a bushel of barley as fine. So great was the love for ale that sometimes the brothers and sisters — for not only these ordinances but a great number of contemporary evidences show that the women could hold their own with the hardest male heads in the way of ale-tipping — slipped into the “ale-chamber” and took sly draughts from the brotherhood’s casks. Several ordinances solemnly

prohibiting the entry of any unauthorized persons into the ale-chamber are found, and to make matters sure, every person was ordered to leave the place of the feast before the departure of the alderman, or master, whose duty it was to lock up.

In nearly all the social guilds there was provision for one religious service, generally on the day of the patron saint of the organization. At these services wax candles were burned and offerings of money made, sometimes of a fixed sum, at others of as much as the members could each afford. The offerings were generally invested in bread, which was given to the poor and was washed down by the draughts of ale given during “the time of drinking,” the same day or the following Sunday. Most of the fines exacted during the year were in the shape of payments “to the wax,” being either contributions of wax or candles for the festival mass, or money towards purchasing the lights.

An entrance fee was exacted from each member, sometimes of a stated sum, six shillings and eight pence being the amount most generally mentioned, and in other cases such as may be agreed upon by the candidate and the master of the guild, the payment being thus graded to the applicant’s means. As before explained, no distinction is made between men and women either in the entrance fees or in the annual payments. There is one exception to this. The Guild of the Blessed Virgin Mary, at Hull, provided that if the wife of any brother died in her husband’s life-time, and he married again, “as is natural and often done,” the second wife shall become a sister of the guild without any fine or payment. That was an encouragement to widowers. The payments were gathered by the wardens and deposited in a strong chest. The duty of collecting and keeping the funds was usually divided among four officers. Two collected the money and placed it in the chest; another locked the chest and kept the key; whilst the fourth retained the chest in his keeping. On the day of annual gathering the account was

rendered, the chest was opened with due ceremony, and the money counted. Stated sums were exacted for annual payments, but it was enjoined on the members that all should contribute according to their means in addition to the stipulated sum.

The money thus collected in the strong box was applied to various uses in time of need. In case of old age or sickness, members of seven years' standing, according to the rules of some brotherhoods, received a weekly allowance until recovery or death. Others imposed no requirement of long membership. Those suffering false imprisonment were aided in the same way, and their cause taken up by the brotherhood. Those whose sickness or trouble was brought on by their own fault, folly, or dissipation were not entitled to help. The young who were able to work but unable to obtain employment were to be helped by the brethren according to their means, either by immediate assistance or by providing employment. A Chesterfield guild had a curious provision for the care of the sick or destitute members. It ordains that "if any brother is sick and needs help, he shall have a half-penny daily from the common fund of the guild until he has got well. If any of them fall into poverty, they shall go, singly, on given days, to the houses of the bretheren, where each shall be courteously received, and there shall be given to him, as if he were master of the house, whatever he wants of meat, drink, and clothing, and he shall have a half-penny like those who are sick; and then he shall go home in the name of the Lord." The Guild of the Palmers of Ludlow recorded that "if any member becomes a leper, or blind, or maimed in limb, or smitten with any other incurable disorder (which God forbid!) we wish that the goods of the guild shall be largely bestowed upon him." The same guild ordained that if any good girl of the membership, of marriageable age, could not have the means of her father either to marry or enter a convent, sufficient funds should be given her that she might make her choice. Whenever a member died, a

funeral with all proper ceremonies and lights was provided, and all the membership were required to be present on pain of heavy penalties.

In some cases it was permitted to lend to a brother from the spare funds in the common chest on good security. In most instances the regulations in regard to repayment were liberal, the debtor not being hardly pressed. But a Chesterfield guild shows no such liberality. Shylock-like, it stands upon its bond: "When any one has borrowed any money from the guild, either to traffic with or for his own use, under promise to repay it on a given day, and he does not repay it, though three times warned, he shall be put under suspension, denunciation, and excommunication, — all contradiction, cavil, and appeal aside, — until he shall have wholly paid it. If he has been sick, the claim of the guild must be the first to be satisfied. And if he dies intestate, his goods shall be held bound to the guild, to pay what is owing to it, and shall not be touched or sequestrated until full payment has been made to the guild." After that it is refreshing to come across the provision in like case of the Guild of St. Benedict, of Lincoln: "If he cannot repay, let him keep it as a free gift."

No money was permitted to be wasted in lawsuits unless by express consent of the master and the brethren. In some of the brotherhoods no member was allowed to give pledge or become surety for another in any plea or suit, without similar consent. No new statutes or ordinances were to be made except on meeting-day and with the assent of all the brotherhood, and in several instances there is a prohibition of any ordinances against the king's right or common law. All quarrels must be laid before the wardens for arbitration. In case one of the parties to the quarrel was contumacious after the award, he must be expelled, and the other defended with the whole power of the guild "against the rebel and unbuxom."

All the brethren and sisters of a guild were to have one livery suit a year, paid for by themselves, and not to be sold to

others within the year, nor then until after alteration. The men's suit was to be of cloak and hood and the women's of hood, all to be of uniform color.

In these days when the doctrines of spiritualism have revived the old belief in ghost-raising, one ordinance of the Guild of the Palmers of Ludlow has a curious interest. It reads, "If any man wishes, as is common, to keep night-watches with the dead, this will be allowed, on the condition that he neither calls up ghosts, nor makes any mockeries of the body or its good name, nor does any other scandal of the kind; lest, by such scandals, the discipline of the church may be brought into contempt, and the great Judge may be provoked to heavier vengeance, who ought rather, by reason of the sins of the people, to be asked for love and mercy. And never shall any women, unless of the household of the dead, keep such a night-watch." What would Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig do under such an order?

In most of the guilds an important feature of the regulations was that concerning the annual procession or pageant. The Guild of Corpus Christi, at York, has already been referred to, as established with especial reference to the annual pageant in honor of the real presence. Other guilds, of various descriptions, united with this one in its annual pageant and vied with it in splendor of display. The local records of York show that on one occasion, in the year 1415, no less than ninety-six organizations joined in the procession, and fifty-four distinct pageants were prepared and presented by the craft guilds, while ten guilds carried blazing torches to make the show more glorious. Eleven of the fifty-four pageants had their subjects taken from the Old Testament, the remainder being taken from the New Testament. The Guild of St. Elene, at Beverly, provided that on the festival of St. Elene there should be a procession of the brethren and sisters in livery, with a boy dressed as a queen, to represent the saint, and before him should go two old men, one bearing a cross and the other a shovel, to typify the finding of

the cross by St. Helena, or St. Elene, as she was called in the guild-ordinances. By the rules of another Beverly guild the brethren and sisters were to march in procession on the festival of the Purification with a pageant of the Virgin. The "stage direction" for this pageant, made in 1855, is so quaint that it may be well to reproduce it in full:—

"Every year, on the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Mary, all the bretheren and sisteren shall meet together in a fit and appointed place, away from the church; and there one of the guild shall be clad in comely fashion as a queen, like to the glorious Virgin Mary, having what may seem a son in her arms; and two others shall be clad like to Joseph and Simeon; and two shall go as angels, carrying a candle-bearer, on which shall be twenty-four thick wax lights. With these and other great lights borne before them, and with much music and gladness, the pageant Virgin with her son, and Joseph and Simeon, shall go in procession to the church. And all the sisteren of the guild shall follow the Virgin, and afterwards all the bretheren; and each of them shall carry a wax light weighing half a pound. And they shall go two and two, slowly pacing to the church; and when they have got there, the pageant Virgin shall offer her son to Simeon at the high altar; and all the sisteren and bretheren shall offer their wax lights, together with a penny each. And all this having been solemnly done, they shall all go home again with gladness." The ordinance carefully prescribes that after the procession and dinner at their homes "the bretheren and sisteren shall meet together, and shall eat bread and cheese and drink ale, rejoicing in the Lord, in praise of the glorious Virgin Mary." Nothing could be done in those days unless washed down with ale. One of the oddest of demonstrations on the annual festival was that of the Guild of St. Martin, at Stamford. The return of 1389 from this guild says that by custom beyond reach of memory a bull was hunted by dogs on St. Martin's Day, and when caught sold, after which the brethren

and sisters sat down to feast, with the invariable accompaniment of ale in plentiful supply.

Besides the special objects for which the several guilds were originally founded, and the obligations incurred to their members, many of these organizations charged themselves with other duties. Thus the Guild Merchant of Coventry kept four chaplains, supported thirty-one men and women unable to get their living, and maintained a lodging-house with thirteen beds, a governor, and women to wash the feet of the poor folk lodged free when going through the land on pilgrimage or other work of charity. Many of the guilds charged themselves with the assistance of pilgrims, or sent pilgrims to represent them at famous shrines. In York, beds and attendance for poor strangers were provided; alms-houses were maintained in Birmingham; money and provisions were distributed to the poor; some took certain highways under their charge and kept them in repair; town walls and bridges were kept in good condition; churches were mended and beautified; schools were established, and school-masters paid.

The picture of the social guilds presented to us in the reports of themselves to the Parliament of Richard II. is that of organizations of middle-class citizens, based mainly on the principle of good-fellowship and mutual assistance, whose members went to church on the festival day even if they were not due attendants on other Sundays and holy days, and then had a jolly time, men and women together, over the ale-cup. They helped each other when sick or distressed, buried their dead with due solemnities, stood by each other when in any way wronged, never forgot in their feasting the claims of the poor, and did what other good work lay in their way and was in their power. The social guilds survived the civil strife that overthrew Richard II. and lasted through the reign of his successor. They were unshaken by the French wars of Henry V. They were not drowned out in the rivers of blood that flowed in the disastrous Wars of the Roses, though their jollity must have

greatly decreased in those troublous times. They recovered during the quieter reign of Henry VII., but were utterly crushed at the same time with many of the craft guilds when Henry VIII., under pretense of necessity "for the maintenance of these present wars," seized on their moneys and other properties and took them for the use of the king.

In their leading characteristics the craft guilds were similar to those just described. Their organization was the same, and the rules of government and arrangement for benefits were generally of like character. There were the same provisions for meetings and the annual pageants, the same regulations for the collection and care of the moneys and other properties of the body, in general a like liberality with regard to the admission of women, and with scarcely an exception an equal appreciation of the merits of ale. The additional features were the special rules for the management of each "mystery" or craft. These present a curious similarity, in some respects, to the rules of modern trade-unions, but in others differ widely, not to the advantage of the modern organization in comparison. It was forbidden in some crafts for a craftsman belonging to a guild to work with a non-member so long as a member remained unemployed. The number of apprentices was limited, the maximum being determined in each place by the decision of the guild or its officers. In some cases the power of a craft guild was such that no craftsman was permitted to remain in the town unless he was a member. Here we have the principles of modern trade-unionism, as the public are occasionally made acquainted with them through a strike and the exposition of the circumstances causing it. On the other hand, the rules of the old craft guilds enjoined the performance of good, honest work, strict faithfulness to the obligations resting on employer and employed towards each other, whether as master and servant or workman and customer. Complaints from any party in this regard were heard by the chief officers of the guild, and the injustice was redressed. Strict honesty

enjoined, the detection of the smallest theft being sufficient for expulsion. Run-away apprentices were to be returned, and those harboring or employing them were subjected to heavy fines. The workmen were to be paid in money, and not in "truck" or "orders," as is even now sometimes the case. Good tools were to be used and honest materials employed in any work; "scamping," such as is now too common, was strictly forbidden. The officers of the guild had power to make examinations of tools and materials when any doubts arose. When the craftsman failed in the payment of his dues or fines, or in any other way became delinquent, his tools could be seized by the officials and held, or sold in case of continued refusal or neglect to make satisfaction.

The original principle of the craft guild was a community of interest between all members of the craft, whether employer or employed. The struggle between capital and labor had not then begun, because few of the craft masters were capitalists, the greater number working with their journeymen and apprentices. In time the masters grew rich, a gap appeared between them and their hired workmen, which gradually widened, and at last the journeymen and apprentices were shut out from membership of the craft guilds and formed organizations of their own. The craft guilds became more like the employers' associations of to-day, and the journeymens' associations and apprentices' clubs took their place as the ante-types of the nineteenth century labor unions.

J. H. A. Bone.

OUR LAST YEAR IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA.

THREE years ago,¹ having submitted to the public a few sketches of bush life, being the result of our first year's experience as settlers on the "free-grant lands" of Muskoka, I spoke in the concluding one in a tone of mingled hope and fear as to the result of our efforts to make bush farming succeed without capital, and without even the means of living comfortably while trying the experiment. It is needless to say to those who know anything of Muskoka that the misgivings were fully realized, and that the hopes proved mere illusions and melted imperceptibly away, as those airy fabrics too often do.

The autumn of 1873 saw the breaking up of our little colony, in the final departure from the bush of my dear child Mrs. C——, and her family. My son-in-law, Mr. C——, soon found his bush farming as wearisome and unprofitable

as we did ourselves. Having formerly taken his degree of B. A. at St. John's College, Cambridge, and his wishes having long tended to the church as a profession, there was nothing stood between him and ordination but a little reading up in classics and theology, which he accomplished with the assistance of his kind friend, the Church of England clergyman at Bracebridge. He was ordained by the Bishop of Toronto in October, 1873, and was at once appointed to a distant parish. Our parting was most painful, but it was so obviously for the good of the dear ones leaving us that we struggled to repress all selfish regrets, and I, in particular, heartily thanked God that even a portion of the family had escaped from the miseries of bush life. Our small community being so greatly lessened in number, the monotony of our lives was much increased. None but they who have experienced it can ever realize the utter

¹ See the March and April numbers of *The Atlantic Monthly*, 1874.

weariness and isolation of the backwoods. The daily recurrence of the same laborious tasks, the want of time for mental culture, the absence of congenial intercourse with one's fellow-creatures, the many hours of unavoidable solitude, the dreary unbroken silence of the immense forest which closes round the small clearings like a belt of iron, — all these things ere long press down the most buoyant spirit, and superinduce a kind of dull despair from which I have suffered for months at a time. In conversation once with my daughter-in-law, who was often unavoidably left alone for the whole day, we mutually agreed that there were times when the sense of loneliness became so dreadful that had a bear jumped in at the window, or the house taken fire, or a hurricane blown down the farm buildings, we should have been tempted to rejoice and to hail the excitement as a boon. And yet, strange as it may appear, I dreaded above all things visits from our neighbors. It is true they seldom came out, but when they did every one of them would have considered it a want of kindness not to prolong their visit for many hours. Harassed as I was with never-ceasing anxiety, and much occupied with my correspondence and other writing, I found such visits an intolerable nuisance, particularly as after a little friendly talk about household matters, knitting, etc., where we met as it were on common ground, there was invariably a prolonged silence which it required frantic efforts on my part to break, so as to prevent my guest's feeling awkward and uncomfortable. In my estimation of the merits and agreeable conversation of my neighbors I made one great exception. Our nearest neighbor was an intelligent Englishman who lived a lonely bachelor life, which in his rare intervals of rest from hard labor he greatly solaced by reading. We lent him all our best books and English newspapers, and should have been glad to see him oftener, but he was so afraid of intruding that he seldom came except to return or change his books. At such times we had much really pleasant conversation, and often a stirring discus-

sion on some public topic of the day, or it might be a particular reign in Cassell's History of England, or a play of Shakespeare, both of which voluminous works he was reading through. He had been head shopman in a large grocer's in England, and was slightly democratic in his opinions; my tendencies being in the opposite direction, we differed sufficiently to prevent conversation becoming dull. A more well-conducted, hard-working, abstemious, and trustworthy man I have seldom known, and we got to consider him quite in the light of a friend.

The autumn and winter of 1873 passed away with no more remarkable event than our first patch of fall wheat being sown, from which in a burst of temporary enthusiasm we actually expected to have sufficient flour for the bread of the ensuing winter. The following year we by no means slackened in our efforts to improve the land and make it profitable; but we found that though our expenses increased, our means did not. The more land we cleared, the more the want of money to crop and cultivate it became apparent, the labor of one individual being quite insufficient for the purpose. To remedy this want my son resolved to do what was a common practice in the settlement, go out to work for his neighbors, receiving from them "return work" instead of any other payment. The only difficulty when they came to us was the providing sufficient food, even of the commonest kind, for hungry men engaged in logging; but even this we managed in the first half of the year. This appeared to be a year of general want in our settlement, for when our dear companion came home from his day of outside toil, our usual question was, "Well, dear, what did you have for dinner?" and the reply was sure to be, "Oh, bread and treacle and tea," or, "porridge and potatoes;" and this in the houses of the better class of settlers, many of whom were noted for always putting the best they had before any neighbors working for them. In fact there was so little of the circulating medium in the place that all buying and selling was conducted in the most prim-

itive style of barter. A settler having hay, corn, or cattle to sell was obliged to take other commodities in exchange; and more than once when we wanted some indispensable work done, my son, finding that we could in no way provide a money payment, would look over his tools or farm implements, and sometimes even his clothes, and part with whatever could possibly be spared. We suffered at intervals this year more severely from the want of money than we had ever done, and had even long spells of actual hunger and want, which I trust have prepared us all to feel for the remainder of our lives a more full and perfect sympathy with our destitute fellow-creatures. I have mentioned our fall wheat. Alas for all human expectations, when it came to be threshed in the autumn of this year, it was found to have been "winter killed," that is, it had been frozen and thawed so often before the winter snow of the year before had finally covered it that the grain was small, shriveled, withered, and unfit for anything but feeding poultry.

The work of this year appeared to us all harder than ever, and my eldest son's health and strength were evidently on the decline. Nevertheless, nearly every day he did the work of two men, as in addition to the cultivation of the land he had to chop all the fire-wood for daily use, to draw the water, and to do various jobs more or less fatiguing to insure anything like comfort to the family. He became so attenuated and cadaverous looking that we often told him he could make his fortune on any stage as the lean apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*. It was with scarcely suppressed anguish that night after night we saw him so fatigued and worn out as to be hardly able to perform his customary ablutions before sitting down to the writing and reading with which he invariably concluded the day, and which was the only thing linking us all to our happier life in former times. Indeed, both my sons, in spite of hard work and scanty food, contrived to keep up a little reading and study, and even to write occasional articles for our local paper which showed an apti-

tude for higher pursuits than bush farming. Both of them at times worked for and with each other, which was a most pleasant arrangement. At this time my youngest son was going through, on his own farm, the same struggles as ourselves, and was, I am bound to say, in every respect as hard-working and energetic as his elder brother. His family was fast increasing, as he had now two little boys in addition to the one we had charge of, and before the end of the year he was thankful to accept the situation of schoolmaster at Allensville, which added forty pounds a year to his slender means. It was on one occasion when he was working on our land with his brother, and when four other men were giving my son "return work" by logging a large piece of ground near the house, having brought their oxen with them, that we had half an hour of the *delicious excitement* of which my daughter-in-law and myself had talked so calmly some time before. It was a bright, sunny day, and my daughter and myself were busily engaged in cooking a substantial dinner for our working party, when, chancing to look up, my daughter exclaimed, "Mamma! is that sunlight or fire shining through the roof?" I ran out directly and saw that the shingles below the chimney were well alight and beginning to blaze up. Calling out to my daughter in passing, I flew to the end of the house and screamed out "Fire! fire!" in a voice which my sons afterwards laughingly assured me must have been heard at the post-office three miles off. It had the effect, however, of bringing the whole party to our assistance in a few seconds; they were met by my daughter with two buckets of water, which she had promptly procured from the well. My two sons were immediately on the roof, one with an axe to cut away the burning shingles, the other with water handed up by the men to keep the fire from spreading. In ten minutes all danger was over, but it left us rather frightened and nervous, and I must confess that I never again wished for excitement of the same dangerous kind.

In the summer of this year I went to

Bracebridge on a visit to my daughter, Mrs. C——, whose husband had lately been appointed by his bishop resident Church of England minister in that place, a change very agreeable to him, as he was well known and much liked and esteemed by the inhabitants. When I left the bush to go into Bracebridge it was with the full intention of never returning to it, and all my family considered my visit to Mrs. C—— a farewell visit before leaving for England. I had made great exertions to get from my kind lawyer and a friend an advance of sufficient money to take one of us back to the dear "old country," and all agreed that I should go first, as I was confident that my personal solicitations would soon secure the means of bringing back at least my eldest son and daughter, who, being the only unmarried ones of the family, were my constant companions. Having unfortunately for my plans, but quite unavoidably, made use of part of the money to leave things tolerably comfortable in the bush, I waited anxiously till the deficit could be made up, which I fully hoped would soon be the case, by literary work. But my projects all failed, and disappointment, anxiety, and the burning heat of the weather gave me a very severe attack of illness, which left me so weak, feeble, and completely crushed that I was thankful to send for my son and to go back ignominiously to the hateful bush.

The year wore slowly away and Christmas Eve came at last. The snow had fallen in such immense quantities that the roads were nearly impassable from the deep drifts. Our worthy friend, Mr. A——, was away at the lochs, eight miles off, where he had taken a job of work, and we therefore felt pretty sure that he could not pay us his customary Christmas visit. We felt almost thankful, much as we liked him, for we had been literally without a penny for more than two months, and all our provision for Christmas festivities consisted of a plenty of potatoes and a small modicum of flour.

But we were not to escape the humiliation of having an invited guest and

nothing to set before him. Long after dark a well-known knock at the door announced Mr. A——, who came for the key of his house, of which we always had charge, and who had walked the whole way from the lochs to be with us, over roads deep in snow and dangerous from the drifts at either side, which were so many pitfalls for unwary travelers. We welcomed him and made him drink some hot tea, a needful refreshment after his cold and weary tramp of six hours. When he was gone we resolved ourselves into a committee of ways and means, but as nothing could be done to alter the state of affairs, and as there was obviously a ludicrous side to the question, we laughed heartily and went to bed. Having edified the public with an account of our first Christmas dinner in the bush, I am irresistibly tempted to give the details of the last, which certainly did not show much improvement in our finances. On Christmas morning of 1875 we very early heard a joyous shout, and saw dear C—— advancing with two very small salt herrings (the last of his stock) dangling triumphantly in one hand, and a huge vegetable marrow in the other, these articles being the only addition he could make to our Christmas dinner, which for the three previous years he had been mainly instrumental in providing. What could we do but laugh and cheerfully accept the situation? C—— promised to bring his wife and the two babies down on the ox-sleigh as early as possible. We borrowed some butter from our friend Mr. A——, who had a stock of it, and sent for him before dinner, fearing that delicacy would prevent his coming, as he could too well guess the state of the larder. Our guests assembled and dinner time arrived. I served up a large and savory dish of vegetable marrow mashed with potatoes, well buttered, peppered, and salted, and baked in the oven—in short a very novel kind of pie; the two herrings carefully cooked, and a steaming dish of potatoes, which with tea made up a repast we much enjoyed. When tea time came my daughter, who had cheated herself for the good of the community, supplied us with re-

lays of "dumpers," which met with universal approbation.

In compliment to our guest, Mr. A——, we had all put on what my boys jocosely term our "Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes," and I was really glad that the grubs of such untold weary weeks past, upon this day, at least, actually turned into butterflies. Cinderella's transformations were not more complete. My daughter became at once the elegant young woman she had always been considered; my sons, stepping back into their gentlemanly clothes, threw off the care-worn look of working-day fatigue, and were again distinguished and good-looking young men; and as to my pretty daughter-in-law, I have left her till the last that I may have the pleasure of saying that I never saw her look more lovely. She wore a pale silk dress, had delicate lace and bright ribbons floating about her, a gold locket and chain and sundry pretty ornaments, relics of girlish days, and to crown all, her beautiful hair flowing over her shoulders. I thought several times that afternoon, as I watched her caressing first one and then another of her three baby boys, that a painter might have been proud to sketch the pretty group, and to add, at his fancy, gorgeous draperies, antique vases, and beautiful flowers, instead of the rough, coarse belongings of a log-house. I noticed that on this Christmas Day no attempt was made at singing; not even our favorite hymns were proposed; in fact, the year had been so brimful of misfortunes and miseries that I think none of our hearts were attuned to melody. Ah, dear reader; it takes long chastening before we can meekly drink the cup of affliction, and say from the heart "Thy will be done!" Our party broke up early, as the babies and their mother had to be got into the ox-sleigh, smothered with warm wraps, and taken home before the light of the short winter day had quite vanished. In parting we all agreed that we had passed a few hours very pleasantly.

Very different was our fare on New Year's Day of 1875; a sumptuous wild turkey, which we roasted, having been

provided for us by the kindness of one whom we must ever look upon in the light of a dear friend. The "gentlemanly Canadian," mentioned by me in my bush reminiscences, read my papers and at once guessed at the authorship. Being on an election tour with his friend Mr. Pardee, and coming to Muskoka, he procured a guide and found us out in the bush. He stayed but a short time, but the very sight of his pleasant, friendly face did us good for days. Finding that I had never seen a wild turkey from the prairies he asked leave to send me one, and did not forget his promise, sending a beautiful bird which was meant for our Christmas dinner, but owing to delays at Bracebridge it only reached us in time for New Year's Day, which brings me to an era of important family changes.

I began the year with more of hopefulness and pleasure than I had known for a long time. My determination that 1875 should see us clear of the bush had long been fixed, and I felt that as I brought unconquerable energy and the efforts of a strong will to bear upon the project it was sure to be successful. I had no opposition now to dread from my dear companions; both my son and daughter were as weary as myself of our long-continued and hopeless struggles; my son's health and strength, as I have before intimated, were visibly decreasing; he had already spent more than three years of the very prime of his life in work harder than a common laborer's, and with no better result than the very uncertain prospect of a bare living at the end of many more years of drudgery, while his undoubted capacity fitted him for higher employments. It was better for him to begin the world again, even at the age of thirty-two years, than to continue burying himself alive. We had long looked upon bush life in the light of exile to a penal settlement, without even the convict's chance of a ticket of leave. These considerations nerved me for the disagreeable task of getting money from England for our removal, in which, thanks to the unwearied kindness of the friends I have before mentioned, I succeeded, and very early in the year we began to make

preparations for our final departure. It required the stimulus of hope to enable us to bear the discomforts of our last two months' residence in the bush. After the turn of the year immense quantities of snow continued to fall, and we were closely encircled by walls of ice and snow fully five feet in depth. The labor of keeping paths open to the different farm buildings was immense, and the unavoidable task of cutting away the superincumbent ice and snow from the different roofs was one of danger as well as toil. I was told that we were passing through an exceptional winter, and I believe it, as long after we were in Bracebridge the snow continued to fall, and even so late as the middle of May a heavy snow-storm spread its white mantle on the earth and hid it from view for many hours.

The last day at length arrived; we sat for the last time by our log-fire, we looked for the last time on the familiar landscape, and I, at least, felt not one pang of regret. I cling fondly to the friends I love, to my animals, and even to places where I have lived; and in quitting France I could have cried over every shrub and flower in my beloved garden. How great, then, must have been my unhappiness, and how I must have hated my bush life, when my only feeling at leaving it forever was joy at my escape! The roads were so dangerous for horses, and so many accidents had occurred, that my son had the greatest difficulty in hiring a wagon and team for our own use; all our heavy baggage had been conveyed to Bracebridge on ox-sleighs. He succeeded at last, and the afternoon of the 2d of March saw our exodus begin. My son and the driver carefully spread our softest bedding, blankets, and pillows on a layer of hay at the bottom of the wagon, and on these my daughter and myself reclined at our ease with our dear little boy between us. My favorite cat, Tibbs, of Atlantic Monthly celebrity, was in a warm basket before me, and her companion, Tamkins (a legacy from Mrs. C—— when she left the bush), secure-

ly tied up in a bag, slept on my lap the whole way; my son sat with the driver, and Jack, our black dog, ran alongside. We slept that night at Utterson, and next morning went on to Bracebridge, where my son had secured for me a small road-side house. When we were tolerably settled he started for Toronto and Montreal in search of employment, taking with him many excellent letters of introduction. In Montreal he was most kindly and hospitably welcomed by two dear friends, ladies who came out with us from England, who received him into their pleasant home, introduced him to a large circle of friends, and did much by their kindness to restore his shattered health. Eventually, finding nothing suitable in either place, he decided to go on the survey, his name having been put down by our kind friend, Mr. G——, of Sarnia (the donor of the wild turkey), on the staff appointed by government to survey the district of Parry Sound. Severe illness of our little boy, followed by illness of my own which still continues, was my welcome to Bracebridge; but still I rejoice daily that our bush life is forever over.

Here I finally drop the curtain on our domestic history and make but a few parting observations. I am far from claiming undue sympathy for my individual case, which is too probably one among many, but would fain deter others of my class, and especially elderly people, from breaking up their comfortable homes and following an *ignis fatuus* in the shape of emigration to a distant land. I went into the bush of Muskoka strong and healthy, full of life and energy, and quite as enthusiastic as the youngest of our party. I left it with hopes completely crushed, and with health so hopelessly shattered from hard work, lifting heavy weights, and, I may add, unceasing anxiety, that I am now a helpless invalid, entirely confined by the doctor's orders to my bed and my sofa, with not the remotest chance of ever leaving them for a more active life.

H. B. K.

A ROSARY OF SONNETS.

I.

Nature.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
 Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
 Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
 And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
 Still gazing at them through the open door,
 Nor wholly reassured and comforted
 By promises of others in their stead,
 Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
 So Nature deals with us, and takes away
 Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
 Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
 Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
 Being too full of sleep to understand
 How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

II.

In the Churchyard at Tarrytown.

HERE lies the gentle humorist, who died
 In the bright Indian Summer of his fame!
 A simple stone, with but a date and name,
 Marks his secluded resting-place beside
 The river that he loved and glorified.
 Here in the autumn of his days he came,
 But the dry leaves of life were all aflame
 With tints that brightened and were multiplied.
 How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death!
 Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,
 Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer;
 Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
 Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,
 A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

III.

Eliot's Oak.

THOU ancient oak! whose myriad leaves are loud
 With sounds of unintelligible speech,
 Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach,
 Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd;

With some mysterious gift of tongues endowed,
 Thou speakest a different dialect to each;
 To me a language that no man can teach,
 Of a lost race, long vanished like a cloud.
 For underneath thy shade, in days remote,
 Seated like Abraham at eventide
 Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown
 Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote
 His Bible in a language that hath died
 And is forgotten, save by thee alone.

IV.

The Descent of the Muses.

NINE sisters, beautiful in form and face,
 Came from their convent on the shining heights
 Of Pierus, the mountain of delights,
 To dwell among the people at its base.
 Then seemed the world to change. All time and space,
 Splendor of cloudless days and starry nights,
 And men and manners, and all sounds and sights,
 Had a new meaning, a diviner grace.
 Proud were these sisters, but were not too proud
 To teach in schools of little country towns
 Science and song, and all the arts that please;
 So that while housewives span, and farmers ploughed,
 Their comely daughters, clad in homespun gowns,
 Learned the sweet songs of the Pierides.

V.

Venice.

WHITE swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest
 So wonderfully built among the reeds
 Of the lagoon, that fences thee and feeds,
 As sayeth thy old historian and thy guest!
 White water-lily, cradled and caressed
 By ocean streams, and from the silt and weeds
 Lifting thy golden pistils with their seeds,
 Thy sun-illuminated spires, thy crown and crest!
 White phantom city, whose untrodden streets
 Are rivers, and whose pavements are the shifting
 Shadows of palaces and strips of sky;
 I wait to see thee vanish like the fleets
 Seen in mirage, or towers of cloud uplifting
 In air their unsubstantial masonry.

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE AMERICAN.

XXI.

THERE is a pretty public walk at Poitiers, laid out upon the crest of the high hill around which the little city clusters, planted with fine trees and looking down upon the fertile fields in which the old English princes fought for their right and held it. Newman paced up and down this quiet promenade for the greater part of the next day, and let his eyes wander over the historic prospect; but he would have been sadly at a loss to tell you afterwards whether the latter was made up of coal-fields or of vineyards. He was wholly given up to his grievance, of which reflection by no means diminished the weight. He feared that Madame de Cintré was irretrievably lost; and yet, as he would have said himself, he didn't see his way clear to giving her up. He found it impossible to turn his back upon Fleurières and its inhabitants; it seemed to him that some germ of hope or reparation must lurk there somewhere, if he could only reach his arm out far enough to pluck it. It was as if he had his hand on a door-knob and were closing his clenched fist upon it: he had thumped, he had called, he had pressed the door with his powerful knee and shaken it with all his strength, and dead, damning silence had answered him. And yet something held him there,—something hardened the grasp of his fingers. Newman's satisfaction had been too intense, his whole plan too deliberate and mature, his prospect of happiness too rich and comprehensive, for this fine moral fabric to crumble at a stroke. The very foundation seemed fatally injured, and yet he felt a stubborn desire still to try to save the edifice. He was filled with a sorer sense of wrong than he had ever known, or than he had supposed it possible he should know. To accept his injury and walk away without looking behind him was a stretch of good-nature of which

he found himself incapable. He looked behind him intently and continually, and what he saw there did not assuage his resentment. He saw himself trustful, generous, liberal, patient, easy, pocketing frequent irritation and furnishing unlimited modesty. To have eaten humble pie, to have been snubbed and patronized and satirized and have consented to take it as one of the conditions of the bargain,—to have done this, and done it all for nothing, surely gave one a right to protest. And to be turned off because one was a commercial person! As if he had ever talked or dreamt of the commercial since his connection with the Bellegardes began,—as if he had made the least circumstance of the commercial,—as if he would not have consented to confound the commercial fifty times a day, if it might have increased by a hair's breadth the chance of the Bellegardes' not playing him a trick! Granted that being commercial was fair ground for having a trick played upon one, how little they knew about the class so designated and its enterprising way of not standing upon trifles! It was in the light of his injury that the weight of Newman's past endurance seemed so heavy; his actual irritation had not been so great, merged as it was in his vision of the cloudless blue that overarched his immediate wooing. But now his sense of outrage was deep, rancorous, and ever present; he felt that he was a good fellow wronged. As for Madame de Cintré's conduct, it struck him with a kind of awe, and the fact that he was powerless to understand it or feel the reality of its motives only deepened the force with which he had attached himself to her. He had never let the fact of her Catholicism trouble him; Catholicism to him was nothing but a name, and to express a mistrust of the form in which her religious feelings had molded themselves would have seemed to him on his own part a rather pretentious affectation

of Protestant zeal. If such superb white flowers as that could bloom in Catholic soil, the soil was not insalubrious. But it was one thing to be a Catholic, and another to turn nun — on your hands! There was something lugubriously comical in the way Newman's thoroughly contemporaneous optimism was confronted with this dusky old-world expedient. To see a woman made for him and for motherhood to his children juggled away in this tragic travesty, — it was a thing to rub one's eyes over, a nightmare, an illusion, a hoax. But the hours passed away without disproving the thing, and leaving him only the after-sense of the vehemence with which he had embraced Madame de Cintré. He remembered her words and her looks; he turned them over and tried to shake the mystery out of them and to infuse them with an endurable meaning. What had she meant by her feeling being a kind of religion? It was the religion simply of the family laws, the religion of which her implacable little mother was the high priestess. Twist the thing about as her generosity would, the one certain fact was that they had used force against her. Her generosity had tried to screen them, but Newman's heart rose into his throat at the thought that they should go scot-free.

The twenty-four hours wore themselves away, and the next morning Newman sprang to his feet with the resolution to return to Fleurières and demand another interview with Madame de Bellegarde and her son. He lost no time in putting it into practice. As he rolled swiftly over the excellent road in the little *calèche* furnished him at the inn at Poitiers, he drew forth, as it were, from the very safe place in his mind to which he had consigned it, the last information given him by poor Valentin. Valentin had told him he could do something with it, and Newman thought it would be well to have it at hand. This was of course not the first time, lately, that Newman had given it his attention. It was information in the rough, — it was dark and puzzling; but Newman was neither helpless nor afraid. Valentin had evidently meant to put him in possession

of a powerful instrument, though he could not be said to have placed the handle very securely within his grasp. But if he had not really told him the secret, he had at least given him the clew to it, — a clew of which that queer old Mrs. Bread held the other end. Mrs. Bread had always looked to Newman as if she knew secrets; and as he apparently enjoyed her esteem he suspected she might be induced to share her knowledge with him. So long as there was only Mrs. Bread to deal with, he felt easy. As to what there was to find out, he had only one fear, — that it might not be bad enough. Then, when the image of the marquise and her son rose before him again, standing side by side, the old woman's hand in Urbain's arm, and the same cold, unsocial fixedness in the eyes of each, he cried out to himself that the fear was groundless. There was blood in the secret at the very least! He arrived at Fleurières almost in a state of elation; he had satisfied himself, logically, that in the presence of his threat of exposure they would, as he mentally phrased it, rattle down like unwound buckets. He remembered indeed that he must first catch his hare, — first ascertain what there was to expose; but after that why should n't his happiness be as good as new again? Mother and son would drop their lovely victim in terror and take to hiding, and Madame de Cintré, left to herself, would surely come back to him. Give her a chance and she would rise to the surface, return to the light. How could she fail to perceive that his house would be much the most comfortable sort of convent?

Newman, as he had done before, left his conveyance at the inn and walked the short remaining distance to the château. When he reached the gate, however, a singular feeling took possession of him, — a feeling which, strange as it may seem, had its source in its unfathomable good nature. He stood there awhile, looking through the bars at the large, time-stained face of the edifice, and wondering to what crime it was that the dark old house, with its flowery name, had given convenient occasion.

It had given occasion, first and last, to tyrannies and sufferings enough, Newman said to himself; it was an evil-looking place to live in. Then, suddenly, came the reflection, — what a horrible rubbish-heap of iniquity to fumble in! The attitude of inquisitor turned its ignobler face, and with the same movement Newman declared that the Bellegardes should have another chance. He would appeal once more directly to their sense of fairness and not to their fear, and if they should be accessible to reason he need know nothing worse about them than what he already knew. That was bad enough.

The portress let him in through the same illiberal aperture as before, and he passed through the court and over the little rustic bridge on the moat. The door was opened before he had reached it, and, as if to put his clemency to rout with the suggestion of a richer opportunity, Mrs. Bread stood there awaiting him. Her face, as usual, looked as hopelessly blank as the tide-smoothed seasand, and her black garments seemed of an intenser sable. Newman had already learned that her strange inexpressiveness could be a vehicle for emotion, and he was not surprised at the muffled vivacity with which she whispered, "I thought you would try again, sir. I was looking out for you."

"I am glad to see you," said Newman; "I think you are my friend."

Mrs. Bread looked at him, opaquely. "I wish you well, sir; but it's vain wishing now."

"You know, then, how they have treated me?"

"Oh, sir," said Mrs. Bread, dryly, "I know everything."

Newman hesitated a moment. "Everything?"

Mrs. Bread gave him a glance somewhat more lucent. "I know at least too much, sir."

"One can never know too much. I congratulate you. I have come to see Madame de Bellegarde and her son," Newman added. "Are they at home? If they are not, I will wait."

"My lady is always at home," Mrs.

Bread replied, "and the marquis is mostly with her."

"Please then tell them — one or the other, or both — that I am here and that I desire to see them."

Mrs. Bread hesitated. "May I take a great liberty, sir?"

"You have never taken a liberty but you have justified it," said Newman, with diplomatic urbanity.

Mrs. Bread dropped her wrinkled eyelids as if she were courtesying; but the courtesy stopped there; the occasion was too grave. "You have come to plead with them again, sir? Perhaps you don't know this, — that the countess returned this morning to Paris."

"Ah, she's gone!" And Newman, groaning, smote the pavement with his stick.

"She has gone straight to the convent, — the Carmelites they call it. I see you know, sir. My lady and the marquis take it very ill. It was only last night she told them."

"Ah, she sprang it upon them, then?" cried Newman. "Good, good! And they are very mad?"

"They are not pleased," said Mrs. Bread. "But they may well dislike it. They tell me it's most dreadful, sir; of all the nuns in Christendom, the Carmelites are the worst. You may say they are really not human, sir; they make you give up everything, — forever. And to think of *her* there! If I was one that cried, sir, I could cry."

Newman looked at her an instant. "We mustn't cry, Mrs. Bread; we must act. Go and call them!" And he made a movement to enter farther.

But Mrs. Bread gently checked him. "May I take another liberty? I am told you were with my dearest Mr. Valentin, in his last hours. If you would tell me a word about him! The poor count was my own boy, sir; for the first year of his life he was hardly out of my arms; I taught him to speak. And the count spoke so well, sir! He always spoke well to his poor old Bread. When he grew up and took his pleasure he always had a kind word for me. And to die in that wild way! They have a story that

he fought with a wine-merchant. I can't believe that, sir! And was he in great pain?"

"You are a wise, kind old woman, Mrs. Bread," said Newman. "I hoped I might see you with my own children in your arms. Perhaps I shall, yet." And he put out his hand. Mrs. Bread looked for a moment at his open palm, and then, as if fascinated by the novelty of the gesture, she extended her own lady-like fingers. Newman held her hand, firmly and deliberately, fixing his eyes upon her. "You want to know all about M. Valentin?" he said.

"It would be a sad pleasure, sir."

"I can tell you everything. Can you sometimes leave this place?"

"The château, sir? I really don't know. I never tried."

"Try, then; try hard. Try this evening, at dusk. Come to me in the old ruin there on the hill, in the court before the church. I will wait for you there; I have something very important to tell you. An old woman like you can do as she pleases."

Mrs. Bread stared, wondering, with parted lips. "Is it from the count, sir?" she asked.

"From the count, — from his death-bed," said Newman.

"I will come, then. I will be bold, for once, for *him*."

She led Newman into the great drawing-room with which he had already made acquaintance, and retired to execute his commands. Newman waited a long time; at last he was on the point of ringing and repeating his request. He was looking round him for a bell when the marquis came in with his mother on his arm. It will be seen that Newman had a logical mind when I say that he declared to himself, in perfect good faith, as a result of Valentin's dark hints, that his adversaries looked grossly wicked. "There is no mistake about it now," he said to himself as they advanced. "They're a bad lot; they have pulled off the mask." Madame de Bellegarde and her son certainly bore in their faces the signs of extreme perturbation; they looked like people who had passed a sleepless night.

Confronted, moreover, with an annoyance which they hoped they had disposed of, it was not natural that they should have any very tender glances to bestow upon Newman. He stood before them, and such eye-beams as they found available they leveled at him; Newman felt as if the door of a sepulchre had suddenly been opened, and the damp darkness were being exhaled.

"You see I have come back," he said. "I have come to try again."

"It would be ridiculous," said the marquis, "to pretend that we are glad to see you or that we don't question the taste of your visit."

"Oh, don't talk about taste," said Newman, with a laugh, "or that will bring us round to yours! If I consulted my taste I certainly should n't come to see you. Besides, I will make as short work as you please. Promise me to raise the blockade — to set Madame de Cintré at liberty — and I will retire instantly."

"We hesitated as to whether we should see you," said Madame de Bellegarde; "and we were on the point of declining the honor. But it seemed to me that we should act with civility, as we have always done, and I wished to have the satisfaction of informing you that there are certain weaknesses that people of our way of feeling can be guilty of but once."

"You may be weak but once, but you will be audacious many times, madam," Newman answered. "I did n't come, however, for conversational purposes. I came to say this, simply: that if you will write immediately to your daughter that you withdraw your opposition to her marriage, I will take care of the rest. You don't want her to turn nun, — you know more about the horrors of it than I do. Marrying a commercial person is better than that. Give me a letter to her, signed and sealed, saying you retract and that she may marry me with your blessing, and I will take it to her at the convent and bring her out. There's your chance, — I call those easy terms."

"We look at the matter otherwise, you know. We call them very hard terms," said the marquis. They had all remained standing, rigidly, in the mid-

dle of the room. "I think my mother will tell you that she would rather her daughter should become *Sœur Catherine* than Mrs. Newman."

But the marquise, with the serenity of supreme power, let her son make her epigrams for her. She only smiled, almost sweetly, shaking her head and repeating, "But once, Mr. Newman; but once!"

Nothing that Newman had ever seen or heard gave him such a sense of marble hardness as this movement and the tone that accompanied it. "Could anything compel you?" he asked. "Do you know of anything that would force you?"

"This language, sir," said the marquise, "addressed to people in bereavement and grief is beyond all qualification."

"In most cases," Newman answered, "your objection would have some weight, even admitting that Madame de Cintré's present intentions make time precious. But I have thought of what you speak of, and I have come here to-day without scruple simply because I consider your brother and you two very different parties. I see no connection between you. Your brother was ashamed of you. Lying there wounded and dying, the poor fellow apologized to me for your conduct. He apologized to me for that of his mother."

For a moment the effect of these words was as if Newman had struck a physical blow. A quick flush leaped into the faces of Madame de Bellegarde and her son, and they exchanged a glance like a twinkle of steel. The marquise uttered two words which Newman but half heard, but of which the sense came to him as it were in the reverberation of the sound, "*Le misérable!*"

"You show little respect for the living," said Madame de Bellegarde, "but at least respect the dead. Don't profane — don't insult — the memory of my innocent son."

"I speak the simple truth," Newman declared, "and I speak it for a purpose. I repeat it, — distinctly. Your son was utterly disgusted, — your son apologized."

Urbain de Bellegarde was frowning portentously, and Newman supposed he was frowning at poor Valentin's invidious image. Taken by surprise, his scant affection for his brother had made a momentary concession to dishonor. But not for an appreciable instant did the marquise lower her flag. "You are immensely mistaken, sir," she said. "My son was sometimes light, but he was never indecent. He died faithful to his name."

"You simply did n't understand him," said the marquise, beginning to rally. "You affirm the impossible!"

"Oh, I don't care for poor Valentin's apology," said Newman. "It was far more painful than pleasant to me. This atrocious thing was not his fault; he never hurt me, or any one else; he was the soul of honor. But it shows how he took it."

"If you wish to prove that my poor brother, in his last moments, was utterly out of his head, we can only say that under the melancholy circumstances nothing was more possible. But confine yourself to that."

"He was perfectly in his right mind," said Newman, with gentle, but dangerous doggedness; "I have never seen him so bright and clever. It was terrible to see that witty, capable fellow dying such a death. You know I was very fond of your brother. And I have further proof of his sanity," Newman concluded.

The marquise gathered herself together, majestically. "This is too gross!" she cried. "We decline to accept your story, sir, — we repudiate it. Urbain, open the door." She turned away, with an imperious motion to her son, and passed rapidly down the length of the room. The marquise went with her and held the door open. Newman was left standing.

He lifted his finger, as a sign to M. de Bellegarde, who closed the door behind his mother and stood waiting. Newman slowly advanced, more silent, for the moment, than life. The two men stood face to face. Then Newman had a singular sensation; he felt his sense of injury almost brimming over into jocular-

ity. "Come," he said, "you don't treat me well; at least admit that."

M. de Bellegarde looked at him from head to foot, and then, in the most delicate, best-bred voice, "I detest you, personally," he said.

"Oh, that's the way I feel to you, but I don't say it," said Newman. "It's singular I should want so much to be your brother-in-law, but I can't give it up. Let me try once more." And he paused a moment. "You have a secret,—you have a skeleton in the closet." M. de Bellegarde continued to look at him hard, but Newman could not see whether his eyes betrayed anything; the look of his eyes was always so strange. Newman paused again, and then went on. "You and your mother have committed a crime." At this M. de Bellegarde's eyes certainly did change; they seemed to flicker, like blown candles. Newman could see that he was profoundly startled; but there was something admirable in his self-control.

"Continue," said M. de Bellegarde.

Newman lifted a finger and made it waver a little in the air. "Need I continue? You are trembling."

"Pray where did you obtain this interesting information?" M. de Bellegarde asked, very softly.

"I shall be strictly accurate," said Newman. "I won't pretend to know more than I do. At present that is all I know. You have done something that you must hide, something that would damn you if it were known, something that would disgrace the name you are so proud of. I don't know what it is, but I can find out. Persist in your present course and I *will* find out. Change it, let your sister go in peace, and I will leave you alone. It's a bargain?"

The marquis almost succeeded in looking untroubled; the breaking up of the ice in his handsome countenance could not come to pass in a moment. But Newman's mildly syllabled argumentation seemed to press and press, and presently he averted his eyes. He stood some moments, reflecting.

"My brother told you this," he said, looking up.

Newman hesitated a moment. "Yes, your brother told me."

The marquis smiled, handsomely. "Did n't I say that he was out of his mind?"

"He was out of his mind if I don't find out. He was very much in it if I do."

M. de Bellegarde gave a shrug. "Eh, sir, find out or not, as you please."

"I don't frighten you?" demanded Newman.

"That's for you to judge."

"No, it's for you to judge, at your leisure. Think it over, feel yourself all round. I will give you an hour or two. I can't give you more, for how do we know how fast they may be making Madame de Cintré a nun? Talk it over with your mother; let her judge whether she is frightened. I don't believe she is as easily frightened, in general, as you; but you will see. I will go and wait in the village, at the inn, and I beg you to let me know as soon as possible. Say by three o'clock. A simple *yes* or *no* on paper will do. Only, you know, in case of a *yes* I shall expect you, this time, to stick to your bargain." And with this Newman opened the door and let himself out. The marquis did not move, and Newman, retiring, gave him another look. "At the inn, in the village," he repeated. Then he turned away altogether and passed out of the house.

He was extremely excited by what he had been doing, for it was inevitable that there should be a certain emotion in calling up the spectre of dishonor before a family a thousand years old. But he went back to the inn and contrived to wait there, deliberately, for the next two hours. He thought it more than probable that Urbain de Bellegarde would give no sign; for an answer to his challenge, in either sense, would be a confession of guilt. What he most expected was silence,—in other words defiance. But he prayed that, as he imaged it, his shot might bring them down. It did bring, by three o'clock, a note, delivered by a footman; a note addressed in Urbain de Bellegarde's handsome English hand. It ran as follows:—

I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of letting you know that I return to Paris, to-morrow, with my mother, in order that we may see my sister and confirm her in the resolution which is the most effectual reply to your audacious pertinacity.

HENRI-URBAIN DE BELLEGARDE.

Newman put the letter into his pocket, and continued his walk up and down the inn-parlor. He had spent most of his time, for the past week, in walking up and down. He continued to measure the length of the little *salle* of the Armes de France until the day began to wane, when he went out to keep his rendezvous with Mrs. Bread. The path which led up the hill to the ruin was easy to find, and Newman in a short time had followed it to the top. He passed beneath the rugged arch of the castle wall, and looked about him in the early dusk for an old woman in black. The castle yard was empty, but the door of the church was open. Newman went into the little nave and of course found there a deeper dusk than without. A couple of tapers, however, twinkled on the altar and just enabled him to perceive a figure seated by one of the pillars. Closer inspection helped him to recognize Mrs. Bread, in spite of the fact that she was dressed with unwonted splendor. She wore a large black silk bonnet, with imposing bows of crape, and an old black satin dress disposed itself in vaguely lustrous folds about her person. She had judged it proper to the occasion to appear in her stateliest apparel. She had been sitting with her eyes fixed upon the ground, but when Newman passed before her she looked up at him, and then she rose.

"Are you a Catholic, Mrs. Bread?" he asked.

"No, sir; I'm a good Church-of-England woman, very Low," she answered. "But I thought I should be safer in here than outside. I never was out in the evening before, sir."

"We shall be safer," said Newman, "where no one can hear us." And he led the way back into the castle court and then followed a path beside the

church, which he was sure must lead into another part of the ruin. He was not deceived. It wandered along the crest of the hill and terminated before a fragment of wall pierced by a rough aperture which had once been a door. Through this Newman passed and found himself in a nook peculiarly favorable to quiet conversation, as many an earnest couple, otherwise assorted than our friends, probably had assured themselves. The hill sloped abruptly away, and on the remnant of its crest were scattered two or three fragments of stone. Beneath, over the plain, lay the gathered twilight, through which, in the near distance, gleamed two or three lights from the château. Mrs. Bread rustled slowly after her guide, and Newman, satisfying himself that one of the fallen stones was steady, proposed to her to sit upon it. She timidly complied, and he placed himself upon another, near her.

XXII.

"I am very much obliged to you for coming," Newman said. "I hope it won't get you into trouble."

"I don't think I shall be missed. My lady, in these days, is not fond of having me about her." This was said with a certain fluttered eagerness which increased Newman's sense of having inspired the old woman with confidence.

"From the first, you know," he answered, "you took an interest in my prospects. You were on my side. That gratified me, I assure you. And now that you know what they have done to me, I am sure you are with me all the more."

"They have not done well, — I must say it," said Mrs. Bread. "But you must n't blame the poor countess; they pressed her hard."

"I would give a million of dollars to know what they did to her!" cried Newman.

Mrs. Bread sat with a dull, oblique gaze fixed upon the lights of the château. "They worked on her feelings; they knew that was the way. She is a deli-

cate creature. They made her feel wicked. She is only too good."

"Ah, they made her feel wicked," said Newman, slowly; and then he repeated it. "They made her feel wicked, — they made her feel wicked." The words seemed to him for the moment the most vivid description of infernal ingenuity that the human tongue could furnish.

"It was because she was so good that she gave up, — poor sweet lady!" added Mrs. Bread.

"But she was better to them than to me," said Newman.

"She was afraid," said Mrs. Bread, very confidently; "she has always been afraid, or at least for a long time. That was the real trouble, sir. She was like a fair peach, I may say, with just one little speck. She had one little sad spot. You pushed her into the sunshine, sir, and it almost disappeared. Then they pulled her back into the shade and in a moment it began to spread. Before we knew it she was gone. She was a delicate creature."

This singular attestation of Madame de Cintré's delicacy, for all its singularity, set Newman's wound aching afresh. "I see," he presently said; "she knew something bad about her mother."

"No, sir, she knew nothing," said Mrs. Bread, holding her head very stiff and keeping her eyes fixed upon the glimmering windows of the château.

"She guessed something, then, or suspected it."

"She was afraid to know," said Mrs. Bread.

"But *you* know, at any rate," said Newman.

She slowly turned her vague eyes upon Newman, squeezing her hands together in her lap. "You are not quite faithful, sir. I thought it was to tell me about the count you asked me to come here."

"Oh, the more we talk of the count the better," said Newman. "That's exactly what I want. I was with him, as I told you, in his last hour. He was in a great deal of pain, but he was quite himself. You know what that means; he was bright and lively and clever."

"Oh, he would always be clever, sir," said Mrs. Bread. "And did he know of your trouble?"

"Yes, he guessed it of himself."

"And what did he say to it?"

"He said it was a disgrace to his name, — but it was not the first."

"Lord, Lord!" uttered Mrs. Bread.

"He said that his mother and his brother had once put their heads together and invented something even worse."

"You should n't have listened to that, sir."

"Perhaps not. But I *did* listen, and I don't forget it. Now I want to know what it is they did."

Mrs. Bread gave a soft moan. "And you have enticed me up into this strange place to tell you?"

"Don't be alarmed," said Newman.

"I won't say a word that shall be disagreeable to you. Tell me as it suits you, and when it suits you. Only remember that it was the count's last wish that you should."

"Did he say that?"

"He said it with his last breath, — 'Tell Mrs. Bread I told you to ask her.'"

"Why did n't he tell you himself?"

"It was too long a story for a dying man; he had no breath left in his body. He could only say that he wanted me to know, — that, wronged as I was, it was my right to know."

"But how will it help you, sir?" said Mrs. Bread.

"That's for me to decide. The count believed it would, and that's why he told me. Your name was almost the last word he spoke."

Mrs. Bread was evidently awe-struck by this statement; she shook her clasped hands slowly up and down. "Excuse me, sir," she said, "if I take a great liberty. Is it the solemn truth you are speaking? I *must* ask you that; must n't I, sir?"

"There's no offense. It is the solemn truth; I solemnly swear it. The count himself would certainly have told me more if he had been able."

"Oh, sir, if he knew more!"

"Don't you suppose he did?"

"There's no saying what he knew about anything," said Mrs. Bread with a mild head-shake. "He was so mightily clever. He could make you believe he knew things that he did n't, and that he did n't know others that he had better not have known."

"I suspect he knew something about his brother that kept the marquis civil to him," Newman propounded; "he made the marquis feel him. What he wanted now was to put me in his place; he wanted to give me a chance to make the marquis feel me."

"Mercy on us!" cried the old waiting-woman, "how wicked we all are!"

"I don't know," said Newman; "some of us are wicked, certainly. I am very angry, I am very sore, and I am very bitter, but I don't know that I am wicked. I have been cruelly injured. They have hurt me, and I want to hurt them. I don't deny that; on the contrary, I tell you plainly that that is the use I want to make of your secret."

Mrs. Bread seemed to hold her breath. "You want to publish them, — you want to shame them?"

"I want to bring them down, — down, down, down! I want to turn the tables upon them, — I want to mortify them as they mortified me. They took me up into a high place and made me stand there for all the world to see me, and then they stole behind me and pushed me into this bottomless pit, where I lie howling and gnashing my teeth! I made a fool of myself before all their friends; but I shall make something worse of them."

This passionate sally, which Newman uttered with the greater fervor that it was the first time he had had a chance to say all this aloud, kindled two small sparks in Mrs. Bread's fixed eyes. "I suppose you have a right to your anger, sir; but think of the dishonor you will draw down on Madame de Cintré."

"Madame de Cintré is buried alive," cried Newman. "What are honor or dishonor to her? The door of the tomb is at this moment closing behind her."

"Yes, it's most awful," moaned Mrs. Bread.

"She has moved off, like her brother Valentin, to give me room to work. It's as if it were done on purpose."

"Surely," said Mrs. Bread, apparently impressed by the ingenuity of this reflection. She was silent for some moments; then she added, "And would you bring my lady before the courts?"

"The courts care nothing for my lady," Newman replied. "If she has committed a crime she will be nothing for the courts but a wicked old woman."

"And will they hang her, sir?"

"That depends upon what she has done." And Newman eyed Mrs. Bread intently.

"It would break up the family most terribly, sir!"

"It's time such a family should be broken up!" said Newman with a laugh.

"And one at my age out of place, sir," said Mrs. Bread.

"Oh, I will take care of you! You shall come and live with me. You shall be my housekeeper, or anything you like. I will pension you for life."

"Dear, dear, sir, you think of everything." And she seemed to fall a-brooding.

Newman watched her awhile, and then he said suddenly, "Oh, Mrs. Bread, you are too fond of my lady!"

She looked at him as quickly: "I would n't have you say that, sir. I don't think it any part of my duty to be fond of my lady. I have served her faithfully this many a year, but if she were to die to-morrow I believe, before Heaven, I should n't shed a tear for her." Then, after a pause, "I have no reason to love her!" Mrs. Bread added. "The most she has done for me has been not to turn me out of the house." Newman felt that decidedly his companion was more and more confidential, — that if luxury is corrupting, Mrs. Bread's conservative habits were already relaxed by the moral *bien-être* of this preconcerted interview, in a remarkable locality, with a free-spoken millionaire. All his native shrewdness admonished him that his part was simply to let her take her time, — let the charm of the occasion work. So he said nothing; he only

looked at her kindly. Mrs. Bread sat nursing her lean elbows. "My lady once did me a great wrong," she went on at last. "She has a terrible tongue when she is vexed. It was many a year ago, but I have never forgotten it. I have never mentioned it to a human creature; I have kept my grudge to myself. I dare say I have been wicked, but my grudge has grown old with me. It has grown good for nothing, too, I dare say; but it has lived along, as I've lived. It will die when I die, — not before!"

"And what is your grudge?" Newman asked.

Mrs. Bread dropped her eyes and hesitated. "If I were a foreigner, sir, I should make less of telling you; it comes harder to a decent Englishwoman. But I sometimes think I have picked up too many foreign ways. What I was telling you belongs to a time when I was much younger and very different looking to what I am now. I had a very high color, sir, if you can believe it; indeed I was a very smart lass. My lady was younger, too, and the late marquis was youngest of all, — I mean in the way he went on, sir; he had a very high spirit; he was a magnificent man. He was fond of his pleasure, like most foreigners, and it must be owned that he sometimes went rather below him to take it. My lady was often jealous, and, if you'll believe it, sir, she did me the honor to be jealous of me. One day I had a red ribbon in my cap, and my lady flew out at me and ordered me to take it off. She accused me of putting it on to make the marquis look at me. I don't know that I was impertinent, but I spoke up like an honest girl and did n't count my words. A red ribbon indeed! As if it was my ribbons the marquis looked at! My lady knew afterwards that I was thoroughly respectable, but she never said a word to show that she believed it. But the marquis did!" Mrs. Bread presently added, "I took off my red ribbon and put it away in a drawer, where I have kept it to this day. It's faded now, it's a very pale pink; but there it lies. My grudge has faded, too; the red has all gone out

of it; but it lies here yet." And Mrs. Bread tapped her black satin bodice.

Newman listened with interest to this decent narrative, which seemed to have opened up the deeps of memory to his companion. Then, as she remained silent, and seemed to be losing herself in retrospective meditation upon her thorough respectability, he ventured upon a bold short cut to his goal. "So Madame de Bellegarde was jealous; I see. And M. de Bellegarde admired pretty women, without distinction of class. I suppose one must n't be hard upon him, for they probably did n't all behave so properly as you. But years afterwards it could hardly have been jealousy that turned Madame de Bellegarde into a criminal."

Mrs. Bread gave a weary sigh. "We are using dreadful words, sir, but I don't care now. I see you have your idea, and I have no will of my own. My will was the will of my children, as I called them; but I have lost my children now. They are dead, — I may say it of both of them; and what should I care for the living? What is any one in the house to me now, — what am I to them? My lady objects to me, — she has objected to me these thirty years. I should have been glad to be something to young Madame de Bellegarde, though I never was nurse to the present marquis. When he was a baby I was too young; they would n't trust me with him. But his wife told her own maid, Mamselle Clarisse, the opinion she had of me. Perhaps you would like to hear it, sir."

"Oh, immensely," said Newman.

"She said that if I would sit in her children's school-room I would do very well for a penwiper! When things have come to that I don't think I need stand on ceremony."

"Decidedly not," said Newman. "Go on, Mrs. Bread."

Mrs. Bread, however, relapsed again into troubled dumbness, and all Newman could do was to fold his arms and wait. But at last she appeared to have set her memories in order. "It was when the late marquis was an old man and his eldest son had been two years married. It

was when the time came on for marrying Mademoiselle Claire; that's the way they talk of it here, you know, sir. The marquis's health was bad; he was very much broken down. My lady had picked out M. de Cintré, for no good reason that I could see. But there are reasons, I very well know, that are beyond me, and you must be high in the world to understand them. Old M. de Cintré was very high, and my lady thought him almost as good as herself; that's saying a good deal. Mr. Urbain took sides with his mother, as he always did. The trouble, I believe, was that my lady would pay very little, and all the other gentlemen asked more. It was only M. de Cintré that was satisfied. The Lord willed it he should have that one soft spot; it was the only one he had. He may have been very grand in his birth, and he certainly was very grand in his manners; but that was all the grandeur he had. I think he was like what I have heard of comedians; not that I have ever seen one. But I know he painted his face. He could paint it all he would; he could never make me like it! The marquis could n't abide him, and declared that sooner than take such a husband as that Mademoiselle Claire should take none at all. He and my lady had a great scene; it came even to our ears in the servants' hall. It was not their first quarrel, if the truth must be told; they were not a loving couple, but did n't often come to words, because, I think, neither of them thought the other's doings worth the trouble. My lady had long ago got over her jealousy, and she had taken to indifference. In this, I must say, they were well matched. The marquis was very easy-going; he had the temper of a perfect gentleman. He got angry only once a year, but then it was very bad. He always took to bed directly afterwards. This time I speak of he took to bed as usual, but he never got up again. I'm afraid the poor gentleman was paying for his light habits; is n't it true they mostly do, sir, when they get old? My lady and Mr. Urbain kept quiet, but I know my lady wrote letters to M. de Cintré. The marquis got worse

and the doctors gave him up. My lady, she gave him up too, and if the truth must be told, she gave him up gladly. When once he was out of the way she could do what she pleased with her daughter, and it was all arranged that my poor, innocent child should be handed over to M. de Cintré. You don't know what the countess was in those days, sir; she was the sweetest young creature in France, and knew as little of what was going on around her as the lamb does of the butcher. I used to nurse the marquis, and I was always in his room. It was here at Fleurières, in the autumn. We had a doctor from Paris, who came and stayed two or three weeks in the house. Then there came two others, and there was a consultation, and these two others, as I said, declared that the marquis could n't be saved. After this they went off, shaking their heads, but the other one stayed and did what he could. The marquis himself kept crying out that he would n't die, that he did n't want to die, that he would live and look after his daughter. Mademoiselle Claire and the viscount—that was Mr. Valentin, you know—were both in the house. The doctor was a clever man,—that I could see myself,—and I think he believed that the marquis might get well. We took good care of him, he and I, between us, and one day, when my lady had almost ordered her mourning, my patient suddenly began to mend. He got better and better, till the doctor said he was out of danger. What was killing him was the dreadful fits of pain in his stomach. But little by little they stopped, and the poor marquis began to make his jokes again. The doctor found something that gave him great comfort,—some white stuff that we kept in a great bottle on the chimney-piece. I used to give it to the marquis through a glass tube; it always made him easier. Then the doctor went away, after telling me to keep on giving him the mixture whenever he was bad. After that there was a little doctor from Poitiers, who came every day. So we were alone in the house,—my lady and her poor husband and their three chil-

dren. Young Madame de Bellegarde had gone away, with her little girl, to her mother's. You know she is very lively, and her maid told me that she did n't like to be where people were dying." Mrs. Bread paused a moment, and then she went on with the same quiet consistency. "I think you have guessed, sir, that when the marquis began to turn my lady was disappointed." And she paused again, bending upon Newman a face which seemed to grow whiter as the darkness settled down upon them.

Newman had listened eagerly, — with an eagerness greater even than that with which he had bent his ear to Valentin de Bellegarde's last words. Every now and then, as his companion looked up at him, she reminded him of an ancient tabby cat, protracting the enjoyment of a dish of milk. Even her triumph was measured and decorous; the faculty of exultation had been chilled by disuse. She presently continued. "Late one night I was sitting by the marquis in his room, the great red room in the west tower. He had been complaining a little, and I gave him a spoonful of the doctor's dose. My lady had been there in the early part of the evening; she sat for more than an hour by his bed. Then she went away and left me alone. After midnight she came back, and her eldest son was with her. They went to the bed and looked at the marquis, and my lady took hold of his hand. Then she turned to me and said he was not so well; I remember how the marquis, without saying anything, lay staring at her. I can see his white face, at this moment, in the great black square between the bed-curtains. I said I did n't think he was very bad; and she told me to go to bed, — she would sit awhile with him. When the marquis saw me going he gave a sort of groan, and called out to me not to leave him; but Mr. Urbain opened the door for me and pointed the way out. The present marquis — perhaps you have noticed, sir — has a very proud way of giving orders, and I was there to take orders. I went to my room, but I was n't easy; I could n't tell you why. I did

n't undress; I sat there waiting and listening. For what, would you have said, sir? I could n't have told you; for surely a poor gentleman might be comfortable with his wife and his son. It was as if I expected to hear the marquis moaning after me again. I listened, but I heard nothing. It was a very still night; I never knew a night so still. At last the very stillness itself seemed to frighten me, and I came out of my room and went very softly down-stairs. In the anteroom, outside of the marquis's chamber, I found Count Urbain walking up and down. He asked me what I wanted, and I said I came back to relieve my lady. He said *he* would relieve my lady, and ordered me back to bed; but as I stood there, unwilling to turn away, the door of the room opened and my lady came out. I noticed she was very pale, she was very strange. She looked a moment at the count and at me, and then she held out her arms to the count. He went to her, and she fell upon him and hid her face. I went quickly past her into the room and to the marquis's bed. He was lying there, very white, with his eyes shut, like a corpse. I took hold of his hand and spoke to him, and he felt to me like a dead man. Then I turned round; my lady and the count were there. 'My poor Bread,' said my lady, 'M. le Marquis is gone.' Mr. Urbain knelt down by the bed and said softly, 'Mon père, mon père.' I thought it wonderful strange, and asked my lady what in the world had happened, and why she had n't called me. She said nothing had happened; that she had only been sitting there with the marquis, very quiet. She had closed her eyes, thinking she might sleep, and she had slept, she did n't know how long. When she woke up he was dead. 'It's death, my son, it's death,' she said to the count. Mr. Urbain said they must have the doctor, immediately, from Poitiers, and that he would ride off and fetch him. He kissed his father's face, and then he kissed his mother and went away. My lady and I stood there at the bedside. As I looked at the poor marquis it came into my head that he was not dead, that

he was in a kind of swoon. And then my lady repeated, 'My poor Bread, it's death, it's death;' and I said, 'Yes, my lady, it's certainly death.' I said just the opposite to what I believed; it was my notion. Then my lady said we must wait for the doctor, and we sat there and waited. It was a long time; the poor marquis neither stirred nor changed. 'I have seen death before,' said my lady, 'and it's terribly like this.' 'Yes, my lady,' said I; and I kept thinking. The night wore away without the count's coming back, and my lady began to be frightened. She was afraid he had had an accident in the dark, or met with some wild people. At last she got so restless that she went below to watch in the court for her son's return. I sat there alone and the marquis never stirred."

Here Mrs. Bread paused again, and the most artistic of romancers could not have been more effective. Newman made a movement as if he were turning over the page of a novel. "So he *was* dead!" he exclaimed.

"Three days afterwards he was in his grave," said Mrs. Bread, sententiously. "In a little while I went away to the front of the house and looked out into the court, and there, before long, I saw the count ride in, alone. I waited a bit, to hear him come up-stairs with his mother, but they stayed below, and I went back to the marquis's room. I went to the bed and held up the light to him, but I don't know why I did n't let the candlestick fall. The marquis's eyes were open — open wide! they were staring at me. I knelt down beside him and took his hands, and begged him to tell me, in the name of wonder, whether he was alive or dead. Still he looked at me a long time, and then he made me a sign to put my ear close to him: 'I am dead,' he said, 'I am dead. The marquis has killed me.' I was all in a tremble; I did n't understand him; I did n't know what had become of him. He seemed both a man and a corpse, if you can fancy, sir. 'But you'll get well now, sir,' I said. And then he whispered again, ever so weak: 'I would n't get well for a kingdom. I would n't be

that woman's husband again.' And then he said more; he said she had murdered him. I asked him what she had done to him, but he only replied, 'Murder, murder. And she'll kill my daughter,' he said; 'my poor unhappy child.' And he begged me to prevent that, and then he said that he was dying, that he was dead. I was afraid to move or to leave him; I was almost dead myself. All of a sudden he asked me to get a pencil and write for him; and then I had to tell him that I could n't manage a pencil. He asked me to hold him up in bed while he wrote himself, and I said he could never, never do such a thing. But he seemed to have a kind of terror that gave him strength. I found a pencil in the room and a piece of paper and a book, and I put the paper on the book and the pencil into his hand, and moved the candle near him. You will think all this very strange, sir; and very strange it was. The strangest part of it was that I believed he was dying, and that I was eager to help him to write. I sat on the bed and put my arm round him, and held him up. I felt very strong; I believe I could have lifted him and carried him. It was a wonder how he wrote, but he did write, in a big scratching hand; he almost covered one side of the paper. It seemed a long time; I suppose it was three or four minutes. He was groaning, terribly, all the while. Then he said it was ended, and I let him down upon his pillows, and he gave me the paper and told me to fold it, and hide it, and to give it to those who would act upon it. 'Whom do you mean?' I said. 'Who are those who will act upon it?' But he only groaned, for an answer; he could n't speak, for weakness. But in a few minutes he told me to go and look at the bottle on the chimney-piece. I knew the bottle he meant; the white stuff that was good for his stomach. I went and looked at it, but it was empty. When I came back his eyes were open and he was staring at me; but soon he closed them and he said no more. I hid the paper in my dress; I did n't look at what was written upon it, though I can read very well, sir, if I have n't any hand-

writing. I sat down near the bed, but it was nearly half an hour before my lady and the count came in. The marquis looked as he did when they left him, and I never said a word about his having been otherwise. Mr. Urbain said that the doctor had been called to a person in childbirth, but that he promised to set out for Fleurières, immediately. In another half hour he arrived, and as soon as he had examined the marquis he said that we had had a false alarm. The poor gentleman was very low, but he was still living. I watched my lady and her son when he said this, to see if they looked at each other, and I am obliged to admit that they didn't. The doctor said there was no reason he should die; he had been going on so well. And then he wanted to know how he had suddenly fallen off; he had left him so very hearty. My lady told her little story again,—what she had told the count and me,—and the doctor looked at her and said nothing. He stayed all the next day at the château, and hardly left the marquis. I was always there. Mademoiselle and Mr. Valentin came and looked at their father, but he never stirred. It was a strange, deathly stupor. My lady was always about; her face was as white as her husband's, and she looked very proud, as I had seen her look when her orders or her wishes had been disobeyed. It was as if the poor marquis had defied her; and the way she took it made me afraid of her. The apothecary from Poitiers kept the marquis along through the day, and we waited for the other doctor from Paris, who, as I told you, had been staying at Fleurières. They had telegraphed for him early in the morning, and in the evening he arrived. He talked a bit outside with the doctor from Poitiers, and then they came in to see the marquis together. I was with him, and so was the count. My lady had been to receive the doctor from Paris, and she didn't come back with him into the room. He sat down by the marquis; I can see him there now, with his hand on the marquis's wrist, and Mr. Urbain watching him with a little looking-glass in his hand. 'I'm sure he's

better,' said the little doctor from Poitiers; 'I'm sure he'll come back.' A few moments after he had said this the marquis opened his eyes, as if he were waking up, and looked at us, from one to the other. I saw him look at me, very softly, as you'd say. At the same moment my lady came in on tiptoe; she came up to the bed and put in her head between me and the count. The marquis saw her and gave a long, most wonderful moan. He said something we couldn't understand, and he seemed to have a kind of spasm. He shook all over and then closed his eyes, and the doctor jumped up and took hold of my lady. He held her for a moment a bit roughly. The marquis was stone dead! This time there were those there that knew."

Newman felt as if he had been reading, by starlight, the report of highly important evidence in a great murder case. "And the paper,—the paper!" he said, excitedly. "What was written upon it?"

"I can't tell you, sir," answered Mrs. Bread. "I could n't read it; it was in French."

"But could no one else read it?"

"I never asked a human creature."

"No one has ever seen it?"

"If you see it you'll be the first."

Newman seized the old woman's hand in both his own and pressed it vigorously. "I thank you ever so much for that," he cried. "I want to be the first; I want it to be my property and no one else's! You're the wisest old woman in Europe. And what did you do with the paper?" This information had made him feel wondrous strong. "Give it to me, quick!"

Mrs. Bread got up with a certain majesty. "It is not so easy as that, sir. If you want the paper, you must wait."

"But waiting is horrible, you know," urged Newman.

"I am sure *I* have waited; I have waited these many years," said Mrs. Bread.

"That is very true. You have waited for me. I won't forget it. And yet, how comes it you did n't do as M. de

Bellegarde said, show the paper to some one?"

"To whom should I show it?" answered Mrs. Bread, mournfully. "It was not easy to know, and many's the night I have lain awake thinking of it. Six months afterwards, when they married mademoiselle to her vicious old husband, I was very near bringing it out. I thought it was my duty to do something with it, and yet I was mightily afraid. I did n't know what was written on the paper or how bad it might be, and there was no one I could trust enough to ask. And it seemed to me a cruel kindness to do that sweet young creature, letting her know that her father had written her mother down so shamefully; for that's what he did, I suppose. I thought she would rather be unhappy with her husband than be unhappy that way. It was for her and for my dear Mr. Valentin I kept quiet. Quiet I call it, but for me it was a bitter quietness. It worried me terribly, and it changed me altogether. But for others I held my tongue, and no one, to this hour, knows what passed between the poor marquis and me."

"But evidently there were suspicions," said Newman. "Where did Mr. Valentin get his ideas?"

"It was the little doctor from Poitiers. He was very ill-satisfied, and he made a great talk. He was a sharp Frenchman, and coming to the house, as he did, day after day, I suppose he saw more than he seemed to see. And indeed the way the poor marquis went off as soon as his eyes fell on my lady was a most shocking sight for any one. The medical gentleman from Paris was much more accommodating, and he hushed up the other. But for all he could do Mr. Valentin and mademoiselle heard something; they knew their father's death was somehow against nature. Of course they could n't accuse their mother, and, as I tell you, I was as dumb as that stone. Mr. Valentin used to look at me sometimes, and his eyes seemed to shine, as if he were thinking of asking me something. I was dreadfully afraid he would speak, and I always looked away and

went about my business. If I were to tell him, I was sure he would hate me afterwards, and that I could never have borne. Once I went up to him and took a great liberty; I kissed him, as I had kissed him when he was a child. 'You ought n't to look so sad, sir,' I said; 'believe your poor old Bread. Such a gallant, handsome young man can have nothing to be sad about.' And I think he understood me; he understood that I was begging off, and he made up his mind in his own way. He went about with his unasked question in his mind, as I did with my untold tale; we were both afraid of bringing dishonor on a great house. And it was the same with the countess. She did n't know what had happened; she would n't know. My lady and Mr. Urbain asked me no questions because they had no reason. I was as still as a mouse. When I was younger my lady thought me a hussy, and now she thought me a fool. How should I have any ideas?"

"But you say the little doctor from Poitiers made a talk," said Newman. "Did no one take it up?"

"I heard nothing of it, sir. They are always talking scandal in these foreign countries, — you may have noticed, — and I suppose they shook their heads over Madame de Bellegarde. But after all, what could they say? The marquis had been ill, and the marquis had died; he had as good a right to die as any one. The doctor could n't say he had not come honestly by his cramps. The next year the little doctor left the place and bought a practice in Bordeaux, and if there had been any gossip it died out. And I don't think there could have been much gossip about my lady that any one would listen to. My lady is so very respectable."

Newman, at this last affirmation, broke into an immense, resounding laugh. Mrs. Bread had begun to move away from the spot where they were sitting, and he helped her through the aperture in the wall and along the homeward path. "Yes," he said, "my lady's respectability is delicious; it will be a big crash!" They reached the empty space in front

of the church, where they stopped a moment, looking at each other with something of an air of closer fellowship, — like two sociable conspirators. “But what was it,” said Newman, “what was it she did to her husband? She did n’t stab him or poison him.”

“I don’t know, sir; no one saw it.”

“Unless it was Mr. Urbain. You say he was walking up and down, outside the room. Perhaps he looked through the keyhole. But no; I think that with his mother he would take it on trust.”

“You may be sure I have often thought of it,” said Mrs. Bread. “I am sure she did n’t touch him with her hands. I saw nothing on him, anywhere. I believe it was in this way. He had a fit of his great pain, and he asked her for his medicine. Instead of giving it to him she went and poured it away, before his eyes. Then he saw what she meant, and, weak and helpless as he was, he was frightened, he was terrified. ‘You want to kill me,’ he said. ‘Yes, M. le Marquis, I want to kill you,’ says my lady, and sits down and fixes her eyes upon him. You know my lady’s eyes, I think, sir; it was with them she killed him; it was with the terrible strong will she put into them. It was like a frost on flowers.”

“Well, you are a very intelligent woman; you have shown great discretion,” said Newman. “I shall value your services as housekeeper extremely.”

They had begun to descend the hill, and Mrs. Bread said nothing until they reached the foot. Newman strolled lightly beside her; his head was thrown back and he was gazing at all the stars; he seemed to himself to be riding his vengeance along the Milky Way. “So you are serious, sir, about that?” said Mrs. Bread, softly.

“About your living with me? Why of course I take care of you to the end of your days. You can’t live with those people any longer. And you ought n’t to, you know, after this. You give me the paper, and you clear out.”

“It seems very flighty in me to be taking a new place at this time of life,” observed Mrs. Bread, lugubriously. “But

if you are going to turn the house upside down, I would rather be out of it.”

“Oh,” said Newman, in the cheerful tone of a man who feels rich in alternatives, “I don’t think I shall bring in the constables, if that’s what you mean. Whatever Madame de Bellegarde did, I am afraid the law can’t take hold of it. But I am glad of that; it leaves it altogether to me!”

“You are a mighty bold gentleman, sir,” murmured Mrs. Bread, looking at him round the edges of her great bonnet.

He walked with her back to the château; the curfew had tolled for the laborious villagers of Fleurières, and the street was unlighted and empty. She promised him that he should have the marquis’s manuscript in half an hour. Mrs. Bread choosing not to go in by the great gate, they passed round by a winding lane to a door in the wall of the park, of which she had the key, and which would enable her to enter the château from behind. Newman arranged with her that he should await outside the wall her return with the coveted document.

She went in, and his half hour in the dusky lane seemed very long. But he had plenty to think about. At last the door in the wall opened and Mrs. Bread stood there, with one hand on the latch and the other holding out a scrap of white paper, folded small. In a moment he was master of it, and it had passed into his waistcoat pocket. “Come and see me in Paris,” he said; “we are to settle your future, you know; and I will translate poor M. de Bellegarde’s French to you.” Never had he felt so grateful as at this moment for M. Nioche’s instructions.

Mrs. Bread’s dull eyes had followed the disappearance of the paper, and she gave a heavy sigh. “Well, you have done what you would with me, sir, and I suppose you will do it again. You *must* take care of me now. You are a terribly downright gentleman.”

“Just now,” said Newman, “I’m a terribly impatient gentleman!” And he bade her good-night and walked rapidly back to the inn. He ordered his vehicle to be prepared for his return to

Poitiers, and then he shut the door of the common salle and strode toward the solitary lamp on the chimney-piece. He pulled out the paper and quickly unfolded it. It was covered with pencil-marks, which at first, in the feeble light, seemed indistinct. But Newman's fierce curiosity forced a meaning from the tremulous signs. The English of them was as follows:—

My wife has tried to kill me, and she has done it; I am dying, dying horribly. It is to marry my dear daughter to M. de Cintré. With all my soul I protest,— I forbid it. I am not insane,—ask the doctors, ask Mrs. B——. It was alone with me here, to-night; she attacked me and put me to death. It is murder, if murder ever was. Ask the doctors.

HENRI-URBAIN DE BELLEGARDE.

Henry James, Jr.

THE PRODIGAL.

O MOTHER, wait until my work is done!
Loose thy strong arms that draw me to thy breast
Till I am ready to lie down and rest;
Grudge not to me the kisses of the sun.
Fear not, fond earth, thy strong love holds me fast;
Thou art mine heir, — I shall be thine at last.

O roses, grasses, trees! I am your kin, —
Your prodigal blood-cousin, — now grown strange
With many wanderings through the lands of Change.
You lent me of your substance, and I've been
A wasteful steward; yet I shall bring back
My whole inheritance, — you shall not lack.

Divide my all amongst you; 't was but lent
To me a while to use. Part heart and brain,
Matter and force, until there shall remain
Of me no shadow; I am well content.
Order and chaos wage eternal strife;
The end of living is to bring forth life.

Guardian of thoughts, immortal memory!
Keep thou immortal some good thought of mine,
Which, in oblivion's dark, may softly shine
Like the pale fox-fire of a rotting tree.
If thou do keep but one song-child alive,
In its sweet body shall my soul survive.

Charles H. Noyes.

NEWSPAPER LITERARY CRITICISM.

THE newspaper critic of books has a very different office to perform from that of the critic of pure literature. Literary criticism in its best sense deals with pure literature, with books the excellence of which gives them permanence. With books of the hour only, except as they illustrate the manners and taste of the time, the pure critics have little to do. They are under no obligation to judge the half thoughts of half authors, to measure the exact depth of writers who are not very deep, to say just how witty, wise, and eloquent certain tolerably witty, wise, and eloquent writers are. They deal, on the contrary, with minds which possess superior powers or which have produced unusual effects upon the world. A few books of the higher class from the pens of contemporaneous writers may now and then fall to the share of the newspaper reviewer, and by his treatment of these he may produce a good deal of effect. But most of the books will have no pretensions to be placed in this class; of those which do aspire to this rank, some will pretty nearly reach it; many more will fall far short of it. In what way should the newspaper critics write of the books which are placed on their tables? and, especially, to what extent ought they in their judgments to consider the feelings of the authors?

I have heard it said by some that inferior books should either not be reviewed at all, or that, if reviewed, only those things should be said which could be said in commendation of them. The first plan, to pass unnoticed books which to be reviewed justly must be reviewed adversely, is impracticable, because publishers and even authors wish that their books shall be noticed unfavorably rather than that they shall be overlooked, and because a great many books, either from their popularity or the popularity of their authors, or from some accidental reason, have such an importance that no

newspaper can neglect them. The other plan, that of noticing the book and saying only such things as may be said in praise of it, is practicable enough and often enough practiced, but is bad in almost every way. The effect upon the critic is bad. It must not be forgotten that the critic has a soul as well as an author, that his integrity is in constant danger, that he has continual temptations to subterfuge, casuistry, and dishonorable compromise with many untoward circumstances which surround him. But no author appears to think that a critic has a soul or that it is a matter of the least consequence what becomes of it. He regards the flattery of his insincere reviewer with the tolerance that he extends to the crimes of the party which gives him an office, or the iniquities of a business from which he draws an income. An author may know that a critic is describing his book in phrases which are from the mouth rather than from the head or heart, and yet he will think him a pleasant fellow for his want of character. So long as his feelings are protected, he does not care to what condition the critic's want of honesty may reduce his own mind.

A book review should aim to represent the book truthfully to the public. The wickedness of a lie consists not in using false language but in intending to produce a false impression. A critic may tell the truth in detail, that is, each particular statement made by him may be true, but if the effect of his review is to make people believe that to be a good book which is really a bad one, the public has been deceived and the critic has been a deceiver. There is one tolerably valid plea to be urged in extenuation of the guilt of such a proceeding, that the public has learned not to believe the reviewers and that nobody is fooled; but this is a consideration of which newspaper conductors, though they might recognize the force of it, would be likely

to say as little as possible. I know there is a kind of book notice which "tips the wink" to the reader and seems to say, "We must be careful not to wound the feelings of the author, who is a worthy person, but don't buy the book." This is no doubt innocent enough at times, but when such a method of treatment ceases to be a good-natured exception and becomes the habit of a writer, I doubt if it is wholesome. Besides, casuistry of this kind may lead to worse. For it is often hard to invent a phrase which is both true and kind, very hard sometimes when the printer is waiting for "copy;" and the writer is in danger of passing by those easy gradations which moralists describe from skillful and cautious euphemisms into downright fibbing.

That a critic should err rather on the side of appreciation than the want of it, that he should go through a book on the lookout for excellences, appears to be of late a generally accepted notion. It seems to me that the critic should be on the lookout for neither faults nor excellences. Or perhaps I ought to say that he should be on the lookout for excellences, but not too strenuously. His aim should be to know the truth of the book. To toil through some book which you know all the while to be feeble, painfully searching for some indication of ability upon which to found a compliment, is an unwholesome occupation. It is the business of the author to impress the reader, and the critic is only a reader who has special reasons for knowing the truth of a book. When you go to hear an actor you do not consider yourself bound to inquire whether or no his performance is a good one; if he has ability, let him show it. The same requirement should be made of a book. And when a book is plainly "so-so" and nothing more, "fairish," "rather good" (which is often another name for "rather bad"), the critic should not be forced to probe and describe it, but should be permitted to dismiss it at once to the limbo of mediocrity to which it belongs. To be under the necessity of defining things not worth definition he feels to be hurtful to his usefulness and repugnant to his

notion of truth. Of the extreme discomfort of it most reviewers must be aware. To throw a plummet-line deep enough for the sea into a frog pond, and to stand all day on the bank, dabbling the lead in the mud and wondering how deep it is,—few occupations could be more uncomfortable. The critic should say less rather than more than he means. This is the rule of art. Writers of a high order of literature in describing their deepest and happiest impressions of nature and mankind say always less than they mean rather than more, and it is certainly the rule of truth. Such words as "true," "excellent," "beautiful," are good enough to apply to Shakespeare; and yet there are scores of authors of the present time who will be satisfied with nothing short of them.

To write only what is good of a book is therefore bad for the critic; it is bad also for the public. It is often said that to write and bring out a book is a serious matter; that the author has worked hard upon it and is much interested in it; that it will, if a poor book, be certain to die of itself very shortly; why, therefore, it is asked, wound the feelings of the author by letting him and the world know that he has been a fool for his pains? This view has a charity and an appearance of liberality which disposes one hearing it for the first time to accept it. But a little reflection shows one that it will not do. The critic is a literary educator, a professor of literature with a class which embraces the entire reading community. He is to instruct if he can; he is to judge fairly and to give "his own to each," but his main business is to stimulate the minds of people, to conduct a live conversation with the public concerning the books they are reading. People love to compare their opinions of the books they have read with those of one whom they imagine to know something. They will read a notice of a book they have read in preference to one of a book they have not read, and this seems to show that they wish sympathy and conversation rather than information from the critic. Their own ideas are perhaps uncertain and timidly

held; and they are glad of thoughts which agree or disagree with their own, if these thoughts are put forward with zest and candor. Their opinions may be uncertain, but the likings of even the simplest readers are clear enough. Editors and publishers of newspapers may care very little for the books they write and print notices of, but the people who buy the books and sit up half the night to read them care a great deal. The critic has, therefore, what professors of literature very often have not, a class prepared to hear him gratefully and curiously. That he may really assist his audiences it is not so necessary that his opinions be absolutely just and true (they should of course be as just and true as he can make them) as that they should be eager, free, and candid. An incorrect opinion expressed zestfully will have a more lively and I believe a more profiting effect upon the reader than a correct one expressed timidly and with a glance around for fear that some one is hurt by it. I do not say that critics should be severe upon foolish books; indeed, I think they should not be; but I say that the taking into account the author's feelings will be likely to impair the critic's freedom and candor. The question is: shall the critic be free and useful, or shall he be insipid and inefficient; shall he speak his mind plainly and to the point, or shall he limit himself to timid euphemisms and communicate with the reader by innuendoes and implications; shall he be his own man, — as the phrase is, shall his foot be on his native heath, or shall he walk on eggs?

It is best, then, for the critic and the public that the feelings of authors shall be left out of the question by book reviewers; is it best for the authors themselves? If not, it is then only to be said that when the author's interests are opposed to those of the public, it is the critic's business to consider those of the public. Of course, the interests of the whole body of authors cannot be ultimately opposed to that kind of criticism which has the best effect upon the public mind. But uncivil things must be said of some authors, and the authors of whom they are

said cannot be expected to like them. I doubt, though, if they hurt as much as they are supposed to do. An old fox-hunter, speaking of the perfections of the chase as practiced in England, said that "he liked it, the horses liked it, the dogs liked it, and he'd be d—d if he didn't believe the fox liked it." I believe, though I offer the opinion with diffidence, that it is a matter of surprise to many authors that unfavorable printed comments on their books do not hurt them more. A man, tolerably sensitive to the ill opinion of acquaintance whispered privately from mouth to mouth, will find himself perusing with equanimity a column of ridicule and adverse comment concerning himself, spread out for all the world to read. At any rate, whether or no authors are angry with critics who oppose them, it will not be hard to prove that they ought not to be. It will not be hard to show that the critic who says that you are no poet is not so much your enemy as you think. To possess certain artistic gifts is very necessary to you; but your friend the critic cares little whether you have these gifts or not, likes you very well as you are, better, perhaps, than some people who have them. There is a surprise, a little shock, when your friend reviews your book, to find that all along he has been carrying about in his mind notions concerning your abilities very different from those you entertain yourself. You have had many long and friendly talks together; in some charming after-dinner hours of social talk or social silence you have come to like each other very much; and yet, deceitful wretch, the evidence of the printed page containing his comment upon your production discovers the fact that he does not think you a man man of genius. The fault is in your misconception of the nature of the impression which you make upon him. We are apt to think that men know us better than they do. Each knows so well his own history and feelings that he cannot entirely help thinking that he appears to another as he appears to himself. How little we who nod to each other in the street really know of each other! The essential facts of honesty and benevo-

lence men are skilled to discern, because these facts concern themselves; but with regard to those peculiarities of mind which make us poets, artists, and the like, men are to each other as trees walking. You know your acquaintances as you know the states on the map in which the capitals only are given. You are certain that your friend is honest; you are certain that he is kind. Whether he is a genius or not you have never thought to ask; if he be one, very likely it is not for the qualities that make him a genius that you value him. In your moments of most intimate and agreeable talk do you discern in his countenance the feeling of nature, the gift of poesy, etc.? Such gifts even as wit and sense, powers which have their place in conversation, though valuable, are not necessary in our friends. Some men we like for these qualities, and some men we like for the want of them. We like to meet one man because his talk is full of knowledge and acute observation. His amiable neighbor may never in his lifetime have achieved a profound thought or a graphic expression; yet the very vagueness of his mind is so mixed up with some spiritual charm familiar to us that we find ourselves liking him for the want of that which we value in another.

It is well for an author to have this thought before his mind. The reflection should at any rate induce critics to perceive that they are not really unkind in denying to an author gifts which they do not think he possesses. But a critic should be very cautious in the use of censure; he should blame only where he is certain he sees a fault. There is a state of culpable indolence which, when the mind of the reviewer is empty, finds vent in some facile slur or sneer, and this is often set down and printed for no better reason than that it has come into the reviewer's head. Often the critic, determined to be original and superior, says a disparaging thing of which he thinks or hopes he is sure, but of which he is not in the least sure. Even the precaution of certainty will be of no avail with some critics; having never experienced the presence of the quality they cannot

be conscious of the want of it. The old difference between those who know they are right and those who think they are right still remains, and this difference it is impossible to explain to the satisfaction of those who think they are right. The same difference exists among authors, as well. There must be cases in which author and critic come to a dead-lock. The author thinks the critic a fool, and the critic thinks the author an ass. Sometimes the author is right, and sometimes the critic, and each must take the chances.

In order that book criticisms should have the needed free and candid character, they should, as a rule, be anonymous. Book notices to which the writer's name is signed are usually apologetic and deprecatory. They ask the author not to be offended. Even in critical journals which print only anonymous contributions, it is not difficult to pick out, from their timid and gentle manner, certain articles written by persons who know the authors of the books reviewed. A critic must have a very firm hand indeed who is able to treat an author he knows precisely as if he did not know him. He cannot help saying to himself, as he writes, "How will he like this?" "Will he not hate me for that?" He is much freer when the author is not a friend or acquaintance. Just as the President cuts off the head of a subordinate a thousand miles away with scarcely a thought that it is a real man whose head is coming off, and that to lose one's head is quite as painful in Colorado as in the District of Columbia, so the critic finds it hard to think that for the author whose name on the title-page he has never before seen, there is somewhere walking about a person of like feelings and affections with himself. He is the freer for being ignorant of the author and for not having to take him and his feelings into account. The critic is at an even greater disadvantage if he is known to the public as well as to the author. Those foreign periodicals in which the names of the reviewers are appended to their articles are feeble than the anonymous ones. The reviewer addresses himself half to the reader and half to the

author. He carries on an urbane confabulation with the author before the eyes of the public, something like the factitious conversation of clergymen who sit together in the pulpit.

Indeed, the favoritism of reviewers to writers of their acquaintance is a difficulty in the way of candid criticism that it will be very difficult ever to get out of the way. It is the skeleton in the reviewer's closet. There is not a critical journal in the world whose reviews are not influenced by the personal relations of the editors and reviewers with the authors. I do not see how it is to be mended, since authors and reviewers will know one another. But the evil, because it is nearly inevitable, is none the less an evil. If a critic be really in the habit of saying only pleasant things of his friends' books, it is difficult to see how he can with any fairness write freely of anybody. For when about to try his wit and sense upon some stupid author, not known to him, he must, if he is fair, stop and ask, "How can I say these things of this man, when, if I knew him, I should be certain not to say them?"

One exception should be made to the rule that book reviews should be anonymous. A man with peculiar gifts of taste, judgment, and sympathy, who is also a person interesting and attractive to the public and well known to them, is perhaps the best of book reviewers. The public delights to converse with such a writer, and his name is of great use to the authors themselves. *Laudari a viro laudato* — to be praised by a man of reputation and consideration — every author likes. Such a critic, however, should not be obliged to notice books which do not interest him.

But in this country the main cause of the critic's discomfort, the chief difficulty in the way of the discharge of his duty to the public and to himself, is the fact that the publisher is the patron of the newspapers. His advertisements are an important source of income to them; the newspapers therefore desire not to offend him. It has even come to pass that the publishers are supposed to exact notices in part payment for their

patronage. There has grown up a notion that notices are given to advertisers something like a free lunch to bar customers. It is hard indeed to understand why an advertiser is not considered as paid by the insertion of his advertisement. The absurdity of the custom existing here is such as to suggest the idea that it is a reminiscence of a day when every town in the land was a village and every newspaper a country newspaper. Puffing must of course in the end defeat itself; and it is equally certain that the paper which is the most read by book buyers must in the end get the advertising. The time has quite come when this particular sort of immorality may cease. At this moment any great newspaper could without danger to its business stop the puffing of books; with regard to puffs of real estate, railway and insurance companies, etc., I do not venture to express an opinion. The way of virtue is not always the way of profit. But I am sure that any strong paper could safely in its reviews ignore the fact of the publishers being its patrons. The important publishers (with some exceptions) really do not trouble the reviewers very much, because they are too busy, and because, alas, they have very little faith in the ability of the most eloquent reviewers to sell books. They have a cynical belief that there has been a diminution in the expressing power of words. Then the *amour propre* of a publisher, unlike that of an author, is general rather than particular. He prints many books and these books are reviewed by many papers. If a book is not well treated by one writer it will be by another; if a newspaper condemns one book it will make amends by praising another. The publisher thus "strikes an average" and is tolerably content. The main annoyance to the reviewer is from smaller people who want a great deal for very little, and who succeed in this way in getting notice which according to the commercial idea belongs to the big houses. Though the publishers are not as anxious to have their books praised as they are thought to be, the conductors of newspapers hold that they are, and thus the result is quite as bad

for the reviewer as if they were. A silent pressure is brought to bear upon the critic to be continually coquetting with the advertisers, to reward those who do advertise, to punish those who do not, and to invite those who are expected to. I say the pressure is a silent one; the reviewer is not told, or at any rate not frequently told, to do such and such things. On the contrary, he is said to have a *carte blanche*. But there are two sorts of *carte blanche*, a verbal and a moral *carte blanche*. The *carte blanche* I refer to says to the reviewer, "You may do as you like, but" — and there is an ominous reservation which he prudently construes to mean that it will be well for him to like to do what proprietors wish to have done. An advertising agent, professing to something more than common liberality, once said to a reviewer, "You pull one way and we pull another, and so between the two we get things about right." Where one side has the money and the other side has none, it is easy

to see which must pull to the most effect. The owners of a newspaper must control it and control it entirely. I have heard newspaper writers and other persons speak of an independent journalist, meaning thereby an editor independent of the owners of the paper for which he writes. There can be, of course, no such thing. One might as well speak of an independent coachman or an independent cook. You may not like to order your dinner, or to tell the coachman to take this or that road, but the cook and the coachman have their own way only so long as they cook what you like and drive you where you wish to go. The independence of a journalist is precisely of the same character. He may play for a while his little game of command, but he must in the end do as he is told to do by those who hire him. This is inevitably so of him, as it must be of any employee. If newspapers are to be better conducted, therefore, it is the owners who must reform them.

E. S. Nadal

OUT OF THE QUESTION.

COMEDY.

III.

THE scene three weeks after the events last represented is once more that hotel parlor which we know. Here sit Mrs. Bellingham and her sister-in-law, both with sewing, to which the latter abandons herself with an apparently exasperated energy, while the former lets her work lie in her lap, and listens with some lady-like trepidation to what Mrs. Murray is saying.

Mrs. Murray. "From beginning to end it has been quite like a sensation play. Leslie must feel herself a heroine of melodrama. She is sojourning at a country inn, and she goes sketching in

the woods, when two ruffians set upon her and try to rob her. Her screams reach the ear of the young man of humble life but noble heart, who professed to have gone away but who was still opportunely hanging about; he rushes on the scene and disperses the brigands, from whom he rends their prey. She seizes his hand to thank him for his sublime behavior, and discovers that his wrist has been broken by a blow from the bludgeon of one of the wicked ruffians. Very pretty, very charming, indeed; and so appropriate for a girl of Leslie's training, family, and station in life. Upon my word I congratulate you, Marion. To think of being the mother of a her-

oine! It was fortunate that you let her snub Mr. Dudley. If she had married him probably nothing of the kind would have happened."

Mrs. Bellingham. "I am glad the affair amuses you, but I don't see how even *you* can hold the child responsible for what has happened."

Mrs. Murray. "Responsible! I should be the last to do that, I hope. No, indeed. I consider her the victim of circumstances, and since the hero has been thrown back upon our hands, I'm sure every one must say that her devotion is most exemplary. I don't hold her responsible for that, even." As Mrs. Murray continues, Mrs. Bellingham's uneasiness increases, and she drops her hands with a baffled look upon the work in her lap. "It's quite *en règle* that she should be anxious about him; it would be altogether out of character, otherwise. It's a pity that he doesn't lend himself more gracefully to being petted. When I saw her bringing him a pillow, that first day, after the doctor set his wrist and she had got him to repose his exhausted frame on the sofa, I was almost melted to tears. Of course it can end only in one way."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Kate, I will not have any more of this. It's intolerable, and you have no right to torment me so. You know that I'm as much vexed as you can be. It annoys me beyond endurance, but I don't see what, as a lady, I can do about it. Mr. Blake is here again by no fault of his own, certainly, and neither Leslie nor I can treat him with indifference."

Mrs. Murray. "I don't object to *your* treating him as kindly as you like, but you had better leave as little kindness as possible to Leslie. You must sooner or later recognize one thing, Marion, and take your measures accordingly. I advise you to do it sooner."

Mrs. Bellingham. "What do you mean?"

Mrs. Murray. "I mean what you know well enough: that Leslie is interested in this Mr. Blake. I saw that she was, from the very first moment. He's just the kind of man to fascinate a girl

like Leslie; you know that. He's handsome, and he's shown himself brave; and all that unconventionality which marks him of a different class gives him a charm to a girl's fancy, even when she has recognized, herself, that he isn't a gentleman. She soon forgets that, and sees merely that he is clever and good. She would very promptly teach a girl of his traditions her place, but a young man is different."

Mrs. Bellingham. "I hope Leslie would treat even a woman with consideration."

Mrs. Murray. "Oh, consideration, consideration! You may thank yourself, Marion, and your impossible ideas, if this comes to the worst. You belong to one order of things or you belong to another. If you believe that several generations of wealth, breeding, and station distinguish a girl so that a new man, however good or wise or brave he is, can never be her equal, you must act on your belief, and in a case like this you can't act too promptly."

Mrs. Bellingham. "What should you do?"

Mrs. Murray. "Do? I should fling away all absurd ideas of consideration, to begin with. I should deal frankly with Leslie,—I should appeal to her pride and her common sense; and I should speak so distinctly to this young man that he could n't possibly mistake my meaning. I should tell him—I should advise him to try change of air for his wound, or whatever it is."

Mrs. Bellingham, after a moment's dreary reflection: "That's quite impossible, Kate. I will speak to Leslie, but I never can offer offense to one we owe so much."

Mrs. Murray. "Do you wish *me* to speak to him?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "No, I can't permit that, either."

Mrs. Murray. "Very well; then you must abide by the result." Mrs. Murray clutches her work together, stooping to recover dropping spools and scissors with an activity surprising in a lady of her massive person, and is about to leave the room, when the sound of steps

and voices arrest her; a moment after, Blake and Miss Bellingham enter, so intent upon each other as not to observe the ladies in their corner.

Leslie. "I'm afraid you've let me tire you. I'm such an insatiable walker, and I never thought of your not being perfectly strong, yet."

Blake, laughing: "Why, Miss Bellingham, it isn't one of my ankles that's broken."

Leslie, concessively: "No; but if you'd only let me *do* something for you. I can both play and sing, and really not at all badly. Shall I play to you?" She runs up and strikes some chords on the piano, and with her hand on the keys glances gravely round at Blake, who remains undecided. She turns about. "Perhaps you'd rather have me read to you?"

Blake. "Do you really wish me to choose?"

Leslie. "I do. And ask something difficult and disagreeable."

Blake. "I'd rather have you talk to me than either."

Leslie. "Is that your idea of something difficult and disagreeable?"

Blake. "I hope you won't find it so."

Leslie. "But I shan't feel that it's anything, then! Shall I begin to talk to you here? Or where?"

Blake. "This is a good place, but if I'm to choose again, I should say the gallery would be better."

Leslie. "Oh, you're choosing that because I said I wondered how people could come into the country and sit all their time in stuffy rooms!"

Blake, going to the window and looking out: "There are no seats." He returns, and putting the backs of two chairs together, lifts them with his left hand to carry them to the gallery.

Leslie, advancing tragically upon him and reproachfully possessing herself of the chairs: "Never! Do you think I have *no* sense of shame?" She lifts a chair in either hand and carries them out, while Blake in a charmed embarrassment follows her, and they are heard speaking without: "There! Or no! That's in a draught. You must n't sit in a draught."

Blake. "It won't hurt me. I'm not a young lady."

Leslie. "That's the very reason it *will* hurt you. If you were a young lady you could stand anything. Anything you *liked*." There are indistinct murmurs of further feigned dispute, broken by more or less conscious laughter, to which Mrs. Bellingham listens with alarm and Mrs. Murray with the self-righteousness of those who have told you so, and who, having thus washed their hands of an affair, propose to give you a shower-bath of the water.

Mrs. Murray. "Well, Marion!"

Mrs. Bellingham, rising, with a sigh: "Yes, it's quite as bad as you could wish."

Mrs. Murray. "As bad as *I* could wish? This is too much, Marion. What are you going to do?" Mrs. Bellingham is gathering up her work as if to quit the room, and Mrs. Murray's demand is pitched in a tone of falling indignation and rising amazement.

Mrs. Bellingham. "We can't remain to overhear their talk. I am going to my room."

Mrs. Murray. "Why, Marion, the child is your own daughter!"

Mrs. Bellingham. "That is the very reason why I don't wish to feel that she has cause to be ashamed of me; and I certainly should if I stayed to eavesdrop."

Mrs. Murray. "How in the world should she ever know it?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "I should tell her. But that is n't the point, quite."

Mrs. Murray. "This is fantastic! Well, let her marry her—Caliban! Why don't you go out and join them? *That* need n't give her cause to blush for you. Remember, Marion, that Leslie is an ignorant, inexperienced child, and that it's your duty to save her from her silliness."

Mrs. Bellingham. "My daughter is a lady, and will remember herself."

Mrs. Murray. "But she's a woman, Marion, and will forget herself!"

Mrs. Bellingham, who hesitates in a brief perplexity, but abruptly finishes her preparations for going out: "At any rate, I can't dog her steps, nor play the

spy upon her. I wish to know only what she will freely tell me."

Mrs. Murray. "And are you actually going? Well, Marion, I suppose I must n't say what I think of you."

Mrs. Bellingham. "It is n't necessary that you should."

Mrs. Murray. "If I *were* to speak, I should say that your logic was worthy of Bedlam, and your morality of — of — the millennium!" She whirls furiously out of the parlor, and Mrs. Bellingham, with a lingering glance at the door opening upon the balcony, follows her amply eddying skirts. At the moment of their disappearance, Leslie comes to the gallery door and looks exploringly into the parlor.

Leslie, speaking to Blake without: "I was sure I heard voices. But there 's nobody." She turns, and glancing at the hills which show their irregular mass through the open window, sinks down into a chair beside the low gallery rail. "Ah, this is a better point still," and as Blake appears with his chair and plants it *vis-à-vis* with her: "Why old Ponkwasset, I wonder? But people always say *old* of mountains: old Wachusett, old Agamenticus, old Monadnock, old Ponkwasset. Perhaps the young mountains have gone West and settled down on the prairies, with all the other young people of the neighborhood. Would n't that explain it?" She looks with mock seriousness at Blake, who supports in his left hand the elbow of his hurt arm. "I 'm sure it 's paining you."

Blake. "No, no; not the least. The fact is" — he laughs lightly — "I 'm afraid I was n't thinking about the mountains just now, when you spoke."

Leslie. "Oh, well, neither was I — very much." They both laugh. "But why do you put your hand under your arm, if it does n't pain you?"

Blake. "Oh! — I happened to think of the scamp who broke it for me."

Leslie, shuddering: "Don't speak of it! Or yes, do! Tell me about it; I've *wanted* to ask you. I ought to know about it."

Blake. "Why, those things are better imagined than described, Miss Bellingham."

Leslie. "But I want it described. I must hear it, no matter how terrible it is."

Blake. "Oh, it was n't terrible; there was very little of it, one way or the other. The big fellow would n't give up your watch; and I had to — urge him; and the little Irishman came dancing up, and made a pass at us with his stick, and my wrist caught it. That 's all."

Leslie, with effusion: "All? You risked your life to get me back my watch, and I asked about that first, and never mentioned you."

Blake. "I had n't done anything worth mentioning."

Leslie. "Then getting my watch was n't worth mentioning!"

Blake. "Where is it? I have n't seen you wear it."

Leslie. "I broke something in it when I threw it down. It does n't go. Besides, I thought perhaps you would n't like to see it."

Blake. "Oh, yes, I should."

Leslie, starting up: "I 'll go get it."

Blake. "Not now!" They are both silent; Leslie falters and then sits down again, and folds one hand over the other on the balcony rail, letting her fan dangle idly by its chain from her waist. He leans forward a little, and taking the fan, opens and shuts it, while she looks down upon him with a slight smile; he relinquishes it with a glance at her, and leans back again in his chair.

Leslie. "Well, what were you thinking about that hideous little wretch who hurt you?"

Blake. "Why, I was thinking, for one thing, that he did n't mean to do it."

Leslie. "Oh! Why *did* he do it, then?"

Blake. "I believe he meant to hit his partner, though I can't exactly say why. It went through my mind. And I was thinking that a good deal might be said for tramps."

Leslie. "For tramps that steal watches and break wrists? My philanthropy does n't rise to those giddy heights, quite. No, decidedly, Mr. Blake, I draw the line at tramps. They never look clean, and why don't they go to work?"

Blake. "Well, they could n't find work just now, if they wanted it, and generally I suppose they don't want it. A man who's been out of work three months is glad to get it, but if he's idle a year he does n't want it. When I see one of your big cotton-mills standing idle, I know that it means just so much tramping, so much starving and stealing, so much misery and murder. We're all part of the tangle; we're all of us to blame, we're none of us to blame."

Leslie. "Oh, that's very well. But if you pity such wretches, what becomes of the *deserving* poor?"

Blake. "I'm not sure there are any *deserving* poor, as you call them, any more than there are *deserving* rich. So I don't draw the line at tramps. The fact is, Miss Bellingham, I had just been doing those fellows a charity before they attacked you,—giving them some tobacco. You don't approve of that?"

Leslie. "Oh, I like smoking!"

Blake, laughing: "And I got their idea of a gentleman."

Leslie, after a moment: "Yes? What was that?"

Blake. "A man who gives you tobacco, and does n't ask you why you don't go to work. A *real* gentleman has matches about him to light your pipe with afterwards. Is that your notion of a gentleman?"

Leslie, consciously: "I don't know; not exactly."

Blake. "It made me think of the notion of a gentleman I once heard from a very nice fellow years ago: he believed that you could n't be a gentleman unless you began with your grandfather. I was younger then, and I remember shivering over it, for it left *me* quite out in the cold, though I could n't help liking the man; he was a gentleman in spite of what he said,—a splendid fellow, if you made allowance for him. You have to make allowances for everybody, especially for men who have had all the advantages. It's apt to put them wrong for life; they get to thinking that the start is the race. I used to look down on that sort of men, once—in theory. But what I saw of them in the war

taught me better; they only wanted an emergency, and they could show themselves as good as anybody. It is n't safe to judge people by their circumstances; besides, I've known too many men who had all the *disadvantages* and never came to anything. Still I prefer the tramp's idea—perhaps because it's more flattering—that you are a gentleman if you choose to be so. What do you think?"

Leslie. "I don't know. I think it's a very unpleasant subject. Why don't you talk of something else?"

Blake. "Oh, I was n't to talk at all, as I understood. I was to be talked to."

Leslie. "Well, what shall I talk to you about? You must choose that, too."

Blake. "Let us talk about yourself, then."

Leslie. "There is nothing about me. I'm just like every other girl. Get Miss Wallace to tell you about herself, some day, and then you'll know my whole history. I've done everything that she's done. We had the same dancing, singing, piano, French, German, and Italian lessons; we went to the same schools and the same lectures; we have both been abroad, and can sketch, and paint on tiles. We're as nearly alike as the same experiences and associations could make us, and we're just like all the other girls we know. Isn't it rather monotonous?"

Blake. "I don't know all the other girls that you know. If I can judge from Miss Wallace, I don't believe you're like them; but they may be like you."

Leslie, laughing: "That's too fine a distinction for me. And you haven't answered my question."

Blake, gravely: "No, it is n't monotonous to me; it's all very good, I think. I'm rather old-fashioned about women; I like everything in their lives to be regular and ordered by old usage."

Leslie. "Then you don't approve of originality?"

Blake. "I don't like eccentricity."

Leslie. "Oh, I do. I should like to do all sorts of odd things, if I dared."

Blake. "Well, your not daring is the great point. If I had a sister, I should

want her to be like all the other girls that are like you."

Leslie. "You compliment! She could n't be like me."

Blake. "Why?"

Leslie. "Why? Oh, I don't know." She hesitates, and then with a quick glance at him: "She would have dark eyes and hair, for one thing." They both laugh.

Blake. "Was that what you meant to say?"

Leslie. "Is n't it enough to say what you mean, without being obliged to say what you meant?"

Blake. "Half a loaf is better than no bread; beggars mustn't be choosers."

Leslie. "Oh, if you put it so meekly as that you humiliate me. I must tell you, now: I meant a question."

Blake. "What is it?"

Leslie. "But I can't ask it, yet. Not till I've got rid of some part of my obligations."

Blake. "I suppose you mean what I — what happened."

Leslie. "Yes."

Blake. "I'm sorry that it happened, then; and I had been feeling rather glad of it, on the whole. I shall hate it if it's an annoyance to you."

Leslie. "Oh, — not annoyance, exactly."

Blake. "What then? Should you like a receipt in full for all gratitude due me?"

Leslie. "I should like to feel that we had done something for you in return."

Blake. "You can cancel it all by giving me leave to enjoy being just what and where I am."

Leslie, demurely, after a little pause: "Is a broken wrist such a pleasure, then?"

Blake. "I take the broken wrist for what it brings. If it were not for that I should be in New York breaking my heart over some people I'm connected with in business there, and wondering how to push a little invention of mine without their help. Instead of that" —

Leslie, hastily: "Oh! Invention? Are you an inventor, too, Mr. Blake? Do tell me what it is."

Blake. "It's an improved locomotive driving-wheel. But you'd better let me alone about that, Miss Bellingham; I never stop when I get on my driving-wheel. That's what makes my friends doubtful about it; they don't see how any brake can check it. They say the Westinghouse would exhaust the atmosphere of the planet on it without the slightest effect. You see I *am* rather sanguine about it." He laughs nervously.

Leslie. "But what have those New York people to do with it?"

Blake. "Nothing, at present. That's the worst of it. They were partners of mine, and they got me to come on all the way from Omaha, and then I found out that they had no means to get the thing going."

Leslie. "Oh! How could they do it?"

Blake. "Well, I used language to that effect myself, but they did n't seem to know; and I ran up here to cool off and think the matter over for a fresh start. You see, if I succeed it will be an everlasting fortune to me; and if I fail, — well, it will be an everlasting *misfortune*. But I'm not going to fail. There; I'm started! If I went on a moment longer, no power on earth could stop me. I suppose you're not much used to talking about driving-wheels, Miss Bellingham?"

Leslie. "We don't *often* speak of them. But they must be very interesting to those that understand them."

Blake. "I can't honestly say they are. They're like railroads; they're good to get you there."

Leslie. "Where?"

Blake. "Well, in my case, away from a good deal of drudgery I don't like, and a life I don't altogether fancy, and a kind of world I know too well. I should go to Europe, I suppose, if the wheel succeeded. I've a curiosity to see what the apple is like on the other side; whether it's riper or only rotter. And I always believed I should quiet down somewhere, and read all the books I wanted to, and make up for lost time in several ways. I don't think I should look at any sort of machine for a year."

Leslie, earnestly: "And would all that

happen if you had the money to get the driving-wheel going?"

Blake, with a smile at her earnestness: "I'm not such a driving-wheel fanatic as that. The thing has to be fully tested, and even after it's tested, the roads may refuse to take hold of it."

Leslie, confidently: "They can't — when they see that it's better."

Blake. "I wish I could think so. But roads are human, Miss Bellingham. They prefer a thing that's just as well to something that's much better — if it costs much to change."

Leslie. "Well, then, if you don't believe the roads will take hold of it, why do you want to test it? Why don't you give it up at once?"

Blake. "It won't give me up. I do believe in it, you know, and I can't stop where I am with it. I must go on."

Leslie. "Yes. I should do just the same. I should never, *never* give it up. I know you'll be helped. Mr. Blake, if this wheel" —

Blake. "Really, Miss Bellingham, I feel ashamed for letting you bother yourself so long with that ridiculous wheel. But you would n't stick to the subject: we were talking about you."

Leslie, dreamily: "About me?" Then abruptly: "Mamma will wonder what in the world has become of me." She rises, and Blake, with an air of slight surprise, follows her example. She leads the way into the parlor, and lingeringly drawing near the piano, she strikes some chords, and as she stands over the instrument, she carelessly plays an air with one hand. Then, without looking up: "Was that the air you were trying to remember?"

Blake, joyfully: "Oh yes, that's it; that's it, at last!"

Leslie, seating herself at the piano and running over the keys again: "I think I can play it for you; it's rather old-fashioned, now." She plays and sings, and then rests with her hands on the keys, looking up at Blake where he stands leaning one elbow on the corner of the piano.

Blake. "I'm very much obliged."

Leslie, laughing: "And I'm very much surprised."

Blake. "Why?"

Leslie. "I should think the inventor of a driving-wheel would want something a great deal more stirring than this German sentimentality and those languid, melancholy things from Tennyson that you liked."

Blake. "Ah, that's just what I don't want. I've got stir enough of my own."

Leslie. "I wish I could understand you."

Blake. "Am I such a puzzle? I always thought myself a very simple affair."

Leslie. "That's the difficulty. I wish" —

Blake. "What?"

Leslie. "That I could say something wrong in just the right way!"

Blake, laughing: "How do you know it's wrong?"

Leslie. "It is n't, if you don't think so."

Blake. "I don't, so far."

Leslie. "Ah, don't joke. It's a very serious matter."

Blake. "Why should I think it was wrong?"

Leslie. "I don't know that you will. Mr. Blake" —

Blake. "Well?"

Leslie. "Did you know — Now, if I begin to say something, and feel like stopping before I've said it, you won't ask questions to make me go on?" Very seriously.

Blake, with a smile of joyous amusement, looking down at her as he lounges at the corner of the piano: "I won't even ask you to begin." Leslie passes her hand over the edges of the keys, without making them sound; then she drops it into her lap and there clasps it with the other hand, and looks up at Blake.

Leslie. "Did you know I was rich, Mr. Blake?"

Blake. "No, Miss Bellingham, I did n't." His smile changes from amusement to surprise, and he colors faintly.

Leslie, blushing violently: "Well, I am, — if being rich is having a great deal more money to do what you please than you know what to do with." Blake

listens with a look of deepening mystification, as she hurries desperately on: "I have this money in my own right; it's what my uncle left me, and I can give it all away if I choose." She pauses again, as if waiting for Blake to ask her to go on, but he remains loyally silent; his smile has died away, and an embarrassment increases upon both of them. She looks up at him again, and implores: "What *will* you think of what I'm going to say?"

Blake, bursting into a troubled laugh: "I can't imagine what you're going to say."

Leslie. "Don't laugh! I know you won't — Oh, Mr. Blake, you said you liked girls to be just like everybody else, and old-established, and that; and I know this is as eccentric as it can be. It is n't at all the thing, I know, for a young lady to say to a gentleman; but you're not like the others, and — Oh, it does n't seem possible that I should have begun it! It seems perfectly monstrous! But I know you won't misinterpret — I must, I must go on, and the bluntest and straight-forward way will be the best way." She keeps wistfully scanning Blake's face as she speaks, but apparently gathers no courage or comfort from it. "Mr. Blake!"

Blake, passively: "Well?"

Leslie, with desperate vehemence: "I want — Oh, what will you think of me! But no, you're too good yourself not to see it in just the right way. I'm sure that you won't think it — unladylike — for me to propose such a thing, merely because — because most people would n't do it; but I shall respect your reasons — I shall know you're right — even if you refuse me; and — Oh, Mr. Blake, I want to go into partnership with you!"

Blake, recoiling a pace or two from the corner of the piano, as *Leslie* rises from the stool and stands confronting him: "To — to — go into" —

Leslie. "Yes, yes! But how dreadfully you take it; and you promised — Oh, I *knew* you would n't like it. I know it seems dreadfully queer, and not at all delicate. But I thought — I thought — from what you said — You said those

people had no money to push your invention, and here I have all this money doing nobody any good — and you've done nothing but heap one kindness after another on us — and why *should n't* you take it, as much as you want, and use it to perfect your driving-wheel? I'm sure I believe in it; and" — She has followed him the pace or two of his withdrawal; but now, at some changing expression of his face, she hesitates, falters, and remains silent and motionless, as if fixed and stricken mute by the sight of some hideous apparition. Then with a wild incredulity: "Oh!" and indignation, "Oh!" and passionate reproach and disappointment, "Oh! How cruel, how shameless, how horrid!" She drops her face into her hands, and sinks upon the piano-stool, throwing her burdened arms upon the keys with a melodious crash.

Blake. "Don't, don't! For pity's sake, don't, my — Miss Bellingham!" He stands over her in helpless misery and abject self-reproach. "Good heavens, I didn't — It was all" —

Leslie, springing erect: "Don't speak to me. Your presence, your being alive in the same world after that is an insufferable insult!"

Blake. "I wish to God I had died first."

Leslie. "For you to dare! Ah! No woman could say what you thought. No lady" —

Blake. "Wait!" He turns pale, and speaks low and steadily: "You must listen to me now; you must hear what I never dreamt I should dare to say. I loved you! If that had not bewildered me I could not have thought — what is impossible. It was a delusion dearer than life; but I was ashamed of the hope it gave me even while it lasted. Don't mistake me, Miss Bellingham; I could have died to win your love, but if your words had said what they seemed to say, I would not have taken what they seemed to offer. But that's past. And now that I have to answer your meaning, I must do it without thanks. You place me in the position of having told my story to hint for your help" —

Leslie, in vehement protest: "Oh, no, no, no! I never dreamt of such a thing! I could n't!"

Blake. "Thank you at least for that; and — Good-by!" He bows and moves away toward the door.

Leslie, wildly: "Oh, don't go, don't go! What have I done, what shall I do?"

Blake, pausing, and going abruptly back to her: "You can forgive me, Miss Bellingham; and let everything be as it was."

Leslie, after a moment of silent anguish: "No, no. That's impossible. It can never be the same again. It must all end. I can forgive you easily enough; it was nothing; the wrong was all mine. I've been cruelly to blame, letting you — go on. Oh, yes, very, very much. But I did n't know it; and I did n't mean anything by anything. No, I could n't. Good-by. You are right to go. You must n't see me any more. I shall never forget your goodness and patience." Eagerly: "You would n't want me to forget it, would you?"

Blake, brokenly: "Whatever you do will be right. God bless you, and good-by." He takes up her right hand in his left, and raises it to his lips, she trembling, and as he stands holding it *Mrs. Bellingham* enters with an open letter.

Mrs. Bellingham. "Leslie" —

Leslie, who withdraws her hand, and after a momentary suspense turns unashamed to her mother: "Mr. Blake is going away, mamma" —

Mrs. Bellingham faintly acknowledges his parting bow. *Leslie* watches him go, and then turns away with a suppressed sob.

IV.

Leslie. "Well, mamma, what will you say to me now?" Without the inspiration of *Blake*'s presence, she stands drearily confronting her mother in *Mrs. Bellingham*'s own room, where the latter, seated in her easy-chair, looks up into her daughter's face.

Mrs. Bellingham. "Nothing, *Leslie*. I am waiting for you to speak."

Leslie. "Oh, I can't speak unless you ask me." She drops into a chair, and hiding her face in her handkerchief weeps silently. Her mother waits till her passion is spent and she has wiped her tears, and sits mutely staring toward the window.

Mrs. Bellingham. "Is he coming back again, *Leslie*?"

Leslie. "No."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Was it necessary that you should let him take leave of you in that way?"

Leslie, sighing: "No, it was n't necessary. But — it was inevitable."

Mrs. Bellingham. "What had made it inevitable? Remember, *Leslie*, that you asked me to question you."

Leslie. "I know it, mamma."

Mrs. Bellingham. "And you need n't answer if you don't like."

Leslie. "I don't like, but I will answer, all the same, for you have a right to know. I had been saying something silly to him."

Mrs. Bellingham, with patient hopelessness: "Yes?"

Leslie. "It seems so, now; but I know that I spoke from a right motive, — a motive that you would n't disapprove of yourself, mamma."

Mrs. Bellingham. "I'm sure of that, my dear."

Leslie. "Well, you see — Could n't you go on and ask me, mamma?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "I don't know what to ask, *Leslie*."

Leslie. "It's so hard to tell, without." Desperately: "Why, you see, mamma, Mr. Blake had told me about a thing he had invented, and how some people in New York had promised him money to get it along, — push it, he said, — and when he came on all the way from Omaha, he found that they had no money; and so — and so — I — I offered him some."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Oh, *Leslie*!"

Leslie. "Yes, yes, it seems horrid, now, — perfectly hideous. But I did so long to do something for him because he had done so much for us, and I think he is so modest and noble, and I felt so sorry that he should have been so cruelly

deceived. Was n't that a good motive, mamma?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Oh, yes, my poor headlong child! But what a thing for a young lady to propose! I can't imagine how you could approach the matter."

Leslie. "That's the worst of it, — the very worst. Of course, I never *could* have approached such a thing with any other young man; but I thought there was such a difference between us, don't you know, in everything, that it would be safe; and I thought it would be better — he would like it better — if there was no beating about the bush; and so I said — I said — that I wanted to go into partnership with him."

Mrs. Bellingham, with great trouble in her voice, but steadily: "What answer did he make you, Leslie?"

Leslie. "Oh, I was justly punished for looking down upon him. At first he blushed in a strange sort of way, and then he turned pale and looked grieved and angry, and at last repeated my words in a kind of daze, and I blundered on, and all at once I saw what he thought I had meant; he thought — Oh, dear, dear — he thought" — she hides her face again, and sobs out the words behind her handkerchief — "that I w-w-anted to — to — to marry him! Oh, how shall I ever endure it? It was a thousand times worse than the tramps, — a thousand times." *Mrs. Bellingham* remains silently regarding her daughter, who continues to bemoan herself, and then lifts her tear-stained face: "Don't you think it was ungratefully, horribly, cruelly vulgar?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Mr. Blake can't have the refinement of feeling that you've been used to in the gentlemen of your acquaintance; I'm glad that you've found that out for yourself, though you've had to reach it through such a bitter mortification. If such a man misunderstood you" —

Leslie, indignantly: "Mr. Blake is quite as good as the gentlemen of my acquaintance, mamma; he could n't help thinking what he did, I blundered so; and when I flew out at him, and upbraided him for his — ungenerosity, and

hurt his feelings all I could, he excused himself in a perfectly satisfactory way. He said" —

Mrs. Bellingham. "What, Leslie?"

Leslie, with a drooping head: "He said — he used words more refined and considerate than I ever dreamt of — he said he was always thinking of me in that way without knowing it, and hoping against hope, or he could never have misunderstood me in the world. And then he let me know that he would n't have taken me, no matter how much he liked me, if what he thought for only an instant had been true; and he could never have taken my money, for that would have made him seem like begging, by what he had told me. And he talked splendidly, mamma, and he put me down, as I deserved, and he was going away, and I called him back, and we agreed that we must never see each other again; and — and I could n't help his kissing my hand." She puts up her handkerchief and sobs, and there is an interval before her mother speaks in a tone of compassion, yet of relief.

Mrs. Bellingham. "Well, Leslie, I'm glad that you could agree upon so wise a course. This has all been a terribly perplexing and painful affair; and I have had my fears, my dear, that perhaps it had gone so far with you that" —

Leslie, vehemently: "Why, so it had! I did n't know I liked him so, but I do; and I give him up — I gave him up — because you all hate him, yes *all*; and you shut your eyes, and *won't* see how kind and brave and good he is; and I can't hold out against you. Yes, he must go; but he takes my broken heart with him."

Mrs. Bellingham, sternly: "Leslie, this is absurd. You know yourself that he's out of the question."

Leslie, flinging herself down and laying her head in her mother's lap with a desolate cry: "Oh, mamma, mamma, don't speak so harshly to me, or I shall die. I *know* he's out of the question; yes, yes, I do. But how? How, mamma? How is he out of the question? That's what I can't understand!"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Why, to begin

with, we know nothing about him, Leslie."

Leslie, eagerly: "Oh, yes, I do. He's told me all about himself. He's an inventor. He's a genius. Yes, he knows everything, indeed he does; and in the war he was an engineer. If you could only hear him talk as I do!"—

Mrs. Bellingham. "I dare say. A civil engineer?"—

Leslie. "A *civil* engineer! I should hope *not*. I should be ashamed of a man who had been a civilian during the war. He always had this great taste for mechanics, and he studied the business of a machinist—I don't know what it is, exactly; but he knows all about steam, and he can build a whole engine, himself; and he happened to be a private soldier going somewhere on a Mississippi gunboat when the engineer was killed, and he took charge of the engine at once, and was in the great battles with the boat afterwards. He's a military engineer."

Mrs. Bellingham. "He's a steamboat engineer, Leslie, and you might as well marry a locomotive-driver, as far as profession goes."

Leslie, aghast: "Do you mean that when Mr. Blake was an engineer, he did n't wear any coat, and had his sleeves rolled up, and went about with a stringy wad of oily cotton in his hand?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Yes."

Leslie. "Oh!" She excludes the horrible vision by clasping both hands over her eyes.

Mrs. Bellingham, very gravely: "Now listen to me, Leslie. You know that I am not like your aunt Kate,—that I never talk in that vulgar way about classes and stations, don't you?"

Leslie. "Oh, yes, mamma. I've always been a great deal worse than you, myself."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Well, my dear, then I hope that you will acquit me of anything low or snobbish in what I have to say. There is a fitness in all things, and I speak out of respect to that. It is simply impossible that a girl of your breeding and ideas and associations should marry a man of his. Recollect that no

one belongs entirely to themselves. You are part of the circle in which you have always moved, and he is part of the circumstances of his life. Do you see?"

Leslie. "Yes." She lapses from a kneeling to a crouching posture, and resting one elbow on her mother's knee poises her chin on her hand, and listens drearily.

Mrs. Bellingham. "We may say that it is no matter what a man has been; that we are only concerned with what Mr. Blake is now. But the trouble is that every one of us is what they have been. If Mr. Blake's early associations have been rude and his business coarse, you may be sure they have left their mark upon him, no matter how good he may be naturally. I think he is of a very high and sweet nature; he seems so!"—

Leslie. "Oh, he is, he is!"

Mrs. Bellingham. "But he can't outlive his own life. Isn't that reasonable?"

Leslie, hopelessly: "Yes, it seems so."

Mrs. Bellingham. "You can't safely marry any man whose history you despise. Marriage is a terrible thing, my dear; young girls can never understand how it searches out the heart and tries and tests in every way. You must n't have a husband whom you can imagine with a wad of greasy cotton in his hand. There will be wicked moments in which you will taunt and torment each other."

Leslie. "Oh, mamma, mamma!"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Yes, it is so! The truest love can come to that. And in those moments it is better that all your past and present should be of the same level as his; for you would n't hesitate to throw any scorn in his teeth; you would be mad, and you must not have deadly weapons within reach. I speak very plainly."

Leslie. "Terribly!"

Mrs. Bellingham. "But that is the worst. There are a thousand lighter trials, which you must meet. Where would you live, if you married him? You have a fortune, and you might go to Europe!"—

Leslie. "I *never* would sneak away to Europe with him!"

Mrs. Bellingham. "I should hope not. But if you remained at home, how would you introduce him to your friends? Invention isn't a profession; would you tell them that he was a machinist or a steamboat engineer by trade? And if they found it out without your telling?"

Leslie, evasively: "There are plenty of girls who marry men of genius, and it doesn't matter what the men have done,—how humble they have been. If they're geniuses"—

Mrs. Bellingham. "Oh, Leslie, such men have won all the honors and distinctions before they marry. Girls like you, my dear, don't marry geniuses in their poverty and obscurity. Those men spend years and years of toil and study, and struggle through a thousand difficulties and privations, and set the world talking about them, before they can even be asked to meet the ordinary people of our set in society. Wait till Mr. Blake has shown"—

Leslie. "But he'd be an old man by that time, and then I should n't want him. If I know *now* that he's going to be great"—

Mrs. Bellingham. "My dear, you know nothing whatever about him, except that his past life has been shabby and common."

Leslie, with sudden spirit: "Well, then, mamma, at least I don't know anything horrid of him, as some girls must know of the young men they marry,—and the old men, too. Just think of Violet Emmons's match with that count there in Paris! And Aggy Lawson's, with that dreadful old Mr. Lancaster, that everybody says has been so wicked! I'd rather marry Mr. Blake, a thousand times, if he had been a—I don't know what!"

Mrs. Bellingham. "You have no right to take things at their worst, Leslie. Remember all the girls you know, and the accomplished men they have married in their own set; men who are quite their equals in goodness as well as station and wealth and breeding. That's what I want you to do."

Leslie. "Do you want me to marry somebody I don't like?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Be fair, Leslie. I merely want you to like somebody you ought to marry,—when the proper time comes. How do you know that Mr. Blake is n't quite as bad as the count or Mr. Lancaster?"

Leslie, with a burst of tears: "Oh, mamma, you just now said yourself that you believed he was good and sweet, and you have seen the beautiful delicacy he behaves towards women with. Well, well,"—she rises, and catches in her hand a long coil of her hair which has come loose from the mass, and stands holding it while she turns tragically toward her mother,—“let it all go. I will never marry at all, and then at least I can't displease you. I give him up, and I hope it will make you happy, mamma."

Mrs. Bellingham, rising: "Leslie, is this the way you reward my anxiety and patience? I have reasoned with you as a woman of sense, and the return you make is to behave like a petulant child. I will never try to control you in such a matter as this, but you know now what I think, and you can have your own way if you like it better or believe it is wiser than mine. Oh, my poor child!" clasping Leslie's head between her hands and tenderly kissing the girl's hair, "don't you suppose your mother's heart aches for you? Marry him if you will, Leslie, and I shall always love you. I hope I may never have to pity you more than I do now. All that I ask of you, after all, is to make sure of yourself."

Leslie. "I will, mamma, I will. He must go; oh, yes, he must go. I see that it would n't do. It would be too unequal,—I'm so far beneath him in everything but the things I ought to despise. No, I'm not his equal, and I never can be, and so I must not think of him any more. If *he* were rich, and had been brought up like me, and I were some poor girl with nothing but her love for him, he would never let the world outweigh her love, as I do his. Don't praise me, mother; don't thank me. It is n't for you I do it; it is n't for anything worthy, or true, or good; it's because I'm a coward, and afraid of the opinions

of people I despise. You've shown me what I am. I thought I was brave and strong; but I am weak and timid, and I shall never respect myself any more. Send him away; tell him what an abject creature I am! It will kill me to have him think meanly of me, but oh, it will be a thousand times better that he should have a right to scorn me now, than that I should ever come to despise myself for having been ashamed of him, when — when — 'That I *could n't* bear!' She drops into a chair near the table and lets fall her face into her hands upon it, sobbing.

Mrs. Bellingham. "Leslie, Leslie! Be yourself! How strangely you act!"

Leslie, lifting her face, to let it gleam a moment upon her mother: "Oh, yes, I *feel* very strangely. But now I won't distress you any more, mother," lifting her face again and impetuously drying her eyes with her handkerchief; "I will be firm, now, and no one shall ever hear a murmur from me, — not a murmur. I think that's due to you, mamma; you have been so patient with me. I've no right to grieve you by going on in this silly way, and I won't. I will be firm, firm, firm!" She casts herself into her mother's arms, and as she hangs upon her

neck in a passion of grief, Mrs. Murray appears in the door-way, and, in spite of Mrs. Bellingham's gesticulated entreaties to retire, advances into the room.

Mrs. Murray. "Why, what in the world does all this mean?"

Leslie, raising her head and turning fiercely upon her: "It means that I'm now all you wish me to be, — quite your own ideal of ingratitude and selfishness, and I wish you joy of your success!" She dashes tempestuously from the room, and leaves Mrs. Murray planted.

Mrs. Murray. "Has she dismissed him? Has she broken with him?"

Mrs. Bellingham, coldly: "I think she meant you to understand that."

Mrs. Murray. "Very well, then, Charles can't come a moment too soon. If things are at this pass, and Leslie's in this mood, it's the most dangerous moment of the whole affair. If she should meet him now, everything would be lost."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Don't be troubled. She won't meet him; he's gone."

Mrs. Murray. "I shall believe that when I see him going. A man like that would never leave her, in the world, because she bade him, — and I should think him a great fool if he did."

W. D. Howells.

A LAST WORD.

HOLD thy heart within thy hand
Where the fools around thee stand,
So that when they torture thee
Thou canst crush it and be free;

They will show their brutal strength,
They will have their way at length;
This at least they shall not say,
They have touched thy heart to-day.

A. R. Grote.

TENERIFFE.

To ascend this celebrated peak had long been my ambition, as well as, more recently, to discover if the climate and scenery of the queen of the Canaries were equal, not to say superior, to those of Madeira. I was glad to find the two islands so different that comparison was unnecessary, while I was on the whole not disappointed by what I saw at Teneriffe. Although on a grander and more beautiful scale, it resembles Pico Island in the Azores. The peak of the Western Islands, although but 7615 feet high, has not only been seen one hundred and ten miles at sea, but is often visible for half or two thirds that distance, while Teneriffe, five thousand feet more lofty, is rarely seen at a distance, owing to peculiar atmospheric conditions, especially after the northeast trade-winds begin, in April. It was therefore almost useless for me to strain my eyes to discover it on the voyage, although the weather was fine, for the breezy ides of May were against me. But the light near Anaga Point was visible thirty miles out, and the fearfully ragged and desolate volcanic peaks and cliffs of the southeastern coast were in plain sight close on the starboard beam as we rounded Anaga in the pearly gray of dawn. Ere long Santa Cruz appeared on the shore directly ahead, with the mountains rising behind in ever-ascending scale, and at last the extreme summit of the great cone called the Piton towered before us, clearly cut against the azure of the sky. As the sun rose, the yellow pumice-stone and snow of the little peak assumed a rich roseate hue. The whiteness of the peak gave to it and to the island its name. Thener ifé, the white mountain, it was called by the aborigines of Las Palmas, for so it looked to them sixty-eight miles distant. The Piton is also called the Pico de Teyde, a corruption of Cheyde, the Guanche word for hell, a title whose appropriateness is at once apparent to one who ascends the peak.

The harbor of Santa Cruz is only an

open roadstead, whose sole protection is the regular character of the winds and climate, and the nature of the anchorage, which is so steep that a vessel cannot drag ashore, although she may be driven out to sea occasionally. But even when it is calm, the water of the port is always more or less agitated by the heavy swell rolling in from the trade-winds blowing outside, and ships at anchor pitch and roll in the most extraordinary manner. The landing-place is within a mole, but getting ashore is not always easy on account of the swell which sweeps up the stone steps with vigor. The traveler on landing is beset by two contrary emotions, caused by the exorbitant demands of the boatmen and the carters, and the immense and rather unwonted relief at finding no custom-house, — no officials in dirty livery to turn the contents of his trunk inside out; that, in a word, although under the Spanish yellow and scarlet flag, Santa Cruz is a free port. In 1852 this island, with those adjoining, obtained permission from the home government to abolish all duties on goods entering the Canaries, provided that they made up any deficit that might result to the revenues of the crown from the adoption of this measure. The commerce of the islands since then has been tolerably prosperous, and the importers have thriven on free trade; but lest the advocates of free trade should cite this as a proof of the truth of their theories, it is only fair to add that the deficit in the national revenues has never been made up, and already amounts to millions, the possible collection of which is held over the people as a rod of terror, while the taxes have been so increased in proportion by the home government as to cause much grumbling among the landed proprietors and peasantry, besides no small degree of hardship.

The English hotel, I found, had been recently closed for lack of patronage; it was therefore with dread that I turned to the Spanish *fonda* kept by Durvan,

adjoining the captain-general's, but I was agreeably disappointed to find a comfortable and well-sustained hotel. Santa Cruz is not the only place of that name in the Spanish dominions; there are several in the Canaries alone, including two on the island of Teneriffe; but this one is the most important town of the group, numbering some eight thousand inhabitants. Las Palmas in Gran Canaria contains twice the population, but is of less relative consequence. Santa Cruz de Teneriffe is regularly laid out on a gradual slope, flanked by sterile, volcanic precipices and ravines, not so near, however, as to justify Humboldt's statement that it lies under a perpendicular wall of rock, unless his words are accepted in a figurative sense. Lest the people should forget the name of their city, a massive marble cross stands at the head of the Plaza de Constitucion, near the jetty. The houses are often of only one story, and rarely more than two, though a partial third story is not uncommon in the form of a tower surmounted by a terrace. The roofs are flat and offer a pleasant promenade in the cool of the evening. The dwellings are generally in the form of a hollow square, in Eastern style; one would not suspect this from their appearance on the street. From the outer door, which is always open until late at night, one passes through a passage, corresponding in length with the width of the rooms, to the inner door, which gives into the *patio* or court, open to the sky, and frequently planted with bananas, orange-trees, roses, and jessamines. Around the patio on the ground-floor are store-rooms and offices; the family occupy the next floor, the rooms opening upon verandas overlooking the court. A cluster of small bells is attached to the inner door. When a visitor arrives he pushes it open; the bells sound the alarm, and a shrill voice answers above, "Qui e'?" (Who is it?) Should there be no bells the visitor claps his hands. As in Las Palmas, there are a number of the lower class who live in caves in the outskirts of the town. The Guanches or aborigines were troglodytes. At Gran Canaria remains of stone

dwellings still exist, but the Guanches of Teneriffe seem to have been uniformly troglodytes, and the custom of turning the numerous air vents or caves of this volcanic soil into dwellings has not yet been quite abandoned. Some of them have been improved by face walls and other "modern improvements," but their essential character as cave dwellings is unchanged. The windows of all the houses in Teneriffe deserve especial mention. A massive frame like a box fits into the aperture, but unlike an ordinary casement projects some inches from the wall. The blinds are heavily paneled with square bevels, and in the lower half of each is a smaller blind swinging out from below. This is called the *postigillo*, and plays a most important part in the uneventful lives of the inhabitants, especially the female portion of the community. Is any unwonted sound heard in the street, up go the postigillos. Early in the day, women with frowzy tresses and children just out of bed, scarcely awake and entirely unwashed, lean languidly on the sill and gaze at the passerby behind the postigillo. Later in the day the dark-eyed señorita, her toilet completed, shoots dangerous glances from behind this convenient ambush, and perhaps drops it suddenly just as one begins to realize the charms it coyly reveals. In the evening the lover converses with her, standing under the half-raised blind of the magic postigillo, while she, seated on the window-seat, leans her round arm on the sill, and listens to the passionate words he utters in low tones, and perhaps with her fan coquets with another admirer across the street.

The Plaza de Principe in the centre of the town is very pretty, inclosing a fountain, and embowered with plane and pepper trees. It is the great resort on fine evenings, and few others ever occur. A band of music plays very tolerably, although the romantic guitar tinkling in the side streets is more in consonance with the hour and the clime. One is surprised to see so many handsome ladies in so small a place. They invariably wear that most graceful of all head-coverings, the mantilla, either black or

white, and of lace or silk. The ladies of Teneriffe, having found a graceful costume for the head, are sensible enough to know when they are well off, and do not change it. Not until half past eight does the band begin to play; it continues until eleven, when the "serenos" take up the cry in turn. This is the humorous sobriquet applied to the night watchmen or police, who every half hour sing out, often very musically, "Ave Maria purissima!" then they give the hour and end with "sereno" (all serene); hence the epithet; for so almost invariable is the weather, it very rarely occurs that it is necessary for the watchmen to alter the cry, and sometimes when it is actually storming they still from habit shout "Sereno!"

But to linger long in Santa Cruz when the valley of Orotava is yet unseen and unexplored is unpardonable. An excellent carriage-road connects the two places, and the distance is about twenty-five miles. The island itself is something over fifty miles long, and Orotava is on the northern coast. I therefore started one fine May morning for the valley Humboldt considered the most perfect spot he had seen in all his travels. We began to ascend immediately towards the ridge at whose summit, three thousand feet above the sea, lies that quaint and sleepy old town, Laguna, of all drowsy places one of the most peaceful and somnolent. It was once the capital of the island. Wealth was in its borders. Marquises, counts, and other dons here dwelt in considerable splendor. The *adelantado*, or first viceroy, reigned here, and his palace, built over four hundred years ago, still remains. But now the grass grows rank in the streets of Laguna; the houseleek is abundant, springing from the mossy tiles of the dilapidated roofs and the crevices of the forsaken jalousies. State-gate-ways are walled up and "the spider hath woven her web in the palaces of Afrasiab." However, on account of her exceptionally cool and moist climate, Laguna continues a resort in summer for those who desire to exchange the parched air of Santa Cruz for a more bracing atmosphere. Even in summer mists and

rain are not uncommon there, with abundant breezes, while the charming meadow lands and intervalles surrounded by sharp peaks commanding wonderful prospects over land and sea, in the midst of which the little city is situated, afford a limitless variety of charming rambles. But then your true Canary Islander is not much of a Rambler. A slight infusion of Anglo-Saxon blood is essential to develop the rambling propensity.

The peasants of Laguna still retain one of the ancient costumes of the island. White drawers cover the whole leg; over these breeches of blue cloth come down nearly to the knee, bound with a scarlet cord, but so slashed or cut away over the hips that the garment really consists of little more than flaps in front and behind, resembling the cuisses of steel armor. Formerly every village had its own dress, some of them very picturesque, but excepting in the more remote districts, like Chasna and Icod, they are gradually passing away. In some of the other islands many curious garbs are still in common use. In Teneriffe the country women invariably wear a white cloth to protect the head and neck, or a shawl extending down the back, evidently to protect the spine from the sun; over this a straw or felt hat is also *de rigueur*. The men of the lower classes wear a blanket cloak, that swells out in stiff and unwieldy barrel-like rotundity, and is absurd enough when the mercury is at eighty. The purchase of one of these cloaks is a matter of great importance, as certain qualities enter into its composition without which it is simply useless to offer it for sale over any counter in Teneriffe. It must be white, white as snow, although immediately after purchasing it the wearer will perhaps fling it in the dirt, and it will never henceforward be other than a dingy brown. It must have a blue stripe, with a narrower one of the same color on each side near the lower edge; it must be of uniform thickness, — a thin spot would ruin it, — and the nap must run one way and that downwards, in order to make it water-proof. These and other conditions are required by the Medo-Persian inflexi-

bility of public opinion among the peasantry of Teneriffe.

We passed many women carrying on their heads boxes containing the cochineal bug, which they had bought in Santa Cruz and were taking to the north side to put on the plant; as is generally known, the cochineal deposits its young on the leaf of the cactus. The mothers are laid in thin cambric bags or on rags, which are then wrapped around the plant and left on until the bug is deposited on the leaf. After reaching maturity the bugs are scraped off and dried in an oven or in the air. Much of the island is covered with cactus, and two crops of cochineal are gathered in many places; but the beauty of the landscape is marred by the unsightly fields of cactus bound with white rags. The cochineal, originally introduced from Mexico by an enterprising priest who was stoned to death by the peasants for injuring, as they supposed, a plant whose prickly pear supplies them with a staple food, became a source of large profit at a time when the disease of the vines cut off the wine crop. But the discovery of aniline colors has greatly reduced the price of cochineal, although they can never altogether supersede the little insect from which are obtained the most exquisite red dyes known in modern times. The deficiency that might result in the commerce of the islands is at present partially made up by an increasing production of onions and potatoes, which are largely exported to the West Indies. The climate allows three crops of potatoes annually. The cultivation of the vine is also in a measure reviving, and perhaps three thousand pipes of various sorts were made at the last vintage; the annual yield was formerly over thirty thousand pipes. The best canary is, like the wines of warm climates, strong; it has a rich golden hue and a fine fruity flavor, although inferior to old port, or madeira.

The fig grows in Teneriffe abundantly, producing several excellent varieties. During the season the trees are frequented by the capirote, which, nestling in the dense shade and feeding on the fruit,

gains inspiration for the exquisite strains which at every hour of the day add the charm of melody to the loveliness that meets the eye at every turn. The notes of the capirote rival those of the mocking-bird and the nightingale in variety and richness, and it can be easily tamed and taught to imitate the notes of other birds; but this modest, pearl-tinted little songster is so sensitive that all attempts to acclimate it in other countries have failed.

After leaving Laguna we saw many palms, sometimes in clusters; but neither there nor in other parts of Teneriffe do they reach full size, or produce dates fit to eat; they give an Oriental aspect to the landscape, which is heightened by the camels that one encounters on the road. But camels are less employed in the island than formerly, and like those of Lancerote are scarcely tame. It is not uncommon for them to charge furiously upon men, not even respecting their masters. I have heard that people have been killed in the Canaries by camels. This certainly belies the reputation for meekness that they have earned in Eastern lands.

Our road beyond Laguna lay by the sea, or rather at a height of two or three thousand feet above it, sometimes on the brow of a slope approaching a precipice, or again separated from the deep blue ocean below by a valley studded with hamlets. At noon we stopped at the village of Matanzas to lunch and bait the horses. Matanza means "slaughter" in Spanish, and the name was given to the place in memory of the severest drubbing the Spaniards ever received, in proportion to the numbers engaged on each side. Jean de Betancourt, a Norman lord, having heard of the distant Canary Islands, and moved by the roving impulse inherited from his ancestors, set out to visit and perhaps conquer them. Finding no Frenchmen ready to accompany him, he went to Spain, where he was joined by a cousin, who induced some Spanish adventurers to embark on the galleys of Betancourt. The history of the subsequent conquest by Betancourt and his successors, and of the singular

people they found and subdued in those islands, is full of romance and interest. Lancerote was the first island seized; Grand Canary was subjugated only after seventy-seven years of heroic defense on the part of a people who were not destitute of some civilization, who displayed many magnanimous traits of character, and who yielded at last only when their king had been seized by treachery, and when their numbers were reduced to five hundred. Teneriffe was not even visited until after all the other islands of the group had come under the Spanish yoke. There are grounds for believing that the Fortunate Isles were colonized by exiles of war, expelled from Barbary in Roman times; aside from traditions to this effect, there are many dialectic analogies between their language and that of the Berbers, as well as resemblances in customs. But the natives of Teneriffe differed so much in language and customs from those of the other islands as to throw great doubt on their origin. Some stones have recently been discovered in Hierro and Las Palmas bearing sculptured symbols similar to those found on the shores of Lake Superior. This has led M. Bertholet, the enthusiastic historiographer of the islands, to the conclusion that the first inhabitants of the Canaries and those of the great West were one in race. Although he has arrived at this result rather hastily, as it would seem, when one considers the universality of some of the ancient symbols, there is apparently some reason to urge further investigations of the subject. The colonizing of Teneriffe in Roman times by exiles may have been secondary to a previous occupation. In those primitive days communication between the islands was rare, and it is even asserted that boats were unknown there. Only to the tribes of Teneriffe does the term Guanche apply, although often given to those of the other islands. The island was divided among nine chiefs or kings, and there was a complete organization or feudal system, composed of a wealthy class and of serfs who took charge of the flocks, which formed the riches of the island. The code of laws, though unwritten, was

well defined and strictly administered. One of the upper class who so far lowered himself as to milk a goat was degraded to vassalage, but capital punishment was not allowed. Wars were common, chiefly regarding boundaries; the weapons were elaborately carved, and the arrow and spear heads were made of obsidian. The food of all classes was generally *gofio*, a palatable mixture composed of corn, ground in hand-mills, kneaded with salt and milk, or cheese, and then baked in the skin of a kid. This dish is still almost universal among the peasantry of Teneriffe. The Guanches drank no cold water for half an hour after eating, to avoid injuring the teeth. After death the Guanche was embalmed and sewed up in a tanned goat skin and deposited in one of the numerous caves with which the island abounds. Four or five mummies, one of them a princess, the other the remains of a Guarnateme or chief of Teyde in Gran Canaria, are preserved, with a few other Guanche relics, spears, hand-mills, leather pitchers, and the like, in a small private museum which I visited at Tacaronte. But the mummies have otherwise been wantonly destroyed wherever found by the peasantry, who regard them with superstitious dread. Some were discovered in a cave at Santa Lucia while I was at Teneriffe, and were immediately broken up. There are mummies still known by tradition to exist in caves on the edge of precipices, especially at Guimar, and inaccessible unless one chooses to be lowered a thousand feet by a rope. The bodies were thus let down and deposited on ledges in the cave mouth where they probably remain to this day.

In 1492 the Spaniards made a landing at Teneriffe; they were peaceably received, and were permitted to remain and construct a fort. But the Spaniards having been guilty of a gross breach of faith, the honest Guanches were so irritated that they arose and swept fort and garrison out of existence. Naturally infuriated at the conduct of barbarians so simple as to be exasperated by mere perfidy, Alonzo de Lugo landed one thousand men the following year,

and, as the natives were taken by surprise, was able to scour the land as far as Orotava. But the chief of that valley sent forward three hundred men under his brother to waylay the Spaniards on their return, while he bestirred himself to rouse the rest of the island. At Matanzas, alluded to above, the invaders were attacked, and although armed with mail and arquebuses they were put to rout, losing not less than six hundred men in the battle, or rather slaughter. On reaching the coast Alonzo de Lugo was again attacked, losing one fourth of his remaining force, and thought himself happy to be able to reëmbark with only three hundred out of the thousand men with which he had landed a few days previously. Nothing daunted, however, Alonzo de Lugo reappeared at Teneriffe with a still larger force, and now the Guanches displayed a common sense rare in history. The leading chief of the island reasoned that although he might be able to cope with the army just landed, it must be of little ultimate use; for an enemy who, after such a disastrous defeat, could so soon put a larger army into the field must by sheer force of numbers gradually wear out the limited population of Teneriffe. The wisest plan therefore seemed to be to submit while it was still in their power to impose certain conditions, of course accepting Christianity, without doing which they would all have been roasted. By the influence of this king all the island was brought to submit to the Spaniards; Alonzo de Lugo became adelantado, leaving a large posterity to transmit his name, and the Guanches instead of being exterminated were absorbed into the Spanish race. But the peasantry of the western parts of the island still shows the lineaments of a race that peopled these islands before the Goth had issued from the north, or the Saracen from the south, to form in Iberia the present race of Spain. Until quite recently Guanches of purely aboriginal blood were still to be found at Chasna.

While we have been glancing briefly at the history of the conquest, the bony horses, three abreast, and well-joined

voured by the flies, which it must be confessed are sufficiently numerous to amount to a plague in Teneriffe, have carried us past Sausal, where the peak should burst on the sight, revealing its proportions as from no other part of the island. But the peak was concealed in dense layers of the trade-wind cloud, and continued so for ten days after my arrival. This sublime prospect was therefore reserved for my return, as the final picture in a succession of magnificent scenes which were revealed one by one, during my sojourn at Orotava. Could I have arranged everything with the purpose of producing the most effective impression, it could not have been better devised. Five hours brought us to the valley of Orotava, although another hour or two was required to complete the journey to the fonda at the puerto, which can be reached only on donkey or horse back. Situated three hundred feet above the sea, Mrs. Turnbull's comfortable little boarding-house is perhaps too inconveniently located for transient visitors, but for those who, either for pleasure or health, desire to spend delicious days of poetic indolence gazing on the noble prospect,—the mountains and the valley, and the sea that lashes the volcanic beach from age to age,—a more admirable situation could scarcely be selected. As regards climate, the temperature at that height cannot be surpassed on this imperfect planet of ours. The trade-winds, which are hardly felt at the sea-level, there impart a reviving coolness to the air of midsummer. Fifty-eight degrees Fahrenheit is the lowest the mercury falls in winter. From sixty-eight to seventy-two degrees is the average height it reaches in summer. In the puerto below, the glass descends to sixty-four in the house in winter, and never rises above eighty. Add to this that the climate is dry,—more so than that of the Bahamas or Madeira, both celebrated resorts for invalids,—and the winds moderate. Santa Cruz is generally too warm, although the heat is not so much excessive as steady, while Laguna, to which residents of the island resort in summer for a more bracing air,

is perhaps too damp and windy for invalids who come from abroad; but Orotava seems to combine all that is desirable from a sanitary point of view for those who are afflicted with pulmonary complaints, rheumatism, or neuralgia in its protean forms; also perhaps for those wasting away with that terrible malady, Bright's disease, if they can endure the voyage, which can be made in eight or nine days from Liverpool, or in three or four days from Cadiz or Gibraltar, between all of which ports and Santa Cruz steamers run regularly.

The valley of Orotava is more properly a slope than a valley. From the crater of the Cañadas a central ridge runs to Anaga Point. From this ridge where it meets the Cañadas a magnificent bastion, called Mount Tigayga, stretches for several miles like a stupendous wall on one side of the slope, throwing out into the valley buttresses of astonishing grandeur, often nearly vertical for thousands of feet; on the eastern side another mountain, nearly as sublime, bounds the slope. Between these two lateral mountains the celebrated valley of Orotava rises by a very gradual but unbroken ascent from the coast until it reaches the central ridge, some seven thousand feet above the sea. The shore sometimes terminates in abrupt precipices of lava and basalt, or in a rocky beach of slag, whitened forevermore by the surges of the hoarse Atlantic. Three miles from the coast lies Orotava, an ancient-looking town of seven thousand inhabitants. Here are houses quaint with dilapidation and a certain musty air of decayed splendor. It is still the residence of certain Spanish families of title—counts, marquises, and dons of high and low degree. A church of some architectural merit, but incomplete, occupies a prominent position, and some of the gardens of the place are stocked with exotics. I observed here a very pretty custom, common in other towns of the island, but seen in its perfection at Orotava. On the *fête* days of the church the streets through which the procession passes are strewn with carpets of flowers. This is done by gathering the petals of

various brilliant flowers into separate baskets. A mold is laid on the pavement representing the pattern. In one compartment rose petals are dropped, in another marigold, in another violet, and so on. All the divisions having been filled with petals, an inch deep, the mold is carefully removed, and a most beautiful painting appears, magnificent as the richest of stained-glass windows. Before private houses the ladies sometimes assist in this pious and poetic art, which, as may be easily understood, would be impossible in a land where flowers are scarce or where the winds are rude. In the garden of the Marquis of Sausal are the remains of what was once considered on the highest authority to be the oldest tree in the world, the famous dragon-tree of Orotava. Five thousand years was the least age that could be assigned to it. It was over eighty feet high and of enormous circumference, but had been reduced to a mere shell, although still green at the top and with a possibility of centuries yet before it. The marquis paid no heed to its decrepit condition, and the venerable patriarch was left without support. Six years ago a hurricane, the severest of the century, swept the island, and in that wild night, while the thunders raged, while the winds screamed over houses unroofed, while ships foundered with all on board, the old dragon-tree that had survived the fall of empires, and the earthquake-shocks and fiery torrents of volcanoes, at last went down. What relic hunters and fuel seekers—with shame be it said—have left of this patriarch now lies a crumbling heap of red bark and nothing more. The dragon-tree, so called from its red sap, formerly used as a dye, is common in the Canary Islands, and many very fine specimens of it are to be seen there.

Below the town is the celebrated botanic garden of Teneriffe, which would be more properly termed a garden of acclimation. Great hopes of its usefulness were entertained at its inception, but a larger experience and the extensive greenhouses put up more recently in northern climes have to a degree neu-

tralized its value, although it is still well tended by the very intelligent superintendent, Mr. Wilpert. The Puerto de Orotava is a sleepy little village of about the same size as the town, but on the whole more cheerful, and with a certain amusing assumption of thrift, not to say bustle, about it during the onion and potato season, when the diminutive mole is piled with the bulbs, and the lighters row out through the narrow passage among the rocks and ride over the heavy swell, upon which the ships pitch and roll in a most uncomfortable manner, moored by the stern as well as the bow, and with the breakers often just under the quarter. The regularity of the winds makes accidents rare, but I should notwithstanding wish a ship well insured if I were to send her to Orotava for a cargo of onions. The number of crosses at the port, in shrines, on the house-walls, or over the gates, almost exceeds belief.

Three miles to the westward of the port is the Val Taoro, a regular depression of the slope, but with a steeper incline. Here is the extensive village of Realejo, very striking and picturesque. The women of this place are more fair and plump than most of the country women of Teneriffe, because, some say, of the wonderful air of the locality, and others because of their Norman descent. In the small church attached to the convent of San Francisco, here, is a carved cedar roof, exquisitely beautiful.

The flora of Teneriffe is said to be exceedingly rich; this, however, must be taken as implying variety in its botanic specimens rather than such a general luxuriance of verdure as is found in Madeira or Jamaica. The chestnut forests which once covered the valley have been largely cut down to make room for the culture of the cochineal; and the vestiges of volcanic action abounding on all sides in the form of streams of lava or slag, in dark-brown cliffs and mounds, and numerous walls and huge piles of lava stones of which the fields have to be cleared before they can be cultivated, together with long stretches of unsightly cactus or poisonous euphorbia, give the landscape an air of desolation. But

these features are soon forgotten in the grander objects which Orotava presents. To appreciate the valley of Orotava one must give to it weeks and months of passive, reverent observation and reflection. It is not in the minute details but in its general effect that it should be regarded, like a painting executed broadly and leaving the imaginative mind to supply the details. So viewed, the majestic slope of Orotava, encircled by the mountains and the sea, wearing on its bosom its cluster of beautiful towns and robing itself in the vegetation of all climes, offers one of the most remarkable landscapes of the globe, if not indeed the most remarkable. Whether seen from Icod Alto on the brow of Tigayga, or from the opposite side, or from the beach, or from the town, it everywhere overwhelms one more and more with its matchless magnificence and sublimity. The last time I saw it from the shore was at sunset. Not a cloud obscured the vast amphitheatre before me. The upper heights were bathed in purple. Beyond Tigayga, far up in the blue, the white cone of the peak towered in regal solitude, a wreath of golden clouds above its head and seemingly ablaze in the ruddy glow of the sun dropping below the ocean's verge. Purple shadows crept over the lower part of the slope until they gradually mantled the ridges of Tigayga and the Cañadas. But long after, like a star in the firmament, the extreme summit of the Piton gleamed alone in the heavens.

From Orotava I made a trip to Icod, distant twenty miles to the westward. The road was remarkable only for its rugged, not to say dangerous character. We scaled the lower heights of Tigayga, and passing the village of Guanche reached Icod towards evening. The volcanic desolations through which we had picked our way moderated somewhat as we approached the little place, and it was almost with surprise I found myself in a well-built, picturesque town with considerable pretensions to beauty. The situation is certainly very fine. The view of the peak is the chief object of interest at Icod, and one who has never

ascended it can obtain a better idea of the cone from Icod than from the valley of Orotava. There is in the garden adjoining the fonda, at Icod, the oldest and noblest dragon-tree now known to exist; it is in excellent condition, and can hardly be less than three thousand years old. Another object of interest is the cave of the Guanches, close to the town. A formidable supply of pitch-pine fagots having been prepared, I followed the guide through a crevice so low that one must enter it on his knees. The cave is long and narrow, generally from ten to fifteen feet high, but sometimes so low that we were forced to crawl; it is also so regular in its width as to seem like an artificial subterranean passage. After walking a third of a mile in darkness, a gleam of light was seen at last, and we reached the other end of the cave. Here it widened to a moderate-sized hall, and remains of mummies were to be seen on the ground and in crevices in the wall. Although there were some dusky rays of light here, there was no exit. The light came from a low aperture, which, by creeping face to the ground, I was able to reach. I put my head out and found myself directly over a lofty precipice at the foot of which the ocean dashed with unceasing roar. Burial place more impressive could hardly be imagined.

Three miles beyond Icod is Guarachico, which once owned the finest harbor in the Canaries and was a city of commercial importance. But two centuries ago the town was overwhelmed by volcanic eruptions and the port filled up with a torrent of lava; a little fishing village now stands where the former port was. Guanche was written on the face of most of the peasants I saw in that district. On Corpus Christi day they were all out, and I had a good opportunity of observing them. It may be added that the fonda at Icod is very comfortable and visitors are not badly entertained. The return by a lower road along the coast, through the villages of Santa Caterina, La Rambla, and San Juan de la Rambla, was very pleasing; the road, although fearfully bad, offers many striking views and objects of interest.

Before leaving Orotava I ascended the peak of Teyde. It was towards the last of May, but still somewhat earlier than it is usually attempted, and mine was therefore the first ascent of the season. The number who go up the peak during the year is always very limited, perhaps a dozen, and generally they are travelers from abroad who come there expressly for that purpose. The difficulty of the undertaking and lack of enterprise deter most of the residents from trying it. The muleteer and guide were my only companions. We started at five in the morning. My mule, when I mounted him, acted in a manner that aroused grave suspicions as to his character, and his subsequent conduct during this and the following day confirmed my suspicions. The sumpter-mule generally comported himself with propriety. Not only the mules but also the horses of Teneriffe bear a very bad reputation. We passed through Realejo up the Val Taora, and for several thousand feet the ascent was moderate, although the road soon degenerated into a rough bridle-path. At a height of three thousand feet we entered the stratum of trade-wind cloud, which continued to conceal all objects from view except those in the immediate vicinity and at the same time tempered the heat of the sun. This continued up to nearly six thousand feet above the sea, when we suddenly emerged and saw the vast sheet of cloud spread like a snowy table-land between the island and the offing. The entire absence of running streams, and the perfect stillness of the air, — undisturbed by the music of woodland water-falls or any other appreciable sound, except now and then the voices of peasants descending the mountain under their loads of brushwood, — became very noticeable soon after we left Realejo.

Five thousand feet up we left behind all traces of vegetation except grass and ferns. The ferns kept us company until we reached the stratum of heather, as it may be called; after a while the heather became scarce and the *retama* began to appear, until at a height of seven thousand feet nothing green was

to be seen but tufts of retama. The retama is a species of broom peculiar to the Canary Islands; that of Teneriffe is again a distinct kind found nowhere else, and never there below six thousand feet above the sea. It reminds one alternately of the yew and the cedar, reaching a very good size sometimes, although diminishing in growth as one ascends the mountain. In summer it is covered with clusters of white flowers.

The approach to the Cañadas grew more and more rugged and sterile. Pumice-stone, volcanic rocks, and lava towers became more frequent, until we finally scaled the slope which seemed to keep us still within sight and sound and reach of life, and entered the vast crater called the Cañadas, on the eastern side, where its sides are most broken. The plan, the formation, of the peak now for the first time became clear and intelligible to me. We found ourselves on the floor of a crater ten miles in diameter, thirty miles in circumference, circular but elliptical in shape. This floor is covered with yellow pumice-stone, generally level, with here and there a moderate depression, and resembling in barrenness, atmospheric dryness, and concentration of heat a section of the desert of Sahara. Around it rise the sides of the crater, sufficiently distinct in form to convey the idea of a surrounding wall, sometimes springing aloft in splintered perpendicular peaks. The soft purple hues of these crater walls and battlements, contrasted with the sea of glaring pumice-stone, was very beautiful. Near the centre of the Cañadas the great cone swells abruptly with a dome-like outline, resembling in its proportions the peculiar curve of the cupola of St. Sophia, although certainly more steep as seen from some points. The great dome is supported on the east side by the Montaña Blanca, a huge mound covered with pumice-stone, rising like a buttress from the Cañadas. Vast cataraacts of brown and black lava, solidified into permanent forms, corrugate the sides of the peak. The peak or dome rises over four thousand feet above the Cañadas, and terminates in another crater called the Rambleta. Out of the

Rambleta rises the little peak of Teyde or Echeide, also called the Piton, six hundred feet higher, conical and at an angle excessively steep, terminating in a point and a third diminutive crater, above which we discerned very distinctly, against the blue sky, thin columns of white vapor shooting up with an uncertain motion, like tongues of white flame from a smoldering fire.

Such was the scene before us as we entered the Cañadas, majestic, solitary, desolate, beyond the power of language to describe. It seemed best before going further to fortify ourselves for the additional labors of the day with a substantial lunch; and in the absence of other shade we took shelter in the shadow of one of the great rocks which strew the Cañadas, — a mystery to scientific experts, although nothing seemed plainer to me than that they must have rolled down from the lava torrents on the slope of the peak.

A long and hot, but not tedious ride over the Cañadas and the Montaña Blanca at length brought us to the foot of the peak and to a serious consideration of the task yet to be accomplished. Rugged Plutonian ridges of black lava, warmed here and there by brown slag or gleaming in the sun like glass where a mass, breaking off, had left a smooth surface, rose above us like some Titanic fortress. A very severe climb brought us to the Estancia de los Ingleses, over ten thousand feet above the sea. Here are some rocks so clustered as to afford a shelter, so that it is generally the spot where travelers halt for the night. It has been called after the English, because they furnish the largest number of visitors to the peak.

As daylight was yet abundant, I concluded to abridge the labors of the morrow by ascending a thousand feet higher and spending the night at Alta Vista, a plateau two or three acres in extent, occupied by Prof. Piozzi Smyth when engaged in taking astronomical observations at Teneriffe in 1856. He spent several weeks on Guajara, and then removed to Alta Vista, where he pursued his labors for a month. The numerous corps of

attendants at his disposal enabled him to erect two little huts there, but few vestiges of these now remain to indicate that human beings ever occupied that lonely height. The retama, which had been growing more and more scarce, ceased together with all other signs of vegetation soon after we left the Estancia, and we were obliged to carry up bits of dry retama to our halting place for the fire which was indispensable. A fragment of one of Professor Smyth's walls afforded a partial shelter; on the other side a black mass of slag contributed its aid, but roof of course there was none. The fire was soon going, but the water the muleteers had brought was so muddy we should have been poorly off for tea if there had not been a bank of snow within a dozen feet of the fire. With melted snow a delicious cup of tea was brewed very soon, but it was noticeable how rapidly it cooled at that height.

Below us lay the yellow floor of the Cañadas; beyond that, the stratum of trade-wind clouds; and below these, the sea fading into the sky. Around us circled masses of lava presenting an astonishing, singularly grotesque variety of form; here a ridge of Moorish battlements; there a gigantic goat standing against the sky as if startled and on the alert; then it seemed a dragon or a griffin sculptured out of lava that met the eye. As the view was unobstructed towards the east, we saw the shadow of the peak thrown across the sea at sunset; the color of the shadow was of the most exquisite purple, delicate and elusive at the edges, but at the same time very impressive. Twilight was soon over, and the full moon suddenly appeared. A low wind from the eastward now began to blow, increasing until it became a gale, boisterous and gusty, the blasts coming sometimes from every quarter at once, as it seemed to us. This wind continued all night, intensely searching and violent; the muleteers tended the fire, and bent over it wrapped in their huge mantles. Two blankets, two coats and an overcoat, two pairs of pantaloons, and a carpet under and over me were insufficient to drive away the sensation of cold, and I slept

not a wink all night. Soon after three A. M. we took some tea, and by the light of a lantern started for the summit. We entered immediately on the Malpays, which can only be described as a mass of lava blocks, from one to twenty feet long, but generally not above five feet square, of all shapes, heaped together in the most inconceivable manner, whose like is probably to be found nowhere else. Often there were holes into which one might easily fall several feet. The stones were piled one over the other to a considerable depth, and great caution was required in springing from one to the other, especially with only the dim glimmer of a lantern to guide us. After climbing up a thousand feet over this volcanic débris we came again in sight of the little peak, and passing some vents, through which issued jets of vapor, emerged on the Rambleta, or second crater, which is covered with pumice-stone; we were soon across this and grappled with the Piton, which is not less steep than the largest of the pyramids, but probably contains twice the number of cubic feet. It is about six hundred feet in height, chiefly of pumice-stone, with bits of rock projecting here and there and serving as resting-places for the climber. When we were half-way up, the sun burst suddenly above the sea, apparently out of, instead of beyond it. The variety and beauty of the tints in the lower sky at the time were very remarkable. The peculiar golden-yellow glow thrown by the sun on the trade-wind clouds directly under it, which lasted for two hours, was such as I have seen under no other circumstances, nor does it appear to have been observed by other travelers.

This part of the ascent was very fatiguing. Humboldt said that Teneriffe was, with the exception of Jurullo in Mexico, the hardest mountain he had ever ascended. He did not exaggerate the difficulties. Professor Smyth rather takes him to task for this, unreasonably as I think, for the professor did not undertake it until he had seasoned his lungs to the rarefied air on Guajara for six weeks. He then spent some days at Alta

Vista; and after a capital night's rest, without having wasted his energies on the previous day in climbing, went up to the Rambleta. There he ate a hearty breakfast before attempting the little peak, and then, after all this preparation and training, he undertakes to assure us that Humboldt, a veteran mountain climber, overestimated the difficulties of Teneriffe.

While we were still over one hundred feet from the summit, a gust of wind suddenly brought the fumes of sulphur so strongly from the crater that for a moment I was almost overcome by it; but as we neared the top the oppression grew less, a phenomenon I find it difficult to explain. The crater which fitly terminates the celebrated peak of Teneriffe is perhaps seventy yards in diameter, with a rim abrupt and sharp, but rather lower on the western side. It appears to be gradually filling up. Professor Smyth twenty years ago observed that it was more shallow than described by Humboldt or Van Buck, and the floor seems now still more elevated; I say elevated, for that must be the process, since there is nothing from outside to account for the decreasing depth. The different tints of the stones in or on the edge of the crater are varied and beautiful, but the prevailing colors which strike the eye are the straw yellow and pale green of the sulphur, which lies in separate masses or covers the rocks with moist sulphur crystals. Vapor constantly arose from the bottom of the crater, and the soil was warm although a little snow still lingered in the crevices. The wind was keen and violent. The sky above was unclouded and of a deep azure; this intense hue of the heavens has been the subject of philosophical speculation, but it was not as dark and opaque as I have repeatedly seen it at the top of Pico Riuvo and other mountains of Madeira, which have only half the altitude of Teneriffe. Several thousand feet below us the impenetrable curtain of trade-wind cloud was spread like a frozen land at the pole, and like the sea dovetailing with the land, filling every bay and inlet, and

dashing surf-like against the cliffs, yet calm and noiseless, altering its forms so slowly as to be imperceptible. The higher ridges towered above it like islands, while here and there slopes could be seen below it, but veiled in a dark purple gloom that seemed to isolate them from the rest of the world forever. Beyond this cloud-land arose the edge of the ocean joining the sky by an invisible line, two hemispheres uniting to inclose the island and its peak within an azure sphere. The trade-wind caused a haze which concealed several of the Fortunate Isles, but Grand Canary, Hierro, Gomera, and Las Palmas with its astonishing outline, containing the deepest crater on the face of the globe, were quite distinct. In winter, when other winds prevail, the whole group is clearly seen, but few have ever cared to ascend the peak when deep snows envelop it with almost arctic austerity.

On returning over the Malpays we stopped to examine the ice cave, where alone on the mountain snow and water can be found at all times of the year. It would seem to be a sort of vent or air bubble in the lava, made when it was at its hottest. On reaching our bivouac we breakfasted as well as the circumstances would allow, and then packed up the "traps" and prepared to go. But the unexpected conduct of the mules delayed us for nearly two hours, incredible as it may appear. Three times my mule kicked off his saddle, which, after the girths were torn to pieces, was with great difficulty made fast by a bit of rope. To mount the brute was about as difficult as to saddle him. The sumpter-mule also astonished us by suddenly laying back his ears, throwing up his heels with a snort that was quite satanic in its tone, and flinging the basket of crockery and provisions over his head. Plates, bottles, and cups were demolished in the general wreck. However, I finally succeeded in reaching Orotava without further mishap than a face burned almost beyond recognition by the winds of the peak and the scorching sun of the Cañadas.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

XX.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
March 8, 1831. }

I AM going to be very busy signing my name; my benefit is fixed for the 21st; I do not yet know what the play is to be. Our young, unsuccessful playwright, Mr. Wade, whom I like very much (he took his damnation as bravely as Capaneo), and Macdonald, the sculptor, dined with us on Sunday. On Monday I went to the library of the British Museum to consult Du Bellay's history for my new version of the last scene of Francis I. I looked at some delightful books; and among others, a very old and fine MS. of the Roman de la Rose, beautifully illuminated; also all the armorial bearings, shields, banners, etc., of the barons of King John's time, the barons of Runnymede and the Charter, most exquisitely and minutely copied from monuments, stained glass, brass effigies, etc.; it was a fine work, beautifully executed for the late king, George IV. I wish it had been executed for me. I did get A—— to walk in the square with me once, but she likes it even less than I do; my intellectual conversation is no equivalent for the shop windows of Regent Street and the counters of the bazar, and she has gone out with my aunt every day since, "leaving the square to solitude and me;" so I take my book with me (I can read walking at my quickest pace), and like to do so.

Cecilia is sitting to Clint for her portrait; she will make either a very fine or a disagreeable picture; unless the artist is a man of much refinement it will be the latter.

Tuesday evening I played Belvidera. I was quite nervous at acting it again after so long a period. After the play my father and I went to Lady Dacre's and had a pleasant party enough. Mrs. Norton was there, more entertaining and

blinding beautiful than ever. Henry desired me to give her his "desperate love," to which she replied by sending the poor youth her "deadly scorn." Lord Melbourne desired to be introduced to me, and I think if he likes, he shall be the decrepit old nobleman you are so afraid of my marrying. I was charmed with his face, voice, and manner; we dine with him next Wednesday week, and I will write you word if the impression deepens.

My dear H——, only imagine my dismay: my father told me that after Easter I should have to play Lady Macbeth! It is no use thinking about it, for that only frightens me more; but, looking at it as calmly and reasonably as possible, surely it is too great an undertaking for so young a person as myself. Perhaps I may play it better than most girls of my age would; what will that amount to? That towering, tremendous woman, what a trial of courage and composure for me! If you were a good friend, now, you would come up to town "for that occasion only," and sustain me with your presence.

The beautiful Miss Bayley is at length married to William Ashley [the present Earl of Shaftesbury], and everybody is rejoicing with them or for them; it is pleasant to catch glimpses of fresh shade and flowers, as one goes along the dusty high-road of life.

I must now tell you what I am going to do, that you may know where to find me: to-morrow, I go to a private morning concert with my mother; in the evening, I act Beatrice, and after the play all sorts of people are coming here to supper. On Monday, I act Fazio; Wednesday, we dine at Lady Macdonald's; Thursday, I act Mrs. Haller; and Saturday, Beatrice again. I have not an idea what will be done for my benefit; we are all devising and proposing. I myself want them to bring out Massinger's *Maid of Honor*; I think it beautiful.

Now, dear H——, I must leave off, and sign my tickets. We all send our loves to you; my mother tells me not to let you forget her; she says she is afraid you class her with Mrs. John Kemble. If ever there were two dissimilar human beings, it is those two. Ever your affectionate

FANNY.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, {
March 13, 1831. }

DEAR H——: I received your letter yesterday, and must exult in my self-command, for Mrs. Jameson was with me, and I did not touch it till she was gone. Thank you first of all for Spenser; that is poetry! I was much benefited as well as delighted by it. Considering the power of poetry to raise one's mind and soul into the noblest moods, I do not think it is held in sufficient reverence nowadays; the bards of old were greater people in their society than our modern ones are; to be sure, modern poetry is not all of a purely elevating character, and poets are *paid*, besides being asked out to dinner, which the bards always were. I think the tone of a good deal of Campbell's Pleasures of Hope very noble, and some of Mrs. Hemans's things are very beautiful in sentiment as well as expression. But then, all that order of writing is so feeble compared with the poetry of our old masters, who do not so much appeal to our feelings as to our reason and imagination combined. I do not believe that to be sublime is in the power of a woman, any more than to be logical; and Mrs. Hemans, who is neither, writes charmingly, and one loves her as a Christian woman even more than one admires her as a writer.

You are quite right in saying I ought not to have been surprised at your tendency to receive gloomy impressions; but you know people who do not reflect are liable to be surprised very irrationally, because they are always considering effects, instead of causes. Your description of your visit to Kenilworth filled me with longing for the blue sky and the fresh air of the country, and your fellowship in that interesting place.

I should like to be with you, both when you go abroad to gather matter for your "wonderments," and when you sit at home to give vent to them.

Yes, it is very charming that the dove, the favorite type of gentleness and tenderness and "harmlessness," should have such a swift and vigorous power of flight; *suaviter* — *fortiter*, a good combination.

We are having the most tempestuous weather; A—— is horribly frightened, and I am rather awed. I got the encyclopædia to-night to study the cause of the equinoctial gales, which I thought we should both be the better for knowing, but could find nothing about them; can you tell me of any book or treatise upon this subject?

My dear H——, shut your eyes while you read this, because if you don't, they 'll never shut again. Constance is what I am to play for my benefit. I am horribly frightened; it is a cruel weight to lay upon my shoulders; however, there is nothing for it but doing my best, and leaving the rest to fate. I almost think *now* I could do Lady Macbeth better. I am like poor little Arthur, who begged to have his tongue cut off rather than have his eyes put out; that last scene of Constance, — think what an actress one should be to do it justice! Pray for me.

And so the Poles are crushed! what a piteous horror! Will there never come a day of retribution for this!

Mrs. Jameson came and sat with me some time yesterday evening, and read me a good deal of her work on Shakespeare's female characters; they are very pleasing sketches, — outlines, — but her criticism and analysis are rather graceful than profound or powerful. Tuesday next my mother and I spend the evening with her; Wednesday, we dine at Sir John Macdonald's; Thursday, I act Mrs. Haller; Friday, we have an evening party at home; Saturday, I play Beatrice; Monday, Constance (come up for it!); Tuesday we dine with Lord Melbourne; and this is as much of the book of fate as is unrolled to me at present.

Mrs. Harry came here to-day; it is the first time I have seen her this month; she is looking wretchedly, and talks of

returning to Edinburgh. My first feeling at hearing this was joy that I shall not go there and find the face and voice forever associated with Edinburgh in my heart away from it. But I am not *really* glad, for it is the failure of some plan of hers which obliges her to do this. I have the loves of all to give you, and they are all very troublesome, crying, "Give mine separately," "Don't lump mine;" so please take them each separately and singly. I have been sobbing my heart out over Constance this morning, and act Fazio to-night, which is hard work. Your affectionate

F.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, *Saturday*, {
March 19th. }

DEAR H—: You ask if Mr. Trench's account of their Spanish escapade is likely to soften my father's view of the folly of the expedition. I think not, by any means,—as how should it? But the yesterday papers reported a successful attack upon Cadiz and the proclamation of Torrijos general-in-chief by the Constitutionalists, who were rising all over the country. This has been again contradicted to-day, and may have been a mere stock-jobbing story, after all. If it be true, however, the results may be of serious importance to my brother. Should the Constitutionalists get the upper hand, his adherence to Torrijos may place him in a prominent position, I am afraid; perhaps, however, though success may not alter my father's opinion of the original folly of John's undertaking, it may in some measure reconcile him to it. I suppose it is not impossible now that John should become an officer in the Spanish army, and that after so many various and contradictory plans his career may finally be that of a soldier. How strange and sad it all seems to me, to be sure!

You sometimes express surprise at what seems to you a want of patriotism—love of my own country—in me; but I think you mistake my feeling about living out of England. Were I residing in some of the lovely nooks of this pretty little island of ours, with green turf and fine old trees instead of dusty pavements and

sooty houses round me, I think I should not so often wish to go abroad; but London is, alas, my England (I know very little else of my own country), and London is not lovable, and I am sorry to say I *hate* it. Moreover, please to consider it is not any foreign capital, city, or town that I desire to exchange for my own native smoke-begrimed metropolis. My dream of life abroad is in some valley in Switzerland, with thousands feet deep of water at my feet, and thousands feet high of snow above my head; or some ledge of ruin-crowned rock by the Rhine, or some vine-hung terrace over the Mediterranean. I have a great respect for England, and a high esteem for English people. I admire my own country and its institutions and its government, its vast power and resources; I love its noble spirit of enlightened progress; but I fancy I should like to live among simple people and in a society of less complicated civilization. I have no sympathy with the commercial element which preponderates in the character of my country people, and *we* are too prosaic and matter of fact to be attractive or pleasant to *me*. I am not at all jealous of your love for the hamadryads; you would never like an oak better than me, unless a "talking oak," and there are not many like the last since those of Dodona.

You say it's a horrid thing one can't "try on one's body" and choose such a one as would suit one; but do you consider your body accidental, as it were, or do you really think we could do better for ourselves than has been done for us in this matter? After all, our souls get used to our bodies, and in some fashion alter and shape them to fit; then you know if we had different bodies we should be different people and not our *same selves* at all; if I had been tall, as I confess I in my heart of hearts wish I were, what another moral creature should I have been.

You urge me to work, dear H—, and study my profession, and were I to say I hate it, you would retort, "You do it, therefore take pains to do it well." And so I do, as well as I can; I have been studying Constance with my father,

and rubbed off some of the rough edges of it a little.

I am sorry to say I shall not have a good benefit; unluckily, the second reading of the Reform Bill comes on to-morrow (to-night, by the by, for it is Monday), and there will be as many people in the House of Commons as in *my* house, and many more in Parliament Street than in either; it is unfortunate for me, but cannot be helped. I was going to say, pray for me, but I forgot that you will not get this till "it is bed-time, Hal, and all is well." The publication of my play is not to take place till after this Reform fever has a little abated.

Dear H——, this is Wednesday, the 23d; Monday and King John and my Constance are all over; but I am at this moment still so *deaf with nervousness* as not to hear the ticking of my watch when held to one of my ears; the other side of my head is not deaf any longer *now*; but on Monday night I hardly heard one word I uttered through the whole play. It is rather hard that having endeavored (and succeeded wonderfully, too) in possessing my soul in peace during that trial of my courage, my nervous system should give way in this fashion. I had a knife of pain sticking in my side all through the play and all day long, Monday; as I did not hear myself speak, I cannot tell you anything of my performance. My dress was of the finest pale-blue merino, all folds and drapery like my Grecian Daughter costume, with an immense crimson mantle hung on my shoulders which I could hardly carry. My head-dress was exactly copied from one of my aunt's, and you cannot imagine how curiously like her I looked. My mother says, "You have done it better than I believe any other girl of your age would do it." But of course that is not a representation of Constance to satisfy her, or any one else, indeed. You know, dear H——, what my own feeling has been about this, and how utterly incapable I knew myself for such an undertaking; but you did not, nor could any one, know how dreadfully I suffered from the apprehension of failure which my reason told me was well founded. I assure you

that when I came on the stage I felt like some hunted creature driven to bay; I was really half wild with terror; the play went off admirably, but I lay, when my part was over, for an hour on my dressing-room floor, with only strength enough left to cry. Your letter to A—— revived me, and just brought me enough to life again to eat my supper, which I had not felt able to touch, in spite of my exhaustion and great need of it; when, however, I once began, my appetite justified the French proverb and took the turn of voracity, and I devoured like a Homeric hero. I promised to tell you something of our late dinner at Lord Melbourne's, but have left myself neither space nor time. It was very pleasant, and I fell out of my love for our host (who, moreover, is absorbed by Mrs. Norton) and into another love with Lord O——, Lord T——'s son, who is one of the most beautiful creatures of the male sex I ever saw; unluckily, he does not fulfill the necessary conditions of your theory, and is neither as old nor as decrepit as you have settled the nobleman I am to marry is to be; so he won't do.

We are going to a party at Devonshire House to-night. Here I am called away to receive some visitors. Pray write soon to your affectionate

FANNY.

To-morrow I act Constance, and Saturday Isabella, which is all I know for the present of the future. I have just bought A—— a beautiful guitar; I promised her one as soon as my play was out. My room is delicious with violets, and my new blue velvet gown heavenly in color and all other respects except the — well, *unheavenly* price Divy makes me pay for it.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
April 2, 1831. }

DEAR H——: I am truly sorry for M——'s illness, just at the height of all her gay season gayeties too; it is too provoking to have one's tackle out of order and lie on the beach with such a summer sea sparkling before one. I congratulate L—— on her father's relenting and canceling his edict against waltzing and galloping. And yet, I am always

rather sorry when a determination of that sort, firmly expressed, is departed from. Of course our views and opinions, not being infallible, are liable to change, and may not unreasonably be altered or weakened by circumstances and the more enlightened convictions of improved powers and enlarged experience, but it is as well, therefore, for our own sakes, not to promulgate them as if they were Persian decrees. One can step gracefully down from a lesser height, where one would fall from a greater. But with young people generally, I think, to retreat from a position you have assumed is to run the risk of losing some of their consideration and respect; for they have neither consciousness of their own frailty, nor charity for the frailty of others, nor the wisdom to perceive that a resolution may be better broken than kept; and though perhaps themselves gaining some desired end by the yielding of their elders, I believe any indulgence so granted (that is, after being emphatically denied) never fails to leave on the youthful mind an impression of want of judgment or determination in those they have to do with.

We dine with the Fitzhughs on Tuesday week; I like Emily much, though she will talk of human souls as "vile;" I gave her Channing to read, and she liked it very much, but said that his view of man's nature was not that of a Christian; I think her contempt for it still less such. As we are immortal in spite of death, so I think we are wonderful in spite of our weakness, and admirable in spite of our imperfection, and capable of all good in spite of all our evil. My dearest H—, I write this on Good Friday, but it will reach you on a less holy day, and you will wonder when and where I *took orders*; but I am practicing that I may write Henry's sermons for him; there is now some notion, as he has decidedly no vocation for the stage, of sending him to Oxford to study for the church! You will know what I feel about this; I can never endure that sacred calling being considered as a mere means of livelihood. A— once said she would cut him if he became an actor; and I would rather see him a *respectable*

scavenger than such a clergyman as I fear he would make.

A—'s guitar is a beauty, and wears a broad blue scarf and has a sweet, low, soft voice. Mr. Pickersgill is going to paint my portrait; it is a present Major Dawkins makes my father and mother, but I do wish they would leave off trying to take my picture. My face is too bad for anything but nature, and never was intended for *still* life. The intention, however, is very kind, and the offer one that can scarcely be refused. I wish you would come and keep me awake through my sittings.

Our engagements—social and professional—are a dinner party at the Mayows to-morrow; an evening party on Monday; Tuesday, the opera; Wednesday I act *Isabella*; Thursday, a dinner at Mr. Harness's; Friday I act *Bianca*; Saturday we have a dinner party at home; the Monday following I act *Constance*; Tuesday there is a dance at the Fitzhughs'; and sundry dissipations looming in the horizon.

Good-by, and God bless you, my dear H—. I look forward to our meeting at Ardgillan, three months hence, with delight, and am affectionately yours,

F. A. K.

A— and I begin our riding lessons on Wednesday next. We have got pretty dark-brown habits and red velvet waistcoats, and shall look like two nice little robin-redbreasts on horseback; all I dread is that she may be frightened to death, which might militate against her enjoyment, perhaps.

What you say about my brother John is very true; and though my first care is for his life, my next is for his happiness, which I believe more likely to be secured by his remaining in the midst of action and excitement abroad, than in any steady pursuit at home. My benefit was not as good as it ought to have been; it was not sufficiently advertised, and it took place on the night of the reading of the Reform Bill, which circumstance was exceedingly injurious to it.

To-day is John's birthday. I was in hopes it might not occur to my mother, but she alluded to it yesterday. I was

looking at that little sketch of him in her room this morning, with a heavy heart. His lot seems now cast indeed, and most strangely. I would give anything to see him and hear his voice again, but I fear to wish him back again amongst us. I am afraid that he would neither be happy himself, nor make others so.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, 1831.

It is a long time, dear H—, since I have written to you, and I feel it so with self-reproach. To-day, except paying a round of visits with my mother and acting this evening, I have nothing to prevent my talking with you in tolerable peace and quiet,—so here I am. You have no idea what a quantity of "things to be done" has been crowded into the last fortnight: studying Camiola, rehearsing for two hours and a half every other day, riding for two hours at a time, and sitting for my picture nearly as long, running from place to place about my dresses, and now having Lady Teazle and Mrs. Oakley to *get up*, immediately,—all this, with my nightly work or nightly gayeties, makes an amount of occupation of one sort and another that hardly leaves me time for thought.

You will be glad to hear that The Maid of Honor was entirely successful; that it will have a "great run," or bring much money to the theatre, I doubt. It is a *cold* play, according to the present taste of audiences, and there are undoubted defects in its construction which in the fastidious judgment of our critics weigh down its sterling beauties.

It has done me great service, and to you I may say that I think it the best thing I have acted. Indeed, I like my own performance of it so well (which you know does not often happen to me) that I beg you will make A— tell you something about it. I was beautifully dressed and looked very nice.

I am afraid my conversation with Arthur K— at our party last night was hardly long enough to have the effect you anticipated from it; for just as we were discoursing with much animation about dramatic costume, Mr. Milman

came and sat down by me, whereupon, with becoming deference, the young military gentleman withdrew and delivered me over to the reverend poet, and our broken talk was not taken up again.

We have heard nothing of John for some time now, and my mother has ceased to express, if not to feel, anxiety about him, and seems tranquil at present; but after all she has suffered on his account, it is not, perhaps, surprising that she should subside into the calm of mere exhaustion from that cruel over-excitement.

Our appeal before the Lords, after having been put off once this week, will in consequence of the threatened dissolution of Parliament be deferred *sine die*, as the phrase is. Oh, what weary work this is for those who are tremblingly waiting for a result of vital importance to their whole fate and fortune! Thank Heaven, I am liberally endowed with youth's peculiar power and privilege of disregarding future sorrow, and unless under the immediate pressure of calamity can keep the anticipation of it at bay. My journal has become a mere catalogue of the names of people I meet and places I go to. I have had no time latterly for anything but the briefest possible registry of my daily doings. Mrs. Harry Siddons has taken a lodging in this street, nearly opposite to us, so that I have the happiness of seeing her rather oftener than I have been able to do hitherto; the girls come over too, and as we have lately taken to acting charades and proverbs, we spend our evenings very pleasantly together.

We are going to get up a piece called Napoleon. I do not mean my cousins and ourselves, but that prosperous establishment, Covent Garden Theatre. Think of Bonaparte being acted! It makes one grin and shudder.

I have been three or four times to Mr. Pickersgill, and generally sit two hours at a time to him. I dare say he will make a nice picture of me, but his anxiety that it should in no respect resemble Sir Thomas Lawrence's drawing amuses me. I was in hopes that when I had done with him I should not have to sit to any-

body for anything again. But I find I am to undergo that boredom for a bust by Mr. Turnerelli. I wish I could impress upon all my artist friends that my face is an inimitable original which nature never intended should be copied. Pazienza! I must say, though, that I grudge the time thus spent. I want to get on with my play, but I'm afraid for the next three weeks that will be hopeless.

To add to my occupations past, present, and to come, not having enough of acting with my professional duties in that line, I am going to take part in some private theatricals. Lord Kamis Leveson wants to get up his version of Victor Hugo's *Hernani*, at Bridgewater House, and has begged me, as a favor, to act the heroine; all the rest are to be amateurs. I have consented to this, not knowing well how to refuse, yet for one or two reasons I almost think I had better not have done so. I expect to be excessively amused by it, but it will take up a terrible deal of my time, for I am sure they will need rehearsals without end. I do not know at all what our summer places are; but I believe we shall be acting in the provinces till September, when if all things are quiet in Paris my father proposes going over with me and one or two members of the Covent Garden company, and playing there for a month or so. I think I should like that. I fancy I should like acting to a French audience; they are people of great intellectual refinement and discrimination, and that is a pleasant quality in an audience. I think my father seems inclined to take A—— with us and leave her there. A musical education can nowhere better be obtained, and under the care of Mrs. Foster, about whom I believe I wrote to you once a long letter, there could be no anxiety about her welfare.

I showed that part of your last letter which concerned my aunt Dall to herself, because I knew it would please her, and so it did; and she bids me tell you that she values your good-will and esteem extremely, and should do so still more if you did not *misbestow so much of them on me*.

Emily Fitzhugh sent me this morning a seal with a pretty device, in consequence of my saying that I thought it was pleasanter to lean upon one's friends, morally, than to be leant upon by them, — an oak with ivy clinging to it and “*Chiedo sostegno*” for the motto. I do not think I shall use it to many people though.

To-morrow Sheridan Knowles dines with us, to read a new play he has written, in which I am to act. In the evening we go to Lady Cork's, Sunday we have a dinner-party here, Monday I act *Camiola*, Tuesday we go to Mrs. Harry's, Wednesday I act *Camiola*, and further I know not. Good-by, dear; ever yours,
F. A. K.

The piece which I have referred to in this letter, calling itself *Bonaparte*, was a sensational melodrama upon the fate and fortunes of the great emperor, beginning with his first exploits as a young artillery officer, himself pointing and firing the cannon at Toulon, to the last dreary agony of the heart-broken exile of St. Helena. It was well put upon the stage, and presented a series of historical pictures of considerable interest and effect, not a little of which was due to the great resemblance of Mr. Warde, who filled the principal part, to the portraits of Napoleon. He had himself, I believe, been in the army, and left it under the influence of a passion for the stage, which his dramatic ability hardly justified; for though he was a very respectable actor he had no genius whatever, and never rose above irreproachable mediocrity. But his military training and his peculiar likeness to Bonaparte helped him to make his part in this piece very striking and effective, though it was in itself the merest peg to hang “situations” on.

I was at this time sitting for my picture to Mr. Pickersgill, with whose portrait of my father in the part of Macbeth I have mentioned my mother's comically expressed dissatisfaction. Our kind friend, Major Dawkins, wished to give my father and mother a good portrait of me, and suggested Mr. Pickersgill, a

very eminent portrait-painter, as the artist who would be likely to execute it most satisfactorily. Mr. Pickersgill, himself, seemed very desirous to undertake it, and greatly as my sittings interfered with my leisure, of which I had but little, it was impossible under the circumstances that I should refuse, especially as he represented that if he succeeded, as he hoped to do, his painting me would be an advantage to him; portraits of public exhibitors being of course recognizable by the public, and, if good, serving the purpose of advertisements. Unluckily, Mrs. Jameson proposed accompanying me, in order to lighten by her very agreeable conversation the tedium of the process. Her intimate acquaintance with my face, with which Mr. Pickersgill was not familiar, and her own very considerable artistic knowledge and taste made her, however, less discreet in her comments and suggestions with regard to his operations than was altogether pleasant to him; and after exhibiting various symptoms of impatience, on one occasion he came so very near desiring her to mind her own business, that we broke off the sitting abruptly; and the offended painter adding, to my dismay, that it was quite evident he was not considered equal to the task he had undertaken, our whole attitude towards each other became so constrained, not to say disagreeable, that on taking my leave I declined returning any more, and what became of Mr. Pickersgill's beginning of me I do not know. Perhaps he finished it by memory, and it is one of the various portraits of me, *qui courent le monde*, for some of which I never sat, which were taken either from the stage or were mere efforts of memory of the artists; one of which, a head of Beatrice, painted by my friend Mr. Sully, of Philadelphia, was engraved as a frontispiece to a small volume of poems I published there, and was one of the best likenesses ever taken of me.

The success of *The Maid of Honor* gave me great pleasure. The sterling merits of the play do not perhaps outweigh the one insuperable defect of the despicable character of the hero; one

can hardly sympathize with Camiola's devotion to such an idol, and his unworthiness not only lessens the interest of the piece, but detracts from the effect of her otherwise very noble character. The performance of the part always gave me great pleasure, and there was at once a resemblance to and difference from my favorite character, Portia, that made it a study of much interest to me. Both the women, young, beautiful, and of unusual intellectual and moral excellence, are left heiresses to enormous wealth, and are in exceptional positions of power and freedom in the disposal of it. Portia, however, is debarred by the peculiar nature of her father's will from bestowing her person and fortune upon any one of her own choice; chance serves her to her wish (she was not born to be unhappy), and gives her to the man she loves, a handsome, extravagant young gentleman, who would certainly have been pronounced by all of us quite unworthy of her, until she proved him worthy by the very fact of her preference for him; while Camiola's lover is separated from her by the double obstacle of his royal birth and religious vow.

²⁴⁷ The golden daughter of the splendid republic receives and dismisses princes and kings as her suitors, indifferent to any but their personal merits; we feel she is their equal in the lowest as their superior in the highest of their "qualities;" with Camiola it is impossible not to suspect that her lover's rank must have had some share in the glamour he throws over her. In some Italian version of the story that I have read, Camiola is called the "merchant's daughter;" and contrasting her bearing and demeanor with the easy courtesy and sweet, genial graciousness of Portia, we feel that she must have been of lower birth and breeding than the magnificent and charming Venetian. Portia is almost always in an attitude of (unconscious) condescension in her relations with all around her; Camiola, in one of self-assertion or self-defense. There is an element of harshness, bordering upon coarseness, in the texture of her character, which in spite of her fine qualities makes itself un-

pleasantly felt, especially contrasted with that of Portia, to whom the idea of encountering insolence or insult must have been as *impossible* as to the French duchess, who, warned that if she went into the streets alone at night she would probably be insulted, replied with ineffable security and simplicity, "Qui? moi!" One can imagine the merchant's daughter *growing up* to the possession of her great wealth, through the narrowing and hardening influences of sordid circumstances and habits of careful calculation and rigid economy, thrifty, prudent, just, and eminently conscientious; of Portia one can only think as of a creature born in the very lap of luxury and nursed in the midst of sunny magnificence, whose very element was elegant opulence and refined splendor, and by whose cradle Fortune herself stood godmother. She seems like a perfect rose, blooming in a precious vase of gold and gems and exquisite workmanship. Camiola's contemptuous rebuff of her insolent courtier lover; her merciless ridicule of her fantastical, half-witted suitor; her bitter and harsh rebuke of Adorni when he draws his sword upon the man who had insulted her; above all, her hard and cold insensibility to his unbounded devotion, and the cruelty of making him the agent for the ransom of her lover from captivity (the selfishness of her passion inducing her to employ him because she knows how absolutely she may depend upon the unselfishness of his); and her final stern and peremptory claim of Bertrand's promise, are all things that Portia could never have done. Portia is the Lady of Belmont, and Camiola is the merchant's daughter, a very noble and magnanimous woman. In the munificent bestowal of their wealth, the one to ransom her husband's friend from death, the other to redeem her own lover from captivity, the manner of the gift is strikingly characteristic of the two natures. When Portia, radiant with the joy of relieving Bassanio's anguish, speaks of Antonio's heavy ransom as the "petty debt," we feel sure that if it had been half the fortune it would have seemed to her an insignificant price to pay for her

husband's peace of mind. Camiola reads the price set upon her lover's head, and with grave deliberation says, "Half my estate, Adorni," before she bids him begone and purchase at that cost the prince's release from captivity. Moreover, in claiming her right of purchase over him, at the very moment of his union with another woman, she gives a character of barter or sale to the whole transaction, and appeals for justice as a defrauded creditor, insisting upon her "money's worth," like Shylock himself, as if the love with which her heart is breaking had been a mere question of traffic between the heir of Sicily and the merchant's daughter. In spite of all which she is a very fine creature, immeasurably superior to the despicable man who accepts her favors and betrays her love. It is worthy of note that Bassanio, who is clearly nothing else remarkable, is every inch a gentleman, and in that respect no unfit mate for Portia; while the Sicilian prince is a blackguard, utterly beneath Camiola in every particular but that of his birth.

I remember two things connected with my performance of Camiola which amused me a good deal at the time. In the last scene, when she proclaims her intention of taking the veil, Camiola makes tardy acknowledgment to Adorni for his lifelong constancy and love by leaving him a third of her estate, with the simple words, "To thee, Adorni, for thy true and faithful service" (a characteristic proceeding on the part of the merchant's daughter. Portia would have given him the ring from her finger, or the flower from her bosom, besides the fortune). I used to pause upon the last words, endeavoring to convey, if one look and tone might do it, all the regretful gratitude which ought to have filled her heart, while uttering with her farewell that first, last, and only recognition of his infinite devotion to her. One evening, when the audience were perfectly silent and one might have "heard a pin drop," as the saying is, as I spoke these words, a loud and enthusiastic exclamation of "Beautiful!" uttered by a single voice resounded through the theatre, and was

followed by such a burst of applause that I was startled and almost for a moment frightened by the sudden explosion of feeling, for which I was quite unprepared, and which I have never forgotten.

Another night, as I was leaving the stage, after the play, I met behind the scenes my dear friend Mr. Harness, with old Mr. Sotheby (Botherby, as Byron impertinently called him); both were very kind in their commendation of my performance, but the latter kept repeating with much emphasis, "But how do you contrive to make yourself look so beautiful?" a rather equivocal compliment, which had a peculiar significance; my beauty, or rather my lack of it, being a sore subject between us, as I had made it the reason for refusing to act Mary Stuart in his play of Darnley, assuring him I was too ugly to look the part properly; so upon this accusation of making myself "look beautiful," I could only reply, with much laughing, "Good-looking enough for Camiola, but not for Queen Mary."

I received with great pleasure a congratulatory letter from Mrs. Jameson, which, in spite of my feeling her praise excessive, confirmed me in my opinion of the effect the piece ought to produce upon intelligent spectators. She had seen all the great dramatic performers of the Continental theatres, and had had many opportunities, both at home and abroad, of cultivating her taste and forming her judgment, and her opinion was, therefore, more valuable to me than much of the criticism and praise that I received.

The private theatricals at Bridgewater House were fruitful of serious consequences to me, and bestowed on me a lasting friendship and an ephemeral love: the one a source of much pleasure, the other of some pain. They entailed much intimate intercourse with Lord and Lady, Kamis Leveson Gower, afterwards Egerton, and finally Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, who became kind and constant friends of mine. Victor Hugo's play of *Hernani*, full of fine and striking things, as well as of exaggerations verg-

ing on the ludicrous, had been most admirably rendered into rhymed verse by Lord Ellesmere. His translations from the German and his English version of *Faust*, which was one of the first attempts to give a poetical rendering in our language of Goethe's masterpiece, had won him some literary reputation, and his rhymed translation of *Hernani* was a performance calculated to add to it considerably. He was a very accomplished and charming person; good and amiable, clever, cultivated, and full of fine literary and artistic taste. He was singularly modest and shy, with a gentle diffidence of manner and sweet, melancholy expression in his handsome face that did no justice to a keen perception of humor and relish of fun, which nobody who did not know him intimately would have suspected him of.

Of Lady Ellesmere I have already said that she was a sort of idol of mine in my girlhood, when first I knew her, and to the end of her life continued to be an object of my affectionate admiration. She was excellently conscientious, true, and upright; of a direct and simple integrity of mind and character which her intercourse with the great world to which she belonged never impaired, and which made her singular and unpopular in the artificial society of English high life. Her appearance always seemed to me strikingly indicative of her mind and character. The nobly delicate and classical outline of her face, her pure, transparent complexion, and her clear, fearless eyes were all outward and visible expressions of her peculiar qualities. Her beautifully shaped head and fine profile always reminded me of the Pallas Athene on some antique gem, and the riding cap with the visor, which she first made fashionable, increased the classical resemblance. She was curiously wanting in imagination, and I never heard anything more comically literal than her description of her own utter *destitution* of poetical taste. After challenging in vain her admiration for the great poets of our language, I quoted to her, not without misgiving, some charmingly graceful and tender lines, addressed

to herself by her husband, and asked her if she did not like those: "Oh, yes," replied she, "I think they are very nice, but you know I think they would be just as nice *if they were not verses*, and whenever I hear any poetry that I like at all, I always think how much better I should like it if it was prose;" an explanation of her taste that irresistibly reminded me of the delightful Frenchman's sentiment about spinach: "*Je n'aime pas les épinards, et je suis si content que je ne les aime pas! parce que si je les aimais, j'en mangerais beaucoup, et je ne peux pas les souffrir.*"

My intercourse with Lady Ellesmere, which had been a good deal interrupted during the years I passed out of England, was renewed the year before her death, when I visited her at Hatchford, where she was residing in her widowhood, and where I promised her when I left her I would return and stay with her again, but was never fortunate enough to do so, her death occurring not long afterwards.

During one of my last visits to Worsley Hall, Lord Ellesmere's seat in Lancashire, Lady Ellesmere had taken me all over the beautiful church they were building near their house, which was to be his and her final resting-place. After her death I made a pilgrimage to it for her sake, and when the service was over and the young members of the family had left their place of worship near the grave of their parents, I went into the chapel, where a fine monument with his life-sized effigy in marble had been dedicated to him by her love, and where close beside it and below it lay the marble slab on which her name was inscribed.

Our performance at Bridgewater House was highly successful and created a great sensation, and we repeated it three times for the edification of the great gay world of London, sundry royal personages in-

cluded. Two of our company, Mr. Craven and Mr. St. Aubin, were really good actors; the rest were of a tolerably decent inoffensiveness. Mrs. Bradshaw, the charming Maria Free of earlier days, accepted the few lines that had to be spoken by Donna Sol's duenna, and delivered the epilogue, which besides being very graceful and playful contains some lines for which I felt grateful to Lord Ellesmere's kindness, though he had certainly taken a poet's full license of embellishing his subject in his laudatory reference to his Donna Sol.

The whole thing amused me very much, and mixed up, as it soon came to be for me, with an element of real and serious interest, kept up the atmosphere of nervous excitement in which I was plunged from morning till night.

The play which Sheridan Knowles came to read to us was *The Hunchback*. He had already produced several successful dramas, of which the most striking was *Virginus*, in which Mr. Macready performed the Roman father so finely. The play Knowles now read to us had been originally taken by him to Drury Lane in the hope and expectation that Kean would accept the principal man's part of Master Walter. Various difficulties and disagreements arising, however, about the piece, the author brought it to my father; and great was my emotion and delight in hearing him read it. From the first moment I felt sure that it would succeed greatly, and that I should be able to do justice to the part of the heroine, and I was urgent with my father for its production. The verdict of the Green Room was not, however, nearly as favorable as I had expected; and I was surprised to find that when the piece was read to the assembled company it was received with considerable misgiving as to its chance of success.

Frances Anne Kemble.

DICKENS'S HARD TIMES.

DICKENS established a weekly periodical, called *Household Words*, on the 30th of March, 1850. On the 1st of April, 1854, he began in it the publication of the tale of *Hard Times*, which was continued in weekly installments until its completion in the number for the 12th of August. The circulation of *Household Words* was doubled by the appearance in its pages of this story. When published in a separate form, it was appropriately dedicated to Thomas Carlyle, who was Dickens's master in all matters relating to the "dismal science" of political economy.

During the composition of *Hard Times* the author was evidently in an embittered state of mind in respect to social and political questions. He must have felt that he was in some degree warring against the demonstrated laws of the production and distribution of wealth; yet he also felt that he was putting into prominence some laws of the human heart which he supposed political economists had studiously overlooked or ignored. He wrote to Charles Knight that he had no design to damage the really useful truths of political economy, but that his story was directed against those "who see figures and averages, and nothing else; who would take the average of cold in the Crimea during twelve months as a reason for clothing a soldier in nankeen on a night when he would be frozen to death in fur; and who would comfort the laborer in traveling twelve miles a day to and from his work by telling him that the average distance of one inhabited place from another, on the whole area of England, is only four miles." This is, of course, a caricatured statement of what statisticians propose to prove by their "figures and averages." Dickens would have been the first to laugh at such an economist and statistician as Michael Thomas Sadler, who mixed up figures of arithmetic and figures of rhetoric, tables of population and

gushing sentiments, in one odd jumble of doubtful calculations and bombastic declamations; yet Sadler is only an extreme case of an investigator who turns aside from his special work to introduce considerations which, however important in themselves, have nothing to do with the business he has in hand. Dickens's mind was so deficient in the power of generalization, so inapt to recognize the operation of inexorable law, that whatever offended his instinctive benevolent sentiments he was inclined to assail as untrue. Now there is no law the operation of which so frequently shocks our benevolent sentiments as the law of gravitation; yet no philanthropist, however accustomed he may be to subordinate scientific truth to amiable impulses, ever presumes to doubt the certain operation of that law. The great field for the contest between the head and the heart is the domain of political economy. The demonstrated laws of this science are often particularly offensive to many good men and good women, who wish well for their fellow-creatures, and who are pained by the obstacles which economic maxims present to their diffusive benevolence. The time will come when it will be as intellectually discreditable for an educated person to engage in a crusade against the established laws of political economy as in a crusade against the established laws of the physical universe; but the fact that men like Carlyle, Ruskin, and Dickens can write economic nonsense without losing intellectual caste shows that the science of political economy, before its beneficent truths come to be generally admitted, must go through a long struggle with benevolent sophisms and benevolent passions.

In naming this book Dickens found much difficulty. He sent the following titles to John Forster, as expressive of his general idea: 1. According to Cocker. 2. Prove it. 3. Stubborn Things. 4. Mr. Gradgrind's Facts. 5. The Grind-

stone. 6. *Hard Times*. 7. Two and Two are Four. 8. Something Tangible. 9. Our Hard-Headed Friend. 10. Rust and Dust. 11. Simple Arithmetic. 12. A Matter of Calculation. 13. A Mere Question of Figures. 14. The Gradgrind Philosophy. The author was in favor of one of three of these: 6, 13, and 14. Forster was in favor of either 2, 6, or 11. As both agreed on No. 6, that title was chosen. Yet certainly No. 14, *The Gradgrind Philosophy*, was the best of all, for it best indicated the purpose of the story. *Hard Times* is an extremely vague title, and might apply to almost any story that Dickens or any other novelist has written.

It is curious to note the different opinions of two widely differing men regarding the story itself. Ruskin says that "the essential value and truth of Dickens's writings have been unwisely lost sight of by many thoughtful persons, merely because he presents his truth with some color of caricature. Unwisely, because Dickens's caricature, though often gross, is never mistaken. Allowing for the manner of his telling them, the things he tells us are always true. I wish that he could think it right to limit his brilliant exaggeration to works written only for public amusement; and when he takes up a subject of high national importance, such as that he handled in *Hard Times*, that he would use severer and more accurate analysis. The usefulness of that work (to my mind, in several respects, the greatest he has written) is with many persons seriously diminished because Mr. Bounderby is a dramatic monster instead of a characteristic example of a worldly master, and Stephen Blackpool a dramatic perfection instead of a characteristic example of an honest workman. But let us not lose the use of Dickens's wit and insight because he chooses to speak in a circle of stage fire. He is entirely right in his main drift and purpose in every book he has written; and all of them, but especially *Hard Times*, should be studied with great care by persons interested in social questions. They will find much that is partial, and, because

partial, apparently unjust; but if they examine all the evidence on the other side, which Dickens seems to overlook, it will appear, after all the trouble, that his view was the finally right one, grossly and sharply told." This is the opinion of an eloquent thinker and writer who is most at variance with the principles which scientific economists consider to be scientifically established. On the opposite extreme we have the opinion of Macaulay, who records in his private diary, under the date of August 12, 1854, this disparaging criticism: "I read Dickens's *Hard Times*. One excessively touching, heart-breaking passage, and the rest sullen socialism. The evils he attacks he caricatures grossly and with little humor."

In judging the work, neither Ruskin nor Macaulay seems to have made any distinction between Dickens as a creator of character and Dickens as a humorous satirist of what he considers flagrant abuses. As a creator of character he is always tolerant and many-sided; as a satirist he is always intolerant and one-sided; and the only difference between his satire and that of other satirists consists in the fact that he has a wonderful power in individualizing abuses in persons. Juvenal, Dryden, and Pope, though keen satirists of character, are comparatively ineffective in the art of concealing their didactic purpose under an apparently dramatic form. So strong is Dickens's individualizing faculty, and so weak his faculty of generalization, that as a satirist he simply personifies his personal opinions. These opinions are formed by quick-witted impressions intensified by philanthropic emotions; they spring neither from any deep insight of reason nor from any careful processes of reasoning; and they are therefore contemptuously discarded as fallacies by all thinkers on social problems who are devoted to the investigation of social phenomena and the establishment of economic laws; but they are so vividly impersonated, and the classes satirized are so felicitously hit in some of their external characteristics and weak points, that many readers fail to discover the essential dif-

ference between such realities of character as Tony Weller and Mrs. Gamp, and such semblances of character as Mr. Gradgrind and Mr. Bounderby. Whatever Dickens understands he humorously represents; whatever he does not understand he humorously misrepresents; but in either case, whether he conceives or misconceives, he conveys to the general reader an impression that he is as great in those characters in which he personifies his antipathies as in those in which he embodies his sympathies.

The operation of this satirical as contrasted with dramatic genius is apparent in almost every person who appears in *Hard Times*, except Sleary and his companions of the circus combination. Mr. Gradgrind and Mr. Bounderby are personified abstractions, after the method of Ben Jonson; but the charge that Macaulay brings against them, that they have little of Dickens's humor, must be received with qualifications. Mr. Bounderby, for example, as the satirical representative of a class, and not as a person who could have had any real existence, — as a person who gathers into himself all the vices of a horde of English manufacturers, without a ray of light being shed into his internal constitution of heart and mind, — is one of the wittiest and most humorous of Dickens's embodied sarcasms. Bounderby becomes a seeming character by being looked at and individualized from the point of view of imaginative antipathy. So surveyed, he seems real to thousands who observe their employers from the outside, and judge of them, not as they are, but as they appear to their embittered minds and hearts. Still, the artistic objection holds good that when a man resembling Mr. Bounderby is brought into the domain of romance or the drama, the great masters of romance and the drama commonly insist that he shall be not only externally represented but internally known. There is no authorized, no accredited way of exhibiting character but this, that the dramatist or novelist shall enter into the soul of the personage represented, shall sympathize with him sufficiently to know him, and shall represent his passions,

prejudices, and opinions as springing from some central will and individuality. This sympathy is consistent with the utmost hatred of the person described; but characterization becomes satire the moment that antipathy supersedes insight and the satirist berates the exterior manifestations of an individuality whose interior life he has not diligently explored and interpreted. Bounderby, therefore, is only a magnificent specimen of what satirical genius can do when divorced from the dramatist's idea of justice, and the dramatist's perception of those minute peculiarities of intellect, disposition, and feeling which distinguish one "bully of humility" from another.

It is ridiculous to assert, as Ruskin asserts, that *Hard Times* is Dickens's greatest work; for it is *the* one of all his works which should be distinguished from the others as specially wanting in that power of real characterization on which his reputation as a vivid delineator of human character and human life depends. The whole effect of the story, though it lacks neither amusing nor pathetic incidents, and though it contains passages of description which rank with his best efforts in combining truth of fact with truth of imagination, is ungenial and unpleasant. Indeed, in this book, he simply intensified popular discontent; he ignored or he was ignorant of those laws the violation of which is at the root of popular discontent; and proclaimed with his favorite ideal workman, Stephen Blackpool, that not only the relation between employers and employed, but the whole constitution of civilized society itself, was a hopeless "muddle," beyond the reach of human intelligence or humane feeling to explain and justify. It is to be observed here that all cheering views of the amelioration of the condition of the race come from those hard thinkers whose benevolent impulses push them to the investigation of natural and economic laws. Starting from the position of sentimental benevolence, and meeting unforeseen intellectual obstacles at every step in his progress, Dickens ends "in a muddle" by the necessity of his method. Had he been intellectually

equipped with the knowledge possessed by many men to whom in respect to genius he was immensely superior, he would never have landed in a conclusion so ignominious, and one which the average intellect of well-informed persons of the present day contemptuously rejects. If Dickens had contented himself with using his great powers of observation, sympathy, humor, imagination, and characterization in their appropriate fields, his lack of scientific training in the austere domain of social, legal, and political science would have been hardly perceptible; but after his immense popularity was assured by the success of *The Pickwick Papers*, he was smitten with the ambition to direct the public opinion of Great Britain by embodying, in exquisitely satirical caricatures, rash and hasty judgments on the whole government of Great Britain in all its departments, legislative, executive, and judicial. He overlooked uses, in order to fasten on abuses. His power to excite, at his will, laughter, or tears, or indignation was so great, that the victims of his mirthful wrath were not at first disposed to resent his debatable fallacies while enjoying his delicious fun. His invasion of the domain of political science with the palpable design of substituting benevolent instincts for established laws was carelessly condoned by the statesmen, legists, and economists whom he denounced and amused.

Indeed, the great characteristic of Dickens's early popularity was this, that it was confined to no class, but extended to all classes, rich and poor, noble and plebeian. The queen on the throne read him, and so did Hodge at the plow; and between the sovereign and her poorest subject there was no class which did not sound his praise as a humorist. Still, every student of the real genius of Dickens must be surprised at the judgment pronounced on his various romances by what may be called the higher, the professional, the educated classes, the classes which, both in England and in the United States, hold positions of trust and honor, and are bound, by the practical necessities of their posts, to be on a level with the advancing intelligence of the

age in legislative, economic, and judicial science. By these persons *The Pickwick Papers* are, as a general thing, preferred to any other of the works of Dickens. The Lord Chief Justice (afterwards Lord Chancellor) Campbell told Dickens that he would prefer the honor of having written that book to the honors which his professional exertions had obtained for him, that of being a peer of Parliament and the nominal head of the law. All persons who have had a sufficiently large acquaintance with the men of practical ability who have risen to power in the United States, whether as judges, statesmen, or political economists, must have been impressed with the opinion of these men as to the superiority of *The Pickwick Papers* over all the successive publications of Dickens. Yet it is as certain as any question coming before the literary critic can be, that a number of the works that followed *The Pickwick Papers* are superior to that publication, not only in force of sentiment, imagination, and characterization, but in everything which distinguishes the individual genius of Dickens, — a genius which up to the time of *David Copperfield* deepened and enlarged in the orderly process of its development. The secret of this preference for *The Pickwick Papers* is to be found in the fact that the author had, in that book, no favorite theory to push, no grand moral to enforce, no assault on principles about which educated men had made up their minds. These men could laugh heartily at Mr. Buzfuz and Mr. Justice Stareleigh; but when, as in *Bleak House*, there was a serious attempt to assail equity jurisprudence, they felt that the humorist had ventured on ground where he had nothing but his genius to compensate for his lack of experience and knowledge. Thus it is that a work which, with all its wealth of animal spirits, is comparatively shallow and superficial considered as a full expression of Dickens's powers of humor, pathos, narrative, description, imagination, and characterization, has obtained a preëminence above its successors, not because it contains what is best and deepest in Dickens's genius, but because it omits

certain matters relating to social and economical science, with which he was imperfectly acquainted, and on which his benevolence, misleading his genius, still urged him vehemently to dogmatize. His educated readers enjoyed his humor and pathos as before, but they were more or less irritated by the intrusion of social theories which they had long dismissed from their minds as exploded fallacies, and did not see that the wit was more pointed, the humor richer, the faculty of constructing a story more developed, the sentiment of humanity more earnest and profound, than in the inartistic incidents of *The Pickwick Papers*, over which they had laughed until they had cried, and cried until they had laughed again. They desired amusement merely; *The Pickwick Papers* are the most amusing of Dickens's works; and they were correspondingly vexed with an author who deviated from the course of amusing them into that of instructing them, only to emphasize notions which were behind the knowledge of the time, and which interfered with their enjoyment without giving them any intelligent instruction.

Still, allowing for the prepossessions of Dickens in writing *Hard Times*, and forgetting Adam Smith, Ricardo, and John Stuart Mill, — looking at him only as a humorous satirist profoundly disgusted with some prominent evils of his day, — we may warmly praise the book as one of the most perfect of its kind. The bleakness of the whole representation of human life proceeds from the Gradgrind Philosophy of Life, which emphasizes Fact and denounces all cultivation of the sentiments and the imagination. As a result of this system, Tom, the son of Mr. Gradgrind, becomes a selfish "whelp" and sneak thief; his daughter, Louisa, marries Mr. Bounderby under circumstances which point inevitably to a separation, either on account of adultery or incompatibility of temper and disposition; and young Bitzer, the plebeian product of the system, who glories in his own emancipation from all the ties of son, brother, and husband, who is eloquent on the improvidence of those who

marry and have children, and who congratulates himself that he has only one person to feed, and that's the person he most likes to feed, namely, himself, is doomed to remain what he is, to the end of his life, a soulless, heartless, calculating machine, almost too mean to merit even the spurn of contempt. The first person who stirs the family of Mr. Gradgrind to a vague sense that the human mind possesses the faculty of imagination is Mr. Sleary, the circus-manager; and, in the end, he is the person who saves Tom Gradgrind from the disgrace of being arrested and tried as a felon. Dickens shows much art in making a man like Sleary, who represents the lowest element in the lowest order of popular amusements, the beneficent genius of the Gradgrind family, inclosed as they are in seemingly impenetrable surroundings of propriety, respectability, and prosaic fact. In depicting Sleary, the author escapes from satire into characterization, and adds to the population of Dickensland one of his most humorously conceived and consistently drawn personages. While his hand is in he strikes off portraits of Master Kidderminster, Mr. E. W. B. Childers, and other members of the circus troupe with almost equal vigor and fidelity to fact. As a specimen of his humor, Sleary's description of the search which Merrylegs' dog made to find him, in order to inform him of his master's death, is incomparably good. Mr. Gradgrind, as a man of science, suggests that the dog was drawn to him by his instinct and his fine scent. Mr. Sleary shakes his head skeptically. His idea is, that the dog went to another dog that he met on his journey, and asked him if he knew of a person of the name of Sleary, in the horse-riding way, — stout man, — game eye? And the other dog said that he couldn't say he knew him himself, but knew a dog who was likely to be acquainted with him, and then introduced him to that dog. And you know, Sleary added, that being much before the public, a number of dogs must be acquainted with me that I don't know. And Sleary goes on to show that after fourteen months' jour-

ney, the dog at last came to him in a very bad condition, lame and almost blind, threw himself up behind, stood on his fore legs, weak as he was, and then he wagged his tail and died. And then Sleary knew that the dog was the dog of Merrylegs. We have not put the narrative into Sleary's expressive lisp, and can only refer the reader to the original account in the eighth chapter of *Hard Times*.

The relation between Mr. James Hart-house and Louisa is one of the best "situations" in Dickens's novels. Hart-house represents a type of character which was the object of Dickens's special aversion, the younger son of a younger son of family, — "born bored," as St. Simon says of the Duke of Orleans, and passing listlessly through life in a constant dread of boredom, but seeking distractions and stimulants through new experiences, — "a thorough gentleman, made to the model of the time, weary of everything, and putting no more faith in anything than Lucifer." Contrasted with this jaded man of fashion is Louisa Gradgrind, the wife of Mr. Bounderby. Far from being morally and mentally wearied by too large an experience of life, she has had no experience of life at all. Her instincts, feelings, and imagination, as a woman, have been forced back into the interior recesses of her mind by the method of her education, and are therefore ever ready to burst forth, with an impetuosity corresponding to the force used in their repression and restraint. Now Dickens, as an English novelist, was prevented, by his English sense of decorum, from describing in detail those sensuous and passionate elements in her nature

which brought her to the point of agreeing to an elopement with her lover. A French novelist would have had no difficulty in this respect. Leaving out of view such romancers as Alexandre Dumas and Frédéric Soulié, with what pleasure would story-tellers of a higher order, like Théophile Gautier, Prosper Mérimée, George Sand, and Charles de Bernard, have recorded their minute analysis of every phase of passion in the breasts of the would-be adulterer and the would-be adulteress! As it is, the reader finds it difficult to understand the frenzy of soul, the terrible tumult of feeling, which rends the heart of Louisa as she flies to her father on the evening she has agreed to elope with her lover. Such madness as she displays in the culmination of passion might have been explained by exhibiting, step by step, the growth of her passion. Instead of this, we are overwhelmed by the sudden passage of ice into fire without any warning of the perilous transformation.

The method of the French novelists is doubtless corrupting in just the degree in which it is interpretative. Whatever may be said of it, it at least accounts, on the logic of passion, for those crimes against the sanctity of the marriage relation which all good people deplore, but which few good people seem to understand.

It is needless to add, in this connection, any remarks on the singular purity of the relation existing between Rachel and Stephen Blackpool. Any reader who can contemplate it without feeling the tears gather in his eyes is hopelessly insensible to the pathos of Dickens in its most touching manifestations.

Edwin P. Whipple.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It was Balzac, I think, who used to listen with what patience he could to discussions of current affairs, but finally would break in with the exclamation, "Let us talk about real matters; let us discuss the characters in my last novel." It is with this sense of the difference between things real and things of the moment that I wish the readers of *The Atlantic* would turn aside from the presidential question, to consider a subject recently brought before Congress which concerns such lasting matters as national literature and well-being. We are to be a nation, whoever is president; but whether or not national literature is to have a healthy growth depends in part upon the reception which Congress gives to the bill introduced by Mr. Seelye in the House of Representatives for the removal of duties upon all imported books. At present, government institutions and institutions of learning may import books free of duty; books, too, more than twenty years old may be imported free. Upon all others an *ad valorem* duty is laid.

At first blush it looks like a bill to encourage learning, but it proves to be a very unblushing measure indeed, and its proper title would be, A Bill to encourage Importers of English Books and discourage the Producers of American Books. Here and there a special student is aggrieved at the high price charged for an English, unprinted work, and is told that the high duty imposed makes the price in this country excessive. A removal of the duty would enable him to get his book a little cheaper; but let us suppose that this special student is also a writer, who is buying English books that he may qualify himself to write one for his own countrymen. He has been congratulating himself that his library has cost less since the removal of the iniquitous tax on learning, as he has heard it called; he has, perhaps, also found it a pleasure to look at the fresh

English books of all kinds which seem to accumulate rapidly on the book-seller's counter, and with a connoisseur's eye he finds a charm in them which the occasional American books he sees seem to lack. Now he goes armed with his manuscript to the publisher's office, and after a chat upon books in general he comes to his own in particular. This is what he may expect to hear:—

"The title and subject of your book are attractive; we will suppose the treatment to be sound and good, and if you will bear all the expenses of manufacture and publication, I shall be happy to publish your book for you, charging a commission of ten per cent. on the retail price for my services as agent. I cannot risk my money in the enterprise because the publishing of books in America has become too hazardous. If you can reduce your book to the dimensions of a magazine article, I can perhaps print it in my magazine. But as to books, I am as rapidly as possible confining myself to the publication of special works which are local in their character and cannot well be made and published abroad, such as law books and a certain class of school books. I once published books for children, taking pains to illustrate them well and to make them descriptive of American life, history, and nature; but I found that people in buying books for children were mainly impressed by three considerations: cheapness, abundance of illustration, and general attractiveness. The English books were cheaper, more profusely illustrated, and externally often more attractive, and were bought in preference. To be sure these books taught of English nature, and reflected a society different in many respects from our own, but the bookstores were full of them; it was difficult to make mine as cheap and as pretty, even though the reading matter was better, and when the tariff was taken off, competition was impossible, and I gave up publishing books

for children, to the regret of some very competent authors who were obliged to take up the less congenial work of teaching, and of some judicious parents who found it hard to give their children an American education.

"Well, that lopped off what was once, — especially during the war, when there was practically a protective tariff on books, owing to high rates of exchange, — an important part of my business, but I continued to publish books in general literature until I found that I was waging an uneven contest there. I was handicapped in the race with the English publishers. The cost of living, in this country, for the printer is higher than it is in England, both because it is higher for all classes, and because our printer has become accustomed to a cheerful manner of living which to the Englishman would be luxury. We don't think it so, because we have added to our stock of necessities the best education for our children, sunlight and good water in our houses, and good food for body and for mind. But the result is that as manual labor is ninety per cent. of the cost of stereotype plates, we can't make books as cheaply as in England; and as people in buying books only now and then have an intelligent preference for an American author, the cheapest books are sold most freely, and the English books are cheapest. A man who wishes to amuse himself at the play rarely cares whether the manager is an Englishman or American, or whether the play is English, American, or French; and the person who wants a novel or book of travels for casual reading will go to the bookstore and take that which is cheapest and brightest looking. As the writers of books in England greatly outnumber those in America, and as English book-makers can undersell American book-makers, the bookstores are filling with English books to the exclusion of American.

"The sum of the matter is this: authorship of books in America goes with publishing of books in America. Here and there, an author will ask his introduction through a London house, but

those cases are exceptional, although the effect of the present system is to place the author in the hands of the London publisher. Here and there, too, an exceptional book will insist upon recognition, and will be bought and kept in the bookstores, irrespective of English competition. But in order that the publisher may carry on a business in which such books shall have a place, he must succeed moderately with a score of lesser books, each having its minor success, but going to swell the general business. The interests of authors and publishers are identical, not antagonistic; if the legislation and general prosperity of the country make publishing a successful industry, then authors may expect to find publishers who, as capitalists, will undertake their books. If through adverse legislation and the imposition of heavy burdens publishing is unprofitable, the chances for authors will steadily diminish."

I hope the disappointed author will go home and reflect whether it was quite worth his while to buy a few books a little cheaper, if the reason for this was the reason also that the publishing business was rendered sluggish and unprofitable.

— I was turning over a subject in my mind the other day, and some things (thoughts, we will charitably call them) occurred to me in regard to the uncertainty of one's possession of personal courage, of the sort which is equal to occasions. I know that I should always be brave enough before or after the fact; the doubt I have is in regard to the moment of peril. What occurred to me I threw into the form of drama (which I believe is a kind of writing you wish to encourage), the dialogue taking place between two young men who are intimate friends, but of different shades of politics.

One (continuing the talk). If we are actually to come to blows and have the internecine war into which the fanatics seem disposed to plunge us, this question of courage has a new and personal application. I have sometimes doubted whether I have any.

The Other. I cannot conceive myself mixed up in an internecine war. I should not know how to act. Fancy having to stick a bayonet into our good-natured postmaster or collector here! Before I could thrust hard enough to be of any avail, I should want somebody to convince me beyond peradventure that he was a black-hearted villain who had been run out of the place where he used to live, and that he meditated something atrocious towards me and mine if he was not dispatched. It would most likely be necessary to go off to attack or defend some place, as Washington, where we have not intimate associations, and where the persons are against whom we have a prejudice. Then the fighting would begin very easily.

One. I should not like it any the better for that. As I was saying, I am at a loss whether I possess such a quality as physical courage or not. It has never been tested. I was never garroted, or saw anybody fall off a bridge, or was offered any opportunity to act in a way that was physically resolute, to say nothing of heroic. It is an even thing whether in case of emergency I should meet it half-way respectably, or do something of which I should afterwards be ashamed. At the best, I should probably be scared out of a year's growth. It is not a pleasant thing, I can tell you, to have such an uncertainty hanging over one.

The Other. You are not by any means the only person in the world who does not understand himself in this matter. I am inclined to think it is the normal condition of most respectably brought up young men of quiet dispositions. It is a defect of education. Our institutions of learning ought to have some Spartan device for steadying the nerves and familiarizing one with the practice of regarding himself as a belligerent. A chair of experimental infant or heiress rescuing, or of applied bull-dozing, might not be a bad idea. Without some such practice they might as well expect a fellow who has only a theoretical idea of music to sit down to the piano-forte and dash off a symphony of Beethoven at sight.

One. Still, I have had at times—as

I suppose everybody else has—vague symptoms of a feeling like doing something in the way of a first-class wind-up,—something for the good of somebody or something, you know.

The Other. Oh, you have. Well, I should say there was hope in that.

One. The ending of Carton, now, in the Tale of Two Cities; I think it is one of the most inspiring things in all literature. It seems as if one must be all right at last, regardless of what he had been, if he could close his career like that.

The Other. I fear I have forgotten it. Let me see,—he went to the guillotine in somebody's place, did he not?

One. Yes; that of the happy lover of the girl who had refused him on account of his general good-for-nothingness. It was a sublime sacrifice.

The Other. Do you think the fortunate one would have been capable of such a thing?

One. I am afraid not; happiness is too selfish, or rather, perhaps, it has too much to lose.

The Other. Does the feeling you speak of induce you to keep always on the lookout for the first chance at runaway teams, and so on?

One. Well, no; not to any extent. My practice is to see if there is not somebody else more anxious to take the job than myself. Up to this time I have always found that there was. I give enthusiastic volunteers the widest facilities. The feeling I speak of is undoubtedly a fag end of mawkish sentimentalism nourished by too much romance reading.

The Other. Now I shall stand up for the romancers. I think this is one of the noblest uses of literature, that in presenting ideals which cause a thrill of admiration as we idly turn the pages, it creates the possibility that, in some sudden access of enthusiasm, we may decide that there are things better than a whole skin after all, and try to be like the heroes.

One. If that is the case, may I trouble you to pass me a fresh cigar from that box under your elbow? These are Morro Castle's latest. They are better than the dark ones you took of him.

— Your Boston publisher, Loring, in reprinting Ashford Owen's tale, *A Lost Love*, has done something more like a personal favor to certain people than he probably knows. I am not going to review it, — I suppose your Club is not the place for that, — and I only wanted to speak of it because of the curiously enthusiastic *following* — worship, cult — that it has among certain refined American women. I do not know anything about the fact, but I should doubt, on general principles, whether it was equally a cult with English women. My observation is that it was expressly written for some ten or a dozen ladies of my acquaintance, who read it fifteen or twenty years in the English edition, and who have ever since gone about proselyting people to it. I have — don't you think we all have? — a strong prejudice against books which are much talked into me; and I held out long against *A Lost Love*, with a stubbornness which I now feel to have been heathen. It seems to me that I know no other book so simply and merely and just sufficiently touching. I have heard a book derided as not having more than three thrills in it; I don't know whether *A Lost Love* has even so many; but as a friend of mine said of it, the other day, it has a real gulp: you will understand the sort of heart-break meant, which will not suffer you to read the book aloud quite to the end. It is not at all an exciting story, I should say: the scene is largely that everlasting English country house, which is in itself almost enough to render any action and person loathsome; but the manner in which the skeptical reader is convicted of his former hardness of heart and darkness of mind, as the story progresses, must be highly gratifying to the early *Lost Lovers*, — as I may call them. What should be so wonderful about a young girl's not getting the man whom she loves, and who loves her as much as, if not more than, he loves the brilliant woman who does get him? That is the author's secret, and you are made to know that it is a very great matter, — a matter of life and death. The little book is truth

and life, treated with consummate, un-failing, unsistent art. There is no bearing on; where your voice breaks in reading it aloud is simply the last of touches, as light as they are deathly sad. Which is the saddest, the most poignant of all, is a nice question, and each follower of the book will have his or her (mostly her) own mind about it; but to my thinking there is at least nothing forlornier than where Georgy Sandon, having come up to London from the country where she had grown familiar with the kindly mother of the man she loves, finds herself at this good lady's house, very strange and shy and frightened, when some other ladies call. "The elder lady" — I apologize to all the original *Lost Lovers* for quoting; they have the book by heart — "told some story; and, being opposite to Georgy, courteously recognized her presence, addressing it partly to her; but it was a story the point of which hung on the knowledge of Charles Seymour and his peculiar idiosyncrasies. *Georgy did not know him, and felt the separation from them all which that implied.*" When I came to this place I felt incomparably homesick and forsaken. The little book is full of such keen and rather recondite knowledge of the heart.

But when I began to write, it was really not so much with the intention of speaking of *A Lost Love*, as of touching on a fact in literature of which it is an eminent instance: I mean books with a following. They are not often — I don't know that they are ever — books of the first fame; though I am inclined to think they are books of the first quality, relegated by some obscure circumstance or condition of their being to a secondary renown. But for this reason those who praise them rave of them, and recompense them for the absence of the general favor by a passionate constancy. Every reader will have some such book in his mind. I can think now of Mr. Curtis's *Prue* and I, as distinguished among American books by the fervid devotion of its followers; I suppose Paul Ferroll, terrible as it was, enjoyed an enthusiastic following; Björnson's *Arne*

promised to be of the same idolized sort, but too many people came to know it was good, and that spoiled its worship. For a long time Browning was a cult; and Tourguéneff, if it is true that his books sell only enough to pay expenses, is still so in our country; Henry Taylor is strictly and merely a cult of the narrowest kind. But it was books I meant, not authors; and I wish some other correspondent of yours would help me to enlarge my list.

P. S. A friend, on whom I tried *A Lost Love*, after writing the foregoing, brings back the book with the announcement that it is very subtly written, but not particularly touching.

— Coming into my house, here in Florence, the other day, Signor Pietrocola Rossetti (cousin to Dante and William Rossetti) saw my youngest boy, then in his *months*, before he could walk, flying across the room in his *cestino*, — a basket support, — intent on baby mischief, and was so struck with his look and movement that he immediately perpetrated this poetical *jeu d'esprit*: —

PEPINO.

Ninna, Nanna.

TUTTO fuoco, e lampi, e fiamma
Ne' belli occhi sfogoranti;
Rimirate l' amorino
Mio Pepino
Solfanino,
Ruba-còre della Mamma.

Creatura inerme e frale
Nel cestino rinserrato
Salta come un' auellino
Di Pepino
Farfallino,
Dove mai nascendi l' ale?

Ei non parla, e ognun l' intende;
Non favella, ma cinguetta,
Ma il parlar del bambolino
Mio Pepino,
Cinguettino,
È d' amor che l' alme accende.

S' egli viene dalle stelle,
Certo, è Marte il suo pianeta,
Perchè questo paladino,
Mio Pepino,
Litighino,
Urla e batte le sorelle.

Se dal pargolo dell' Ida
Viene, egli è tonante Giove,

Che' nel suo furor divino
È Pepino
Un Achillino
Che minaccia, e tuona, e grida!

Se da Pallade discende
Egli è cima di dottore,
Ma il saper del mio bambino
Bel Pepino,
Saccentino,
Dotto è tal che niun l' intende.

Se da Venere egli viene
Guai per tutte le fanciulle!
Perchè il vispo cicciutino
Mio Pepino
È un amorino
Ch' arde il sangue nelle vene.

Ma nell' impeto d' amore
Solama ormai la Genitrice:
Questo caro Cherubino,
Bel Pepino,
Bel biondino,
M' è venuto dal Signore!"

Tutto fuoco, e lampi, e fiamma
Ne' belli occhi sfogoranti,
Rimirate l' amorino
Mio Pepino
Solfanino,
Ruba-còre della Mamma!

— As to *The Scarlet Letter*, as dramatized by the Comte de Nagac and Mrs. Lander, and lately produced at the Boston Theatre, I wish you could present one point which has not been brought out at all in the newspapers: and this is, that the successful putting on the stage of so finished and subtle a work of fiction as this romance of Hawthorne's is an effort on a plane entirely above the attempts at play writing which have hitherto claimed to be the true and only "American drama." Strictly speaking, I suppose this stage version must be called a melodrama; *The Scarlet Letter* transplanted into the atmosphere of the theatre could hardly be anything else. Yet it is not quite true to call it simply a melodrama, for it comes so near being tragedy, and tragedy of a high order, too. The book itself is not melodramatic, but tragic; and the play gets its superior tone by closely following the original work. It is richly picturesque, powerful in holding the attention of a mixed audience, and very pathetic in the closing scene. When you reflect that this is an American drama, as well as *Kit*, the *Arkansas Traveler*, or *Paul Revere*,

or *Saratoga*, *Marriage*, and *Metamora*, you begin to see an opening for something in the way of real dramatic creation based on purely American themes, whenever some man of genius among us shall act on an inspiration to mold his thought for the stage, without the aid of adapters.

— There are two kinds of extremists with which I confess myself sadly unable to deal. One is the tyrant of faith, and one is the tyrant of skepticism, and they are both, in their separate ways, dreadful despots. The magnificent condescension with which my extremist of the first class treats every human problem that has ever come beneath his observation is a fact that deserves comment. Indeed, there is very little that he does not accurately and lucidly account for. Nature has very few secrets from him; most of the vexed questions that have made clever men rub their foreheads for centuries melt away before his magic investigations. He talks a great deal about the ways of Providence, and shows an easy familiarity with the subject of final causes that makes me nervously to wonder whether, after all, the well-known limitations of science have not been mistakenly established. He explains the most baffling mysteries of human existence with that tranquil decisiveness which scorns contradiction. He pities Mr. Herbert Spencer with a kind of annihilating compassion; he sometimes persuades himself that he has utterly hurt to death the Darwinian theory; he thinks that evolution is only a mantle under which certain traditional horns and cloven hoofs are concealed, and his omission to tear aside this contemptible disguise is merely through a serene disdain of the whole trivial proceeding. If you tell him that you do not understand the possibility of a miracle, he will laugh very heartily indeed and ask you if there is anything you *do* understand, from a star to a blade of grass.

My extremist of the second class is a very different sort of person. It is only justice to say that he is commonly not, at the furthest, outside of his twenties. Quite often he has recently returned from a German university, though he is

frequently a graduate of Harvard or Columbia. He gives a knowing smile when anything is said about the immortality of the soul, as though mentally remarking that he has had private information of an opposite character from certain indisputable authorities. When you mention to him some of the finest points in transcendentalism he will shake his head in pity and murmur "Poetry" to you. He has a contempt for the imagination; he is sorry to hear you say that it has had anything whatever to do with science, which he passionately reveres. If you speak of going to church he usually looks amused. If you talk to him of the vast spiritual suggestiveness found in such purely abstract questions as the ideals of beauty, truth, or love, he will pretend not to understand you and declare that you do not put your statements into the forms of "thinkable propositions." If you mention "spirit," he will act as though you had said something in Hindostanee. He sometimes tells you so much about the superb skepticism of Buckle, Mill, Huxley, or Tyndall, that you have misgivings as to whether you yourself have read these writers attentively enough; it does not strike you until later that perhaps he may possess only a smattering of their works and merely show himself one of those extremely small fish that often swim in the wakes of larger ones. Some of our great leaders of thought in this nineteenth century, I think, have suffered from the pompous and utterly shallow "skepticism" shown by my extremist of the second class. But after all, I cannot say whether he is any worse than my extremist of the first class.

— If the great American novel is to have its scene laid in New York, I am afraid that it cannot pass into fame except over the veto of not a few reigning critics. During the past four years I have written two novels, which judged purely as pieces of literary work may have been extremely bad. I am inclined to believe that they were not; but as such convictions have never confined themselves to writers of merit, I do not presume to rank my own as at all valua-

ble. Let it be allowed, then, that my two novels were very slight performances indeed; the point which I wish to present is not that they were or were not proclaimed as such, but that they were, in several cases, declared wholly to misrepresent New York society. The people whom I had chosen to describe were of what I know to be the aristocracy of New York, and in most cases the gay, fashionable portion of it. The word "aristocracy" is advisedly used; I do not mean plutocracy; I mean, rather, a certain body of people, who are perhaps five thousand in number, and who claim (no matter how strongly, how logically, or how successfully this claim may be disputed) to constitute the finer social element of our metropolis. I know these people; I have been put face to face with their virtues and their faults since childhood; I am not now speaking either praisefully or blamefully of them; I do not say whether their birth is or is not as good as they often declare; I do not assert that there are or are not many people of yesterday who have crowded in among these Van Rensselaers, Stuyvesants, Livingstons, and other widely-known Knickerbocker families; I merely make one simple statement: this New York aristocracy, self-constituted though it may be, and worthy of all imaginable republican scorn, *exists*.

But there are several New York critics who stoutly affirm that it does not exist. I have, they inform me, described what has no foundation in fact. It is not a question of whether my people are silly, flippant, unworthy of being written about; it is the mere point of their existence alone. There are no such people; there is no aristocracy in New York; there is nothing but a struggle of one rich man or woman to outdo the other. The snobbery, arrogance, and pride of birth, no less than the difficulty of *entrée* within certain circles, have no being outside of my own imagination. So say my "critics." I have conceded, it will be kindly remembered, that my two novels are without literary value, and therefore in my own case let it be supposed that no special injury is done.

But how will the case be with future Thackerays, if they ever appear among us? The social dividing lines of a people are of inestimable service to a novelist; he cannot, indeed, do without them. It is somehow the literary curse of our country as regards the writing of fiction that what few lines of this sort truly exist are denied by those living nearest them. I do not know any active man of letters in New York who moves in the circles previously referred to; it may be that he would disdain them if circumstance had thrown him among them, but this is surely no reason why he should deny that they are. It is possible to conceive of a novel which treats of life among these New York aristocrats, and is also a well-written, sensible novel. But if such a book ever appears, it will be denounced as a falsehood.

— Now that we have the Memoir of Charles Kingsley, I suppose we shall all take the chance to put this much-discussed reformer back on to the scales again, for reweighing and labeling. That such a book should be at all surprises many of us who heard the canon but a short time before his death express his indignation and disgust at all memoirs or biographies. "As a rule," he said, "the record is made by a friend or member of the family whose sole claim to literary distinction lies in his connection with the dead man, and who is, therefore, least fitted to convey a correct idea of him to the public. In any case," he added, vehemently, "what right has the public to your private life or mine? Such work as we can do belongs to it. Nothing more." The protest, however, may have been but the ebullition of a passing mood, as Mrs. Kingsley assuredly would know and respect any fixed determination to hold the public at arm's-length from his grave. Though indeed so strong was Canon Kingsley's affection for his family that I have no doubt he is quite willing to-day that they should lay bare his most secret thought to the world if it gratifies their fond pride in him.

The majority of Americans, as a matter of course, will be as discontented

with the book as they were with the man himself. Middle-aged people to whom Alton Locke had been a voice crying in the wilderness of their youth demanded the prophet, and would have none of this canon with his conservative orthodox virtues. They appealed from Cæsar sober to Cæsar drunk with the divine ichor; and not finding him, denounced him savagely. He had sold his birth-right for a mess of church patronage, and a very small mess, at that. Now nobody could come in contact with Charles Kingsley for ten minutes and believe that he had ever sold or throttled a conviction knowingly. He was a man sincere to rudeness, and there had been no great falsehood in his past life to diminish his stern self-respect. He had merely changed his point of view. Charles Kingsley was the exponent of radical tailors, poachers' wives, and their base-born babies; and if Canon Kingsley chose to express to us the meaning of a cathedral or the opinions of the cultured class in England, it was because he had been pushed by circumstances into closer contact with them than the younger man. His eyes were just as keen to discover virtue and reason as when he was Lancelot and twenty-five. And after all, the poacher has not a monopoly of virtue or reasons.

— One of your contributors recently rallied a Boston house which advertises for sale a collection of rugs *illustrating purely Oriental thought*. As the accepted theory about such work is that it illustrates blind impulse and feeling, and not thought at all, the carpet man probably got no more than his deserts. But may I offer for what it is worth this speculation: whether the arabesque of ornament with which not only Turkish rugs but all the rest of the work of man's hands is so thickly covered may not, after all, have in each of its characters and combinations a definite significance like that of handwriting or hieroglyphics. It would not be that of its executors, because they are often ignorant persons professedly without any, but a meaning infused into it by some inflexible law. In short, are not our paper-hangings a

mysterious system of handwriting on the wall, and our carpets, furniture chintzes, and dress goods a record of current or past events or intimate emotions? Perhaps some future Champollion will decipher the secret and open to the world a vast new revelation more full of vital significance than anything we have been able to keep in the usual way.

— Mr. James's Conversation about Daniel Deronda is clever. But the critics generally seem to pass over the most complete and distinct character in the book, namely, Grandcourt himself. He is the one we remember when the volume is closed; Gwendolen too, of course, but principally in connection with him, and his narrow eyes. No woman cares in the least for Deronda; if she says she does, she is talking for appearance' sake. I have met only two Theodoras, and they were wives of clergymen, talking for "the parish," and for their children who sat near.

— This Club, I hope, is not too exclusively æsthetic in its tastes to let me write in it of a quaint-looking little book which has lately come into my hands. The book is called *A Wreath of Stray Leaves*, to the Memory of Emily Bliss Gould, and though it contains many clever and pretty things by such distinguished members of the Anglo-American colony at Rome as Messrs. Adolphus Trollope, W. W. Story, Matthew Arnold, William Howitt, Cowden Clarke, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. Trollope, and others, it interests me mostly because it was printed by the poor little Italian people whom the good woman it commemorates picked up out of the streets of Rome, clothed, housed, fed, and taught letters and their saving art. Every one who has been at Rome of late years has known of Mrs. Gould and her work, and whoever knew of her must have heard with a sense of something like personal loss of her death in the midst of the work to which she had dedicated herself. I never saw her school, but I have seen something of the Protestant ragged-schools in Naples, and I could imagine the good which an establishment supplementing literary in-

struction with all the influences of a veritable home — she called it so, and aimed to make it nothing less — would do among the children of a race so susceptible to all intellectual and spiritual influences as the Italian. It seems to have fulfilled her utmost hopes of good, and she lived long enough to see a promise of permanence in it. She had intended to make it self-supporting, and she had found that she could not do better than have her boys taught to be printers, — to whom the political regeneration of Italy gives increasing employment, — and the now-memorial Wreath of Stray Leaves was planned by their self-sacrificing friend and teacher as a convincing proof of their proficiency in their trade. Since her death the home has gone into the hands of the Waldensian Church in Rome (strange to think of that old martyr-faith there!), and with the help of Christian charity everywhere will be carried on as she planned it. The committee in charge of it is made up of English and American people, and of Italian Protestants, and its success so far has met only with welcome from the Italians, who are not always pleased with foreign efforts for their redemption. Of course, more money is needed to establish it beyond failure, and I suppose the American agents (Messrs. Edward Lamson, 66 Sears Building, Boston, and A. S. Barnes, 111 William Street, New York) will give any desired information about it.

— I have been reading, without great edification, the collection of Balzac's letters, lately published by MM. Michel Lévy. The book is, indeed, one not to pore over or to recur to. Though interesting as a whole, Balzac's correspondence is painful reading, and contains little of the wisdom that we desire to store up. Much is made clear in his career that was hitherto relatively vague, but neither the artist nor the man particularly gains by it. The man seems terribly egotistical; the artist seems to take a narrow and sordid view of his art. The artist and the man in Balzac were indeed one and the same; he was, from the beginning, simply a colossal scribbling-machine. He regarded his life-time as a

sheet of blank paper, and society as a huge inkstand. What the letters throw into admirable relief, however, is the artisan, as I may call it, — the worker. Here, Balzac was heroic and unequaled, and these volumes prove that the familiar legends and anecdotes about his enormous industry fall rather below the facts. For many years he worked habitually fifteen and eighteen hours a day. When one considers the nature of this work and the exhausting character of sustained imaginative writing, of perpetual invention, which is, as compared with most other brain labor, what the expenditure of capital is to the expenditure of income, such achievements seem marvelous; we wonder what such a head, and such a physical structure generally, were made of. Balzac's head and his whole constitution, however, broke down; not immediately, but when he had reached what might have been merely a robust maturity. He was barely fifty years of age when he died. The letters, which are conspicuous for their want of editorship, begin in the year 1819, just after he had come up to Paris, with the reluctant consent of his family, to make by his pen the fortune that was so long in coming to him; and they terminate with the last lines that fell from his hand, — a note to Théophile Gautier, dictated upon his death-bed in 1850. They are addressed for the most part to his relatives and to his nearest friends; and it is noticeable that his principal correspondents were women: his sister, the person whom (at least in his youth) he seems to have loved best in the world; his mother, who survived him; Madame Carraud; Madame Hanska, the Polish lady to whom he had been "attentive" for years and whom, after many obstacles, he married a few months before his death. Madame Hanska was rich, but on marrying Balzac she gave up her property to her children. This point is worth touching on in speaking of a record which is above all a history of the consuming desire to make a fortune. The letters are almost exclusively a register of Balzac's money-matters. These form his inveterate, his absorbing topic, and the present publica-

tion throws a great deal of additional light upon them. The writer rarely alludes to anything else or appears to suppose that his correspondent can be interested in anything else. There are no observations, no descriptions, no gossip, no anecdotes. They are all gloomy business letters, with here and there an interval of gloomy sentiment, or more rarely a cry of almost ferocious exultation over difficulties vanquished. The want of time to observe, to narrate, to gossip, or even to feel, is what they chiefly express. Balzac had no time to do anything but write, write, and still write; one wonders when and where and how he collected his enormous fund of material. The basis of all this is his debt,—the heavy pecuniary obligations he contracted from 1825 to 1830 by unsuccessful commercial ventures, especially by his famous attempt to establish a printing-house. He had apparently gone to work on a large scale. The printing-house came to grief, and by the catastrophe his whole fortune was mortgaged. He became above all things, as M. Taine says, an *homme d'affaires*. Novel-writing, for him, meant business, and business meant novel-writing. His earlier works were poorly paid, and up to 1840 he appears to have had very little money for his personal use. But gradually he won the race; he made large sums, cleared off his debts, and gained a somewhat luxurious independence. His most expensive taste seems to have been that of *bric-a-brac* and upholstery. By this time, however, as I said, his health was gone, and he lived to occupy but a few months the beautiful house in the Rue Fortunée to whose adornments the Parents Pauvres and the Paysans had contributed. The letters, altogether, give an impression of an extraordinary nature; a nature of little delicacy, but of extreme robustness, frankness, and lovingness, and of a certain wholesome simplicity which was not to be expected. Upon his genius itself they throw not a particle of light. They explain how the bad parts of his great work come to be so strangely bad; but they leave the

finer portions enshrouded in the mystery of his magnificent inspiration.

—In reading lately, in *The Nation*, some remote praise of Mr. James's story of *The American* by a critic who "confessed to having had at first a feeling of irritation at being called upon to take an interest in a specimen of a type which, as a type, was to say the least not æsthetically attractive," I felt a concern which I wish to express for the condition of a mind so febrile in its sensitiveness as to be shocked at the bare thought of a type like Newman being introduced into a novel, as hero. I at once perceived how greatly this select being must have to limit his reading of fiction, in order to retain any nervous system whatever. Such a story as *Le Père Goriot*, or *César Birotteau*, for example, would not simply subject him to "nervous irritation" at the start, but must prostrate him for days. Freytag's *Soll und Haben* would be very damaging to him. Adam Bede, *Silas Warner*, and *Alton Locke* should be kept under lock and key wherever there is danger of this gentleman's accidentally getting hold of them. I do not quite like to think of the consequences of his coming in contact with *Thackeray's Hoggarty Diamond*; and there are people so common in Shakespeare's plays that I am sure those dramas cannot be pleasant reading to *The Nation's* critic. How does he manage with *Sancho Panza*, or *Gil Blas*? So superior a critic is cut off from the great variety of fiction in which ruder readers take delight. For instance, in a case like *Reade's Love Me Little, Love Me Long*, the lover, Dodd, is not a whit more æsthetic than the lover, Newman, in Mr. James's *American*. A devout admirer of *The Nation*, however, tells me we should be glad that a person of such nice discrimination has not long before this perished through suffering from vulgar types in literature. I should like to believe that the case is not so bad as it seems, and that this critic appears more precariously situated than he is, simply because he has allowed himself to talk rubbish.

RECENT LITERATURE.

MISS PRESTON has done well to collect in one volume¹ the various essays which have appeared from time to time in the pages of this magazine, treating at some length of those French poets who in recent and older days have been fullest of real poetry. Thanks to her research and her skill in translating, we are enabled to enjoy the writings of the little school of Provençal bards, who in the middle of the nineteenth century have disproved the hasty generalization that civilization has driven out of existence all naïve poetry. In the beginning of the book is found an analysis with copious translations of Mistral's *Calendau*, the poem which succeeded his *Mirèio*, itself known to us by Miss Preston's complete version. Next to this is an account of Aubanel, followed by a very interesting notice of Jasmin and his works. What Miss Preston herself writes is to the point, and well calculated to give to the reader what would otherwise be almost inaccessible information. She makes a brief synopsis of the writings of these different authors, and illustrates her comments and criticisms with specimens of their work done into English verse. These bits of translation are admirable; generally the essayist who tries his hand at translating poetical extracts from another tongue thinks he is doing well if he can end his lines with rhyming words, but there is no such unsatisfactory work here. Miss Preston writes verse which shall very accurately and agreeably represent the original, and the value of her book is very much greater on that account, for she does not merely tell us this or that author is good, or touching, or wise; she gives us the testimony, or a part at least of the testimony, on which she makes up her mind, and thereby enables us to judge for ourselves.

These authors about whom she has written so well are certainly interesting men. Their simplicity is unlike the labored naturalness of those English poets who, in order to escape being artificial, apparently go over their writings and substitute short words for long ones; that is to say, they have natural, not affected simplicity. Nor

yet, furthermore, is it merely facility of execution; Jasmin disproved that in a letter, quoted by Sainte-Beuve, in which he declined a competitive examination in writing verses on a given subject, or rather three given subjects, with a would-be literary rival. He spoke therein of the slowness with which he worked: "My five poems," he said, "have cost me twelve years of work, and yet they contain only two thousand four hundred verses." The merit of these men is their originality, their bursting into song under what would be considered adverse circumstances. Jasmin, for instance, was a barber, and one who carried on his business while writing. In English literature such an apparent discord is by no means unknown. Burns is the most prominent example, but it was certainly a surprise to the literary circles of France when there appeared these writers in a dialect for which Parisians need a translation as well as ourselves.

There is a distinct difference between these three writers who are here mentioned, which Miss Preston has made clear in her translations. They are alike, of course, in many ways, and especially in the directness and richness of their language, but while one arranges his rhymes in original but rather cloying measures, another uses directer methods; yet they all are put with equal success into English. We need not quote what has so recently appeared in these pages, but the reader cannot open the volume without coming upon some ingenious, smooth, and poetical version of the poetical original.

The essays already mentioned take up half, and the most interesting half, of the volume. They bring us something absolutely new, while the rest of the book goes over tolerably well-trodden ground. The *Troubadours* are chiefly the subject of the remaining chapters, which give us in a brief form some of the researches of modern scholars, with again Miss Preston's always good translations. The book closes with a chapter on the *Arthuriad*. While it is true that there is nothing novel or very profound in the last part of the book, it forms altogether

¹ *Troubadours and Trouvères, New and Old.* By HARRIET W. PRESTON, Author of *Aspendale*, Love

in the Nineteenth Century, Translator of *Mirèio*, etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876

er a valuable addition to works on modern literature, and it has something which most erudite books are pretty sure to lack in the grace of the verses with which it is well filled. We hope Miss Preston will go on in the field where she has so well begun and give us more books which shall so well combine poetry and learning. Such gifts are not too common together, nor even apart, for that matter.

— There is no question, we think, that Philip Nolan's Friends¹ is Mr. Hale's completest and best novel. The scene is laid in New Orleans and Texas at the beginning of the present century, and the story is founded on the troubles incident upon the transfer of Louisiana to the United States. Mr. Hale seems entirely to have mastered the details of that puzzling political situation, and if the lazy reader sometimes finds himself perplexed among them, it is probably no more than he would have done had he been alive and present at the time. At all events, they furnish the ground-work for a good plot and a series of unusual and romantic incidents. The characters, too, are for the most part well drawn, and several of them are admirable, especially the two women, Eunice and Inez Perry, the one twice the other's age, yet both technically young women, and united by a bond of generous and tender friendship much more common in life than heretofore in books. But the true hero of the story is the proud, positive, loyal, defiant, and ungrammatical old family servant, Ransom, with his furious patriotism, and his reckless contempt of all foreigners, whom he included in a single class and characterized indifferently as "niggers" and "eyedolators." The strength of Ransom's national prejudices and his forcible manner of expressing them involved him in some trouble, as the reader may imagine from a single specimen of his eloquence.

" 'Yes'm. This man always wins. Say his soldiers come over here to learn fightin'. Say General Washington had to show 'em how. Say Roshimbow 's comin' over to the islands now. I knew that one, Roshimbow, myself; held his hoss for him one day down to Pomfret meetin'-house, when he stopped to get suthin' to drink at the tavern. General Washington was showin' him about fightin' then, an' so was old General Knox

and Colonel Greaton; and now he's tellin' this other one. That's the way they knows how to do it. French is nothin'. Don't know nothin'. This other one, he's an Eye-talian.' "

" This other one, who thus received the art of war at second-hand from Colonel Greaton, of the Massachusetts line, and from George Washington, was the person better known in history as Napoleon Bonaparte."

Concerning Philip Nolan himself, the ostensible hero of the book, we have, however, to protest. He was a good man, doubtless, but he is a great artistic mistake. All who remember The Man without a Country — and let us hope that nobody of this generation has forgotten, or will ever forget it — know that this was the name chosen at hap-hazard for the imaginary hero of that powerful and sorrowful tale, which brought the worth of their country home to so many hearts at one of the darkest hours of her history. Afterwards, Mr. Hale discovered that the name was actually borne by a rather famous frontier's-man at the beginning of the century, and he was moved to try and repair the injustice which he felt he had done the name of Philip Nolan by associating it with the crime of treason. But by conscientiously explaining away his Philip Nolan, he runs the risk of invalidating the singularly solemn lesson which his creature's fate conveyed: that a great conception like that is a vast deal more alive and real than the memory of any man once forgotten can be made after the lapse of seventy-five years; if the veritable Philip Nolan were really alive somewhere and cognizant of mundane affairs, and if he were indeed the simple, dauntless patriot whom Mr. Hale endeavors to present in the present expiatory volume, he would, doubtless, much rather have the lesson of his double's life enforced, than the memory of his own career revived.

— It is hard to criticise The Gold of Chickaree,² or stories like it, without making use of such violent methods as excite the scorn of those who criticise the critics. They say mere denunciation is of no service and should never be employed; as if there were not too many books already without truth or beauty, which cry aloud for some one to point out in print, as every one does

¹ *Philip Nolan's Friends. A Story of the Change of Western Empire.* By EDWARD E. HALE. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1877.

² *The Gold of Chickaree.* By SUSAN and ANNA

WARNER. Authors of *Wide, Wide World, Dollars and Cents*, *Wych Hazel*, etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1876.

in conversation, their utter worthlessness. The Gold of Chickaree is a continuation of Wych Hazel, and the two stories are as much alike as two halves of a slate pencil. Wych Hazel herself is rich and insufferably pert; her lover, Rollo, Dane, Duke, or Olaf, as he is called indifferently, is rich and in his ways "masterful." The earlier novel ends with the engagement of these two, and here is described their sudden marriage, which they forebore announcing even to their guests at dinner, who were unexpectedly delighted by witnessing this wedding later in the evening. This is a capital notion for entertaining company, and far superior to music, singing, or charades. The other incidents of the novel are of the flimsiest sort; round dancing and the theatre come in for intolerant abuse. All the poor people get Christmas presents, and one son of Belial, who is anxious to run away with his neighbor's wife, is bought off for thirty thousand dollars, a mere bagatelle in this moral Monte Christo. For the same sum of money it might have been possible to close a theatre for a winter or to bribe penniless young men to give up dancing a dozen Germans. Besides their lavish extravagance, the most noteworthy thing about the people is their morbid self-consciousness; they are never at their ease; they are forever trying to impress one another with their own brilliant wit. It is a poor story.

— In the matter of luxuriance the vegetation of California is miserably barren — in spite of its enormous grapes, figs, oranges, squashes, trees, etc. — compared with the style of Mr. Fisher when he writes of the much-favored land where only man is vile.¹ What he has to say is often sensible enough, but his way of saying it, of accumulating titbits of French, Spanish, German, Latin, and Greek words and phrases, which he handles in the jauntiest manner possible, his irrepressible joviality, his air of a man of the world who has read Rabelais, Sterne, and Carlyle and the encyclopædia in order to acquire the grace of G. A. Sala, all combine to enrage the reader whom these arts were intended to delight. No one ever saw such declamatory writing outside of the columns of The London Telegraph. Here, for instance, are a few of Mr. Fisher's remarks on domestic unhappiness in California: "Thousands have bruised their heels

in love affairs, in ill-assorted marriages; the comedians of the world live by these things; but tens of thousands have bruised their heads in a lonely living death, — and this is where the real tragedies begin. It was a pity the fates hindered Goethe of Frederica, or of Lili, or of the Frau von Stein; but better even the vulgar Christiane Vulpius at the head of his table than no one. Rousseau might have been a greater man had he won Julie; or, for a while, a happier man had the De Warens married with him; but failing these, better Thérèse Levasseur than a cold hearth and a homeless heart. Henry Fielding, Robert Southey, Tom Moore, Heinrich Heine, William Blake, were more fortunate in lowly marriages than most emperors have been with thrones to choose from. But the poor Californian has neither the throne to choose from nor the cottage."

This paragraph is a very fair example of the way the book is written, and shows just about what proportion of it is devoted to California, and how much to a rehash of miscellaneous information about the rest of the world. After all, we ought to be grateful that Mr. Fisher did not speak of Harry Fielding, Bob Southey, and Bill Blake.

After this specimen of the author's powers, it may seem like empty flattery to say that this brief compendium of ancient and modern history really does contain a good deal of information about the State which gives the title to the book, but it is true. Every fact is a text for fine writing, and metaphors and illustrations from all quarters of the globe distract the reader, but the kernel underlying them all shows that Mr. Fisher has noticed some of the prominent traits of Californian civilization. The errors of democracy do not demand careful examination to be seen, and he has seen them. The men are fierce money-getters, the politicians are what everybody knows them to be, and they and other elements of that society are clearly shown up here. Unfortunately, the book contains nothing that will be new to pessimistic Americans, and abroad it will doubtless be welcome for its exposure of our sins; still we can console ourselves with the thought that in time it will be forgotten.

— The subject of the geographical distribution of animals² was one with which

¹ *The Californians*. By WALTER M. FISHER. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

² *The Geographical Distribution of Animals. With a Study of the Relations of Living and Ex-*

tinct Faunas as elucidating the Past Changes of the Earth's Surface. By ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1876. Two vols 8vo, pp. xxiii., 503; ix., 607.

naturalists formerly concerned themselves but little. Taking it for granted that animals were especially adapted to live in certain localities, or were created with especial reference to their fitness for the localities in which they are found, it was not surmised that there could be any reason for the existence of a given species in a given place further than its fitness for the physical conditions of the place; and as this fitness was assumed once for all, there was an end of all scientific investigation of the matter. It was supposed that, in general, certain groups of animals were made to live within the tropics, others in the temperate and others in the frigid zones, but that the groups living within the tropics or in the temperate zones were similar all around the world. If it had been pointed out that the living edentata of South America or the living marsupials of Australia strikingly resemble the extinct edentata and marsupials of these two continents, the fact would have been taken only to imply that, after one group of animals had been annihilated, another similar group had been created in the same region, because in the eternal constitution of things South America is fitted to be the home of edentata and Australia to be the home of marsupials.

This kind of classification by zones had all the crudeness of the old classification of languages as classical, modern, and Oriental; and as long as such a single theory of adaptation was entertained as final, there was not likely to be much intelligent or fruitful scrutiny of the habitats of animals. But facts brought to light during the past forty years have quite upset these crude and simple theories, and have shown that the distribution of animals is an exceedingly complex phenomenon, and of the greatest interest, moreover, for the light which it throws on the past history of life on the globe. For example, the native animals of Australia and New Zealand are beginning very rapidly to retreat and disappear before the corresponding animals which Europeans have carried to those countries; and this shows that there is no especial or peculiar relation of fitness between the animals and their habitat. Again, while deer range all over America, Europe, and Asia, through the greatest diversities of climatic conditions, there are none in Africa south of the desert; and the case is similar with bears and pigs. So, on the other hand, though the physical conditions of life are very similar in Australia, South Africa, and

the Argentine Republic, there is no similarity whatever between the faunas of these regions. In the seas separated by the Isthmus of Darien, the conditions of life are almost identical, yet the marine faunas are entirely distinct. And in general the range of any group of animals is found to be limited strictly and constantly by natural barriers, such as high mountain-chains or impassable seas, but only vaguely and irregularly by alterations in climate or soil. In view of such facts, the geological succession of similar organisms in the same locality is now held to imply that the later organisms are the slightly modified descendants of the earlier ones, both the earlier and the later having been kept within their habitat by the same persistent natural barriers. The present and past distribution of animals becomes thus a curious and interesting illustration of the Darwinian theory, and at the same time throws considerable light on the history of the geographical changes which have taken place on the earth's surface. To the naturalists of our own time the native country of a group of animals is a matter of as much importance as its structure and habits; and the study of distribution has become as much a recognized part of biology as the study of embryology or classification.

Those who studied carefully the able and fascinating work of Mr. Wallace on the Malay Archipelago cannot have failed to recognize with what a masterly hand the problems of distribution were there treated. There is no other field of natural history which the illustrious author has made so thoroughly his own. In the two volumes before us he exhibits an erudition fairly comparable with that which characterized Mr. Darwin's remarkable treatise on domesticated animals; and he has given us a work which quite throws into the shade everything else that has been published on the subject. The four grand divisions of the work treat of the means of dispersal of animals and the geographical condition which affect distribution; of the distribution of extinct animals; of the zoological regions of the earth's surface; and of the geographical relations of the chief families of land animals. For students of biology such a book needs no other recommendation than is given by the name of its author: all such students will welcome it as an invaluable and much-needed manual for daily reference. But to the general reader also it is of great interest, for it is a most powerful contribution to the defense of the famous

theory which Mr. Wallace thought out simultaneously with Mr. Darwin, and it is written in that simple and winning style which makes all Mr. Wallace's books so pleasant to read.

—The anonymous author of *The Jericho Road*¹ is clearly a person of strong, honest sympathies, possessed of a keen insight into several phases of character and of skill for the setting forth of his story. The book has been ascribed to several well-known Western writers, Robert Collyer and David Swing amongst others; the style being so simple as to sustain the imputation of baldness. But whoever the writer may be, the little book is one which we think he might safely and with satisfaction acknowledge. "While reading," he says in his preface, "of the poor fellow who had so hard a time on the road to Jericho, I have often wondered what would have happened had not the good Samaritan come along." The story is a vivid illustration of what might have happened, in that emergency, in Eastern Illinois, some twenty years ago, and has of course a general truth which the reader can easily apply to other circumstances under which helpless, inoffensive men are crushed out of life by men and women pretending to be Christians. The first half of the tale is less good than the latter half, in which a greater variety of character appears. The counterfeiters are especially well represented, there, and the figure of Lem Pankett, the wretched hero, assumes an interest which the author fails to give it in the beginning. A richer, stronger style and a greater degree of art would have remedied this as well as other defects; and if the writer is not too old to learn, we think there is reason to expect from him work of equal interest with this, and more lasting value.

—The author of *Student Life at Harvard*² has attempted, he tells us in the preface, "to give a faithful picture of student life at Harvard University, as it appeared to under-graduates then, rather more than half a score of years ago." He also feels that "he will be found to have given a full, if not a brilliant, exposition of the subject. Memoranda made immediately after the occurrence of the incidents described form the basis of the book, while a large portion of the chapters on boating were borrowed from the diary of a well-known Harvard oarsman." Nobody will deny the fullness of his

treatment of the subject; everything finds its place in the book, from the agony of the entrance examination to the series of engagements that distinguish Class Day; everything, that is, except the studies to which just so much reference is made as will enable the inexperienced reader to perceive that the scene is laid at a place devoted to the instruction of youth. It is, perhaps, possible to suggest that in aiming at fullness certain other qualities which are yet of considerable importance in a work of fiction have been overlooked. It is true that a number of incidents have been strung together which once gave considerable delight to callow youth, but it is hard to imagine any one retaining for a dozen years sufficient pride or sufficient interest in them to consider these specimens of rowdyishness worth being lugged from their deserved neglect to serve as fair examples of the amusements at the college in that time. A novel is not necessarily good, because most of the events described are true, and it is not a crushing answer to an unfavorable criticism to say that if the things really happened no one has a right to blame the man who recorded them. Those who were in Harvard College at the time, not photographed, but, if the expression can be used, tin-typed this novel, will recall much of the book; but they are greatly to be pitied if they have no pleasanter recollections of those four years of their youth, recollections that find no place in this chronicle of horse-play and worse. The tone of the book, in spite of the priggishness of Villiers, is bad and demoralizing, for even in the remote antiquity of a dozen years the life of the students was not wholly made up of running away with horse-cars, abusing fellow-students, gambling, and general rakishness; and even the carefully disemboweled oaths this author uses give no fair specimen of the ordinary conversation of the time. It is not a trivial matter, the injustice done a great college by a novelist who lets his scrap-book take the place of invention, and a boyish pride in things he ought to have been ashamed of a dozen years ago take that of the imagination. Moreover, serious objection should be raised against the free caricature of the faculty of the college; it is surely anything but good manners to put into print anecdotes about a number of gentlemen still living, and what anecdotes! They are absolutely decrepit with unven-

¹ *The Jericho Road; A Story of Western Life*. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1877.

² *Student Life at Harvard*. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1876.

able old age, and however entertaining they may have been to this author during the first week of his residence at Cambridge, there would seem to be no pressing need for this renewal of his childish delight in calling his instructors by derisive nicknames, and for trying to misrepresent their ways and turn them to ridicule.

Serious condemnation of the construction of the novel is superfluous, for it falls to pieces by its own weight; languid love affairs, enlivened by the merry game of copenhagen, form part of the book, and the faithful reading of Tom Brown at Oxford is shown by the diluted passion of the hero for a milliner girl on Harvard Square, — really an heiress defrauded of her rights, and restored to them by the exertions of an undergraduate who transacts what business is necessary at the probate court. It is singular to find the students of that time reported as using the word *chum* when addressing one another; they might equally well say *comrade* so far as naturalness goes. We may add, too, for the benefit of those who were contemporaries in college of Sam and Villiers, etc., that the most noticeable flight of the author's imagination is that which represents the class flimsily disguised in this book as victorious in all its boat races.

—In reading over again Mr. Lowell's three Centennial odes,¹ now collected from the pages of *The Atlantic* into book form, we have been struck anew with the great number of great lines in them. The poems are all in a lofty air, and the passages that mark a still vaster height are to be best appreciated when one's sympathy has attained the mood from which they spring, through study of the entire poems. But they are also of that instant fitness which makes verse memorable, and serviceable for common minds visited by glimpses of things too fine and good for common phrase; and it seems as if they must become the language of all those who wish to speak as strongly as they feel concerning our country and her fame. Of men who rush on death in a high cause, what better can be said than is said of the "embattled farmers" at Concord: —

"They felt the habit-hallowed world give way
Beneath their feet, and on they went,
Unhappy who was last.

Man's Hope, star-girdled, sprang with them,
And over ways untrod the feet of Doom strode on.

¹ *Three Memorial Poems.* By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

And yet the enduring half they chose
Whose choice decides a man life's slave or king.

For manhood is the one immortal thing
Beneath Time's changeful sky,
And, where it lightened once, from age to age
Men come to learn, in grateful pilgrimage,
That length of days is knowing when to die."

As for the magnificent passage beginning "I, Freedom, dwell with Knowledge," it might fitly be the *vade mecum* of every American who would think as coolly as he feels warmly about America; it seems to us a final expression of common sense and political wisdom; and as for the following lines from the Centennial Fourth of July ode, when was ever one sort of truth about our country half so sweetly and nobly said?

"She builds not on the ground, but in the mind,
Her open-hearted palaces.
Her march the plump mow marks, the sleepless wheel,

The golden sheaf, the self-swayed commonweal;
The happy homesteads hid in orchard trees
Whose sacrificial smokes through peaceful air
Rise lost in heaven, the household's silent prayer;
What architect hath bettered these?
With softened eye the westward traveler sees
A thousand miles of neighbors side by side,
Holding, by toil-won titles fresh from God
The lands no serf or seigneur ever trod,
With manhood latent in the very sod,
Where the long billow of the wheatfield's tide
Flows to the sky across the prairie wide."

In another line the poet sums up and utters the best that America means for the race, where he says, —

"That none can breathe her air nor grow humane,"
— a truth that broadens and deepens as you think of it.

Not merely the patriotic inspirations are memorable in these poems; there are other lines and passages whose beauty and freshness and wisdom must commend them to more universal moods: —

"Words pass as wind, but where good deeds were done

A power abides, transfused from sire to son."

"Long-trained in murder-brooding forests lone."

"Who find no genius in a mind so clear
That its grave depths seem obvious and near."

"No broken arch that ministers
To some sad instinct in the breast."

"Poets, as their heads grow gray,
Look from too far behind the eyes,
Too long-experienced to be wise
In guileless youth's diviner way;
Life sings not now but prophecies."

"God of our fathers, Thou who wast,
Art, and shalt be when those eye-wise who flout
Thy secret presence shall be lost
In the great light that dazzles them to doubt."

Such verses are the points that must always take the light first, but to praise them alone would be meagre recognition of the odes, in which power and grace are allied in a beauty strong and distinct as that of bronze. The Commemoration ode came before them, and that remains supreme; but it does not obscure them; and we think most will agree with us that these three odes have an advantage in being grouped together for a continuous reading. Their variety and their harmony are at once apparent, and perhaps the reader will revise his judgment, as we own we have done, concerning their comparative merits. The Fourth of July ode now seems to us richer in special passages than either of the others, and its fragmentary character is less striking than it was when first printed; it has a fine unity which will more and more appear. Of course the lyrical superiority of the Concord ode is obvious; there is a thrilling and picturesque expression, as in the lines, —

“Dance in your jollity, bells,”

“The bay of the deep-mouthed guns,
The gathering buzz of the drums,”

which the other odes lack; and they contain no strophe so good in their way as those beginning, “Whiter than moonshine upon snow,” and “Our fathers found her in the woods.” But the ode *Under the Old Elm* is easily better in perhaps better things; certainly it seems to have come from a tranquil mind, and in its broad, strong movement is the sense of repose which one misses in the Concord ode. Shall we own also that we like it better for those touches of irrepressible humor which freak its gravity here and there? If it were well to have Washington characterized in his great completeness, surely it was also well to have his men’s quaint manliness sketched so deliciously as in these lines: —

“A motley rout was that which came to stare,
In raiment tanned by years of sun and storm,
Of every shape that was not uniform,
Dotted with regimentals here and there;
An army all of captains, used to pray
And stiff in fight, but serious drill’s despair,
Skilled to debate their orders, not obey;
Deacons there were, selectmen, men of note
In half-tamed hamlets ambushed round with
woods,
Ready to settle Freewill by a vote.”

— Of the first eight volumes of Mr. Longfellow’s happily imagined collection of *Poems of Places*,¹ four are devoted to England

and Wales, one to Ireland, and three to Scotland, Iceland, Norway, and Sweden. The first volume opens with a few—too few—introductory passages of the editor’s exquisite prose, touching travel and the companionship in famous places of the poets without whom the world would be unstoried, and then, except in some of his sparingly quoted verse, he appears no more throughout the work. But his taste, catholic and generous as it is refined, is constantly felt; and the touch of his delicate fancy is no less perceptible in the arrangement of certain features. He is to make, in this collection, the tour of the globe, and he begins with Montgomery’s poem of *A Voyage Round the World*. Then comes Allston’s *America to Great Britain*; his own *Lighthouse watches us out of sight of shore*; Dr. Holmes’s fine interpretation of the poetry and picturesqueness of *The Steamship* follows, with Whittier’s poem on *The Atlantic Cable*; then with Byron’s lines on the Ocean, passages from Shakespeare and Goldsmith on *Traveling* and *The Traveler*, and other poems of like associations, we make our imaginary voyage across the Atlantic, and are landed in England at the Inn of which Shenstone wrote.

The order of the selections is alphabetical, but in the case of each country the more strictly local poems are preceded by some pieces generally patriotic and descriptive; in the case of England, where alone this does not happen, there follows the alphabetic close a number of compensatory miscellaneous poems. The editor has not confined himself to such poems as could be given entire, but has availed himself of passages concerning places wherever he has found them in longer poems; and he uses translations as well as pieces originally English, as soon as he leaves the air of English speech. Doubtless because of their length and the difficulty of quoting from them, few of the old ballads or extracts from ballads are given; but the reader has nowhere to complain of the meagreness of the collection. The editor’s trouble must have been to keep it within any reasonable bounds; and though it was not possible to make any selection of the sort without omitting pieces dear to the taste or affection of some one, we think the editor will be blamed rather for the liberality of his choice, by the hasty critic. We think, also, that this critic will reconsider his judgment on a second or third examination of the volumes, and will find himself in a grateful and contented mind

¹ *Poems of Places*. Edited by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877

with them. He need not on this account, of course, relinquish the secret conviction that he could himself have done much better. The collection is, indeed, not only remarkably successful, but is, aside from the proper interest of the various poems, curiously entertaining and instructive. In the volumes devoted to England and Wales alone, Wordsworth is quoted no less than eighty-five times, so much more universally descriptive is that poet than one would have thought; and yet we missed from poems on Durham the ballad of the little girl whose cloak caught ruinously in the wheel of the chaise! Of Byron there is as singularly little as there is curiously much of Wordsworth; we only find him five times; but he will doubtless appear the more abundantly abroad, when we come to the Latin lands and the favorite haunts of the guide-books. It is odd, also, to observe how much more localized the modern poetry is than the old; perhaps the exclusion of the ballads leaves the balance greater; but the taste for landscape-writing, brought in by Rousseau, must account for a vast real preponderance. The old poets name the place where something happened; the moderns seem to fondle the scenes with which they have personal or literary associations.

The English poems are better than the Scotch, and the Scotch better than the Irish, for the reason that the Scotch and English are better poets. After Moore, in his cream-laid verse, Mr. Aubrey de Vere seems chiefly to support the claims of Ireland to a place in serious and polished poetry; there is enough of the Father Prout and the half-comic sort, and a little of the really sweet and pathetic, with much of the tiresomely patriotic and the indefinitely lyrical. Kitty of Coleraine seems one of the best poems of places ever written about Ireland; the less strictly localized pieces under the title of Miscellaneous at the close of the volume are finer than any equal number of the others, except those by Allingham and Campbell.

Among the Norwegian poems, the reader will give a high place to those by Mr. Boyesen, which were written in English and first published in this magazine.

We shall have more to say of this collection as the succeeding volumes appear. But it is not now too early to recommend it as a poetic library of an unique and charming kind. It is the fit companion of every cul-

tivated and sympathetic traveler; to home-keeping wits of the same quality it should equally approve itself; and it cannot help teaching all readers to love poets and poetry more.

— There is a good deal of sameness about Mr. Chadwick's metrical pieces.¹ They have the air — though it may be a misleading one — of having been written with too great an ease: they are lucid and limpid statements of emotion, rather than poems. With but few exceptions they start from some slender basis of fact and thought, and pass by similes or abrupt transitions into a closing strain of devout aspiration. The suggestion is often extremely slight; anything, apparently, will serve; and the Picnic Song and many of the other pieces headed Times and Seasons contain absolutely nothing entitling them to preservation. A vein of sentimentality runs through the whole of this small volume, which will be distasteful to readers who look for the deeper dignity of poetic feeling. The Harbor Lights is a pretty ballad which escapes this taint; The Golden Robin's Nest would be wholly captivating by its pensive fancy were it not for the un-called-for silliness of calling birds "birdies;" and some of the sonnets have a gravity that lifts them above the general level of the collection.

— The American Architect and Building News,² which has completed its first volume, is a publication which ought to reach many readers outside of the profession to which it is more directly addressed. Hardly any person desirous of a really liberal art culture can afford not to read it. Apart from the interest which all people who have built or hope to build a house must have in seeing and reading of houses which other people are building, it has claims of a genuine sort on the otherwise general reader. We have observed in The Architect a constant purpose to treat professional questions in their largest relation to the interests of the community, while not neglecting their technical discussion. The selections and notes are always interesting, and the conscientiously thorough editing of the periodical is apparent in every number. Its literature is of a high order, and its treatment of such questions as come within its scope invariably good-tempered and dignified. As a record of what is doing in architecture throughout the whole country it is indispensable. It gives each week three or four

¹ *A Book of Poems.* By JOHN W. CHADWICK. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

² *The American Architect and Building News* Vol. I. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

designs for private houses and public buildings in heliotype illustration and with letterpress comment and description; and these designs of actually completed or projected structures form a most interesting testimony to our advance in the art which probably is the first to convey the idea of beauty to the common mind. We heartily commend *The Architect* to our readers. Its prosperity will be to the credit and advantage of the public no less than that of the architectural profession and all the building trades.

—To people used to the positive poverty of our own pictorial publications, and the comparative meagreness of the English illustrated periodicals, it will not be easy, by means of a literary notice, to give an idea of the choice richness of *L'Art*,¹ the Parisian art journal, now in its second year. We have at hand the four large quarto volumes into which the fifty-two numbers for 1876 are necessarily divided—a library of information and criticism which it will be the reader's fault if he does not make measurably an education in matters of art. Each weekly installment contains twenty-four pages of letterpress, the text abundantly illustrated with cuts which give a new sense of the beauty and force of wood-engraving; and to this liberal provision are always added one or more full-page engravings on wood, and one full-page etching. The subjects of the etchings are oftentimes from modern French painters, but sometimes they are reproductions of older pictures in galleries little visited by the copyist. For example, in the first volume for 1876 three or four etchings—the best of the whole year, to our thinking—are from portraits in the collection of Mr. William T. Blodgett, of New York (to whom, in connection with the Metropolitan Art Museum, an article is devoted); and private collections all over Europe are laid under contribution to make these etchings interesting. *L'Art* is kept informed, by correspondence and by careful editorial observance, of all that is of moment in art, not only in Paris and London but in all countries of the Continent and in our own; there is sometimes a letter from New York, and always notes of what our artists have done. In the preceding year, the two papers on Contemporary Art in Europe, contributed by Mr. William H. Hoppin to *The Atlantic Monthly*, which

had been translated in full and republished in an art journal in Brussels, were reviewed and flatteringly commented upon by *L'Art*; in a number for 1876, space is given to a long extract from articles whose singular value naturally found its best recognition where art-criticism is best understood. But these are very minor features of *L'Art*, however gratifying to us, so long used to being left out in the cold by Europeans where questions of art are concerned. Among its principal facts are the articles on eminent modern sculptors and painters, chiefly French and English; and among these we may invite the reader's attention first to the papers on Carpeaux, — that vigorous genius who seems to have been born to reveal in his portrait busts and heads a new hope for his art, so strong, so vivid, so real, and so original are they all. These papers, fully illustrated from his works, are three in number, but they only suggest the abundance of *L'Art* in such things. There is an article on Meissonnier, now so well known here and destined to be known still better by the engravings of his famous picture, "1807," purchased by the late A. T. Stewart, which forms the text of the criticism, and from which two figures of fiery action, the colonel and the trumpeter of the 12th Cuirassiers, are given. Frederick Walker, the English painter, is the subject of a long paper; Du Maurier, so familiar to us all by his book-illustrations and his pictures in Punch, of another; Turner and Claude Lorraine are considered together; there is a paper on Regnault and his method. It is useless to catalogue these things; the reader sees the scope and variety afforded. Another exceedingly interesting series of contributions to *L'Art* are the illustrated studies by different critics of villas, palaces, and churches in Italy, famous for a special richness of their decorations in picture and sculpture, studies whose charm for the Italian traveler, and whose use for all, whether they have seen the originals or not, one could not exaggerate. But it is not to the arts of design alone that *L'Art* is devoted; there is in these volumes a number of delightful sketches of great French actors in character, with notices of their lives and criticisms of their performance; and music is represented in papers on the great composers, conspicuously Verdi.

We touch *L'Art* at points, merely; as we said, it is hard to convey an adequate sense of its abundance and variety. It is simply a treasure; whoever has it knows all con-

¹ *Librairie de L'Art*. Revue hebdomadaire. Illustrée. Deuxième Année. Paris: A. BALLUE, Éditeur. New York: J. W. Bouton.

temporary art and its springs; without it so much knowledge is scarcely accessible.

—Miss Owen's volume¹ will be found an interesting hand-book for travelers who in their search for the picturesque are casting about for those guides which shall enable them to dilate with the proper emotions before the masterpieces of early painting. This is, however, hardly a strictly accurate statement, for the picturesque is not what she has chosen for especial comment. She is a devout, unflinching follower of Ruskin, and that eminent authority has edited her work and so given it the stamp of his approval. His active work in the book is very slight; he has contributed a few notes here and there, correcting little matters of detail, but he has not inserted what in his brief preface he calls "the stormy chiaroscuro of my own preference and reprobation." This disclaimer, however, does not affect the main importance of the book, for Miss Owen is but the mouthpiece of Ruskin; she has imbibed every one of his theories with no attempt at discrimination, and consequently she disdains with rigid severity any compromise with such inferior excellence as is seen in Raffaello's pictures, for instance, where, according to Miss Owen, "exaggerated dramatic representation . . . is visible above all moral and spiritual qualities," a remark which has called forth Mr. Ruskin's warm approval and induced him to write, in a foot-note, "Intensely and accurately true." It is strange that he does not recognize the origin of this view, which is that of the whole book, namely, his own writings. But if we treat the book on its own merits, as if Mr. Ruskin had never put pen to paper, it will be found of value as a compendium of the history of art from its rude appearance in the Catacombs down to the time of the Renaissance. It does not supersede, nor is it intended that it should, books of greater research, like Mr. C. C. Perkins's *Tuscan Sculptors*, or the works of Lord Lindsay and others, but it condenses the information they contain, and so is well calculated to serve as the foundation for severer labor or to condense in the reader's mind a great deal of scattered reading. It does more than this, however; outside of Mr. Ruskin there is no slavish copying, and the author handles well a large amount of material, with not unfrequent gleams of originality, and certainly with a zeal far superior

to that seen in many art manuals. But rigid adherence to her creed and its founders carries her very far. While she is a sympathetic guide to Byzantine, Italian, and Teutonic art before the period of the great men who stand at the summit, she treats them with considerable scorn. Raffaello, as was to be expected, from Miss Owen's enlisting with the followers of Ruskin, comes in for the heaviest denunciations, and here most readers will part from her. Fortunately the main part of the book deals with his predecessors, whose merits are well and sympathetically written about. Some will admire her style, others again will be colder towards the sort of semi-eloquent sing-song into which English writers are apt to fall when they begin to write about pictures they like. Ruskin is more often really eloquent than not, but some later writers are confusing and obscure. Miss Owen inclines to this fault, but escapes its worst appearance.

If Raffaello is treated with undue severity, Mr. Holman Hunt has no cause to be displeased with what is said about his merits. Thus, in a foot-note we find, "The highest ideality is consistent with the fullest naturalism, as in many of Botticelli's pictures, or as in Hunt's Finding of the Saviour in the Temple." In comparison with these pictures Raffaello's "insipid sentimentality" marks his "work indelibly with the stamp of vulgarity; the vulgarity of minds capable of approaching familiarly the most ineffable subjects, without being detained by awe or inspired by love." Those who do not know Mr. Hunt's work cannot do better than look at some engraving of one of them at any picture-dealer's, and they will be able to judge for themselves of the great inconvenience of a theory to those who write about the fine arts.

—The central thought of *A Living Faith*,² by Mr. George S. Merriam, is that religion has mainly to do with right living. That conduct is the substance of religion; that religious emotion is not the staple of religion, but only a result and incident, and is in no way to be sought for itself, but is to come at the end of a long continuance in right living; that love is the principle of the universe; that justice is beneficent; that there is implanted in the breast of man the light of conscience, which guides him, — these thoughts are presented by Mr. Mer-

¹ *The Art Schools of Mediæval Christendom*. By A. C. OWEN. Edited by J. RUSKIN, Ch. Ch., Oxford, Slade Professor. London: Mozley and Smith. 1876.

² *A Living Faith*. By GEORGE S. MERRIAM. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1876.

riam with such freshness and originality as to make them appear almost novel. The various chapters of the book were not written, the author tells us, with the intention of publishing them together, but the writer has nevertheless such a large sense of the relationship of his leading ideas that the book leaves upon the mind a very strong and unique total impression. It has great grasp and lucidity of thought and depth of feeling. It has also a quality which is the highest that a work of the kind can possess, and one which is rare—authority. The thoughts which with many writers are only thoughts, in Mr. Merriam's hands become realities. This authority is associated with an unusual degree of moderation. Along with the author's controlling sense of the vital difference between right and wrong, there is that tenderness which belongs to so much of the best literature of the time. The reader will be glad of the contact of such a firm and hopeful mind, and will be glad to look out with the eyes of one who has such faith in the soul and in the future of society, and who is able to assign such weighty reasons for his faith.

—The Rev. Mr. Field's volume¹ is not, properly speaking, a book. It is merely a series of letters written from Europe to a weekly paper, and now printed together. There is matter of interest in them, but they are often tedious and in no way remarkable. We had supposed that the day had gone by for incorporating even in collections of this sort an account of the Atlantic voyage so feeble as that in Mr. Field's opening letter. There seems to be no good reason why every one who goes abroad for health and is deluded into writing letters for the papers should fall in with the wasteful and idle custom of reprinting them with a binding.

—Every one who likes autobiography will be glad that the Earl of Albemarle reached the age of seventy; for on his doing so depended, as he tells us, his undertaking to write the volume of reminiscences just published in this country.² It is a thoroughly pleasant, entertaining book, containing much that is fresh and interesting in a biographical way, and many excellent anecdotes. The author, born in the last year of the last century, is the descendant of the Keppels of Guelderland, and of that Keppel who removed to England with Will-

iam of Orange in 1688, and became the king's trusted confidant and the first Earl of Albemarle. Being the third son of his parents, he did not succeed to the earldom until he was fifty-two; and, indeed, the whole story of his life is that of a person who has advanced in importance through a tenacious hold on life and the circumstance of his aristocratic connection, rather than by means of any very striking qualities of his own. Having been dismissed from Westminster school for a truancy, he found himself commissioned as an ensign in the army at the age of sixteen, and just in time to take part in the brief campaign of Waterloo. His record of personal experience in this great battle is exceedingly vivid and interesting. It appears, however, to have been the only occasion on which he saw active service. Most of his military life was passed as an aid in India; he was also Grand Equerry to the Duke of Sussex; his journey from India overland through Russia in 1824 supplied the material for a book which brought him some fame, and his visit to the Balkan in 1830 was the occasion of another volume. The first procured his promotion to an unattached majority; he sat in Parliament for a time, and was gradually advanced to be a full general of the army. The account of his earlier years gives a lively picture of the little Princess Charlotte, George IV.'s daughter, and some glimpses of Charles James Fox; but nearly every chapter is seasoned with reminiscences of the many distinguished and brilliant people whom the author, in his various capacities, had such excellent opportunities for meeting. Among these appear Tom Moore, Mrs. Norton, Theodore Hook, and Horace Smith, the only literary people who seem to have come nearer than the horizon of the writer. All is told with praiseworthy simplicity. The whole style and tone give one the impression of a very amiable person. The author has that faculty essential to autobiography, and apparently frequent in English men and women, which helps him to contemplate the smallest incidents with a pleased absorption. But there appears here and there a slight insensibility which may perhaps be inseparable from this disposition to pass one's life in review as a simply picturesque succession of anecdotes and encounters. For example, the earl, after narrating a most touching

¹ *From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn.* By HENRY M. FIELD, D. D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1877.

² *Fifty Years of my Life.* By GEORGE THOMAS, Earl of Albemarle. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1876.

story of Napoleon's harshness to a page, and his speedy contrition, on the morning of Waterloo, alludes to the emperor a little farther on as not possessing "a single redeeming trait," and as being "utterly devoid of human sympathy." It happens somewhat oddly that the other instance relates to the Duke of Wellington. It seems that Mrs. Patterson (afterwards Lady Wellesley), granddaughter of Carroll of Carrollton, was with Wellington at Brussels the year after the battle, and was very urgent to visit the field in company with the conqueror. He complied, and was so depressed by the memories thus recalled that he could scarcely speak a word during the whole evening afterward. One is naturally indignant at the sensational curiosity that could propose such an ordeal to a great general, merely to gratify a whim; but Lord Albemarle informs us with an air of urbanely surprised interest that the American lady often told him "that, desirous as she had been to visit so famed a spot under such auspices, she would not have made the request she did if she could have foreseen" the consequences. But the Earl of Albemarle makes himself entertaining enough to be forgiven this sort of shortcoming.

—Now that so many writers and publishers are engaged in pressing brand-new histories of the United States into the market, it becomes important to recall with what masterly completeness Mr. Bancroft has treated so great a theme; and the recent centenary edition of his history¹ gives emphasis to the recollection. This edition has been thoroughly revised by the author, and considerable excisions have been made; at the same time the several portions of the work have been gathered into greater uniformity and printed in a compact, excellent shape. Mr. Bancroft, as his old readers know, is at times diffuse, though this fault has been in part mitigated. He is less philosophical in the professedly philosophical portions of his writing than in his general mode of dealing with the subject: in the latter—that is, the comprehensive grasp of the whole matter, both in outline and in detail—he takes, we need hardly say, extremely high rank. Mr. Hildreth's history is more succinct; it is a little more facile in the reading; but no one can slight the wide-

spread *surroundings* of our history without narrowing its horizon very uncomfortably. It was a grand insight on Mr. Bancroft's part that he recognized this in the very inception of his plan. The history of the colonies, he says, was the history of the crimes of European governments; but it was also that of charters, and the minutiae of these are insufferably dry to all but professional students. Yet Mr. Bancroft had the independence of popularity which enabled him to push on indefatigably through this pre-revolutionary *débris* of documents; and no one who has not read the earlier volumes of his work can by any other means arrive at so perfect a conception, as they supply, of the fundamental nature of popular government in this part of the world. And American readers cannot be too grateful for the luminousness with which Mr. Bancroft has made clear the ultimate relations of our story with the story of the world. His European chapters, admirably forceful compends in themselves, continually throw open the portals which connect the annals of our northern half-continent with the great record-hall of the Old World. Nor do his descriptions of the war period of the Revolution fall short; they are rich in that impetuous accumulation of fact combined with reserve of statement which constitutes the best eloquence of historians. Our first great native historian will probably prove our best in his chosen direction. He is the explorer who has traced the great outline. Others may supplement and in part improve what Mr. Bancroft has done; but it is as true to-day as when Edward Everett first declared it, that this writer has superseded the necessity of any other attempting the same work.

—The Carlyle Anthology² is an excellent collection of pithy extracts from the works of a man whose views on many subjects have become a part of our inevitable inheritance of thought. Of Scott, Carlyle repeats, "No man has written so many volumes with so few sentences that can be quoted." Curiously enough, that is one reason why he can't be "condensed." Like suits like, in this matter, and detachableness is a characteristic of Carlyle's style, often transiently concealed by a fuliginous cloud of words. This anthology, therefore, is a legitimate and useful work.

¹ *Bancroft's History of the United States of America*. Centenary Edition. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1876.

² *The Carlyle Anthology*. Selected and arranged, with the Author's sanction, by EDWARD BARRETT. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1876.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

*Un Coin du Monde*² is the title of as bright and amusing a French novel as has appeared for some time. To call it even a novel is to treat it with possibly excessive courtesy, for it has hardly the stuff to make an item in a newspaper; but the story, slight as it is, is so well told, with such pleasing grace and naturalness, that those who for a long time have missed the once abundant supply of French novels will gladly take up the book, and let themselves be entertained and possibly puzzled by its well-constructed plot. All that the story tells is the social contest between a charming marquise, Madame de Livonne, whose character is beyond reproach, and Madame de Garges, whose reputation is slightly tarnished. In the letters of these two women and of the other characters, we have set before us the wrath of the first-named lady at finding that the other has succeeded in getting herself invited to act with her in a play which is soon to be performed, and Madame de Garges' joy at being successful in her little intrigue. With this the book opens, but soon more important game is started, and gradually the plot unrolls into something more serious. Still, it nowhere takes the reader into very deep water, and it is not the story which will give him especial pleasure, but rather the neat way in which it is told. The device of constructing a novel out of the letters of the people is one that has survived a good deal of abuse, and when it is employed, as it is here, to let the story tell itself, as it were, rather than be told, where formality would seem absurdly pompous, it does very well. It should be remembered, however, that it needs a light hand to avoid in the letters that solemnity which has its equivalent on the stage in the serious conversations between two characters, where bringing chairs to the footlights prefaces a long recital of the past and tiresome explanation of the present. Even in this little book it is possible to wonder whether an accomplished intriguer would ever confess to a friend quite such guile as is expressed in some of the letters of the evil-minded heroine; but yet it is possible in fact and is necessary for the good of the story, and so may be pardoned.

This objection being done away with, there is no further complaint to be made against the little novel, of which after all the sole merit is that it does what it undertakes to do in a neat way. It brings a whiff of elegantly easy workmanship to the reader and then it stops, and one wonders at its triviality and finds it hard to see what he fancied so much. The book itself is a cipher, but it is useful as a reminder of some of those qualities which the French alone possess and which have a value in the eyes of those who care for grace and ingenuity. It is easy to exaggerate their importance, but it is also easy to overlook them entirely.

— In *Les Maitres d'Autrefois*³ the late M. Fromentin collected the essays he had written for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* recording the impressions made upon him by a visit to the art galleries of Holland and Belgium. There is this great merit in the book, that it was written by an artist and not by a literary man; for an artist when he can write at all is surely the man best fitted to discourse upon pictures. Although the painter paints for the world at large, the average opinion of the world at large with regard to his work is not necessarily of the highest value, and is naturally made up of dilutions of the opinions of different critics who have given the pictures more or less study. These often do well, and it would be foolish to decry them as a class, but all of them, save such as are exceptionally accomplished, must be insensible to many of the qualities which a painter, from his tastes and training, is capable of perceiving without difficulty. His testimony then is likely to be of value, for he can come nearer to putting himself into the artist's position and to seeing what it was he tried to express and the way he set about expressing it than can the literary critic, who may be sensitive to the impression made upon him by the work of art, and may comprehend its picturesqueness, while he is comparatively insensible to the artistic value of its execution. A musician will always be the best judge of the beauty of Beethoven's symphonies, for instance, not merely because he will have the best understanding of the technicalities of composition, which is, however, a great deal, but because his nature is one to which music especially speaks; and in the same way an artist will derive from a picture a

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

² *Un Coin du Monde*. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1876.

³ *Les Maitres d'Autrefois*. Belgique, Hollande. Par EUGÈNE FROMENTIN. Paris: E. Plon et Cie. 1876.

sympathetic pleasure which laymen will perhaps feel, but with less intensity. Any question of this sort is to be settled, if it is to be settled at all, by examination of the individual cases rather than by statement of general principles, and, putting this test to Fromentin's book, the balance will be found to turn in favor of the artist's judgment about the pictures he visited and wrote of. His whole merit would fall to the ground if it were not that he is also the master of a fine literary style. His books had already brought him a good deal of fame; *Un Été dans le Sahara* is in its way really a masterpiece, so brilliant and glowing are the descriptions of the tropics, and his novel, *Dominique*, is a very able production. Consequently, he was well equipped for his task; he had something to say and he knew how to say it, for his style in this book is wonderfully inspiring and earnest. He spoke from a full heart.

The first part of the volume treats of Rubens at considerable length, and it is really pleasant to find a good word said for a master who receives a great deal of formal admiration and very little that is really felt. All the rest of us acknowledge his greatness and echo more or less rapturous praise of his skill and talent, but there are few who can say why they admire him. Now Fromentin praises Rubens with real eloquence; he admires him as a man and as a painter, and he sets forth all his merits clearly and enthusiastically. It is with especial zeal that he descants on his value as a painter, on his swift and ready invention, on his mastery of color. A few lines may serve to exemplify his manner: "Continually to make use of nature, to take individuals in real life and introduce them into his fictions, was with Rubens a habit, because it was one of the necessities, a weakness as much as a power of his mind. Nature was his great, inexhaustible store-house. What was it he really sought? Subjects? No; he borrowed his subjects from history, from legends, from fable, from Holy Writ, and always more or less from his fancy. Attitudes, gestures, expressions? Still less; the gestures and expressions came naturally from him, and by the logic of a well-conceived subject were derived from the necessities of the action he had to represent, which was generally dramatic. What he asked of nature was what his imagination furnished only imperfectly, when he had to

represent a person alive from head to foot, that is to say, definite characters, individuals, and types. These types he accepted rather than chose. He took them as they existed about him in the society of his time, in all ranks and classes, indeed in all races, — princes, soldiers, ecclesiastics, monks, tradesmen, blacksmiths, boatmen, hard-working men especially." This disconnected fragment is hardly of more service to the reader than would be a sentence of a speech he might hear in passing by the open door of a public hall, but it may indicate Fromentin's energy. When he comes to speak of Rembrandt's *Ronde de Nuit*, we find him critical, and he refrains from praising the picture, as is generally done, on account of its unsatisfactoriness in representing that painter at his best. The portraits, he claims, can hardly be held to be life-like, the construction of the picture was one enforced upon the artist rather than one chosen by him, and the coloring which has been so extravagantly admired is not impressive. At any rate, Fromentin's views are more fairly found in his book, and he always gives his reason for praising or blaming what he sees. He does not simply record inconsequent impressions, nor if he does not like a man's pictures does he rest contented with putting all the blame on that man.

— M. Chotteau has written a history of what was done by the French in America during the war of the Revolution.¹ It bears marks of having been put together to fill the popular demand for information, in France, about what we are now celebrating with much fervor; but this does not harm the book, even if it excludes it from the rank of real authorities on the subject. M. Laboulaye has written a characteristic preface.

— A book on Corneille² is not one that is likely to call forth rapturous expressions of joy from most English-speaking readers of the French. That great dramatist has a reputation that is carefully handed down from one generation to another, inclosed in a number of admiring adjectives, and is seldom put to the test of a new examination. His plays are read by those who are learning the language and hardly by others, and there are not many foreigners who enjoy them as they are enjoyed by the author's fellow-countrymen. Even in France his fame rests on a few plays only, and not on

¹ *Les Français en Amérique*. Par LEON CHOTTEAU. Paris: Charpentier (New York: F. W. Christern).

² *Corneille Inconnu*. Par JULES LEVALLOIS. Paris: Didier. 1876.

his whole work. M. Jules Levallois considers this exclusion of part of Corneille unfair, and in his interesting book, *Corneille Inconnu*, he undertakes to show how much injustice has been done the poet. His book is interesting, because Levallois has a very real admiration for the dramatist, and although he fights what must be a losing battle, he does it with ingenuity and enthusiasm. He introduces some valuable chapters treating of different sides of Corneille. He shows how there grew the tradition that but a part of his work was good, and how unfairly Voltaire left his mark on the popular verdict concerning the greater part, of which it is not impossible that he felt some jealousy. It is pointed out, as has been done before, that the qualities which went to Voltaire's composition were by no means those which best capacitated him for comprehending a man of the seriousness, the dignity, and the reserve of Corneille, and the narrow quibbling of much of Voltaire's commentary is set in its true light. When Levallois undertakes to teach how much excellence there is in many of the unread plays he makes a very good show, and would seem to convict the French of excessive readiness to leave untouched a good part of the work of one of the greatest of their authors. That he proves his point can be both affirmed and denied: while he shows that much he presents almost for the first time, to the reading public is of real merit, he yet does not make it certain that Corneille is a writer of uniformly equal excellence, but he does what is really as good in throwing light on the personal relations between Molière and Corneille, and the growth of the comedy from its beginnings in the *Menteur* until it was afterwards fully matured by Molière. The other chapters of Corneille's life, the manner in which he

filled his plays with distant reference to the politics of the time, his contest with Richelieu, his love matters, his money troubles, the account of his translation of the *Imitatio Christi*, are all set forth here, not always as anything new, but in such a way as to bring out what was finest in the great poet. This finest, too, was very fine; for, to leave the incidents of his life out of the question, there is no lack of nobility in his tragedies. It is interesting to read about his life because the most artificial speeches of his Gallicized Romans are full of so much that is noble, and in a way heroic, that we cannot help admiring the poet who wrote them, whose personality, moreover, is only half concealed under all the flowers of rhetoric of the conventional eloquence. But apart from that interest, there are all sorts of qualities in the poetry, which deserve praise. It is full of a sort of grandeur which is not one common in the world, and when all the objections are made and it is proved, as has been done by Lessing, that Corneille altered history without improving it, or that nothing could be less natural than this writing, there is a charm which ardent foes would acknowledge to be anything except a poetical one. But there are not so many books in the world from which a certain sort of pleasure is always to be derived, that we can afford to shun books because they do not come up to our notion of poetry. How many people are really sensitive to the beauty of a Greek play? And Corneille, in a less degree, should be taken on trust in the same way and without endeavoring to make him over again. If there are any who admire him, let them take up Levallois's book and they will learn to like him more. Those who despise him may in the same way learn to look upon him with less impatience.

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D. Van Nostrand, New York: Notes on Life Insurance. Third Edition, Revised, Enlarged, and Rearranged. By Gustavus W. Smith.—The Fleets of the World. The Galley Period. By Foxhall A. Parker, Commodore U. S. Navy.

MUSIC.

THE Christmas performance of Händel's Messiah by the Handel and Haydn Society was looked forward to with special interest by all who had heard that the oratorio was to be given this time with "additional accompaniments" by Robert Franz. The only score of the Messiah that is commonly used is Mozart's. Händel's score, in the shape it has come down to us, is but a mere skeleton, as far as the orchestra is concerned. It is well known that Händel himself was in the habit of doing much of the instrumental "filling out" at the organ when his works were performed. But there is great reason for believing that this was not the only completion of the meagre score of the Messiah that Händel used. A great deal of the instrumental part of the work was probably written out in the form of orchestral parts, and never embodied in the score itself. All these parts were unfortunately lost in the great fire that destroyed the old Covent Garden Theatre, in 1808. No duplicates have ever been discovered. Mozart did much toward completing the score for the performance of the work in Vienna, in 1789. Of course he had only the printed score to work upon. Internal evidence shows that he was much hurried in his work, for the first portion of it is, upon the whole, much better than the last. But, however admirable some parts of Mozart's score are (witness, "O thou that tellest," and "The people that walked in darkness"), the score is, upon the whole, unsatisfactory, it being in several places incomplete, and in other places totally at variance with Händel's style. We wonder what Händel would have said to Mozart's scoring of "I know that my Redeemer liveth"! If any one expected to find that Franz had done for the Messiah what he did so admirably for Bach's Passion, he was grievously disappointed on Christmas Eve. Franz did not work on Händel's score at all; he merely added some modest wind-parts to certain places in the Mozart score where their want was most painfully felt; he did not change a note of Mozart's, did not even fill up all the bare places he had left in his score. So the performance could not boast of much in the way of novelty, except that Mr. Lang, who had on previous occasions been accustomed to fill up the bare places

in the airs with soft, sustained chords on the organ, now let the orchestra have its own way, and used the organ simply to sustain the voices in the choruses. The result was that in the closing cadences of the airs, the only accompaniment to be heard was the dull rumbling of the double basses.

But, speaking of novelty, now that the Christmas performance of the Messiah has become a time-honored institution with us, and we are all so familiar with those portions of it which are generally performed, might it not be worth while to let us hear some of the numbers that have never been given here? There is in the Messiah an almost unworked mine of beauty. Why cannot we hear, for instance, the wonderful *curioso*, "He gave his back to the smiters," that forms the second part of the air, "He was despised," and the duet for contralto and tenor, "O death, where is thy sting"? The by no means great air, "How beautiful are the feet," might be cut out for once to make room for either of these. It would be refreshing to hear the effective chorus, "The Lord gave the word," once more after so many years' silence. The same might be said of "But thanks be to God." There is too much in the Messiah for the entire work to be given in one evening, but why must we always hear just the same portions of it?

The performance was up to the Handel and Haydn Society's best level. Mr. William Winch sang the tenor music excellently well, and we have never heard Mr. Myron W. Whitney sing with so much spirit and fire as he did in "Why do the nations." Miss Lillian B. Norton, a young graduate of the New England Conservatory, made her *début* in oratorio. This young lady, who possesses an unusually fine soprano voice besides showing much true musical instinct, made a marked impression in those portions of the soprano music of which she had previously made a special study, namely, in the recitatives in the first part, and in "Rejoice greatly." Mrs. J. W. Weston sang with admirable good taste and sincere reverence for the great music. Her performance might have been a more brilliant success with the audience had she not generously ceded her two most effective airs to the young *débütante*. Miss Matilda Phillips deserves all

praise for her really superb singing of the contralto airs and recitatives. She is an acquisition for all music lovers especially to congratulate themselves upon; an exceptionally fine singer with an exceptionally fine voice, and the true artist nature.

— We have before us two sets of songs by F. L. Ritter.¹ They are all interesting, many of them much more than interesting, full of real sentiment gracefully and musically expressed. We find in them none of those merely "conventional beauties which pedagogues and ragged-school teachers admire;" no attempts at galvanizing into mock life the mummies of dead musical forms. The way in which some few of them dissolve into vapor by the voice

part ending off the key instead of with the accustomed closing cadence may sound a thought affected, as if suggested to the intellect by the spirit of the text, rather than spontaneously growing out of the inspiration of the composer, but we would by no means condemn this sort of thing; we have only heard it better done by other writers. But it is pleasant to find songs of such a high character written, if not by an American, at least on this side of the water.

— C. Henshaw Dana's *In the Hushes of the Midnight*² has many fascinating effects of harmony, besides an easily flowing, singable melody. The whole song has a drowsy, poetical atmosphere about it, that is not wanting in charm.

EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY:—

DEAR SIR,—My article on Greek at Harvard College in your January number has called forth criticism of a kind that very much surprises me, coming, as it seems to do, from persons who have enjoyed the benefits of Harvard and Greek culture.

Every one who has criticised my article unfavorably has spoken of it as a violent and ill-natured attack upon Harvard College, written by a person profoundly ignorant of the facts he pretended to deal with. I am very sorry that my article should have any appearance of violence, or should have caused offense to any one. It was written with no such intent, as will appear from the following facts regarding its origin:—

In the autumn of 1875 I was asked, by the chairman of the visiting committee of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College, to allow myself to be placed on the sub-committee appointed to examine into the condition of classical studies. I objected strongly, for reasons which seemed to me valid then, as they do now. I replied that I was unacquainted with the educational condition and needs of New England, as well as with

the standard of excellence which Harvard College aimed at, and that I did not wish to place myself, a stranger, in an invidious attitude, as presuming to criticise the work of men who were far better scholars than myself, and who must know their own business better than I or any one in my position could possibly know it. It was only after considerable suasion that I withdrew my objections and agreed to serve on the sub-committee. Having, however, once assumed a duty, I endeavored to perform it to the best of my ability. Aware how little insight into the value of a teacher's work can be obtained from a few visits to his classes, and unwilling to subject professors or tutors to that annoyance which comes from the presence of would-be critical strangers in a class-room, I refrained almost entirely from visiting the classes, and turned for information to other sources, namely, to professors, tutors, graduates, and students. The result of my inquiries I set down in a paper which, in the spring of 1876, I read before the sub-committee on classics, the chairman of the general committee being also present. I did so simply and solely for the purpose of seeing whether the information of the other

¹ *Six Songs*. Composed by F. L. RITTER. Op. 6. New York: G. Schirmer.

Fünf Lieder. Componirt von F. L. RITTER. Op. 10. New York: Edward Schuberth & Co.

² *In the Hushes of the Midnight*. Song. Words by T. B. ALDRICH. Music by C. HENSHAW DANA. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

members of the sub-committee, who were all graduates of Harvard and deeply interested as well as informed in all that related to her, coincided with what I had gleaned, and of correcting such false impressions as I might have received. The sub-committee voted unanimously that my paper, with certain corrections which they suggested, should either be made a special report to the board of overseers or embodied in the committee's general report. I agreed to rewrite the paper, making the necessary changes, and hand it over to the sub-committee to use as it should see fit. Desirous of still further criticism, however, I shortly after handed my MS. to the head-master of the Roxbury Latin School, who very kindly sent me some valuable notes on it. He was so pleased, however, with the paper generally, that he called together a meeting of Latin school and high school teachers to hear it read. At that meeting I listened attentively to all objections, and did my best to remember such as appeared to me valid. It was only then that I ventured to rewrite my paper and give it the form in which it appeared in *The Atlantic*. As soon as it was finished I carried the MS. to a meeting of the sub-committee, and handed it to the chairman with the request that it might be sent to each of the members in turn for perusal and approval, before being used as a report to the board of overseers. Unfortunately, I cannot tell how many of the members did peruse it, but I know it came into the hands of the chairman of the general committee, who embodied its main suggestions in his report, which report was afterwards adopted by both the general committee and the board of overseers. The MS. was finally returned to me by a member of the sub-committee, with a note containing expressions of interest and none of disapproval. I then thought I had certainly done enough to justify me in believing that my paper was free from misstatements, and I still think that the gentlemen who formed the sub-committee were as competent judges and as good authorities as any of those who have virulently criticised me.

It was at the suggestion of members of the sub-committee and other gentlemen interested in the progress of classical studies that I ventured to hand my MS. to you. When I did so, I expressly authorized you to let it appear with my name, if you should so prefer. I have no need or desire to use the cloak or the *prestige* of any periodical for what I hold to be the truth. And, notwithstanding all that has been said, I be-

lieve that my paper contains very little that is not strictly true. For that little I am very sorry. One of my illustrations was unfortunate, the facts upon which it was based having occurred much less recently than I had been led to suppose; still it is true that a gentleman, now teaching Greek in Harvard College "did once put the declension of *μοῦσα* in one of the papers, and the majority of the candidates did make some mistake in it." Matters are no doubt very much improved at the present day; but I do not think that my illustration conveyed any incorrect impression, since I find that in a semi-annual examination given to the *best division* of a recent Sophomore class, not one student in ten was able to parse all of five parts of Greek verbs, although these were not in any way specially difficult. It is not long since another teacher of Greek in Harvard College said to me, speaking of students of Greek, "They don't know anything," a remark which need not be taken too literally. Whatever may be said of my illustration, the fact remains that candidates for admission to Harvard College do come up, for the most part, miserably prepared and for the most part very unfit to enter upon a profitable course of study in Greek.

In my whole paper, so far as I yet know, there is but one statement calculated to convey an erroneous impression, and that I now most cheerfully correct. I wrote, "No graduate of Harvard ever left it with a knowledge of Greek sufficient to enable him to read at sight any important literary, historical, or philosophical work in that language." This, I find, is misleading. Two gentlemen, graduates of Harvard, have publicly informed me that they formed exceptions to my "sweeping assertion." The first is T. W. H., of Newport, R. I. (I have been accustomed to respect these initials as attached to profound articles in *The Woman's Journal*), who affirms that he "not only could, but did, read at sight, after graduating, such authors as Herodotus, Homer, and the dramatists, excepting, of course, the choruses, which are notoriously more difficult," and adds, "What I did, hundreds of others must have done as well, and dozens of others better." As Mr. T. W. H. has surely too much logical fairness and modesty to allow him to introduce an *argumentum ad hominem* and instance his own scholarship, if he could cite with certainty any other, I must be allowed to look upon the latter assertion as merely a surmise, and, I think, it is a mistaken one. Mr. T. W. H.'s fel-

low-claimant for Greek scholarship is a writer in The Springfield Republican to whom I do not find it necessary to say anything.

The truth of the matter seems to be that "in former times, before the elective system was fairly introduced, when every student had to take his chance in an alphabetical section in the required Greek for three years, it was not very common for students to attain any great ease in reading Greek outside of their college course. Still, *some even then studied it by themselves*, and gained no slight knowledge of Greek literature." This, I suspect, explains the cases of the two gentlemen above referred to, and it certainly adds to the credit of their achievement. But, after all, such unusual acquirement had nothing to do with their relation to Harvard College, and therefore does not come into any argument dealing with that institution. The informant, whom I have been quoting, and whose intimate knowledge of the facts of the case is beyond all dispute, goes on to say that, in the last six or seven years, the number of men who have left college able to read Greek has been somewhat greater than before, there having been "several" in every class. But even for those no more is claimed than that they could read Greek in which no difficulty was offered by either the subject or the choric form, while the smallness of their number, as compared with the number that take Greek and graduate, shows that their proficiency is not due to any demand which the college, looking to the general average of attainment, makes or could consistently make, but to spontaneous work on the part of the students themselves. On the whole, therefore, while my original statement was misleading, yet, taken with the reference which in my argument it plainly had, it was, so far as I can yet see, correct enough. And, after all, the objections made to two or three unimportant statements in my paper do not in the least touch the general facts of the case, or make less evident the need for a thorough-

going change in the matter of Greek study. All my critics, I think, have been frank enough to admit that there is great need for reform, and if I have contributed to make that fact more generally known, and suggested a possible method whereby the enormous waste of valuable time now expended upon the fruitless study of Greek may be prevented, without detriment to the students, I have done all that I desired to do.

There are many contested points in my paper, which I should be glad to discuss; but I must leave them, and will add only a few more words to guard myself against the suspicion of having tried to depreciate the scholarship of the professors and tutors of Harvard College. These gentlemen, who, I feel certain, knew from the first that I was the author of the paper in question, know also that I have the utmost respect for their scholarship and themselves. Some of them are my personal friends, and nothing could be farther from my mind than the thought of injuring either them or the institution which honors them with its confidence. The short-comings of the Greek at Harvard lie not at their door, but at that of a condition of public education, which they see as clearly and deplore as deeply as any one can. One of them writes to me: "The standard of preparation is very far below what it should be." . . . "No branches which are out of the courses of study required by the mass of boys and girls that throng our schools will ever be properly taught in them, and it will be long before people will find this out." Harvard College has selected for her professors of Greek not men who have contented themselves with what she was able to give, but men who have enjoyed all the benefits of education abroad; and she has, moreover, done her best, by instituting evening courses in which these gentlemen read the masterpieces of Greek literature *in English*, to make general that knowledge which only very few can obtain from the originals. Very truly yours,

THOMAS DAVIDSON.

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INSURANCE DEPARTMENT, ALBANY, January 23d, 1877.

To the Editors of the Evening Journal:

Having caused a personal examination to be made of the condition and affairs of the Washington Life Insurance Company of New York, as of the 31st day of December, 1876, by Hon. John A. McCall, Jr., Deputy Superintendent, duly appointed by me for that purpose, and deeming it for the public interests that the result of his investigation should be published, I herewith inclose his report for publication.

Very respectfully yours,

W. SMYTH, Acting Superintendent.

ALBANY, January 23d, 1877.

Hon. William Smyth, Acting Superintendent New York Insurance Department:

I respectfully report that in accordance with the provisions contained in your appointment No. 362, dated December 26th, 1876, and with the assistance of Messrs. Ballard, Willis, and W. H. Smyth, I have completed an examination of the Washington Life Insurance Company of New York City.

The very satisfactory condition of the Company as exhibited below is attributable to the management of its affairs by able, prudent, and honorable men. It gives me pleasure to state that in a minute and exacting investigation I find nothing to condemn, but, on the contrary, much to commend.

Complete schedules of mortgages, deferred premiums, and real estate investments as of December 31st, 1876, being the date of examination, have been placed on file in the department.

The following are the assets and liabilities:—

ASSETS.

Real estate	\$159,284	80
Bonds and mortgages	2,334,252	79
Cash in bank and office	116,654	18
Accrued interest on investments	53,071	26
Loans on policies within their value	19,109	46
Net uncollected and deferred premiums	180,429	95

Stocks and Bonds:	Par Value.	Market Value.
U. S. 6's, registered	\$510,000	\$581,400
N. Y. State 7's, registered	100,000	100,000
N. Y. City 7's, registered	990,000	1,138,500
N. Y. City 5's, registered	122,200	122,200
Brooklyn 7's, registered	260,000	269,000
Brooklyn 6's, registered	100,000	107,000
Kingston City coupons, bonds	11,000	11,000

	\$2,093,200	\$2,359,100	\$2,359,100	00
Agents' balances			43,592	92

Total assets \$5,265,495 86

Deduct items not admitted:—		
Mortgages taken for debt	\$10,838	81
Value of real estate over department appraisal	37,784	80
Agents' balances	43,592	92

Total admitted assets \$5,173,278 83

LIABILITIES.

Net value of outstanding policies	\$4,337,644	00
Unpaid losses and endowments not due	43,306	82
Premiums paid in advance	2,388	51
Unpaid dividends to stockholders	346	50
Salaries, rent, etc.	3,000	00
Total liabilities as to policy-holders	\$4,386,685	83

Surplus as regards policy-holders 786,593 00

Aggregate \$5,173,278 83

Capital stock \$125,000 00

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN A. MCCALL, JR., Deputy Sup't.

CYRUS CURTISS, President.

CYRUS MUNN, Assistant Secretary.

E. S. FRENCH, Superintendent of Agencies,

W. A. BREWER, JR., Vice President.

W. HAXTUN, Secretary.

B. W. MCCREADY, M. D., Medical Examiner.

The Atlantic Portraits of Bryant and Longfellow.

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CIVIL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEER.

[From the Cleveland Leader.]

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There is perhaps hardly a scientific, professional, or business man in the country who has not, at one time or another in his life, been placed in a position where the proper kind of a mechanical dictionary would have saved him both time and money. In many instances his reputation for knowledge would not have suffered had he possessed such a book to which he could turn and in a few minutes' investigation make himself sure of what he was before uncertain, while in other cases he could have prevented or avoided heavy losses in money through the agency of bogus patents or the visionary projects of swindling or mistaken inventors had he a volume, easily accessible, that would have given the condensed advice of all men acquainted with the subject on the investment he was about to make. Thus, while scholars and business men and everybody in any way connected with or interested in the manufacturing arts have realized the necessity of a work like this dictionary, there are other classes to whom it is almost as desirable, but to whom the rich stores of knowledge (power) contained within its three thousand well-filled pages are comparatively unknown.

The lack of a lexicon of the English language was felt long ago by the scholars, and a hundred learned and able pens struggled for years to supply the want. The dictionaries of Webster and Worcester were the results of this effort. The same need has existed in the field of the industrial and mechanical arts — the processes by which food, clothing, and shelter are provided for man, and his civilization made possible. Yet few, if any, writers of ability have taken the pains to fill so important a void.

Hence the present breach into which Mr. Knight's work, after twenty years of preparation, falls so appropriately, and it is our duty to chronicle a really great triumph on the part of a deserving author. For the best part of three days the pages of this compendium have been scanned for faults or errors, and it is with gratification that the announcement is made that none have thus far been found. The fullness of detail, accuracy and lateness of engravings, exactness and truthfulness of statement, together with the vast labor and learning displayed in the quotation of authorities, the compact system of arrangement, and the general literary excellence of the Dictionary, decide it to be really a great and meritorious work; a monument to its author and an honor to American literature.

[From the Scientific American.]

The completion of this great and elaborate undertaking, the labor on which has extended over eight years, is an event in the annals of literature in this country. It is difficult to realize how colossal is the task involved in the preparation of a work of this description. Thousands of patents, American and foreign, have been digested, industrial processes of every nature have been examined, and the latest improvements therein noted. Engineering works, scientific discoveries, and tools of every craft have been studied; and, finally, all this immense collection, gathered from the whole field of applied science, has been subjected to careful revision and condensation, and, by means of ingeniously contrived systems of indexing, rendered invaluable for purposes of reference and research. Add to this the labors of artist and engraver, and there is little food for marvel that the work has cost \$100,000; that it treats of 20,000 subjects; contains 7,200 engravings; and that its three volumes include 2,800 pages. It is more an encyclopædia than a dictionary; it is, in fact, a mechanical and scientific library, carried up to the latest dates. A just estimate of the comprehensive nature of the work, and its importance to inventors, engineers, and artisans of every class and in all libraries, can only be gained by careful examination of the volumes themselves.

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Its value, even if there were in print others of a similar nature, would be very great on account of its scope, its great number of illustrations, and the trustworthiness of its author; but at present its value is enhanced by the fact that it has, properly speaking, no competitor. There is published no book of similar intent which is at once so large, so well illustrated, so closely brought down to the present time, and so full of illustrations. Dentists, surgeons, philosophers, chemists, engineers, mechanics, and scientific men and students of every grade, will find here described and illustrated more of the instruments and machines peculiar to their professions than can be found in well-furnished stores and manufactories; and they will also find a constant supplementary course of instruction so arranged as to be available for instant reference.

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Mr. Isaac Sprague, who has drawn these flowers, is without a superior in the country as a botanical artist. The pictures are absolutely correct in the delineation of the organs and in the tone of color. The process of lithography has been marvelously successful, and we suspect that in spots the plates have been touched by hand to make them faultless. The delicate shading of color, as in the scarlet and gold of the columbine, is very successful. In fact, those luscious nectaries almost tempt one to try to pluck them and bite off the honey and make whistles of them, as children used to do on the Plymouth rocks two hundred years ago. . . . The accompanying text is by Professor Goodale, of Cambridge, and is admirable. The description of the plants is not too technical to be intelligible by any one, and it is prepared evidently by one who knows what the flowers have to teach. The adaptations of stamen, pistil, and corolla to fertilization by insect agency are admirably described, often in the language of the ablest foreign students of vegetable physiology. — *N. Y. Independent*.

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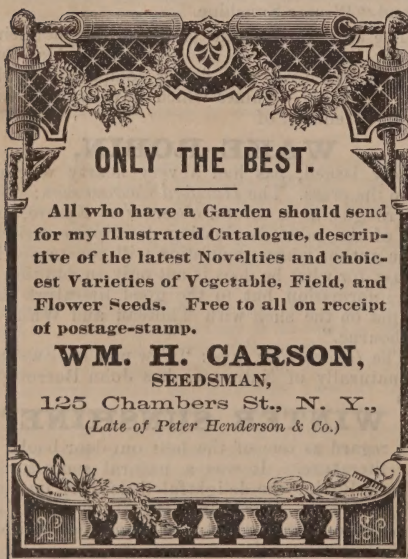
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VOLUME XXXIX.—NUMBER 234

APRIL, 1877

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
A BRITISH OFFICER IN BOSTON IN 1775. I.	389	glish Tongues — Homicidal Excesses of Authors in Fiction. — Artists and Art Criticism. — Dramatic Form in Fiction. — Corrupting Influence of the Postal Card. — Physical Force in Ethics. — A New Sort of Lectures. — Prices of Books. — The Deronda Professorship. — A Franklin Clock. — Harold in Drama. — Paradoxes.	
THE RACES OF THE DANUBE. <i>John Fiske.</i>	401	CREOLE LOVER'S SONG. Words by <i>Edmund C. Stedman.</i> Music by <i>Dudley Buck</i>	492
THE DYING ROSE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.		RECENT LITERATURE	498
<i>Alice Williams Brotherton</i>	411	Leighton's The Sons of Godwin. — Viking Tales of the North. — Bret Harte's Thankful Blossom. — Is That All. — Kismet. — The Great Match, and Other Matches. — Morris's The Story of Sigurd, the Volsung, and the Fall of the Niblungs. — Van Laun's History of French Literature. — Dennis's Studies in English Literature. — Witte's La Vita Nuova di Dante Allighieri. — <i>French and German</i> : Auerbach's Nach Dreissig Jahren. — Œuvres de Philarete Charles. — Molinari's Lettres sur les Etats-Unis et le Canada. — Publications Received.	
THE AMERICAN. XXIII., XXIV. <i>Henry James, Jr.</i>	412	ART	510
WRATISLAW. <i>R. H. Stoddard</i>	426	Turner's Slave Ship at the Boston Art Museum. — Three Paintings of New England Interiors.	
OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP. XXI. <i>Frances Anne Kemble</i>	432	MUSIC	513
A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET. October, 1746. <i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>	446	On the Unwarrantable Liberties of Musical Performers.	
OUT OF THE QUESTION. Comedy. V., VI. <i>W. D. Howells</i>	447		
DICKENS'S AMERICAN NOTES. <i>Edwin P. Whipple</i>	462		
APRIL. <i>H. H.</i>	467		
SOUTH CAROLINA MORALS. <i>A South Carolinian</i>	467		
A MECHANICAL DICTIONARY	475		
THE HAPPIER GIFT. <i>Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt</i>	482		
THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB	483		
The Calamitous Increase of Books. — Wagner's and Gérôme's Chariot Races. — A Yankee Accent on En-			

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OF THE

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Net Assets Jan. 1, 1876.....\$41,462,065.53

RECEIVED IN 1876:

For premiums	\$6,725,120.67	
For interest and rent.....	2,893,993.46	
		\$9,619,114.13

DISBURSED IN 1876.

\$51,081,179.66

To POLICY-HOLDERS:

For claims by death and matured endowments	\$2,601,246.35	
Surplus returned to policy-holders	2,461,030.52	
Lapsed and surrendered policies	956,481.81	
		\$6,018,758.68

EXPENSES:

Commissions to Agents.....	\$462,836.55	
Salaries of Officers, Clerks, and all others employed on salary.....	82,431.11	
Medical Examiner's fees	17,702.50	
Printing, stationery, advertising, postage, exchange, etc.	106,092.56	
		669,062.72
Taxes and profit and loss	373,211.79	
		7,061,033.19

Balance, Net Assets, December 31, 1876.....\$44,020,146.47

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.

Loans upon real estate, first lien	\$27,815,839.34	
Loans upon stocks and bonds	94,867.28	
Premium notes on policies in force	6,290,699.45	
Cost of real estate owned by the Company	2,748,753.20	
Cost of United States registered bonds	2,183,240.46	
Cost of State bonds.....	723,400.00	
Cost of City bonds.....	1,847,310.00	
Cost of other bonds	435,000.00	
Cost of bank stock.....	80,205.00	
Cost of railroad stock.....	26,000.00	
Cash in bank at interest	1,718,015.91	
Cash in Company's office	7,306.54	
Balance due from agents, secured	44,132.89	
Bills receivable.....	5,376.40	

Net or ledger assets.....\$44,020,146.47

ADD:

Interest accrued and due	\$1,844,530.64	
Rents accrued	3,850.00	
Market value of stocks and bonds over cost	309,064.54	
Net premiums in course of collection	801.42	
Net deferred quarterly and semi-annual premiums	34,613.26	
		2,192,860.86

Gross Assets, December 31, 1876.....\$46,213,006.33

LIABILITIES.

Amount required to reinsure all outstanding policies, net, assuming 4 per cent. interest ..	\$40,775,730.00	
All other liabilities	1,315,313.40	
		42,091,043.40

Surplus, December 31, 1876.....\$4,121,962.93

Increase of assets during 1876	\$2,718,855.41	
Ratio of expense of management to receipts in 1876	6.95 per cent.	

Policies in force December 31, 1876, 66,618, insuring.....\$133,414,408

JAMES GOODWIN, President.

JACOB L. GREENE, Secretary.

JOHN M. TAYLOR, Assistant Secretary.

D. H. WELLS, 2d Assistant Secretary.

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Cash Assets.....\$1,592,775.09.

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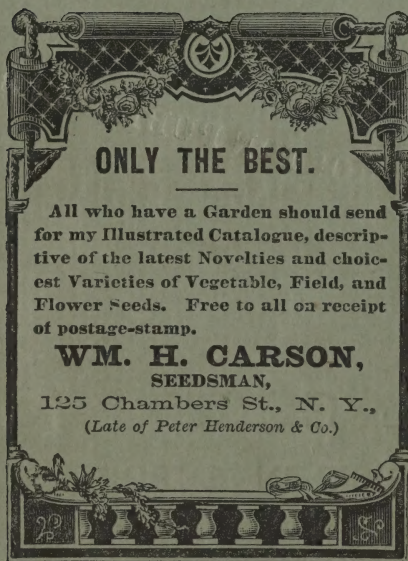
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VOL. XXXIX.—APRIL, 1877.—No. CCXXXIV.

—♦—
A BRITISH OFFICER IN BOSTON IN 1775.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY:—

The original diary from which you here print the most important passages came recently into the possession of one of my family. The writer's name nowhere appears in the diary, nor is there any such direct reference to himself as to designate his rank or name. But a careful examination of the diary and comparisons between what it discloses respecting the writer, his experiences and duties, and the records of the siege of Boston, the publications of the British War Office, orderly books and documents of that nature, put certain facts beyond a doubt. The writer was a subaltern officer of the 4th (King's Own) regiment, attached while here to the light infantry company of that regiment. The diary begins not long after the arrival of this officer in Boston with the King's Own, which was in the early summer of 1774, and ends soon after his arrival in Halifax in the spring of 1776, following the evacuation of Boston.

In these investigations we have been indebted to individuals interested in historic research, and especially I may say to Professor A. B. Gardner, of West Point, and Colonel Frank M. Etting, of Philadelphia. The examinations and collations have reduced the list of pos-

sible authors to two, Lieutenant Perigrine Francis Thorne and Lieutenant David Hamilton, both in the King's Own during the siege of Boston.

The historic enthusiasm of the centennial year brought out this manuscript, which was in the possession of the family of General Henry Burbeck of the United States Army,—an officer of artillery during the Revolutionary War. None of his descendants remember anything said by him on the subject, and he left no memoranda explaining how and where he obtained it. The most probable explanation is this: the King's Own soon returned from Halifax to re-engage in the war, Lieutenants Thorne and Hamilton with it, and took an active and distinguished part in the battles about New York, in the campaign in the Jerseys, and at Germantown and the Brandywine, and was quartered in the city of Philadelphia. It is known that the British troops quitted Philadelphia in great haste, so much so that they left behind them many things of importance, such as the orderly book at general headquarters, which were of considerable value to the Americans. Among the troops that first entered Philadelphia on the evacuation was the Maryland Artillery; and the manuscript shows signs, by certain indorsements, of having been in the

possession of Lieutenant Robert Willmott, an officer of that corps. The next possessor seems to have been Burbeck, then a captain of artillery, among whose papers one of his descendants lately found it, without, as I have said, any memorandum attached.

The chief value of the diary is that it is believed to be the only journal by a British officer during the siege of Boston known to be in existence. It discloses no new facts of general importance, but it corroborates and explains many things of more or less interest, and has all the characteristics of genuineness. It is just such a journal as a young officer of a fashionable regiment would write, who was full of prejudice against a people of whom he knew nothing, and who jotted down matters which interested him at the time, without any suspicion that the transactions in which he was engaged would ever possess historic interest or claim the attention of the world.

R. H. DANA, JR.

THE DIARY.

At length is concluded the Glorious Campaign — of Boston Common :¹ why cou'd I be so stupid as not to keep a Journal of those five months, which will in future fill so respectable a place in the Annals of Britain; and wou'd have furnish'd so noble a field for Satire?

Tuesday, 15th Novr. The four Battalions encamp'd on the Common (and four Companies of Artillery), viz. King's Own, 5th, 38th, and 43d, the Royal W. Fusileers on Fort Hill, the 59th in the advanced Lines, all march'd in to Winter Quarters, leaving the tents standing under the care of a small guard, that they might dry before they were pack'd up, as it had been wet weather for two days. The 10th, three Comps. of the 18th, the 47th, and 52d Regts. landed from their Transports, and also went into winter Quarters.

¹ The King's Own and other regiments on their arrival in Boston were encamped for some months on the Common, as no barracks were in readiness for them, and a question had arisen whether the General Court was obliged to provide barracks, or not. — E.

² The old fortifications at the Neck were a little

Yesterday, in compliance with the request of the Select Men, Genl. Gage order'd that no Soldier in future shou'd appear in the Streets with his side Arms. Query, Is this not encouraging the Inhabitants in their licentious and riotous disposition? Also orders are issued for the Guards to seize all military Men found engaged in any disturbance, whether Agressors or not; and to secure them, 'till the matter is enquired into. By Whom? By Villains that wou'd not censure one of their own Vagrants, even if He attempted the life of a Soldier; whereas if a Soldier errs in the least, who is more ready to accuse than Tommy? His negligence on the other hand has been too conspicuous in the affair of Cn. Maginis to require a further comment. . . .

This day I mounted the first Line Guard,² with Lt. Cl. Smith³ of the 10th. We relieved the 59th Regt., who immediately march'd into Quarters; the Place was not fit to receive a Guard, for the guard rooms were not half finished, having neither fire places or Stoves fixed; the weather was so bad and the place so dirty that we cou'd not walk about, which made it very disagreeable; but at night we were better as we got a Stove fixed, when we were pretty comfortable the rest of the time.

Wednesday, 16th. . . . This day the Genl. was pleased to determine the Winter allowance of Money for Lodgings; and the several quantities of fuel and Candles; at same time informing the Army that those indulgences are by no means to be consider'd as Precedents for the future. . . .

Quere — Why is not the 100 days Batt and Forage Money, which has been long due the Troops, paid them? Because Tommy feels no affection for his Army, and is more attach'd to a paltry Oeconomy, both in Publick and Private.

Thursday, 17th. All the Tents on the south of Dover Street. "The Lines" were in advance of these and crossed the Neck between Dedham and Canton streets. — E.

³ This was Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Smith, who afterwards had command of the expedition to Concord. — E.

Common struck and deliver'd into the Qr. Mr. Genl's store, to preserve for a second (what in reality were not fit for a first) Campaign. How mistaken is that Oeconomy which, to save a trifle, will hazard the lives of Thousands! All the Hutts in ye rear of the Camp also destroyed to day. . . .

Sunday, 20th. Hard frost continues. A day or two ago the Comr. in Chief applied to the Select Men for the use of Faneuil Hall as a place for the Troops to attend Divine Service. They most *Graciously* refused to comply with his Request, as a grateful return for his singular compliance with all their desires. Was it for this he gave a protection of an Officer's Guard to their Brick-kilns, to secure them from the Labourers who had not been paid for their work? and after affording such Protection asking to become a Purchaser of the Bricks, and receiving for answer "No, they were to be appropriated to other purposes than accommodating the King's Troops." Was it because he disarmed the Troops to please them that the Select think it incumbent on them, to oppose him in every thing? But his . . . deserves it. Is it not astonishing that the daily instances of the opposition of the People should tend to make him more earnestly attentive to them? Not long since a Corporal of the King's Own Regt. was confined by the express Orders of the Genl. for having ill treated an Inhabitant. A Court of Enquiry was order'd, composed of Officers of the Regt.; the Declaration of the Inhabitant was taken, and under a pretence that all his Witnesses were not in Town, the Corpl. was remanded back to his confinement; about ten days afterwards a message came from Head Quarters to the Commandg. Officer of the Regt. to inform him if the Corpl. would beg the Inhabitant's pardon he might be released; He refused unless the General positively order'd him, at same time declaring He would rather stand a General Court Martial than make a submission where he knew he was not in the wrong: in a

few days an order came to release him without any condition: he immediately went to his Captain and begged leave to resign his Knott, as in the character of a private Soldier he shou'd be less exposed to Complaints; observing that the whole foundation of the complaint against him was from his protecting a Sentry from the Insults of a Servt. of a Townsman, who wou'd, had his complaint been well founded, have had him more severely punished; his manner of being released is a sufficient proof not only of the disposition of the people, but of the readiness of *Mr. T—y* to give up a Military, whether right or wrong.

Monday, 21st. Frost not so severe as yesterday. Capn. Cain¹ of the 43d appointed Town Major. The Comr. in Chief issued Orders for the several Regts. to exercise every fine day, and to fire with Ball in all directions, &c., &c. It's obvious to the most inattentive Observer that the American Winters must be *particularly favorable* to parade Duties. From Tuesday to Friday 25th nothing worth remarking, except the 24th order'd that in case of fire the Regts. to parade in their own Barracks, and then wait for the Genls. Orders. Went this eveng. to the Concert, and heard the most miserable of all female Singers; however, she has the poor consolation to reflect that she was once young and pretty, and a tolerable performer on the Edinburgh Stage 12 or 13 years ago. . . .

Monday, 28th. Reported that Lt. Percy is to take the command of the Grenadiers and light Infantry, and make an excursion up the Country.

Tuesday, 29th. This day heard by a Ship arrived at Salem from England that she sailed two days after the Scarborough, who remained but 36 hours in England after the delivery of the letters she took home from Genl. Gage, when she was again dispatch'd with Answers. She is hourly expected. This day the Army order'd to be Brigaded as follows:—

Major-General Haldiman, Commandr. in Chief.

¹ It was by his fatal letter to this Cane, or Kane, that Dr. Benjamin Church's treachery was discov-

ered and proof obtained of his being in the pay of the British government.—E.

First Brigade under Ld. Percy: the King's Own, Royal Welsh Fusileers, and 47th Regts. Brigade Major, Moncrieffe.

Second Brigade, Brigadier Pigott. The 5th, 38th, and 52d Regts. Brigade Major, Small.

Third Brigade, Brigr. Jones. The 10th, 43d, 59th, and detached Comps. from the 18th and 65th, two of the latter and three of the former. Brigade Major, Hutchinson.

Col. Jones appointed Brigadier this day, and Cn. Hutchinson of the R. A.¹ his Brigade Major. . . .

Decr. Thursy. 1st. John McDonald, Soldier the light Infantry of the King's Own, was found dead this morning; he mounted Guard at the Lines yesterday, and last night about 10 o'clock was seen exceedingly drunk, but not being confined wander'd into the rear of the Works, where he was found early this morning dead. He was some distance below High Water Mark, and the tide had washed over him; but as his forehead was much bruised, it is supposed that a fall among the stones on the Beach had seconded the Yanky rum in his death. . . .

Monday, 5th. The Asia arrived this morning, with Major Piteairne on board and part of a reinforcement of 460 Marines, exclusive of the Complement of the Ship.

Wedy. 7th. A Field Day on the Common, the 4th, 5th, 23d, 38th, 47th, and 52d Regts. all out, but not at the same time. The Provincial Congress removed from Cambridge to [Watertown] being disturbed in their last situation by the saluting of the Men of War. . . .

Friday, 16th. The Regt. march'd into the Country to give the Men a little exercise; this has been practised several days past by the Corps off duty; as they march with Knapsacks and Colours the People of the Country were allarm'd the first day; think those troops were sent out to seize some of the disaffected Peo-

ple; finding that is not the case they are since grown very insolent. . . .

Sat. 17th. Desertions are still too frequent among us, tho' not as bad as it has been; last night a Soldier of the 10th deserted from his post at the Blockhouse,² where he was sentry; and this evening one of the 10th was taken as he was endeavouring to make his escape by the water side, but the night was too light and the sentry too vigilant for him. Sup'd this evening with Barron³ at the Neck, and skated by moonlight.

Sunday, 18th. Very fine day; still frost. The 43d Regt. have been pumping out the Water in their Reservoirs, which smells so excessively strong that many of the Men drop down in fits while they are pumping. We have the use of a Church for our Men, but are obliged to go at $\frac{1}{2}$ after eight in the morn. that we may not interfere with the Inhabitants. We this day heard from Portsmouth in New Hampshire that the Rebels had risen there and taken a Fort which was defended by a Capn. and 4 or 5 Men; they took away a great many Guns and 97 barrels of Powder, with 1500 Stand of small Arms, all which they have convey'd up the Country.

Monday, 19th. Frost broke up, rained most of the day. The Somerset came into the Harbour, all well, as likewise the Swan, Sloop of War, Cn. Ayscough from New York; the Yankys exceedingly disappointed at seeing the Somerset, as they were in hopes she was lost. The Harbour now cuts a formidable figure, having four Sail of the Line, besides Frigates and Sloops and a great number of Transports. Upon the News yesterday from Portsmouth, a Schooner was immediately dispatched there, and to day the Scarborough sail'd for there too. We shall see now whether the Genl. will do anything or not.

Tuesday, 20th. Last night the weather clear'd up and turn'd to a hard frost, so that this morning the streets were cover'd with ice. I to day mounted

¹ The Royal American or 60th Regiment. — E.

² The Blockhouse was at the fortifications on the Neck, "near the Marsh to the left of the Dyke" — E.

³ Edward Barron, a lieutenant in one of the flank companies of the King's Own. He was afterwards wounded at Bunker Hill. — E.

Guard at the Lines, which I found much improved since I was there last.

Wed. 21st. Last night still harder frost; the Sea was froze for a considerable way; the Cold more intense than it has yet been. To day was order'd an Officer, 1 Sergt., 1 Corpl., 1 Drumm., and 18 Private to get ready immediately to embark for Rhode Island; Lt. Knight of ours¹ for that duty; they were all got ready when the Adjut. went to the Adjut. General to know where they were to parade, who told him they need not be in a hurry, for that they might not sail this day or two; . . . it wou'd not be amiss if some People wou'd write their Orders so that they might be understood.

Thurs. 22d. Snow all day. The Detachment not yet sailed; we hear it is to go to Rhode Island to bring away a quantity of Powder from a Vessel which has been drove in there, and which they are afraid to trust without a Guard.

Friday, 23d. Sleet and a little snow all day; one of our Men deserted; heard of some robberies committed in the Country, most probably by some of the Deserters, who will do more harm than good, as nothing but Rascals go off; serve the Yankys right for enticing them away.

Sat. 24th. Bad day; constant snow till evening, when it turned out rain and sleet. A Soldier of the 10th shot for desertion; the only thing done in remembrance of Christ-Mass day. It is said Genl. G——e never pardons Deserters; at same time I don't think his manner of executing 'em sufficient examples, as he has only the Piquets of the Army out, instead of the whole, which wou'd strike a greater terror into the men. Punishments were never meant only to affect Criminals, but also as Examples to the rest of Mankind. The Common Guard has now got proper Orders; hitherto they've had none; the Block-house is still in the same situation; it is something extraordinary having Guards without giving them any Orders.

. . . The night before last two Men deserted, one from the King's Own, the other from the 43d.

Sunday, 25th. Snow all day; at night rain, sleet, and frost; dangerous walking. Govr. Wentworth, of Portsmouth, and all the Council have been order'd to quit that Province; I hear he is arrived here; the People of that Province seem to be worse than any other; and one wou'd imagine they had not so much business with it either; it is to be hoped they will get a greater share of punishment. There is a talk of a Spanish War, but I believe without foundation.

Monday, 26th. Snow'd hard in morn.; at night, frost. Order'd a Guard of 1 Sergt. and 12 Men to protect the new Guard House at the North End where there is to be a Capn's. Guard. . . . The Marines not yet landed, owing to the Adml., who wants to keep them on board that He may have the advantage of victualling them; but He won't carry his point as he'll be obliged to land them; a mean, dirty, principle! . . .

Wed. 28th. A great fall of snow, hard wind, drifts of snow very disagreeable. This even'g a Soldier of the 10th was drown'd: he had jump'd off a Wharf (where he was Centry) to save a Boy who had fallen over; he succeeded in his humane attempt, for which he paid with his life. . . .

Thurs. 29th. Nothing extray to day but a Quarter Master and all the Pioneers order'd to clear the Grand Parade and the road to the Magazine,² from thence to the Officer's Guard on the Common; that Officer has now the charge of the Magazine; for a long time He had no orders whatever; they have at last given him proper ones; there is still an Officer's Guard at the Block house without any orders, a very unusual thing, I fancy! . . .

Fri. 30th. To Days Orders. . . . The Alarm Guns will be posted at the Artillery Barracks, at the Common, and at the Lines. The Alarm given at either of those places is to be repeated at all

¹ Joseph Knight of the King's Own. He was afterwards killed during the retreat from Concord on the 19th of April. — E.

² The Magazine stood near the foot of what is now Pinckney Street. — E.

the rest by firing three rounds at each. On the Alarm being given the 52d Regt. is immediately to reinforce the Lines, leaving a Captain and 50 Men at the Neck. The 5th Regt. will draw up between the Neck Guard and Liberty tree.¹ The King's Own will reinforce the Magazine Guard with a Capt'n. and 50; and with the remainder draw up under Barton's point.² The 43d Regt. will join the Marines and together defend the passage between Barton's Point and Charlestown ferry. The 47th Regt. will draw up in Hanover Street, securing both the Bridges over the Mill Creek.³ The 59th will draw up in front of the Court House. The Companies of 18th joined by those of the 65th together with the 10th, 23d, and 38th Regts. will draw up in the Street from the General's house⁴ to Liberty Tree. Major Martin's Compy. of the Royal Artillery will move with expedition to the Lines, reinforcing the Neck Guard with 1 Commission'd Officer, 2 Non-commission'd, and 12 Men; the remainder of the Royal Regt. of Artillery will get their Guns in readiness and wait for Orders. If an Alarm happens in the night the Troops will march to their Posts without loading, and on no account to load their firelocks. It is forbid under the most severe penalty to fire in the night, even if the Troops shou'd be fired upon; but they will oppose and put to rout any *Body* (that shall dare to attack them) with their Bayonets; and the greatest care will be taken that the Counter-Sign is well known by all the Corps; and small Parties advanced, that in case of meeting they may know their friends and not attack each other

in the night through mistake. . . . The Officers command. Regts. will *reconnoitre* the Streets leading from their Quarters to their respective Alarm Posts, and fire on those they intend passing through, each taking a different rout. . . . These are Orders which one wou'd imagine shou'd have been given immediately upon the Troops coming into Winter Quarters. It's probable we shou'd not have had 'em now but for the frost, which seems to threaten joining the Continent to the Town by the Ice, which is already very considerable. . . . In consequence of the above Orders regimental ones were issued for Patroles to visit the Alarm Posts frequently in the night. . . .

1775, Jany. 1st. Nothing remarkable but the drunkenness among the Soldiers, which is now got to a very great pitch; owing to the cheapness of the liquor, a Man may get drunk for a Copper or two. Still a hard frost.

3d. The Regt. march'd about 5 miles into the Country; the Snow in some parts was very deep, but was froze so that it wou'd all bear; Nothing now but Slays are used; it seems to be an expeditious way of travelling, but I think must be very cold, as it cannot be any exercise. . . .

8th. Genl. Orders. If any Officers of the different Regts. are *capable* of taking sketches of a Country, they will send their Names to the Dep. Adj. Genl. . . . that is an extraordinary method of wording the Order; it might at least have been in a more genteel way; at present it looks as if he doubted whether there were any such.⁵ . . .

¹ The Liberty Tree stood at what is now the corner of Washington and Essex streets, then an open space called Hanover Square, or Elm Neighborhood. — E.

² Barton's Point was the point of land from which the bridge to East Cambridge now crosses the Charles River. — E.

³ The Mill Creek, which ran just east of the present Canal Street, through Blackstone and along North streets, into the old Town Dock, was crossed by two bridges, one on Hanover and one at North Street. — E.

⁴ The Province House, which stood a little back from Washington, through Marlborough Street, about opposite the Old South Church. The residences of some of the other principal officers were as follows: Hugh Earl Percy occupied "the estate at the north-

erly corner of Winter and Tremont (then Common) streets, an antique wooden house [belonging to Inspector Williams] in the midst of a delightful garden extending down Winter Street, and in rear to what is now Hamilton Place." "Brigadier Pigott improves a house just above Liberty Tree." Major-General Frederick Haldiman lived in the Elliot house on the corner of Tremont and Beacon streets, opposite the King's Chapel. Admiral Graves lived on the southeast corner of Pearl and High streets, where he could have easy access to his ships. The Court House mentioned above stood in Court, then Queen Street, on or near the site of the present Court House. — E.

⁵ The result of this general order was the selection of two officers, one of whom, Ensign De Berniere of the 10th, gives the following account of

12th. The Frost is broke up and to day it rains and thaws. Gaming having got to a very great length among many of the Officers, the Genl. lately expressed his disapprobation of a Club they have instituted for that purpose; but finding that of no effect, he has set on foot a Subscription for a Card Assembly, which will be very reasonable, as there are rules that no Person is to play for above a certain Sum; a number of People have subscribed; they call it the Anti-Gambling-Club. I fancy the Genl. is trying to shame the other Club, but I don't believe he will succeed, as it's very rare seeing a Person alter who is once enter'd into that way, unless it is by being incapable of continuing it, which I dare say will be the case of many of them before the Winter is over. On the 9th Inst. Govr. Wentworth issued a Proclamation couched in the most spirited terms, accusing those people who had forcibly enter'd the Castle of William and Mary at Portsmouth and taken from thence Barrels of powder, Cannon, and small Arms, of treason and rebellion; and exhorting all his Majesty's loyal Subjects in that Province to exert themselves in the detection of those high Offenders, and to use every means of bringing them to a punishment equal to their Crimes. Yesterday even. was a Ball by subscription; seven of each Corps was the number fix'd, and the Ladies were invited by the managers; this scheme was proposed by Mrs. G——e,¹ and carried into execution by her favorites; by which she enjoyed a dance and an opportunity of seeing her friends at no expense.

13th. Hard frost last night; to day I walked out to Jamaica Pond, five miles from town; it is a large piece of water, about three miles round; it is entirely froze over, and as fine ice as ever was seen.

its object: "The latter end of February, 1775, Capt Brown and myself received orders to go through the Counties of Suffolk and Worcester and sketch the roads as we went for the information of Genl. Gage, as he expected to have occasion to march troops through that country the ensuing Spring. We set out from Boston on Thursday, disguised as countrymen, in brown cloaths and red-dish handkerchiefs round our necks." . . . "March 20th, rec'd further orders from Genl. Gage to set

14th. Cards sent from the Loyal Society of the Blue and Orange to Genls. Gage and Haldiman, Brigadiers Earl Percy, Pigott, and Jones, and to the Adml., inviting them to dine with the Society on the Queen's Birthday. Order'd this day that for the future the Troops are to receive 4 days salt provision and 3 days fresh, all except the Marines and Regimental Hospitals. We have been fortunate in having only fresh for so long a time; the Troops in America used always to have salt before this time. . . .

18th. Being the Anniversary of the Queen's birthday, it was celebrated by firing a Royal Salute from the Artillery in Town at 12 o'clock, at which time the Picquets of the Army were march'd to King street and fired three volleys; the Ships of War also fired at 1 o'clock. The Loyal and Friendly Society of the Blue and Orange met and dined at the British Coffee House,² some days previous to which they had a meeting to admit new Members and to appoint Stewards; many of the Loyal and Publick Toasts were accompanied by the discharge of a Volley from 23 Grenadiers of the King's Own, agreeable to the custom of the Society; there were sixty eight members present. I was prevented being among them, by being on Guard.

20th. Late Lieut. Furlow of the Welch Fuziliers was buried to day; he had been long ill of a consumption. The Battalion of Marines under the command of Major Pitcairne order'd to do duty with the first Brigade 'till further Orders; though they have been some time ashore, yet they have hitherto done no duty, on account of their Watchcoats and Leggings not being made up.

21st. Last night there was a Riot in King street in consequence of an Officer having been insulted by the Watchmen,

out for Concord and examine the road and situation of the town, and also to get what information we could relative to quantity of artillery and provisions." (De Berniere's Narrative.) It was under the guidance of this De Berniere that the British went to Lexington and Concord on the 19th of April. — E.

¹ Mrs. General Gage. — E.

² The British Coffee House was on King, now State Street. — E.

which has frequently happen'd, as those people suppose from their employment that they may do it with impunity; the contrary, however, they experienc'd last night: a number of Officers as well as Townsmen were assembled, and in consequence of the Watch having brandished their hooks and other Weapons, several Officers drew their Swords and wounds were given on both sides, some Officers slightly; one of the Watch lost a Nose, another a Thumb, besides many others by the points of Swords, but less conspicuous than those above mention'd. A Court of Enquiry is order'd to set next Monday, consisting of five field Officers, to enquire into the circumstances of the Riot.¹

23d. This day, at 3 o'clock P. M., a Detachment of 1 B., 3 S., 4 S., 4 C., 2 D., 100 P., embark'd on board two Vessels, to go to a Place called Marsh-field about 30 miles from hence; it is in consequence of about 200 People there having declar'd themselves for Government, for which the People of Plymouth have threat'ned to attack them and force them to their measures, as they sent to the Commr. in Chief to request He wou'd send them some Troops for their protection, and Arms and Ammunition for themselves, both which He has done. Capn. Balfour of the 4th² has this Command; we shall now perhaps see whether the Scoundrels will dare put their threats in execution, but I dare say not; they will still be the same as they have hitherto been. Mr. Thomas who lives there has order'd his House to be fitted up for Barracks: it will hold them all, I make no doubt, but they will have a very pleasant time of it, as there are two or three Gentlemen who will be as civil to 'em as they can; indeed it will be for their own sakes, a motive that will carry a Man further than anything I know.

¹ The American account of this affair is naturally from a different point of view: "Last evening a number of drunken Officers attacked the townhouse watch, between eleven and twelve o'clock, when the assistance of the New Boston watch was call'd, and a general battle ensued; some wounded on both sides. A party from the main guard was brought up with their Captain, together with another party from the Governor's. Had it not been for the presence of two officers that were sober, the Captain of

24th. This day the Court of Enquiry sat and took the evidence of some Officers concerned in the riot last friday; it is supposed it will be a tedious affair, and will not be finished some time; the same day the Watchmen were examined before the Select Men. . . .

25th. Several of the riotous Officers bound over to appear at the April Assizes, when I suppose the affair will drop, as they can't have any Jury but according to the new Acts which they are hitherto so much averse to. . . .

27th. This evening is to be given a Ball by the Superior and Members of the Loyal and Friendly Society of the Blue and Orange; to which the Generals, the Adml., Mrs. Gage, and Mrs. Graves are invited, with all the Ladies of the Army and a great number of Gentlemen and Ladies of the Town. . . .

31st. Yesterday a Ship arrived at Marblehead which brought the King's Speech; the Whigs look very black upon it, but pretend to say it is the very thing they wished. . . .

Feby. 1st. Lieut. H—ks—w³ of the 5th put under Arrest for having been concerned in a Riot yesterday evening, in which an Inhabitant was much wounded by him; it is supposed He will be brought to a Court Martial.

8th. This day the Decc. Packet arrived; the Genl. got his letters last Monday by express; we don't yet hear that there is anything determined; I had two letters, but no news in either. . . . A few days ago the Congress at Cambridge had the assurance to vote Adml. Greaves a Traitor to his country and voted also to petition the King that He wou'd relieve him from this Station and dismiss him the service; all this was in consequence of his having pressed several Men for something or other the Committee had done to him; the Adml. wants to burn

the Main Guard would have acted a second Tragedy to the 5th March, as he was much disguis'd with Liquor and would have order'd the guard to fire on the watch had he not been restrain'd. His name is Gore, being a Captain in the 5th or Earl Pelreys' regiment. He was degraded not long since for some misdemeanour." (Letters of John Andrews.)—E.
² Nesbitt Balfour, afterwards wounded at Bunker Hill.—E.

³ Thomas Hawkshaw.—E.

their Town, and it is with difficulty the Genl. can prevent him; they certainly deserve it for their insolence. Lt. H—w who was lately in arrest is released, and nothing more heard of the matter. . . .

16th. Three days ago we had a fall of snow, but not a great deal, since which as well as before we have had the finest weather ever was known in this Country for the time of year; it has indeed been too mild and open, as it has made the Town very sickly.

March 6th. This day¹ an Oration was delivered by Dr. Warren, a notorious Whig, at the great South Meeting opposite the Governor's house; it was in commemoration of what they term the Massacre on the 5th of March, 1770. It was known for some days that this was to be deliver'd; accordingly a great number of Officers assembled at it, when after he had finished a most seditious, inflammatory harangue, John Hancock stood up and made a short speech in the same strain, at the end of which some of the Officers cried out, fie! fie!² which being mistaken for the cry of fire an alarm immediately ensued, which fill'd the people with such consternation that they were getting out as fast as they cou'd by the doors and windows. It was imagined that there wou'd have been a riot, which if there had wou'd in all probability have proved fatal to Hancock, Adams, Warren, and the rest of those Villains, as they were all up in the Pulpit together, and the meeting was crowded with Officers and Seamen in such a manner that they cou'd not have escaped; however it luckily did not turn out so; it wou'd indeed have been a pity for them to have made their exit in that way, as I hope we shall have the pleasure before long of seeing them do it by the hands of the Hangman. The General hearing there was to be a procession at night upon the same occasion sent for the Select-Men, and told them that they

had better not have any such thing, as most likely it wou'd produce a disturbance, from which if any bad consequences ensued He wou'd make them answerable; this put a stop to it and they did not put it in execution; the General in case they shou'd had order'd all the Regts. to be in readiness to turn out at a moment's warning, and strengthened some of the Guards. . . .

20th. A General Court Martial was order'd to be held to try Ensn. Murray of the 43d. Regt. in consequence of an affair between him and Ensn. Butler of the King's Own, who accuses the former of ungentlemanlike behaviour: they had been out to fight but were prevented and put under arrest; it seems to be a confused affair and I believe both sides in the wrong; it is suspected Mr. B—r will gain as little credit by it as the other.

23d. Three Officers of the 5th put in arrest for a Riot, viz. Cn. G—e, Messrs. Raym—d and Belleg—re;³ the same evening another duel stop'd between the Lt. Col. of that Regt. and Ensn. Patrick of the same; some words passing between them, the Lt. Cl. struck Mr. P—k in the face, upon which they both immediately drew their Swords; but the other Officers interfering it was put a stop to till the Rolls were call'd, when they both went to the Common, where they agreed to fight with Pistols, which Mr. Patrick went for, and upon his return was met by an Officer of the Regt. who by some means took the Pistols and fired 'em in the air, which alarmed the Guard, which turned out and took him Prisoner and carried him to Lord Percy, who put him in arrest, then went to Col. Wallcott and put him in arrest likewise; there the affair rests.

March 30th. The 1st Brigade marched into the Country at 6 o'clock in the morning; it alarmed the people a good deal. Expresses were sent to every town near: at Watertown about 9 miles off, they got 2 pieces of Cannon to the Bridge and

by William Cooper, while Warren dropped a handkerchief over the officer's hand." (*Drake's Old Landmarks of Boston.*)—E.

³ Captain John Gore, and Ensigns James Raymond and John Balaguire, the latter of whom was afterwards wounded at Bunker Hill.—E.

¹ The 5th came on Sunday in this year.—E.

² "Captain Chapman [Benjamin Chapman of the 18th or Royal Irish] held up to his view a number of pistol bullets, at the same time exclaiming, 'Fie! fie!' This was construed to be a cry of fire, and threw the house into confusion until quieted

loaded 'em, but nobody wou'd stay to fire them; at Cambridge they were so alarmed that they pulled up the Bridge. However they were quit for their fears, for after marching about the Country for five hours we returned peaceably home. A General Court Martial has been sitting some days to try Lt. Cl. Walcott and Ensn. Patrick of the 5th; it's thought it will be a tedious one. The Works at the Lines are enclosing in the rear with Pickets; the Gorges of the Bastions are shut up; the G——l wou'd employ but 20 Men, and as a further saving made the Guard work for nothing, which was a hardship on them as they worked in their good things; it was represented to him, and there is now a Sub. and 20.

April 1st. Lieut. Jackson of the 5th died of a fever; same day Capt. Hamilton¹ of the 18th or Royal Irish fell from his horse and was near killed; he now lies in a dangerous way.

3d. Yesterday the Court Martial upon Ensn. Murray finished. He is honorably acquitted. . . .

6th. By way of Burlesque several Officers have formed a congress, that they call the *Grand Congress of Controul*; 3 Officers from each Regt. and 1 from the Navy have been chose for it.

12th. The Officers order'd to provide themselves with Baggage saddles, at least 3 pr. compy., 1 for the Capt., 1 for the Companies Tents, &c., and 1 for the two Subs.

14th. To days orders say, "As the Contractors *decline* giving fresh Meat for the present, the Troops will receive salt provisions 'till further Orders." This is because Meat happens now to be a trifle dearer than usual; so these Contractors are to have all the advantages but none of the disadvantages!

15th. Genl. Orders. "The Grenadiers and Light Infantry in order to

learn Grenadr. Exercise and new evolutions are to be off all duties 'till further orders." This I suppose is by way of a blind. I dare say they have something for them to do.² . . .

19th. Last night between 10 and 11 o'clock all the Grenadiers and Light Infantry of the Army, making about 600 Men, (under the command of Lt. Coll. Smith of the 10th and Major Pitcairn of the Marines,) embarked and were landed upon the opposite shore on Cambridge Marsh; few but the Commandg. Officers knew what expedition we were going upon. After getting over the Marsh, where we were wet up to the knees, we were halted in a dirty road and stood there 'till two o'clock in the morning, waiting for provisions to be brought from the boats and to be divided, and which most of the Men threw away, having carried some with 'em. At 2 o'clock we began our March by wading through a very long ford up to our Middles: after going a few miles we took 3 or 4 People 'who were going off to give intelligence; about 5 miles on this side of a Town called Lexington, which lay in our road, we heard there were some hundreds of People collected together intending to oppose us and stop our going on; at 5 o'clock we arrived there and saw a number of People, I believe between 2 and 300, formed in a Common in the middle of the Town; we still continued advancing, keeping prepared against an attack tho' without intending to attack them; but on our coming near them they fired one or two shots, upon which our Men without any orders rushed in upon them, fired and put 'em to flight; several of them were killed, we cou'd not tell how many, because they were got behind Walls and into the Woods; We had a Man of the 10th light Infantry wounded, nobody else hurt. We then formed on

ite with Scott; that he had fought gallantly and been wounded severely in the American war, and that when upon his death-bed in 1831 he gave to Sir Walter the sword which he had worn at Bunker Hill. — E.

² He was right. This was in preparation for the expedition to Concord a few days later, and it was this order which first caused the inhabitants of Boston to suspect that some secret plan was on foot. — E.

¹ Captain Robert Hamilton. John Andrews in his Letters gives an account of his vain endeavors to get Hamilton to pay his debts. This was probably Sir Walter Scott's friend, of whom he writes in his diary on August 6, 1814, "A laugh with Hamilton, whose gout keeps him stationary at Lerwick, but whose good-humor defies gout and every other provocation, concludes the ev'g." Lockhart adds a note explaining that it was Robert Hamilton, afterwards Sheriff of Lanarkshire, a particular favor-

the Common, but with some difficulty, the Men were so wild they cou'd hear no orders; we waited a considerable time there, and at length proceeded on our way to Concord, which we then learnt was our destination, in order to destroy a Magazine of Stores collected there. We met with no interruption 'till within a mile or two of the Town, where the Country People had occupied a hill which commanded the road; the light Infantry were order'd away to the right and ascended the height in one line, upon which the Yankies quitted it without firing, which they did likewise for one or two more successively. They then crossed the River beyond the Town, and we march'd into the Town after taking possession of a Hill with a Liberty Pole on it and a flag flying, which was cut down; the Yankies had that Hill but left it to us; we expected they wou'd have made a stand there, but they did not chuse it. While the Grenadiers remained in the Town, destroying 3 pieces of Cannon, several Gun Carriages, and about 100 barrels of flour, with Harness and other things, the Light Companies were detached beyond the River to examine some Houses for more stores; 1 of these Compys. was left at the Bridge, another on a Hill some distance from it, and another on a hill $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile from that;¹ the other 3 went forward 2 or 3 miles to seek for some Cannon which had been there but had been taken away that morning.² During this time the People were gathering together in great numbers, and, taking advantage of our scatter'd disposition, seemed as if they were going to cut off the communication with the Bridge, upon which the two Companies joined and went to the Bridge to support that Company. The three Compys. drew up in the road the far side the Bridge and the Rebels on the Hill above, cover'd by a Wall; in that situation they remained a long time, very

near an hour, the three Companies expecting to be attacked by the Rebels, who were about 1000 strong. Capt'n. Lawrie,³ who commanded these three Companies, sent to Coll. Smith begging he would send more Troops to his Assistance and informing him of his situation; the Coll. order'd 2 or 3 Compys. but put himself at their head, by which means stopt 'em from being time enough, for being a very fat heavy Man he wou'd not have reached the Bridge in half an hour, tho' it was not half a mile to it; in the mean time the Rebels marched into the Road and were coming down upon us, when Cap'n. L——e made his Men retire to this side the Bridge (which by the bye he ought to have done at first, and then he wou'd have had time to make a good disposition, but at this time he had not, for the Rebels were got so near him that his people were obliged to form the best way they cou'd); as soon as they were over the Bridge the three companies got one behind the other so that only the front one cou'd fire; the Rebels when they got near the Bridge halted and fronted, filling the road from the top to the bottom. The fire soon began from a dropping shot on our side, when they and the front Comp'y. fired almost at the same instant, there being nobody to support the front Comp'y. The others not firing the whole were forced to quit the Bridge and return toward Concord; some of the Grenadiers met 'em in the road and then advanced to meet the Rebels, who had got this side the Bridge and on a good height, but seeing the manoeuvre they thought proper to retire again over the Bridge; the whole then went into Concord, drew up in the Town, and waited for the 3 Companies that were gone on, which arrived in about an hour; 4 Officers of 8 who were at the Bridge were wounded;⁴ 3 Men killed; 1 Sergt. and several Men wounded; after getting as good conveniences

of Captain Lawrence Parsons of the 10th, went to Colonel Barrett's guided by Ensign De Berniere. — E.

³ Walter Sloane Lawrie, of the 43d. — E.

⁴ These were Lieutenants William Sutherland of the 38th, Waldron Kelly of the 10th (wounded again at Bunker Hill), Edward Gould of the King's Own, and Edward Hull of the 43d. — E.

¹ The company left at the bridge was the light company of the 43d under the command of Lieutenant Gould of the King's Own. The other two posted on the hills near by were the light companies of the 10th regiment and of the King's Own (with which was, no doubt, the writer of this diary). — E.

² These three light companies, under the command

for the wounded as we cou'd, and having done the business we were sent upon, We set out upon our return; before the whole had quitted the Town we were fired on from Houses and behind Trees, and before we had gone $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile we were fired on from all sides, but mostly from the Rear, where People had hid themselves in houses till we had passed, and then fired; the Country was an amazing strong one, full of Hills, Woods, stone Walls, &c., which the Rebels did not fail to take advantage of, for they were all lined with People who kept an incessant fire upon us, as we did too upon them, but not with the same advantage, for they were so concealed there was hardly any seeing them: in this way we marched between 9 and 10 miles, their numbers increasing from all parts, while ours was reducing by deaths, wounds, and fatigue; and we were totally surrounded with such an incessant fire as it's impossible to conceive; our ammunition was likewise near expended. In this critical situation we perceived the 1st Brigade¹ coming to our assistance: it consisted of the 4th, 23d, and 47th Regts., and the Battalion of Marines, with two field pieces, 6 pounders; we had been flatter'd ever since the morning with expectations of the Brigade coming out, but at this time had given up all hopes of it, as it was so late. I since heard it was owing to a mistake of the orders, or the Brigade wou'd have been with us 2 hours sooner. As soon as the Rebels saw this reinforcement, and tasted the field pieces, they retired, and we formed on a rising ground and rested ourselves a little while, which was extremely necessary for our Men, who were almost exhausted with fatigue; in about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour we marched again, and some of the Brigade taking the flanking parties we marched pretty quiet for about 2 miles; they then began to pepper us again from the same sort of places, but at rather a greater distance. We were now obliged to force almost every house in the road, for the Rebels had taken possession of them and

galled us exceedingly; but they suffered for their temerity, for all that were found in the houses were put to death. When we got to Menotomy² there was a very heavy fire; after that we took the short cut into the Charles Town road, very luckily for us too, for the Rebels thinking we should endeavour to return by Cambridge had broken down the Bridge and had a great number of Men to line the road and to receive us there; however we threw them and went on to Charles Town without any great interruption. We got there between 7 and 8 o'clock at night, took possession of the hill above the Town, and waited for the Boats to carry us over, which came some time after; the Rebels did not chuse to follow us to the Hill, as they must have fought us on open ground and that they did not like. The Piquets of the Army were sent over to Charles Town and 200 of the 64th to keep that ground; they threw up a work to secure themselves, and we embarked and got home very late in the night. . . . Thus ended this Expedition, which from beginning to end was as ill plan'd and ill executed as it was possible to be; had we not idled away three hours on Cambridge Marsh waiting for provisions that were not wanted, we shou'd have had no interruption at Lexington, but by our stay the Country People had got intelligence and time to assemble. We shou'd have reached Concord soon after day break, before they cou'd have heard of us, by which we shou'd have destroyed more Cannon and Stores, which they had had time enough to convey away before our arrival; we might also have got easier back and not been so much harrassed, as they would not have had time to assemble so many People; even the People of Salem and Marblehead, above 20 miles off, had intelligence and time enough to march and meet us on our return; they met us somewhere about Menotomy, but they lost a good many for their pains. . . . Thus for a few trifling Stores the Grenrs. and Lt. Infantry had a march of about 50 Miles (going and returning)

¹ Under Lord Percy, who as senior officer now assumed the command. — E.

² West Cambridge, since Arlington. — E.

through an Enemy's Country, and in all human probability must every Man have been cut off if the Brigade had not fortunately come to their Assistance; for when the Brigade joined us there were very few Men had any ammunition left, and so fatigued that we cou'd not keep flanking parties out, so that we must soon have laid down our Arms, or been picked off by the Rebels at their pleasure.

24th. The Rebels the day after the Action took possession of Roxbury and still continue there, keeping the Town block'd up; their numbers there and at Cambridge are it is said 10 or 12000; there has been no communication with the Country since, the General not allowing any body to come in or go out; the Men of War have taken all the boats

and the Lines are shut up; they are kept constantly in readiness for an attack which the Rebels threaten, but I dare say will not put in execution; they are now in such a good state of defence that it wou'd be no easy matter to force them. There is an *Abbatis* in front of the left Bastion, and across the road is a treple row of chevaux de frise. . . . A Battery was yesterday began on the Hill above Charles Town Ferry, in order to defend the Somerset Man of War, who lays in the Channel, from any Battery which might be raised against her on a Hill on the Charles Town side where she cou'd not bring her guns to bear. Another Battery is erecting for four guns close under the Blockhouse, to command the Marsh to the left of the Dyke. . . .

THE RACES OF THE DANUBE.

IN the famous Eastern Question, which now for half a century has alternately threatened and disturbed the peace of Europe, may be noted two aspects of a process which, under great variety of conditions, has been going on over European territory ever since the dawn of authentic history. The formation of a nationality—that is, of a community of men sufficiently connected in interests and disciplined in social habits to live together peacefully under laws of their own making—has been the leading aspect of this process, in which the work of civilization has hitherto largely consisted. But along with this, as a correlative aspect, has gone the pressure exerted against the community by an external mass of undisciplined barbarism, ever on the alert to break over the fluctuating barrier that has warded it off from the growing civilization, ever threatening to undo the costly work which this has accomplished. Though the enemy has at times appeared

in the shape of unmitigated tribal barbarism, as in the invasion of Huns in the fifth century and of Mongols in the thirteenth, and at other times in the shape of an inferior type of civilization, as exemplified by the Arabs and Turks, the principle involved has always been the same. In every case the stake has been the continuance of the higher civilization, though the amount of risk has greatly varied, and in recent centuries has come to be very slight. At the present day the military strength of mankind is almost entirely monopolized by the higher civilization, and it is no longer in danger of being overwhelmed by external violence. But when the Greeks confronted a social organization of inferior type at Marathon and at Salamis, the danger was considerable; and in prehistoric times it may well have happened more than once that some germ of a progressive polity has been swept away in a torrent of conquering barba-

rism. Until the rise of the Roman power the chief military business of the cultivated community had been to drive off the barbarian, to slaughter him, or reduce him to slavery; but the more profound policy of Rome transformed him, whenever it was possible, into a citizen, and enlisted his fighting power on the side of progress. From the conquest of Spain by Scipio to the subjugation of Central Germany by Charles the Great, this is the most conspicuous feature of Roman history. The area of stable nationality in Europe was continually enlarged, and the frontier to be defended against wild tribes was gradually shortened and pushed eastward to the lower Danube. In the time of Marius, the Gaul and the German were enemies who might possibly undo all the good work that had been begun. But the Gaul very quickly became a thorough Roman in his habits and interests, forgetting even his native language; and the German tribes, as they acquired a foothold, one after another, within the limits of the Empire, became so far assimilated that the transformation of the Roman structure effected by them was in no respect, not even in a political sense, an overthrow. In the turbulent period of the fifth century, when the debatable frontier was still at the Rhine and upper Danube, a terrible foe appeared in Attila, with his horde of savage Huns; and it was then mainly by the prowess of Gauls and Germans, in the memorable battle of Châlons, that the security of European civilization was decisively guaranteed. So formidable a danger has perhaps never since menaced Christendom, though Gibbon reckoned the teaching of the Koran in Oxford as one of the consequences that might have ensued had Charles the Hammer been overthrown at Tours by the Arabs. Under the grandson of this doughty hero — Charles the Great — the entire strength of Germany became enlisted in the service of the christianized Empire, and among the results of this were the conversion of the newly-arriving Magyars, Poles, and Bohemians, and the conquest of Prussia by the Teutonic knights. By the thirteenth century the fabric of Eu-

ropean civilization had become so solid that a barbaric power not inferior to Attila's was hardly able to make any impression upon it. Batu, with his fifteen hundred thousand Mongols, gained a victory at Liegnitz in 1241 such as Attila had fought for in vain at Châlons; but it came some centuries too late, for the contest between stable nationality and nomadic barbarism was by this time settled forever. The most the greasy Mongol could accomplish was to check for a few generations the growth of a national life among the Slavic tribes of Russia.

But though Châlons and Tours demonstrated that Christian civilization could hold its own, whether against the barbarian or the infidel, the latter nevertheless twice succeeded in making serious encroachments on Roman territory. The first great wave of Mohammedan invasion not only swept away the provinces south of the Mediterranean, but overwhelmed the greater part of Spain, and cut it away from the Empire for several centuries. The disastrous effect of this long isolation upon the future history of Spain has been often remarked, and if thoroughly treated would make an interesting study. Yet the contributions of the Mohammedan conquerors to the work of human culture, which were by no means insignificant, may perhaps be thought to have afforded some compensation for the harm done. Spain is the only instance of a country once thoroughly infused with Roman civilization which has been actually severed from the Empire; and even here the severance, though of long duration, was but partial and temporary. After a struggle of nearly eight centuries, the higher form of social organization triumphed over the lower and the usurping race was expelled. Contemporaneously with this final rescue of Spanish territory, the second great wave of Mohammedan invasion overflowed the remnants of the Byzantine Empire, and seemed for a while to threaten the security of Europe. In this second invasion, conducted by Turks, there was much more of barbarism than in the older invasion of the Arabs, and after allowing

for all possible mitigating considerations, it seems difficult to regard the conquest of Constantinople and the territory south of the Danube as anything but a great calamity. How much or how little capacity for renovation, under the influence of modern ideas, may have been latent in the Byzantine Empire, we now shall never know. But, far as it had sunk, politically and socially, toward the Asiatic type of a community, its regeneration could hardly have been as hopeless an affair as is that of its Ottoman successor. In such a society as that of the Turks there is, indeed, nothing to regenerate, but the work of civilization in the European sense, if it is to be done at all, must be begun from the beginning. The very germs of constitutionalism, of legality, of government by discussion, are wanting there as they have never been wanting in any European community in the worst of times. This has been the essential vice of all the Mussulman civilizations. Their theocratic type of constitution crushes out all flexibility of mind or individuality of character and quenches all desire of change. For this reason they have invariably failed, in the long run, when brought into competition with the more mobile societies of Europe; and for this reason, in spite of the romantic splendor and the scientific achievements which immortalize the memory of Bagdad and Cordova, we must be glad that they have failed.

There has been neither high romance nor useful performance of any sort to reconcile one to the unrighteous dominion which a tribe of Mussulman Tatars has exercised for four centuries over some of the fairest provinces of Europe. The history of that dominion has been a monotonous display of brute force without any noble ulterior purpose which might redeem its vulgarity. It is the history of a race politically unteachable and intellectually incurious, which has contributed absolutely nothing to the common weal of mankind, while by its position it has been able to check the normal development of a more worthy community.

The provinces which Mohammed II.

wrested from the Empire had at no time been very thoroughly Romanized, and such civilization as they had acquired in antiquity had fared but ill amid the everlasting turmoil to which their frontier position had subjected them. Invading swarms from the northeast, when unable to penetrate farther into Europe, halted here and wrangled for supremacy, and the ceaseless but ineffectual warfare of Avars, Bulgarians, Croats, Serbs, and Magyars makes a dreary and unprofitable history. On a superficial view this whole region seems politically a Bedlam, as it is linguistically a Babel. But — as was hinted at the beginning of this paper — the complication of disorder on the lower Danube is perhaps no greater than has existed, at one time or another, in those parts of Europe that are now most thoroughly civilized. All over Spain, Gaul, and Britain, and even Italy, the conflicts of races have been fierce and their intermixtures extremely intricate. But under the organizing impulse of Rome, directed alike by Empire and Church, the populations of these countries long ago became so far consolidated in general interests and assimilated in manners and speech that in each country the old racial differences are but occasionally traceable in rural customs and *patois*, and even when plainly traceable have little or no political importance. It is a long time since the Iberian, the Gaul, the Roman, the Visigoth, the Burgundian, the Frank, the Walloon, and the Norman disappeared politically in the Frenchman; and the Scot, whose slogan for ages was "Death to the Sassenach!" is to-day the most loyal of Britons. Over three fourths of Western Europe the adoption of Roman speech has obliterated old lines of demarkation until it has even become possible to talk about a "Latin race." In like manner the Prussian of Königsberg, his Lettic mother-tongue forgotten for six generations, makes common cheer with the Suevi of Stuttgart and the Alemanni of Munich. In the border-land of the Danube, on the other hand, whatever chance there might have been for any such assimilation of races and dialects was cut

off by perpetual incursions of Tataric tribes preventing the growth of anything like nationality. Under some circumstances the pressure exerted by a totally alien enemy might serve as a stimulus to national consolidation. But here the various races were too recently brought together, and the pressure of barbaric attack was so great as to keep society disorganized. The races of the Danube are accordingly still so heterogeneous that it is worth while to point out their various affinities and give some brief account of their past career.

In order to get a comprehensive view of the subject, it is desirable to go back to the beginning and recall the principal features of the settlement of Europe by the people who now possess it. According to the most probable opinion, the present population of Europe is the result of the prehistoric mixture, in varying degrees, of two very different races. The first or Iberian race may be regarded as aboriginal in Europe, in the sense that we cannot tell how it got there. It was a black-haired and dark-skinned race, if we may judge from the remnant of it which still preserves its primitive language in the isolated corner of Spain between the Pyrenees and the Bay of Biscay. The second or Aryan race seems to have been fair-haired and blue-eyed, and it overran Europe in successive swarms, coming from the highlands of Central Asia, where divers tribes of Tatars have since taken its place. The Aryans crowded the Iberians westward, and everywhere overcame them (save in the corner of Spain just mentioned), and intermingled with them, forcing upon them their own speech and customs. Thus the language of Europe to-day is Aryan and its legal and social structure is Aryan, but its population is a mixture of Aryan and Iberian. In the extremities of Europe as looked at from Asia — in the three southern peninsulas, in Gaul, and in Western and Northern Britain — the dark aboriginal type predominates; while in Scandinavia, Northern Germany, and Northern Russia, the blonde type of the invaders remains in the ascendant. It is owing to this mix-

ture of strongly contrasted races that the peoples of Europe present such marked varieties of complexion.

So much, at least, is probable, though more or less hypothetical. In following the successive stages of Aryan invasion, we gradually emerge from this twilight of plausible hypothesis into the clearness of authentic history. The Aryans came, as just observed, in successive swarms. The first series of swarms got naturally the most mixed up with the Iberian aborigines, and the result of their gradual settlement was the formation of the Keltic, Italic, and Hellenic peoples. In Spain the aborigines held their own most successfully, and hence the mixture was recent enough to be recognized by Roman historians, who called the Spaniards Kelt-Iberians; but elsewhere it was accomplished so early as to be forgotten before people began to write history. It has been fashionable to sneer at zealous Irish writers for their propensity to find traces of the Kelts everywhere. But there is no doubt whatever that the Kelts were once a very widely diffused people. They have left names for rivers and mountains in almost every part of Europe. The name of the river *Don* in Russia, for example, is one of the common Keltic names for water, and so we find a river *Don* in Yorkshire, a *Dean* in Nottinghamshire, a *Dane* in Cheshire, and a *Dun* in Lincolnshire. The same name appears in the *Rho-dan-us*, or *Rhone*, in Gaul, the *Eri-dan-us*, or *Po*, in Italy, as well as in the *Dn-ieper*, *Dn-iester*, and *Dan-ube*, and even in the *Are-don* in the Caucasus. This is one example out of hundreds by which we trace the former ubiquity of the Kelts, who as late as the Christian era were present in large numbers as far east as Bohemia.

The second series of invading Aryan swarms consisted of Germans, who began by pushing the Kelts westward, and ended by overrunning a great part of their territory and mixing with them to a considerable extent. There is some German blood in Spain, and a good deal in France and Northern Italy; and the modern English, while Keltic at bottom, are probably half Teutonic in blood,

as they are predominantly Teutonic in language and manners. The Vandals, Goths, Alemans, Suevi, Burgundians, Lombards, Franks, Saxons, and Normans, who invaded and reconstructed the Roman Empire between the fifth and eleventh centuries, were all Germans, and there is no reason to suppose that they differed except in their tribal names. From the fifth century onward these Germans encroached upon the territory of the Empire, mainly because they were pushed forward by Aryan Slaves and Tataric Huns who attacked them from the East. Throughout the classic period of antiquity, and until the fifth century after Christ, the Teutonic family appears far to the eastward of its present position. In the time of Herodotus, and down to the age of Constantine, the inhabitants of Thrace — now the centre of European Turkey — were blue-eyed Goths, called *Getæ* by the classic historians. Pretty much the whole of Turkey and Southern Russia were German in those days; and, as Donaldson conjectured, it is every way probable that the people known to the ancients as Skythians were no other than Goths.

Thus, as if to illustrate how completely all Aryan Europe is made up out of the same race-elements, we find that the lower Danube, for at least a thousand years, was German territory; and, except on the very improbable supposition that its old population has been entirely exterminated or transferred westward, we have every reason to believe that there is much German blood there at the present day.

While this region was still in the hands of the Germans, at the beginning of the second century after Christ, the legions of the emperor Trajan passed beyond the Danube, and, conquering the country then known as Dacia, formed a permanent settlement there. In 271 the emperor Aurelian, finding the province difficult to defend, surrendered it to the Goths, in whose hands it remained for a long time a bulwark against the incursions of wild tribes from the northeast. The Latin language was firmly established over this territory, and is spoken

to-day, in a modernized form, by six millions of "*Roumans*" in Wallachia, Moldavia, and Transylvania. Of this population, the Transylvanian Roumans have long formed part of the kingdom of Hungary; the rest, under the nominal suzerainty of the Porte, are ruled by a German prince of the house of Hohen-zollern; and the racial basis of the whole is, no doubt, mainly Teutonic, with a considerable Roman and still greater Slavic admixture.

The Slavs make up the third and last division of the Aryan conquerors of Europe. Their speech has in many respects departed less widely from the forms of the common Aryan mother-tongue than the speech of the earlier invaders. In physical characteristics they resemble most closely the northern Germans, in whom, with the central Russians and Letts, we see perhaps the purest specimens of the Aryan race; but in the south they have been more or less modified by intermixture with various strains of Tataric blood. Napoleon's witticism, however, that you need only scratch a Russian to get at the Tatar underneath, contained little more wisdom than is usually to be found in such smart sayings based on hasty generalization from inadequate and half-understood data. On the whole, the principal intermixture of the Slavs has been with their nearest congeners and neighbors, the Teutons. Slavonic tribes, pushing their way far into the centre of Europe, still hold Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, while further south, in Carinthia and Istria, the Slav country comes up close to the Tyrol and to Venice. In the Middle Ages, this border region, from the head of the Adriatic to the mountains of Bohemia, was the seat of everlasting war; and such immense numbers of the eastern invaders were captured from time to time and sold into slavery in all parts of Germany that their national name became the common appellation for wretches doomed to involuntary servitude. Such was the origin of our English word "*slave*." Until lately it was supposed that the vernacular meaning of the national name was "*the glorious*," as *slava*

is a common word for "glory" in most of the Slavonic languages; and frequent comment was made on the curious fate whereby the proud name of a noble race of warriors became perverted into a common noun to describe the most abject condition of humanity. It is very doubtful, however, whether the striking contrast really exists to supply a fit subject for moralizing. It is far more probable that the name *Slav* is connected with *slovo*, "a word," and means the "distinctly-speaking people" as contrasted with the *Njemetch*, or "talkers of gibberish," by which polite epithet the Slavic races have always distinguished the Germans. This naïve assumption, that it is ourselves alone who talk intelligibly, while foreigners babble a meaningless jargon, has been a very common one with uninstructed people, and "Njemetch" is not the only national appellation that bears witness to its prevalence. The epithet "Welsh," which the Germans apply to the Italians, the Dutch to the Belgians, and the English to the Kymry of Western Britain, has precisely the same meaning; and so had the word "barbarian" by which the ancient inhabitant of Hellas described indiscriminately all people who did not speak Greek.

It was about the middle of the fifth century that the Slavonic race began to play a part in European history. Advancing from what is now Southern Russia, in the rear of the Tataric hordes of Attila, various Slavic tribes overran the provinces of Mesia, Thrace, Illyricum, and Macedonia. Overcoming, and to some extent crowding out, the Gothic inhabitants, they were within a century firmly established throughout the area between the Black Sea and the Adriatic, which they have ever since continued to occupy. But, far from attempting to set themselves up as an independent political power in this territory, they were readily brought to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Empire. They no more thought of overthrowing the dominion of Rome than the Germans did: what they were after was a good share of its material advantages. To have set up a rival

imperium would have been quite beyond their slender political capacity, and their imagination did not reach so far as to conceive the idea. So long as they were allowed to retain their forcibly-acquired possessions of land and cattle, they were quite ready to help defend the Empire against Tataric Avars and other marauders. The relations thus knit between the Slavs and the government at Constantinople were similar to those established between the Germans and the imperial authorities in the West. Slavonic troops came to form a large and redoubtable element in the eastern armies, and to the infusion of new life thus received we may no doubt partly attribute the prolonged maintenance of the Byzantine Empire. It is, perhaps, not generally remembered that the greatest warrior and one of the most illustrious emperors of this part of the Roman world were of Slavic origin. The vernacular name of which Justinian is the Latin translation was Upravda, or "the Upright;" and his invincible general Belisarius was a Dardanian Slav named Beli-czar, or "the White Prince." Within less than a century after this white prince had driven the Goths from Italy, the able emperor Heraclius, contending on the one hand against the Persians while menaced on the other by the barbaric Avars, invited two Slavic tribes from beyond the Danube to aid in expelling the latter invaders. These tribes were the Croats and Serbs, and they have remained ever since in the lands which were then granted them in reward of their military services.

One reason—and perhaps the chief one—why the invading Germans and Slavs so readily became subjects of the Roman Empire is to be found in the fact that they were settled agricultural races and not wandering nomads. It may seem odd to speak of races as "settled" who moved about so extensively over the face of Europe within the short period of two centuries. But if they wandered, it was only because they were driven by enemies in the rear too strong or too numerous for them to overcome, not because their mode of life obliged

them to roam over vast areas in quest of the means of subsistence. The profound philology of the present day has shown that the Aryans, while still in their primitive Asiatic home, and long before they had become distinguishable as Kelts, Græco-Italians, Teutons, Slavs, or Indo-Persians, had advanced beyond the hunting and exclusively pastoral stages of barbarism, and acquired a subsistence partly by tilling the soil and partly by the rearing of domestic cattle. They possessed even houses and inclosed towns, and the rudiments of what Mr. Bagehot calls "government by discussion" were not wholly unknown to them. The picture of society with which we are familiar in the *Germania* of Tacitus and in the Homeric poems represents a condition of things in many respects similar to that which obtained among the primitive Aryans. In these respects they differed widely from the savage Tataric hordes which molested them on the east, and to whose attacks, as well as to the unmanageable increase in their own numbers, we must probably ascribe their gradual and long-continued migrations into Southern Asia and into Europe. When after many centuries those less-civilized Aryans known as Germans and Slavs were driven into collision with their more-civilized brethren of the Roman Empire, their invasion was in an all-important respect very different from the invasions of Huns or Avars. The followers of Alaric, Hengist, and Chlodwig came to colonize, whereas the followers of Attila came but to riot and destroy. The vandalism of the former was incidental, while that of the latter was fundamental. The Teutonic and Slavic invaders, once over the first intoxication of victory, began, as by natural instinct, to found rural estates and cultivate the soil; and thus becoming property-holders, although their title rested on violence, it became their interest to assist in preserving the political system so far as practicable. The date 476, which the old historians made to mark the political fall of the Roman Empire, in reality marked nothing at all at the time except a paltry intrigue by which the German

Odoacer, having got rid of a *fainéant* emperor who was too near at hand, continued to administer the affairs of Italy under commission from the government at Constantinople. In reality the identity of interests between the Teutonic settlers and the imperial system became more and more manifest during the three following centuries, until it was definitely declared in 800 in the coronation of Charles the Great, whereby the headship of the western world was restored to Rome, while the connection with the East was finally severed.

If we consider the eastern half of the Empire at this time, — or, at least, so much of it as was comprised in Europe, the remainder having been mostly torn away by the Saracens, — we find it undergoing a gradual process of slavonization quite analogous to the Teutonic reconstruction which was just culminating in the West. Pretty much the whole of what is now European Turkey had become filled with a Slavic population. For the most part this population had been converted to the Greek or so-called Orthodox form of Christianity, though in remote parts of Serbia paganism lingered till the thirteenth century. There was probably some sense, though slight, of a community of race throughout the peninsula. The interests of the Slavs, on the whole, were concerned in the protection of the imperial system against external attack, although the various chiefs made war on each other and mismanaged their own affairs with as little sense of allegiance to the Byzantine suzerain as the rulers of Brittany or Aquitaine felt for their degenerate Carlovingian overlords. Thus on a superficial view the conditions of order and turbulence, so to speak, might have seemed very similar here to what they were in the West; and all that was needed for the growth of a new national life might seem to be the rise of a dominant tribe — after the likeness of the Franks — which in due course of time should seize the falling Byzantine sceptre and assert unquestioned sway over the whole peninsula. Could something like this have happened, the Eastern Question would probably never have come up

to perturb the politics of modern Europe, and the entire careers of Russia and Austria must have been essentially modified. But for the Hungarians, Crim Tatars, and Turks, something of this sort might very likely have happened. As it was, however, no sooner did one Slavonic community begin to rise to preëminence than some fatal combination of invaders proceeded to cripple its power, and this state of things continued until the turbaned infidel made an easy prey of the whole region.

In the ninth century the chronic agitation of Eastern Europe was raised to terrible fever heat by the approach of the Hungarians, — a non-Aryan race from Central Asia which has had a very different career from that of the other non-Aryan invaders of Europe. Of all such invaders, these alone have established a securely permanent foothold, unless we count the cognate Finns, who were established in the far North in prehistoric times. To keep in his mind a succinct view of these ethnological facts, the reader will do well to remember that all the languages now spoken in Europe are Aryan languages descended from a common Aryan mother-tongue, with just four exceptions. The first of these is the Basque of Northwestern Spain, sole remnant of the aboriginal Iberian speech. The second is the group of Finnic dialects spoken by a Tataric people which has lived from time immemorial on the eastern shores of the Baltic. The third is the Hungarian, and the fourth is the Turkish. These languages have absolutely nothing in common with the Aryan, either in grammar or vocabulary. The Basque, too, has nothing in common with the three other alien tongues. But Finnish, Hungarian, and Turkish are quite nearly related to each other, and there is also blood-relationship between the peoples who speak these languages. Like the Turks, the Hungarians are a Tatar race; and there cannot be a more striking commentary on the fallaciousness of explaining all national peculiarities by a cheap reference to "blood" than is furnished

by these two peoples, the one being as highly endowed with political good sense as the other is hopelessly destitute of it. This is not the place to attempt to explain the difference in detail as due to the different circumstances amid which the two peoples have been placed; but there is no doubt that their careers have been sufficiently different. In the ninth century the Hungarians were as great a terror to Christendom as the Turks were in the fifteenth; but the Magyars, after failing to break through the bulwark of christianized Germans which the genius of Charles the Great had prepared for such emergencies, settled down quietly in Pannonia — to which they have given the name of Hungary — and became converted to the Roman form of Christianity. But in the course of this settlement, the Magyars interfered seriously with the integrity of the Slavonic communities on the Danube. They tore away a considerable portion of Croatia and Serbia, and subjected so many Slavic tribes that at the present day the Slavs outnumber the Magyars even within the limits of Hungary itself.¹

In calling the Magyars the only non-Aryan invaders who have secured a permanent foot-hold in European territory, I had forgotten, for the moment, the Bulgars who conquered Lower Mæsia in the beginning of the sixth century. These Bulgars were a Tatar race, known also as Ugrians, a name of which the "ogre" of our nursery stories is supposed to be a corruption. But the achievements of the Bulgars, as a distinct race, were hardly of enough consequence to keep them always in one's memory. Though they gave the name Bulgaria to the Roman province of Lower Mæsia, they were soon absorbed among the Slavs, and quite lost their Tataric speech. And so, while Bulgaria played a prominent part in mediæval history, it figures only as a portion of the Slavonic world. Yet to this day, it is said, the inhabitants of Bulgaria exhibit, in their high cheek-bones, flat face, and sunken eyes, as well as in their curious attire, the characteristics of the

¹ In 1850 the population of Hungary was thus divided: Magyars, 5,000,000; Slavs, 6,000,000; Ger-

mans and Jews, 1,600,000; Roumans in Transylvania, 3,000,000.

Tatar race. In the seventh century Bulgaria was overrun by the Avars, but after these nomads were expelled the Bulgarian power developed rapidly and was even extended back over Bessarabia and all Southern Russia as far as the Sea of Azof. These eastern conquests were not long retained, but on the other hand the semi-independent kingdom between the Danube and the Balkan Mountains became more and more formidable in its rivalry with the imperial government at Constantinople. In long and obstinate warfare the Bulgarians overcame the Serbs, and by the beginning of the tenth century they controlled nearly the whole peninsula from the Black Sea to the Adriatic. At this epoch their kingdom was perhaps as civilized as any in contemporary Europe, if literary culture alone were to be taken as a criterion. Their noble youth studied Aristotle and Demosthenes in the schools of Constantinople, and the subtleties of theological controversy occupied their attention no less than the practice of military arts. In a quarrel with the emperor, their czar Simeon laid siege to the capital and dictated terms of peace at the Golden Horn. But in the next century all this was changed. Such arrogant vassals were not to be tolerated. In a masterly campaign, though sullied by diabolical cruelty, the emperor Basil II. overthrew the power of the Bulgarians, and subduing the Serbs likewise reestablished the immediate authority of Constantinople as far as the Danube.

From this time forth the contest for supremacy was carried on chiefly between the emperors and the Serbian chiefs. The preëminence of Serbia began about the end of the eleventh century, when Urosh was crowned grand duke. By the middle of the fourteenth century the whole country, with the exception of Rumelia or Thrace, was in the hands of the Serbians, and it really seemed as if the degenerate Greek empire were about to pass into the hands of the Slav. Stephen Dushan, of the house of Urosh, a profound statesman and consummate general, was the hero who aspired to reenact in the eastern world the part of Charles the Great. In

1356 he was proclaimed Emperor of the East, and if his life had been spared he might have made good the title. But the firmness of his monarchical rule was irritating to his turbulent vassals; and like Caesar, William the Silent, Henry IV., and Lincoln, he fell by the stupid hand of the assassin, just at the time when a few years more of life might have been of inestimable value to his people and to mankind. With the death of the "emperor" Stephen, the formation of a Slavic nationality under Serbian leadership was indefinitely postponed. The feudal lords who had so stupidly destroyed the only genius which could guide them to victory were one by one overthrown by the imperial armies; and when the Turk arrived, in the next century, there was no solid power in the peninsula which could check his baleful progress.

To recount the vicissitudes of Serbia as principal battle ground between Christian Austrian and infidel Turk would be a task as tedious as profitless. We have seen how the Slavs of the Byzantine Empire failed to become a nation, and this is the only point which need concern us. There is neither interest nor instruction in the record of incessant fighting without definite issue; and to the philosophic historian the career of Slavonic Turkey becomes almost a blank until the beginning of the present century, when the uprising of the Serbs against the Janissaries, under the leadership of the eccentric and infamous Kara George, reopened the Eastern Question, and perhaps heralded the rise of a new national life among the southern Slavs.

This sketch of the Danubian peoples has of course been but the merest outline. I have not attempted, and should indeed feel quite incompetent, to do more than define, by a few salient facts, the ethnological relations of these peoples and their position in the general history of Europe. Even so rudimentary an outline as this, however, would be incomplete without some allusion to the very important part played by the Danubian Slavs in the origination of the Protestant revolt against the ecclesias-

tical supremacy of Rome. The circumstances under which the Bulgarians were converted to Christianity were such that during their brief political and literary eminence in the tenth century they became the arch-heretics of Europe. The Manichæan heresy, suggested by the ancient theology of Persia, in which the Devil appears as an independently existing Principle of Evil, had always been rife in Armenia; and it was partly by Armenian missionaries, belonging to the Manichæan sect of Paulicians, that Bulgaria was converted from heathenism. In the middle of the eighth century the emperor Constantine Copronymus transplanted a large colony of Paulicians from Armenia into Thrace,¹ and these immigrants were not long in spreading their heresy beyond the Balkan. A century later the persecuting zeal of the orthodox emperors drove Armenia into rebellion, and for a short time an independent Paulician state maintained itself on the upper Euphrates. Early in the tenth century this little state was overthrown, and such a direful persecution was inaugurated that the inhabitants in great numbers sought the shelter which the Bulgarian czar, Simeon, was both able and willing to give. "From this period onward," says Mr. Evans, "the Paulician heresy may be said to change its nationality, and to become Slavonic." It also acquired a new name. In their Slavonic home these heretics were called Bogomiles, from the Bulgarian *Bog z'milui*, or "God have mercy," in allusion to their peculiar devotion to prayer. The sect now became very powerful, as the czars, in their struggle for supremacy with the Byzantine overlords, could not afford to incur the displeasure of such a considerable body of their subjects. Bogomilian apostles, in keen rivalry with the orthodox missionaries, carried their Manichæan doctrines westward all over Serbia. After another hundred years the catastrophe which had driven this heresy from Asia into Europe was curiously repeated in its new home. After the power of the Bulgarian czars had been finally

broken down by Basil II., the orthodox emperors began once more to roast the obnoxious Paulicians. A fierce persecution under Alexius Comnenus set up a current of Bogomilian migration into Serbia, and as these immigrants found no favor in the eyes of the orthodox Serbian princes, their westward pilgrimage was continued into that part of Illyricum now known as Bosnia, — a hilly region inhabited, then as now, mainly by fair-haired Serbs. From the twelfth century onward Bosnia became the headquarters of Manichæan heresy, and was a very uncomfortable thorn in the flesh of the popes, who with the aid of pious Hungarian kings kept up a perpetual crusade against the stubborn little country, without ever achieving any considerable success.

The Papacy had very good grounds for its anxiety, for it was from Bosnia that the great Albigensian heresy was propagated through Northern Italy and Southern Gaul. This connection between eastern and western Protestantism, though generally forgotten now, was well understood at the time. Matthew Paris states that the Albigensians possessed a pope of their own, whose seat of government was in Bosnia, and who kept a vicar residing in Carcassonne. By orthodox writers the western heretics were quite frequently termed "Bulgares," — a designation which became invested with the vilest opprobrium, — and a glance at the principal Bogomilian doctrines shows that the relationship was asserted on valid grounds. Like the Manichæans generally, the Bogomiles held that the Devil exists independent of the will of the good God and was the creator of this evil world, which it is the work of Christ to redeem from his control. They accepted as inspired the New Testament, with the Psalms and Prophets, but set little store by the historical books of the Old Testament, and rejected the Mosaic writings as dictated by Satan. They denied any mystical efficiency to baptism, and laughed at the doctrine of transubstantiation, main-

¹ See the Historical Sketch of Bosnia, by Mr. A. J. Evans, prefixed to his excellent work *Through*

Bosnia and the Herzegovina on Foot. London. 1876 8vo.

taining that the consecrated wafer is in nowise different from ordinary bread. Some of them are said to have neglected baptism altogether. They regarded image-worship as no better than heathen idolatry, and they paid no respect to the symbol of the cross, asking, "If any man slew the son of a king with a bit of wood, how could this piece of wood be dear to the king?"¹ Their aversion to the worship of the Virgin was equally pronounced, and they despised the intercession of saints. They wore long faces, abstained from the use of wine, and commended celibacy. Some went so far as to refuse animal food, and in general their belief in the vileness of matter led them to the extremes of asceticism. Their ecclesiastical government was in many respects presbyterian; in politics they were generally democratic, with a leaning toward communism quite in keeping with their primitive Slavonic customs as well as with their strictly literal interpretation of the New Testament.

When we consider that these remarkable sectarians not only set on foot the Albigenian revolt which Innocent III. overcame with fire and sword, but were also intimately associated with the later Slavonic outbreak of which John Huss and Jerome of Prague were the leaders, it becomes evident that the part played in European history by the southern

Slavs is far from insignificant. As Mr. Evans observes, it is not too much to regard Bosnia as the religious Switzerland of mediæval Europe, in whose inaccessible mountain strongholds was prolonged the defiant resistance to papal supremacy which in the West repeatedly succumbed to the overwhelming power of the Inquisition. The sudden change which followed on the invasion of the Turks is instructive as showing the political danger attendant upon excessive persecution. As the armies of Mohammed II. were making their way toward Bosnia, king Stephen of Hungary began cutting the throats of his Bogomile subjects, some forty thousand of whom are said to have fled into the Herzegóvina, while others were sent in chains to be burned at Rome. Bosnia was again threatened with an orthodox crusade, but the people, preferring to take their chances of religious immunity with the Turk, threw themselves on him for protection, and surrendered their inexpugnable country to Mohammed without striking a blow. The surrender, indeed, went farther than this; for though the Serbs of Bosnia have several times asserted their political independence, more than a third of the population have become followers of the Prophet, and furnish to-day the sole example of a native European race of Mussulmans.

John Fiske.

THE DYING ROSE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

WHAT were the gifts of a thousand lovers
To that one perfect song of thine,
Whose liquid cadence around me hovers,
Steeping my soul in bliss divine?

Oh to live and to love forever!
Out of my petals fades the red;
The night and thy song, O love, are over;
I am dying, and thou art fled.

¹ Evans, *op. cit.*, p. xxx.

Fled! Live on then,—and love another;
 That cannot rob me of my bliss.
 Though thou shouldst woo a hundred, no other,
 Never a one, wilt thou love like this!

Thou, too, must pass death's shadowy portal;
 Naught will remain but this song of thine.
 Life is fleeting, but song is immortal;
 Half of thy fame is also mine.

I dare not weep though I fade forever;
 More from a century none could win.
 This is my joy, that never, oh never,
 Save but for me, love, thy song had been!

Alice Williams Brotherton.

THE AMERICAN.

XXIII.

NEWMAN returned to Paris the second day after his interview with Mrs. Bread. The morrow he had spent at Poitiers, reading over and over again the little document which he had lodged in his pocket-book, and thinking what he would do in the circumstances and how he would do it. He would not have said that Poitiers was an amusing place; yet the day seemed very short. Domiciled once more in the Boulevard Haussmann, he walked over to the Rue de l'Université and inquired of Madame de Bellegarde's portress whether the marquise had come back. The portress told him that she had arrived, with M. le Marquis, on the preceding day, and further informed him that if he desired to enter, Madame de Bellegarde and her son were both at home. As she said these words the little white-faced old woman who peered out of the dusky gate-house of the Hotel de Bellegarde gave a small, wicked smile,—a smile which seemed to Newman to mean, "Go in if you dare!" She was evidently versed in the current domestic history; she was placed where she could feel the pulse of the house.

Newman stood a moment, twisting his mustache and looking at her; then he abruptly turned away. But this was not because he was afraid to go in,—though he doubted whether, if he did so, he should be able to make his way, unchallenged, into the presence of Madame de Cintré's relatives. Confidence—excessive confidence, perhaps—quite as much as timidity prompted his retreat. He was nursing his thunder-bolt; he loved it; he was unwilling to part with it. He seemed to be holding it aloft in the rumbling, vaguely-flashing air, directly over the heads of his victims, and he fancied he could see their pale, upturned faces. Few specimens of the human countenance had ever given him such pleasure as these, lighted in the lurid fashion I have hinted at, and he was disposed to sip the cup of contemplative revenge in a leisurely fashion. It must be added, too, that he was at a loss to see exactly how he could arrange to witness the operation of his thunder. To send in his card to Madame de Bellegarde would be a waste of ceremony; she would certainly decline to receive him. On the other hand he could not force his way into her presence. It annoyed him keenly to

think that he might be reduced to the blind satisfaction of writing her a letter; but he consoled himself, in a measure, with the reflection that a letter might lead to an interview. He went home, and feeling rather tired — nursing a vengeance was, it must be confessed, a rather fatiguing process; it took a good deal out of one — flung himself into one of his brocaded fauteuils, stretched his legs, thrust his hands into his pockets, and, while he watched the reflected sunset fading from the ornate house-tops on the opposite side of the Boulevard, began mentally to compose a cool epistle to Madame de Bellegarde. While he was so occupied his servant threw open the door and announced ceremoniously, “Madame Bread!”

Newman roused himself, expectantly, and in a few moments perceived upon his threshold the worthy woman with whom he had conversed to such good purpose on the starlit hill-top of Fleurières. Mrs. Bread had made for this visit the same toilet as for her former expedition. Newman was struck with her distinguished appearance. His lamp was not lit, and as her large, grave face gazed at him through the light dusk from under the shadow of her ample bonnet he felt the incongruity of such a person presenting herself as a servant. He greeted her with high geniality and bade her come in and sit down and make herself comfortable. There was something which might have touched the springs both of mirth and of melancholy in the ancient maidenliness with which Mrs. Bread endeavored to comply with these directions. She was not playing at being fluttered, which would have been simply ridiculous; she was doing her best to carry herself as a person so humble that, for her, even embarrassment would have been pretentious; but evidently she had never dreamed of its being in her horoscope to pay a visit, at night-fall, to a friendly single gentleman who lived in theatrical-looking rooms on one of the new Boulevards.

“I truly hope I am not forgetting my place, sir,” she murmured.

“Forgetting your place?” cried New-

man. “Why, you are remembering it. This is your place, you know. You are already in my service; your wages, as housekeeper, began a fortnight ago. I can tell you my house wants keeping! Why don’t you take off your bonnet and stay?”

“Take off my bonnet?” said Mrs. Bread, with timid literalness. “Oh, sir, I have n’t my cap. And with your leave, sir, I could n’t keep house in my best gown.”

“Never mind your gown,” said Newman, cheerfully. “You shall have a better gown than that.”

Mrs. Bread stared solemnly and then stretched her hands over her lustreless satin skirt, as if the perilous side of her situation were defining itself. “Oh, sir, I am fond of my own clothes,” she murmured.

“I hope you have left those wicked people, at any rate,” said Newman.

“Well, sir, here I am!” said Mrs. Bread. “That’s all I can tell you. Here I sit poor Catherine Bread. It’s a strange place for me to be. I don’t know myself; I never supposed I was so bold. But indeed, sir, I have gone as far as my own strength will carry me.”

“Oh, come, Mrs. Bread,” said Newman, almost caressingly, “don’t make yourself uncomfortable. Now ’s the time to feel lively, you know.”

She began to speak again with a trembling voice. “I think it would be more respectable if I could — if I could” — and her voice trembled to a pause.

“If you could give up this sort of thing altogether?” said Newman, kindly, trying to anticipate her meaning, which he supposed might be a wish to retire from service.

“If I could give up everything, sir! All I should ask is a decent Protestant burial.”

“Burial!” cried Newman, with a burst of laughter. “Why, to bury you now would be a sad piece of extravagance. It’s only rascals who have to be buried to get respectable. Honest folks like you and me can live our time out, — and live together. Come! did you bring your baggage?”

"My box is locked and corded; but I have n't yet spoken to my lady."

"Speak to her, then, and have done with it. I should like to have your chance!" cried Newman.

"I would gladly give it you, sir. I have passed some weary hours in my lady's dressing-room; but this will be one of the longest. She will tax me with ingratitude."

"Well," said Newman, "so long as you can tax her with murder" —

"Oh, sir, I can't; not I," sighed Mrs. Bread.

"You don't mean to say anything about it? So much the better. Leave that to me."

"If she calls me a thankless old woman," said Mrs. Bread, "I shall have nothing to say. But it is better so," she softly added. "She shall be my lady to the last. That will be more respectable."

"And then you will come to me and I shall be your gentleman," said Newman; "that will be more respectable still!"

Mrs. Bread rose, with lowered eyes, and stood a moment; then, looking up, she rested her eyes upon Newman's face. The disordered proprieties were somehow settling to rest. She looked at Newman so long and so fixedly, with such a dull, intense devotedness, that he himself might have had a pretext for embarrassment. At last she said gently, "You are not looking well, sir."

"That's natural enough," said Newman. "I have nothing to feel well about. To be very indifferent and very fierce, very dull and very jovial, very sick and very lively, all at once, — why, it rather mixes one up."

Mrs. Bread gave a noiseless sigh. "I can tell you something that will make you feel duller still, if you want to feel all one way. About Madame de Cintré."

"What can you tell me?" Newman demanded. "Not that you have seen her?"

She shook her head. "No, indeed, sir, nor ever shall. That's the dullness of it. Nor my lady. Nor M. de Bellegarde."

"You mean that she is kept so close."

"Close, close," said Mrs. Bread, very softly.

These words, for an instant, seemed to check the beating of Newman's heart. He leaned back in his chair, staring up at the old woman. "They have tried to see her, and she would n't — she could n't?"

"She refused — forever! I had it from my lady's own maid," said Mrs. Bread, "who had it from my lady. To speak of it to such a person my lady must have felt the shock. Madame de Cintré won't see them now, and now is her only chance. A while hence she will have no chance."

"You mean the other women — the mothers, the daughters, the sisters; what is it they call them? — won't let her?"

"It is what they call the rule of the house, — or of the order, I believe," said Mrs. Bread. "There is no rule so strict as that of the Carmelites. The bad women in the reformatories are fine ladies to them. They wear old brown cloaks — so the *femme de chambre* told me — that you would n't use for a horse blanket. And the poor countess was so fond of soft-feeling dresses; she would never have anything stiff! They sleep on the ground," Mrs. Bread went on; "they are no better, no better," — and she hesitated for a comparison, — "they are no better than tinkers' wives. They give up everything, down to the very name their poor old nurses called them by. They give up father and mother, brother and sister, — to say nothing of other persons," Mrs. Bread delicately added. "They wear a shroud under their brown cloaks and a rope round their waists, and they get up on winter nights and go off into cold places to pray to the Virgin Mary. The Virgin Mary is a hard mistress!"

Mrs. Bread, dwelling on these terrible facts, sat dry-eyed and pale, with her hands clasped in her satin lap. Newman gave a melancholy groan and fell forward, leaning his head in his hands. There was a long silence, broken only by the ticking of the great gilded clock on the chimney-piece.

"Where is this place, — where is the convent?" Newman asked at last, looking up.

"There are two houses," said Mrs. Bread. "I found out; I thought you would like to know, — though it's poor comfort, I think. One is in the Avenue de Messine; they have learned that Madame de Cintr  is there. The other is in the Rue d'Enfer. That's a terrible name; I suppose you know what it means."

Newman got up and walked away to the end of his long room. When he came back Mrs. Bread had got up, and stood by the fire with folded hands. "Tell me this," he said. "Can I get near her, — even if I don't see her? Can I look through a grating, or some such thing, at the place where she is?"

It is said that all women love a lover, and Mrs. Bread's sense of the pre-established harmony which kept servants in their "place," even as planets in their orbits (not that Mrs. Bread had ever consciously likened herself to a planet), barely availed to temper the maternal melancholy with which she leaned her head on one side and gazed at her new employer. She probably felt for the moment as if, forty years before, she had held him also in her arms. "That wouldn't help you, sir. It would only make her seem further away."

"I want to go there, any way," said Newman. "Avenue de Messine, you say? And what is it they call themselves?"

"Carmelites," said Mrs. Bread.

"I shall remember that."

Mrs. Bread hesitated a moment, and then, "It's my duty to tell you this, sir," she went on. "The convent has a chapel, and some people are admitted on Sunday to the Mass. You don't see the poor creatures that are shut up there, but I am told you can hear them sing. It's a wonder they have any heart for singing! Some Sunday I shall make bold to go. It seems to me I should know *her* voice in fifty."

Newman looked at his visitor very gratefully; then he held out his hand and shook hers. "Thank you," he

said. "If any one can get in, I will."

A moment later Mrs. Bread proposed, deferentially, to retire, but he checked her and put a lighted candle into her hand. "There are half a dozen rooms there I don't use," he said, pointing through an open door. "Go and look at them and take your choice. You can live in the one you like best." From this bewildering opportunity Mrs. Bread at first recoiled; but finally, yielding to Newman's gentle, reassuring push, she wandered off into the dusk with her tremulous taper. She remained absent a quarter of an hour, during which Newman paced up and down, stopped occasionally to look out of the window at the lights on the Boulevard, and then resumed his walk. Mrs. Bread's relish for her investigations apparently increased as she proceeded; but at last she reappeared and deposited her candlestick on the chimney-piece.

"Well, have you picked one out?" asked Newman.

"A room, sir? They are all too fine for a dingy old body like me. There is n't one that has n't a bit of gilding."

"It's only tinsel, Mrs. Bread," said Newman. "If you stay round awhile it will all peel off of itself." And he gave a dismal smile.

"Oh, sir, there are things enough peeling off already!" rejoined Mrs. Bread, with a head-shake. "Since I was there I thought I would look about me. I don't believe you know, sir. The corners are most dreadful. You do want a housekeeper, that you do; you want a tidy Englishwoman that is n't above taking hold of a broom."

Newman assured her that he suspected, if he had not measured, his domestic abuses, and that to reform them was a mission worthy of her powers. She held her candlestick aloft again and looked round the salon with invidious glances; then she intimated that she accepted the mission, and that its sacred character would sustain her in her rupture with Madame de Bellegarde. With this she courtesied herself away.

She came back the next day with her worldly goods, and Newman, going into

his drawing-room, found her upon her aged knees before a divan, sewing up some detached fringe. He questioned her as to her leave-taking with her late mistress, and she said it had proved easier than she feared. "I was perfectly civil, sir, but the Lord helped me to remember that a good woman has no call to tremble before a bad one."

"I should think so!" cried Newman. "And does she know you have come to me?"

"She asked me where I was going, and I mentioned your name," said Mrs. Bread.

"What did she say to that?"

"She looked at me very hard, and she turned very red. Then she bade me leave her. I was all ready to go, and I had got the coachman, who is an Englishman, to bring down my poor box and to fetch me a cab. But when I went down myself to the gate I found it closed. My lady had sent orders to the porter not to let me pass, and by the same orders the porter's wife — she is a dreadful sly old body — had gone out in a cab to fetch home M. de Bellegarde from his club."

Newman slapped his knee. "She is scared! she is scared!" he cried, exultantly.

"I was frightened, too, sir," said Mrs. Bread, "but I was also mightily vexed. I took it very high with the porter and asked him by what right he used violence to an honorable Englishwoman who had lived in the house for thirty years before he was heard of. Oh, sir, I was very grand, and I brought the man down. He drew his bolts and let me out and I promised the cabman something handsome if he would drive fast. But he was terribly slow; it seemed as if we should never reach your blessed door. I am all of a tremble still; it took me five minutes, just now, to thread my needle."

Newman told her, with a gleeful laugh, that if she chose she might have a little maid on purpose to thread her needles; and he went away murmuring to himself again that the old woman *was* scared, — she *was* scared!

He had not shown Mrs. Tristram the little paper that he carried in his pocket-book, but since his return to Paris he had seen her several times, and she had told him that he seemed to her to be in a strange way, — an even stranger way than his sad situation made natural. Had his disappointment gone to his head? He looked like a man who was going to be ill, and yet she had never seen him more restless and active. One day he would sit hanging his head and looking as if he were firmly resolved never to smile again; on another he would indulge in laughter that was almost unseemly and make jokes that were bad even for him. If he was trying to carry off his sorrow, he at such times really went too far. She begged him of all things not to be "strange." Feeling in a measure responsible as she did for the affair which had turned out so ill for him, she could endure anything but his strangeness. He might be melancholy if he would, or he might be stoical; he might be cross and cantankerous with her and ask her why she had ever dared to meddle with his destiny: to this she would submit; for this she would make allowances. Only, for Heaven's sake, let him not be incoherent. That would be extremely unpleasant. It was like people talking in their sleep; they always frightened her. And Mrs. Tristram intimated that, taking very high ground as regards the moral obligation which events had laid upon her, she proposed not to rest quiet until she should have confronted him with the least inadequate substitute for Madame de Cintre that two hemispheres contained.

"Oh," said Newman, "we are square now, and I guess we had better not open a new account! You may bury me some day, but you shall never marry me. It's too rough. I hope, at any rate," he added, "that there is nothing incoherent in this, — that I want to go next Sunday to the Carmelite chapel in the Avenue de Messine. You know one of the Catholic ministers — an abbé, is that it? — I have seen him here, you know; that motherly old gentleman with the big waist band. Please ask him if I need a

special leave to go in, and if I do, beg him to obtain it for me."

Mrs. Tristram gave expression to the liveliest joy. "I am so glad you have asked me to do something!" she cried. "You shall get into the chapel if the abbé is excommunicated for his share in it." And two days afterwards she told him that it was all arranged; the abbé was enchanted to serve him, and if he would present himself civilly at the convent gate there would be no difficulty.

XXIV.

Sunday was as yet two days off; but meanwhile, to beguile his impatience, Newman took his way to the Avenue de Messine and got what comfort he could in staring at the blank outer wall of Madame de Cintre's present residence. The street in question, as some travelers will remember, adjoins the Parc Monceau, which is one of the prettiest corners of Paris. The quarter has an air of modern opulence and convenience which seems at variance with the ascetic institution, and the impression made upon Newman's gloomily-irritated gaze by the fresh-looking, windowless expanse behind which the woman he loved was perhaps even then pledging herself to pass the rest of her days was less exasperating than he had feared. The place suggested a convent with the modern improvements, — an asylum in which privacy, though unbroken, might be not quite identical with privation, and meditation, though monotonous, might be of a cheerful cast. And yet he knew the case was otherwise; only at present it was not a reality to him. It was too strange and too mocking to be real; it was like a page torn out of a romance, with no context in his own experience.

On Sunday morning, at the hour which Mrs. Tristram had indicated, he rang at the gate in the blank wall. It instantly opened and admitted him into a clean, cold-looking court, from beyond which a dull, plain edifice looked down upon him. A robust lay sister with a cheerful countenance emerged from a porter's

lodge, and, on his stating his errand, pointed to the open door of the chapel, an edifice which occupied the right side of the court and was preceded by a high flight of steps. Newman ascended the steps and immediately entered the open door. Service had not yet begun; the place was dimly lighted and it was some moments before he could distinguish its features. Then he saw it was divided by a large close iron screen into two unequal portions. The altar was on the hither side of the screen, and between it and the entrance were disposed several benches and chairs. Three or four of these were occupied by vague, motionless figures, — figures that he presently perceived to be women, deeply absorbed in their devotion. The place seemed to Newman very cold; the smell of the incense itself was cold. Besides this there was a twinkle of tapers and here and there a glow of colored glass. Newman seated himself; the praying women kept still, with their backs turned. He saw they were visitors like himself and he would have liked to see their faces; for he believed that they were the mourning mothers and sisters of other women who had had the same pitiless courage as Madame de Cintre. But they were better off than he, for they at least shared the faith to which the others had sacrificed themselves. Three or four persons came in; two of them were elderly gentlemen. Every one was very quiet. Newman fastened his eyes upon the screen behind the altar. That was the convent, the real convent, the place where she was. But he could see nothing; no light came through the crevices. He got up and approached the partition very gently, trying to look through. But behind it there was darkness, with nothing stirring. He went back to his place, and after that a priest and two altar boys came in and began to say mass. Newman watched their genuflections and gyrations with a grim, still enmity; they seemed aids and abettors of Madame de Cintre's desertion; they were mouthing and droning out their triumph. The priest's long, dismal intonings acted upon his nerves and deep-

ened his wrath; there was something defiant in his unintelligible drawl; it seemed meant for Newman himself. Suddenly there arose from the depths of the chapel, from behind the inexorable grating, a sound which drew his attention from the altar, — the sound of a strange, lugubrious chant, uttered by women's voices. It began softly, but it presently grew louder, and as it increased it became more of a wail and a dirge. It was the chant of the Carmelite nuns, their only human utterance. It was their dirge over their buried affections and over the vanity of earthly desires. At first Newman was bewildered — almost stunned — by the strangeness of the sound; then, as he comprehended its meaning, he listened intently and his heart began to throb. He listened for Madame de Cintré's voice, and in the very heart of the tuneless harmony he imagined he made it out. (We are obliged to believe that he was wrong, inasmuch as she had obviously not yet had time to become a member of the invisible sisterhood.) The chant kept on, mechanical and monotonous, with dismal repetitions and despairing cadences. It was hideous, it was horrible; as it continued, Newman felt that he needed all his self-control. He was growing more agitated; he felt tears in his eyes. At last, as in its full force the thought came over him that this confused, impersonal wail was all that either he or the world she had deserted should ever hear of the voice he had found so sweet, he felt that he could bear it no longer. He rose abruptly and made his way out. On the threshold he paused, listened again to the dreary strain, and then hastily descended into the court. As he did so he saw that the good sister with the high-colored cheeks and the fan-like frill to her coiffure, who had admitted him, was in conference at the gate with two persons who had just come in. A second glance informed him that these persons were Madame de Bellegarde and her son, and they were about to avail themselves of that method of approach to Madame de Cintré which Newman had found but a mockery of consolation. As he crossed the court

M. de Bellegarde recognized him; the marquis was coming to the steps, leading his mother. The old lady also gave Newman a look, and it resembled that of her son. Both faces expressed a franker perturbation, something more akin to the humbleness of dismay, than Newman had yet seen in them. Evidently he startled the mother and son, and they had not their grand behavior immediately in hand. Newman hurried past them, guided only by the desire to get out of the convent walls and into the street. The gate opened itself at his approach; he strode over the threshold and it closed behind him. A carriage, which appeared to have been standing there, was just turning away from the sidewalk. Newman looked at it for a moment, blankly; then he became conscious, through the dusky mist that swam before his eyes, that a lady seated in it was bowing to him. The vehicle had turned away before he recognized her; it was an ancient landau with one half the cover lowered. The lady's bow was very positive and accompanied with a smile; a little girl was seated beside her. He raised his hat, and then the lady bade the coachman stop. The carriage halted again beside the pavement, and she sat there and beckoned to Newman, — beckoned with the demonstrative grace of Madame Urbain de Bellegarde. Newman hesitated a moment before he obeyed her summons; during this moment he had time to curse his stupidity for letting the others escape him. He had been wondering how he could get at them; fool that he was for not stopping them then and there! What better place than beneath the very prison walls to which they had consigned the promise of his joy? He had been too bewildered to stop them, but now he felt ready to wait for them at the gate. Madame Urbain, with a certain attractive petulance, beckoned to him again, and this time he went over to the carriage. She leaned out and gave him her hand, looking at him kindly, and smiling.

"Come," she said, "you don't include me in your wrath. I had nothing to do with it."

"Oh, I don't suppose *you* could have prevented it," Newman answered in a tone which was not that of studied gallantry.

"What you say is too true for me to resent the small account it makes of my influence. I forgive you, at any rate, because you look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I have!" said Newman.

"I am glad, then, I did n't go in with Madame de Bellegarde and my husband. You must have seen them, eh? Was the meeting affectionate? Did you hear the chanting? They say it's like the lamentations of the damned. I would n't go in: one is certain to hear that soon enough. Poor Claire, — in a white shroud and a big brown cloak! That's the *toilette* of the Carmelites, you know. Well, she was always fond of long, loose things. But I must not speak of her to you, only I must say that I am very sorry for you, that if I could have helped you I would, and that I think every one has been very shabby. I was afraid of it, you know; I felt it in the air for a fortnight before it came. When I saw you at my mother-in-law's ball, taking it all so easily, I felt as if you were dancing on your grave. But what could I do? I wish you all the good I can think of. You will say that is n't much! Yes; they have been very shabby; I am not a bit afraid to say it; I assure you every one thinks so. We are not all like that. I am sorry I am not going to see you again; you know I think you very good company. I would prove it by asking you to get into the carriage and drive with me for a quarter of an hour, while I wait for my mother-in-law. Only if we were seen — considering what has passed, and every one knows you have been turned away — it might be thought I was going a little too far, even for me. But I shall see you sometimes, — somewhere, eh? You know" — this was said in English — "we have a plan for a little amusement."

Newman stood there with his hand on the carriage-door, listening to this consolatory murmur with an unlighted eye. He hardly knew what Madame de Belle-

garde was saying; he was only conscious that she was chattering ineffectively. But suddenly it occurred to him that, with her pretty professions, there was a way of making her effective; she might help him to get at the old woman and the marquis. "They are coming back soon, — your companions?" he said. "You are waiting for them?"

"They hear the mass out; there is nothing to keep them longer. Claire has refused to see them."

"I want to speak to them," said Newman; "and you can help me, you can do me a favor. Delay your return for five minutes and give me a chance at them. I will wait for them here."

Madame de Bellegarde clasped her hands with a tender grimace. "My poor friend, what do you want to do to them? To beg them to come back to you? It will be wasted words. They will never come back!"

"I want to speak to them, all the same. Pray do what I ask you. Stay away and leave them to me for five minutes; you need n't be afraid; I shall not be violent; I am very quiet."

"Yes, you look very quiet! If they had *le cœur tendre* you would move them. But they haven't! However, I will do better for you than what you proposed. The understanding is not that I shall come back for them. I am going into the Parc Monceau with my little girl to give her a walk, and my mother-in-law, who comes so rarely into this quarter, is to profit by the same opportunity to take the air. We are to wait for her in the park, where my husband is to bring her to us. Follow me now; just within the gates I shall get out of my carriage. Sit down on a chair in some quiet corner and I will bring them near you. There's devotion for you! *Le reste vous regarde*."

This proposal seemed to Newman extremely felicitous; it revived his drooping spirit, and he reflected that Madame Urbain was not such a goose as she seemed. He promised immediately to overtake her, and the carriage drove away.

The Parc Monceau is a very pretty piece of landscape-gardening, but Newman, passing into it, bestowed little at-

tention upon its elegant vegetation, which was full of the freshness of spring. He found Madame de Bellegarde promptly, seated in one of the quiet corners of which she had spoken, while before her, in the alley, her little girl, attended by the footman and the little pug-dog, walked up and down as if she were taking a lesson in deportment. Newman sat down beside the mamma, and she talked a great deal, apparently with the design of convincing him that—if he would only see it—poor dear Claire did not belong to the most fascinating type of woman. She was too tall and thin, too stiff and cold; her mouth was too wide and her nose too narrow. She had no dimples anywhere. And then she was eccentric, eccentric in cold blood; she was an Anglaise, after all. Newman was very impatient; he was counting the minutes until his victims should reappear. He sat silent, leaning upon his cane, looking absently and insensibly at the little marquise. At length Madame de Bellegarde said she would walk toward the gate of the park and meet her companions; but before she went she dropped her eyes and, after playing a moment with the lace of her sleeve, looked up again at Newman.

"Do you remember," she asked, "the promise you made me three weeks ago?" And then, as Newman, vainly consulting his memory, was obliged to confess that the promise had escaped it, she declared that he had made her, at the time, a very queer answer,—an answer at which, viewing it in the light of the sequel, she had fair ground for taking offense. "You promised to take me to Bullier's after your marriage. After your marriage,—you made a great point of that. Three days after that your marriage was broken off. Do you know, when I heard the news, the first thing I said to myself? 'Oh Heaven, now he won't go with me to Bullier's!' And I really began to wonder if you had not been expecting the rapture."

"Oh, my dear lady," murmured Newman, looking down the path to see if the others were not coming.

"I shall be good-natured," said Madame de Bellegarde. "One must not

ask too much of a gentleman who is in love with a cloistered nun. Besides, I can't go to Bullier's while we are in mourning. But I have n't given it up for that. The *partie* is arranged; I have my cavalier. Lord Deepmere, if you please! He has gone back to his dear Dublin; but a few months hence I am to name any evening and he will come over from Ireland, on purpose. That's what I call gallantry!"

Shortly after this Madame de Bellegarde walked away with her little girl. Newman sat in his place; the time seemed terribly long. He felt how fiercely his quarter of an hour in the convent chapel had raked over the glowing coals of his resentment. Madame de Bellegarde kept him waiting, but she proved as good as her word. At last she reappeared at the end of the path, with her little girl and her footman; beside her slowly walked her husband, with his mother on his arm. They were a long time advancing, during which Newman sat unmoved. Tingling as he was with passion, it was extremely characteristic of him that he was able to modulate his expression of it, as he would have turned down a flaring gas-burner. His native coolness, shrewdness, and deliberateness, his life-long submissiveness to the sentiment that words were acts and acts were steps in life, and that in this matter of taking steps curvetting and prancing were exclusively reserved for quadrupeds and foreigners,—all this admonished him that rightful wrath had no connection with being a fool and indulging in spectacular violence. So as he rose, when old Madame de Bellegarde and her son were close to him, he only felt very tall and light. He had been sitting beside some shrubbery, in such a way as not to be noticeable at a distance; but M. de Bellegarde had evidently already perceived him. His mother and he were holding their course, but Newman stepped in front of them, and they were obliged to pause. He lifted his hat slightly, and looked at them for a moment; they were pale with amazement and disgust.

"Excuse me for stopping you," he said in a low tone, "but I must profit

by the occasion. I have ten words to say to you. Will you listen to them?"

The marquis glared at him and then turned to his mother. "Can Mr. Newman possibly have anything to say that is worth our listening to?"

"I assure you I have something," said Newman; "besides, it is my duty to say it. It's a notification, — a warning."

"Your duty?" said old Madame de Bellegarde, her thin lips curving like scorched paper. "That is your affair, not ours."

Madame Urbain meanwhile had seized her little girl by the hand, with a gesture of surprise and impatience which struck Newman, intent as he was upon his own words, with its dramatic effectiveness. "If Mr. Newman is going to make a scene in public," she exclaimed, "I will take my poor child out of the *mêlée*! She is too young to see such naughtiness!" and she instantly resumed her walk.

"You had much better listen to me," Newman went on. "Whether you do or not, things will be disagreeable for you; but at any rate you will be prepared."

"We have already heard something of your threats," said the marquis, "and you know what we think of them."

"You think a good deal more than you admit. A moment," Newman added in reply to an exclamation of the old lady. "I remember perfectly that we are in a public place, and you see I am very quiet. I am not going to tell your secret to the passers-by; I shall keep it, to begin with, for certain picked listeners. Any one who observes us will think that we are having a friendly chat, and that I am complimenting you, madam, on your venerable virtues."

The marquis gave three short sharp raps on the ground with his stick. "I demand of you to step out of our path!" he hissed.

Newman instantly complied, and M. de Bellegarde stepped forward with his mother. Then Newman said, "Half an hour hence Madame de Bellegarde will regret that she did n't learn exactly what I mean."

The marquise had taken a few steps, but at these words she paused, looking at Newman with eyes like two scintillating globules of ice. "You are like a peddler with something to sell," she said, with a little cold laugh which only partially concealed the tremor in her voice.

"Oh, no, not to sell," Newman rejoined; "I give it to you for nothing." And he approached nearer to her, looking, her straight in the eyes. "You killed your husband," he said, almost in a whisper. "That is, you tried once and failed, and then, without trying, you succeeded."

Madame de Bellegarde closed her eyes and gave a little cough which, as a piece of dissimulation, struck Newman as really heroic. "Dear mother," said the marquis, "does this stuff amuse you so much?"

"The rest is more amusing," said Newman. "You had better not lose it."

Madame de Bellegarde opened her eyes; the scintillations had gone out of them; they were fixed and dead. But she smiled superbly with her narrow little lips and repeated Newman's word. "Amusing? Have I killed some one else?"

"I don't count your daughter," said Newman, "though I might! Your husband knew what you were doing. I have a proof of it whose existence you have never suspected." And he turned to the marquis, who was terribly white, — whiter than Newman had ever seen any one out of a picture. "A paper written by the hand, and signed with the name of Henri-Urbain de Bellegarde. Written after you, madam, had left him for dead, and while you, sir, had gone — not very fast — for the doctor."

The marquis looked at his mother; she turned away, looking vaguely round her. "I must sit down," she said in a low tone, going toward the bench on which Newman had been sitting.

"Could n't you have spoken to me alone?" said the marquis to Newman, with a strange look.

"Well, yes, if I could have been sure of speaking to your mother alone, too,"

Newman answered. "But I have had to take you as I could get you."

Madame de Bellegarde, with a movement very eloquent of what he would have called her "grit," her steel-cold pluck and her instinctive appeal to her own personal resources, drew her hand out of her son's arm and went and seated herself upon the bench. There she remained, with her hands folded in her lap, looking straight at Newman. The expression of her face was such that he fancied at first that she was smiling; but he went and stood in front of her and saw that her elegant features were distorted by agitation. He saw, however, equally, that she was resisting her agitation with all the rigor of her inflexible will, and there was nothing like either fear or submission in her stony stare. She had been startled, but she was not terrified. Newman had an exasperating feeling that she would get the better of him still; he would not have believed it possible that he could so utterly fail to be touched by the sight of a woman (criminal or other) in so tight a place. Madame de Bellegarde gave a glance at her son which seemed tantamount to an injunction to be silent and leave her to her own devices. The marquis stood beside her, with his hands behind him, looking at Newman.

"What paper is this you speak of?" asked the old lady, with an imitation of tranquillity which would have been applauded in a veteran actress.

"Exactly what I have told you," said Newman. "A paper written by your husband after you had left him for dead, and during the couple of hours before you returned. You see he had the time; you should n't have stayed away so long. It declares distinctly his wife's murderous intent."

"I should like to see it," Madame de Bellegarde observed.

"I thought you might," said Newman, "and I have taken a copy." And he drew from his waistcoat pocket a small, folded sheet.

"Give it to my son," said Madame de Bellegarde. Newman handed it to the marquis, whose mother, glancing at him,

said simply, "Look at it." M. de Bellegarde's eyes had a pale eagerness which it was useless for him to try to dissimulate; he took the paper in his light-gloved fingers and opened it. There was a silence, during which he read it. He had more than time to read it, but still he said nothing; he stood staring at it. "Where is the original?" asked Madame de Bellegarde, in a voice which was really a consummate negation of impatience.

"In a very safe place. Of course I can't show you that," said Newman. "You might want to take hold of it," he added with conscious quaintness. "But that's a very correct copy, — except, of course, the handwriting. I am keeping the original to show some one else."

M. de Bellegarde at last looked up and his eyes were still very eager. "To whom do you mean to show it?"

"Well, I'm thinking of beginning with the duchess," said Newman; "that stout lady I saw at your ball. She asked me to come and see her, you know. I thought at the moment I should n't have much to say to her; but my little document will give us something to talk about."

"You had better keep it, my son," said Madame de Bellegarde.

"By all means," said Newman; "keep it and show it to your mother when you get home."

"And after showing it to the duchess?" — asked the marquis, folding the paper and putting it away.

"Well, I'll take up the dukes," said Newman. "Then the counts and the barons, — all the people you had the cruelty to introduce me to in a character of which you meant immediately to deprive me. I have made out a list."

For a moment neither Madame de Bellegarde nor her son said a word; the old lady sat with her eyes upon the ground; M. de Bellegarde's blanched pupils were fixed upon her face. Then, looking at Newman, "Is that all you have to say?" she asked.

"No, I want to say a few words more. I want to say that I hope you quite understand what I'm about. This is my

revenge, you know. You have treated me before the world — convened for the express purpose — as if I were not good enough for you. I mean to show the world that, however bad I may be, you are not quite the people to say it."

Madame de Bellegarde was silent again, and then she broke her silence. Her self-possession continued to be extraordinary. "I need n't ask you who has been your accomplice. Mrs. Bread told me that you had purchased her services."

"Don't accuse Mrs. Bread of venality," said Newman. "She has kept your secret all these years. She has given you a long respite. It was beneath her eyes your husband wrote that paper; he put it into her hands with a solemn injunction that she was to make it public. She was too good-hearted to make use of it."

The old lady appeared for an instant to hesitate, and then, "She was my husband's mistress," she said, softly. This was the only concession to self-defense that she condescended to make.

"I doubt that," said Newman.

Madame de Bellegarde got up from her bench. "It was not to your opinions I undertook to listen, and if you have nothing left but them to tell me I think this remarkable interview may terminate." And turning to the marquis she took his arm again. "My son," she said, "say something!"

M. de Bellegarde looked down at his mother, passing his hand over his forehead, and then, tenderly, caressingly, "What shall I say?" he asked.

"There is only one thing to say," said the marquise. "That it was really not worth while to have interrupted our walk."

But the marquis thought he could improve this. "Your paper's a forgery," he said to Newman.

Newman shook his head a little, with a tranquil grin. "M. de Bellegarde," he said, "your mother does better. She has done better all along, from the first of my knowing you. You're a mighty plucky woman, madam," he continued. "It's a great pity you have made me

your enemy. I should have been one of your greatest admirers."

"Mon pauvre ami," said Madame de Bellegarde to her son in French, and as if she had not heard these words; "you must take me immediately to my carriage."

Newman stepped back and let them leave him; he watched them a moment and saw Madame Urbain, with her little girl, come out of a by-path to meet them. The old lady stooped and kissed her grandchild. "Damn it, she is plucky!" said Newman, and he walked home with a slight sense of being balked. She was so inexpressively defiant! But on reflection he decided that what he had witnessed was no real sense of security, still less a real innocence. It was only a very superior style of brazen assurance. "Wait till she reads the paper!" he said to himself; and he concluded that he should hear from her soon.

He heard sooner than he expected. The next morning, before midday, when he was about to give orders for his breakfast to be served, M. de Bellegarde's card was brought to him. "She has read the paper and she has passed a bad night," said Newman. He instantly admitted his visitor, who came in with the air of the ambassador of a great power meeting the delegate of a barbarous tribe whom an absurd accident should have enabled for the moment to be abominably annoying. The ambassador, at all events, had passed a bad night, and his faultlessly careful toilet only threw into relief the frigid rancor in his eyes and the mottled tones of his refined complexion. He stood before Newman a moment, breathing quickly and softly, and shaking his forefinger curtly as his host pointed to a chair.

"What I have come to say is soon said," he declared, "and can only be said without ceremony."

"I am good for as much or for as little as you desire," said Newman.

The marquis looked round the room a moment, and then, "On what terms will you part with your scrap of paper?"

"On none!" And while Newman.

with his head on one side and his hands behind him sounded the marquis's turbid gaze with his own, he added, "Certainly, that is not worth sitting down about."

M. de Bellegarde meditated a moment, as if he had not heard Newman's refusal. "My mother and I, last evening," he said, "talked over your story. You will be surprised to learn that we think your little document is — a" — and he held back his word a moment — "is genuine."

"You forget that with you I am used to surprises!" exclaimed Newman, with a laugh.

"The very smallest amount of respect that we owe to my father's memory," the marquis continued, "makes us desire that he should not be held up to the world as the author of so — so infernal an attack upon the reputation of a wife whose only fault was that she had been submissive to accumulated injury."

"Oh, I see," said Newman. "It's for your father's sake." And he laughed the laugh in which he indulged when he was most amused, — a noiseless laugh, with his lips closed.

But M. de Bellegarde's gravity held good. "There are a few of my father's particular friends for whom the knowledge of so — so unfortunate an — inspiration — would be a real grief. Even say we firmly established by medical evidence the presumption of a mind disordered by fever, *il en resterait quelque chose*. At the best it would look ill in him. Very ill!"

"Don't try medical evidence," said Newman. "Don't touch the doctors and they won't touch you. I don't mind your knowing that I have not written to them."

Newman fancied that he saw signs in M. de Bellegarde's discolored mask that this information was extremely pertinent. But it may have been merely fancy; for the marquis remained majestically argumentative. "For instance, Madame de Outreville," he said, "of whom you spoke yesterday. I can imagine nothing that would shock her more."

"Oh, I am quite prepared to shock Ma-

dame de Outreville, you know. That's on the cards. I expect to shock a great many people."

M. de Bellegarde examined for a moment the stitching on the back of one of his gloves. Then, without looking up, "We don't offer you money," he said. "That we suppose to be useless."

Newman, turning away, took a few turns about the room, and then came back. "What *do* you offer me? By what I can make out, the generosity is all to be on my side."

The marquis dropped his arms at his side and held his head a little higher. "What we offer you is a chance, — a chance that a gentleman should appreciate. A chance to abstain from inflicting a terrible blot upon the memory of a man who certainly had his faults, but who, personally, had done you no wrong."

"There are two things to say to that," said Newman. "The first is, as regards appreciating your 'chance,' that you don't consider me a gentleman. That's your great point, you know. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. The second is that — well, in a word, you are talking great nonsense!"

Newman, who in the midst of his bitterness had, as I have said, kept well before his eyes a certain ideal of saying nothing rude, was immediately somewhat regretfully conscious of the sharpness of these words. But he speedily observed that the marquis took them more quietly than might have been expected. M. de Bellegarde, like the stately ambassador that he was, continued the policy of ignoring what was disagreeable in his adversary's replies. He gazed at the gilded arabesques on the opposite wall, and then presently transferred his glance to Newman, as if he too were a large grotesque in a rather vulgar system of chamber decoration. "I suppose you know that as regards yourself, it won't do at all."

"How do you mean it won't do?"

"Why, of course you damn yourself. But I suppose that's in your programme. You propose to throw mud at us; you believe, you hope, that some of it may stick. We know, of course, it can't,"

explained the marquis in a tone of consciousness; "but you take the chance, and are willing at any rate to show that you yourself have dirty hands."

"That's a good comparison, at least half of it," said Newman. "I take the chance of something sticking. But as regards my hands, they are clean. I have taken the matter up with my finger tips."

M. de Bellegarde looked a moment into his hat. "All our friends are quite with us," he said. "They would have done exactly as we have done."

"I shall believe that when I hear them say it. Meanwhile I shall think better of human nature."

The marquis looked into his hat again. "Madame de Cintré was extremely fond of her father. If she knew of the existence of the few written words of which you propose to make this scandalous use, she would demand of you proudly for his sake to give it up to her, and she would destroy it without reading it."

"Very possibly," Newman rejoined. "But she will not know. I was in that convent yesterday and I know what *she* is doing. Lord deliver us! You can guess whether it made me feel forgiving!"

M. de Bellegarde appeared to have nothing more to suggest; but he continued to stand there, rigid and elegant, like a man who believed that his mere personal presence had an argumentative value. Newman watched him and, without yielding an inch on the main issue, felt an incongruously good-natured impulse to help him to retreat in good order.

"Your visit's a failure, you see," he said. "You offer too little."

"Propose something yourself," said the marquis.

"Give me back Madame de Cintré in the same state in which you took her from me."

M. de Bellegarde threw back his head and his pale face flushed. "Never!" he said.

"You can't!"

"We would n't if we could! In the sentiment which led us to deprecate her marriage nothing is changed."

"Deprecate is good!" cried Newman. "It was hardly worth while to come here only to tell me that you are not ashamed of yourselves. I could have guessed that!"

The marquis slowly walked toward the door, and Newman, following, opened it for him. "What you propose to do will be very disagreeable," M. de Bellegarde said. "That is very evident. But it will be nothing more."

"As I understand it," Newman answered, "that will be quite enough."

M. de Bellegarde stood a moment looking on the ground, as if he were ransacking his ingenuity to see what else he could do to save his father's reputation. Then, with a little cold sigh, he seemed to signify that he regretfully surrendered the late marquis to the penalty of his turpitude. He gave a hardly perceptible shrug, took his neat umbrella from the servant in the vestibule, and, with his gentlemanly walk, passed out. Newman stood listening till he heard the door close; then he slowly exclaimed, "Well, I ought to begin and be satisfied now!"

Henry James, Jr.

WRATISLAW.

Of all the songs that have been sung,
Of all the tales that have been told,
One never wearies, young or old,
Nor has since this old world was
young —

The tale, the song that celebrates
That fiery something in the breast
Which makes man do his worst and
best,

And underlies his loves and hates,
The basis of the iron will
That is wrought up at once to kill,
Nor cares whose heart's blood it may
spill!

Such strength is grand, no doubt, but
still

There is a stronger and a better,
That strikes no blow and knows no fet-
ter,

Yet makes its stubborn sinews bend,
And overcomes it in the end, —
The strength of weakness, which above
The angels call the might of love,
And bow to with adoring awe,
As did the little Wratislaw.

Where now the Servian and the Turk,
Born foes, as slave and master are,
Are at their grim old murderous work,
Grappling in most unequal war,
Six hundred years ago, or more,
The land was wasted, as to-day,
Overrun, as when the shore gives way
And the wild waves devour the shore,
By Tartar tribes as wild as they,
The barbarous horde of Genghis Khan,
Who scourged mankind as never man
Before or since, as if he were
Hell-sent to pitch his dark pavilions
Upon the grave of slaughtered millions,
And make the earth a sepulchre!
Down from the steppes of Tartary
His countless thousands swept for
years, —

His long-haired horsemen with their
spears,

His bowmen with their arrows keen;
Such pitiless fiends were never seen
Till then, and worst of all was he,

Destruction's self whose iron tread
Shook kingdoms: peaceful peoples lay
Secure before him in Cathay;
He passed that way and they were dead!
Across the swift, swollen winter rivers,
Across the hot, parched summer sands,
With bended bows and bristling quiv-
ers,

And spears and scymetars in their hands,
Rushed Tartar, Mongol, Turkoman,
To do the bidding of Genghis Khan, —
Through Russia, Poland, down to where
Morava is; they halted there.

Before they came there was — if not
Perpetual peace, which nowhere reigns,
So darkly Nature shapes our ends —
There still were times when men forgot
They had been foes, and might be
friends,

Having the same blood in their veins.
Princes and peoples prospered. Now —
How do we track the savage sea,
When its spent waves no longer roar,
But by their ravage of the shore
Whose once tall cliffs have ceased to
be?

Such was the track of Genghis Khan,
Who from his boyhood overran
The lands, and made their rulers bow
To his imperious will or whim,
As if the world belonged to him.
Temples and towers were trampled
down,

Were pillaged, and were set on fire;
Pagoda, mosque, and Christian spire,
The great walled city, little town,
The herdsman's hut, the monarch's
hall, —

He pillaged and destroyed them all:
Nor stayed the hands of his rough horde
Who put their dwellers to the sword, —
The soldier fighting on the wall,
The old, old man with snow-white hair,
Mothers with children at the breast,
Virgins — but let thy curtain fall,
Oblivion, and conceal the rest!
The work of death was never done,
For everywhere along their track
Were flights of vultures; everywhere

The wolves came trooping from their
lair, —

Came famished, and went gluttoned back.
The smoke of battle dimmed the sun,
And darkness like a funeral pall
Was on the ruins, — all were black,
Save when the embers smoldered red:
It was as if the Earth were dead,
And they heaped ashes on her head!
They halted in Morava. Nay,
They were defeated there and then,
By Slavic chiefs and Slavic men, —
Warriors more desperate than they,
Whose spears and lances cleft their way
To where their horsemen were at bay,
And horse and rider rolled in dust;
And whose sharp swords with lightning
thrust,
Ringing on helmet, armor, shield,
Pierced, clove, until they turned and
fled,
And left them masters of the field
Piled with a hundred thousand dead!

This Sir Berka, valiant knight,
Though too old for combat now,
From his castle on the height
Saw, and hungered for the fight,
Saw, but with an anxious brow.
All that day and all the morrow
On his battlements he stood,
Now in joy, and now in sorrow,
Gazing on the distant wood,
In whose depths, like frightened deer,
He saw the Tartars disappear.
Sitting at the old man's side,
But no help to the old man,
Was Ludmilla, once his pride,
Wife of his first-born, his Jan, —
Jan, who girt on his good sword,
And pursued the flying horde;
Who returned not with his train,
To the castle gates again,
And who was not with the slain!
She was gazing on his track,
And her heart was sore afraid,
For the Tartars disappeared,
And her husband came not back!
There was yet another one
Clinging to Sir Berka's side, —
Wratislaw, his youngest son,
Who his sorrow strove to hide,
For some one must be brave, he saw,
And cheer his father, poor old man,

Whose heart had gone out after Jan,
And had forgotten Wratislaw!
A piece of childhood; for, in sooth,
One might not call the lad a youth:
The suns of twelve short summers had
shed

Their light upon his little head,
Upon the golden locks that shone
With greater glory than their own;
The flowers of twelve short springs had
come

And looked upon him, like the sun,
And seen their loveliness outdone
By something in his pensive face;
Perhaps it was its winning grace,
Perhaps its might of martyrdom;
For there was that about the boy,
Young as he was, and slight of frame,
Which only tenderness could tame,
And only death destroy!
Such was the child, and such the fire
That in his fair, frail body burned,
As he beheld the wasted land;
He sighed, but wept not, for his sire
Hated the sight of tears; he turned
And shut them back, and kissed his
hand.

There are seasons, hours of dread,
When something must be done or said;
Hearts bear much, but their tense chords
Must be touched, or they will break.
Nature then, for sorrow's sake,
Smites its silence into words!
The woman's heart was here the first
That into lamentation burst,
And thus the pale Ludmilla spake:
“ Ah, my hero, ah, my Jan,
Dearest husband, princely man,
Woe to thy poor wife, — to me,
Who have lost my sons with thee!
Woe to thy forefathers' land,
Whose bright star hath set with thine;
It hath now nor head nor hand,
The strongest is as weak as mine!
Oh, that we have lived to pray
As we must on this dark day,
For we cannot be comforted
But by the thought that thou art dead!
Bitter comfort, dreadful prayer,
Death to thee, to us despair!
But better so, if so it be,
Far better thou wert in thy grave
Than living captive and a slave:

But none can make a slave of thee;
 Slaves die a thousand deaths a day,
 Thou hast but one death, Jan, and I,
 Thy childless widow, bid thee die,
 And I will follow!" "Sister, nay,"
 Said Wratislaw, and stole to her,
 "There is a better Comforter."

Sir Berka was the last to speak,
 And bitter were the words he said,
 And piteous were the tears he shed,
 For tears would come, and all the same
 When brushed away, they came and
 came.

"What have I done, Lord, to arouse
 Thine anger on our ancient house?
 For thou art angry, sure, with me.
 Why are its deep foundations shaken?
 Why is its last strong pillar taken?
 Why am I thus in age forsaken?
 Lord God! what have I done to thee?
 Behold me here, a broken man,
 For they have taken my hero, Jan,
 Who should my feeble hands sustain,
 And plant my name and race again!
 Calamities have fallen before
 Upon my house, but not another
 Like unto this, and nevermore
 Can this befall, for none remain;
 For what is *she*, and what am *I*?
 A weeping woman, not a mother,
 And an old man, soon to die!"

The young child, Wratislaw, till now
 Had kept his tears back, inly grieved
 To see his father so bereaved;
 But now they gushed, and his pale brow
 Flushed for his brother's childless wife
 Who by his father's taunt was stung,
 And for himself, for he, though young,
 Would not be blotted out of life,
 Even by his father's evil tongue.
 So with a hurt, proud look he said,
 "Oh, father! wherefore dost thou say
 That thy great stem is broken—dead,
 Because one branch is torn away?
 True, Jan is gone, but Jan lives still,
 And Wratislaw is still with thee;
 It is his duty now to be
 What the brave Jan was, and to fill,
 Till he returns, his vacant place,
 And so uphold the name and race."
 Sir Berka answered not, but smiled,
 A smile that was not good to see,

Then, turning to his daughter, he:
 "The spirit of his ancestry
 Flames up a moment in the child,
 Crackles in words; but words are wild,
 For deeds, not words, are wanted now.
 To think this weakling sprung from me,
 This slip from our ancestral tree!
 He has his mother's eye and face,
 And he repeats her saintly race,
 Not mine, by Heaven! his woman's hand
 Will never bear the battle brand,—
 It may the censor; he shall be
 A servant in some pious place,
 And pray for me with shaven brow;
 And if I live,—but I shall die,—
 He shall prepare me for the sky!"
 The child a moment crouching low,
 For every word had been a blow
 That smote his heart, started at length,
 And rose up in his boyish strength.
 "My lord and father, we are taught,
 By holy men in Holy Writ,
 The boasted strength of man is naught
 Unless the Lord sustaineth it."
 "Peace! I have heard the words be-
 fore,

And I will hear the words no more;
 They will not rescue my poor Jan
 From the claw of Genghis Khan!"
 Sadly, but proudly, Wratislaw,
 Whose courage in his clear blue eye
 Shot like a falcon through the sky,
 Answered, but with a voice of awe,
 "God's ways are not the ways of man,
 For when He wills the weak are strong:
 And, father, thou hast done me wrong;
 But thou my face no more shalt see,
 For, though the sword I cannot draw,
 I will go find my brother Jan.
 Farewell; he will return with me."

Before Sir Berka could reply
 The boy had gone, but none knew
 where,
 Had vanished, like a flying hare
 That in an instant flashes by:
 They sought him here, they sought him
 there,
 They rode, they ran, like hounds in
 cry,
 But nowhere found a trace of him;
 For how he vanished no man saw,
 So swift the steed, and strong of limb—
 If steed he saddled for the flight

That swept him from his father's sight.
 Sir Berka was a woeful man;
 Before he had but lost his Jan,
 Now he had lost his Wratislaw!
 He cursed his wild, unpitying mood,
 He cursed his dark and savage heart
 That now against itself took part,
 Because too late it understood
 How dear the boy was, and how good.
 He loved him now, if not before,
 But he had always loved him, yes,
 And hungered for his fond caress,
 And now he loved him more and more.

Sir Berka was an altered man,
 Whether he sat within his hall
 Or wandered slowly round his lands;
 His wrinkled features grew more wan,
 More white his hair that used to fall
 So darkly down his shoulders; all
 The man was shaken, — most his hands,
 That scarce could carve his meat and
 raise

The wine cup to his withered lips;
 He had no hope of better days,
 A strong soul setting in eclipse!
 Darkly Sir Berka's days were spent,
 Darkly the seasons came and went;
 Whether the flowers of spring were
 growing,

Whether the summer fruits were glow-
 ing,

Whether the autumn winds were blow-
 ing,

Whether the winter sky was snowing,
 He knew not, cared not; all he saw
 Was nothing to this lonely man,
 Since tidings there were none of Jan,
 And none of Wratislaw!

He had but one strong hold of life,
 That poor, weak, fading, childless wife,
 Whose pardon twenty times a day
 He begged; whose dear head he caressed
 And closely to his bosom pressed,
 Lest she, too, should be torn away!

One day, as thus disconsolate
 Sir Berka sat within his hall,
 A stranger rode up to the wall,
 And halted at the castle gate:
 A stalwart figure came in sight,
 Of whom, if one but marked his height,
 The noble carriage of his head,
 He would — he must at once have said,

The stranger is a valiant knight.
 He looked at first a Christian man,
 But one who journeyed from afar,
 And Christian armor surely wore,
 But closer like a Tartar khan,
 For he was dark or tanned, and bore,
 As the khans did, a scymetar.
 He strode — he seemed to know the
 way —

Straight through the castle to the door
 That opened in Sir Berka's hall;
 He strode between him and the day
 That smote his shadow on the floor,
 Weaponed, and broad, and tall;
 He kneeled down at the old man's
 chair,

And at his childless daughter's feet,
 Whose startled heart did strangely beat
 As if a ghost were there!

"Who is this kneeling, silent man?"
 "Oh, father! it is Jan!"

Who will may paint this, or may try:
 I will go on, and tell the rest;
 The secrets of the human breast
 Are not for every curious eye.

Pass over, then, the shock of meeting,
 Sir Berka's and Ludmilla's greeting,
 And see the son and husband seated
 Between his father and his wife,
 Holding a hand in each hard palm,
 Erect, and resolute, and calm.

They asked the story of his life
 Since that destructive, glorious hour
 That broke the dreaded Tartar's power.
 This is the story he repeated:

"You stood upon the battlement
 That day and watched the way I went;
 You saw a portion of the fight;
 The Tartars fled, and we pursued
 Pell-mell behind the multitude,
 And harried their disastrous flight.
 They fled like hares, in such dismay
 That had we numbered man for man
 There would not be a Tartar clan
 Upon the earth to-day!

But one fled not, but stood at bay,
 With ten or twelve brave fellows more,
 All horsemen; by the garb he wore
 He should have been a khan.
 He rode at me, and I at him,
 We fought like men who fight to die,
 Not careless, though, of life or limb,
 But with a wary eye.

I smote his helmet off, and might

Have cloven his Tartar skull in twain,
But when I saw his hair was white,
I could not strike him, — wrong, per-
chance,

But I would do the like again.
He smiled, and shot a lightning glance
Full in my face, but never stirred;
He waved his hand, without a word,
And in an instant I was bound,
Tied hand and foot upon my horse,
And borne, as all were borne along,
For now the panic was so strong
That nothing could withstand its force.
It was not long before I found
That old, bare-headed, white-haired
man

I should have slain was Genghis Khan!
At first I knew the way they fled,
The woods they pierced, the streams
they crossed,

The mountain passes and defiles;
But when one flees a thousand miles,
And sees strange starlight overhead
The knowledge of his path is lost.
I only knew, or cared to know,
That they were driven back, and back,
That they were harried on their track,
That thousands perished in the snow;
I thanked the Lord God it was so!
I suffered somewhat, but you see
It did not make an end of me,
For, father, here I am with thee,
With thee, Ludmilla!" Neither spake,
For fear, perhaps, their tears would
break,

Their full hearts overflow!
"At last we reached the Tartar land,
The kingdom that is Genghis Khan's,
The remnant of a thousand clans,
But still a mighty band.

Pass lightly over them and him,
For they were sullen, he was grim,
And had a hasty hand.
Pass lightly over what came next,
As over a dream that long perplexed
The short hours of the night, and fled,
And left the morning in its stead,
And me—not as it threatened, dead,
But living, as I am to-day;
For God the Lord is strong to save
The hearts that trust him; only say
That I was there a slave.

You know what that is, — you have
seen

Those who have Tartar captives been,
But never one, I think, like me;
Or so, at least, thought Genghis Khan.
Dark man! he knew enough of man
To know that I was free,
And would be, though in chains, until
Death or deliverance came; his will
Was met and matched by mine; so he —
He went his way, and I went mine.
He never saw me peak and pine,
Nor heard me sigh for rest.
I thought to fill a Tartar grave
Were better than to live — a slave,
But God knew better, He knew best.
I was not wholly downcast; I
Believed the day and hour would come
(May Heaven forgive me if I lie!)
When I should rise, and journey home
And be with you, — I was in heart;
There was no day, there was no hour
But I was here; no earthly power
Could keep our souls apart!
I saw you as I see you now,
With fewer furrows on your brow,
Father; and you, Ludmilla, saw,
And my young brother, Wratislaw,
His frank blue eyes, his yellow hair, —
There never was a child so fair!
I think we never understood
How brave he was, as brave as good."
Sir Berka groaned, Ludmilla sighed;
But Jan went on, with tender pride:
"I loved the boy; my own dear son —
If God had pleased to send me one —
Could not have dearer been than he,
The flower of all our family!
Night after night I dreamed of him,
Bright dreams that did till morning last;
At length they lessened and were dim,
At last they vanished in the past.
Then suddenly I was aware —
Still in my dreams that sadder grew —
That something, some one followed me,
Some one did day and night pursue;
It might be beast, it might be man, —
The face, the form I could not see,
Nor knew I when it was, or where:
And once my name was shouted, '*Jan!*'
This happened many moons ago,
When mountain sides were white with
snow

And I was slave to Genghis Khan.
One day he summoned me; I went,
And found him in his battle tent,

Girt round by bowmen; there I saw —
Great God! — my brother Wratislaw!
The grim old king looked up and
smiled:

‘Come here, my slave, beside this child;
Behold how pale he is, how weak, —
His wasted form, his sunken cheek;
He says he is your brother, says
He comes to get your freedom, — *he*
Who sees the end of all his days
Is nigh, death waiting, comes to *me*,
Offers himself to be my slave,
If I will set you free.

Slavonian, speak, I know you brave!
Would you advise this less than man
(Support him, for he faints you see)
To be the slave of Genghis Khan?’
My brother proudly raised his head,
And with a flashing eye he said,
‘Look not upon my wasted frame,
For thine will one day be the same,
But think, remember how I came,
Over mountain, over plain,
Where thy flying clans were slain,
Where unburied they remain;
From far Morava to thy throne
I came, but did not come alone,
For God was with me, led my hand,
Guided the feet that bore me here,
Through Poland, Russia, Tartar land;
Six moons of travel for a man,
Through ways a man might fear.
Now listen, therefore, Genghis Khan,
For God speaks through me and to
thee:

Thou art to set my brother free,
I am to be thy slave!
The youngest I, the oldest he;
A man with one foot in the grave
Our father, with no son but Jan,
My brother, who is wed to one
That loves him, but has borne no son;
He must return, and I remain.
But hear, O Genghis Khan, again,
If thou refuse, what will be done:
Thou hast seven sons, and all men say
That they are what thy sons should be;
But thou shalt see them fade away
In seven short months, and from to-
day, —

But not if Jan is free.’
Seven long, dark days of dread sus-
pense,
Days, ages that would not depart,

Interminable and intense,
That almost broke my heart, —
I could not suffer more, —
Then I was summoned, as before,
By Genghis Khan, who thus began:
‘Slavonian, I have sent for you,
For you have done what few have dared,
Fought hand to hand with Genghis
Khan,

Who, when he sees him, knows a man,
And fighting, knows if he is brave;
It was for this your life was spared,
And you were made a slave.
I have subdued, and can subdue;
It suits me now to set you free,
Not for yourself, but for your brother,
For I have never seen another
That was as brave as he.

I have seven brothers, but not one
Would do for me what he has done;
I have seven sons, but not a son
Would do the same for me:
I would not do it for any man,
And not for God, — if God there be, —
For I am Genghis Khan!
But for that boy, — that tender bird
That from his nest should not have
stirred,

Too stout of heart, too weak of wing, —
Methinks I would do anything.
Take him, and go; through all my land
I have sent word that you are free;
Return to peace and happiness;
Depart, and think no more of me!’
I knelt and kissed — I could no less —
His world-dividing hand.”

“And Wratislaw?” “But you shall
hear.

They brought me armor, — *mine*, you
see, —

And that great helmet shagged with
hair,

And from his own side Genghis Khan
Took off the scymetar I wear;

They girt it on me, — I was free!

Two steeds were brought me to pursue
My long, long journey back to you;
I rode, for all the ways were clear,
I rode and rode, as if for life,
And here I am, the same old Jan.”

“But Wratislaw?” He rose up then,
And led his father and his wife
Straight to the casement, whence they
saw

In the court-yard two Tartar steeds,
 And his squire holding them: like reeds
 They trembled, for two serving-men
 Bore something forward — Wratislaw?
 No, no, it was not *he* they bore
 With slow steps through the castle gate,
 And up the stairs, and in the hall!
 It was a strong box, that was all,
 Studded with knobs and bands of gold;
 And it was heavy, too, to hold,
 The bearers drooped beneath the weight;
 An oaken chest, wherein of old
 Brave Genghis Khan his treasure
 stored, —
 The crowns he had conquered with his
 great sword, —
 A treasure chest, no more.
 Jan put his hand within his breast,
 And then took out a curious key,
 And, kneeling down where they could
 see,
 Unlocked the treasure chest.
 Yes, it *was* Wratislaw! He died
 The day he found his brother Jan,

Died then, and almost at his side.
 Struck with his greatness, Genghis
 Khan,
 Whose stormy soul for once was calmed,
 Had the dear body then embalmed.
 It was his body that they saw,
 The treasure there was Wratislaw!
 They stood and looked at one another,
 Like men whose days are nearly done:
 "I thank thee, God, for such a brother!"
 "I thank thee, God, for such a son!"
 How beautiful he was! the child
 Was lovelier than in life: his face
 Had caught a more than earthly grace;
 It was as if an angel smiled,
 But a strong angel, one whose might
 Was manifested there in light,
 To which the light of day was dim;
 Yes, it was Wratislaw who slept
 In the rich chest of Genghis Khan.
 His promise had been kept,
 For he had found his brother Jan,
 And Jan had now returned with him.
 R. H. Stoddard.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

XXI.

It is very curious that their experience tells so little among theatrical people in their calculation of the probable success of a new piece; perhaps it may be said that they cannot positively foresee the effect each actor or actress may produce with certain parts; but given the best possible representation of the piece, the precise temper of the particular audience who decides its fate on the first night of representation is always an unknown quantity in the calculation, and no technical experience ever seems to arrive at anything like even approximate certainty with regard to that. *I* felt perfectly sure of the success of *The Hunchback*, but *I* think that was precisely because of my want of theatrical experience, which left

me rather in the position of one of the public than one of the players, and there was much grave head-shaking over it, especially on the part of one excellent stage manager, Mr. Bartley, who was exceedingly faint-hearted about the experiment.

My father, with great professional disinterestedness, took the insignificant part of the insignificant lover, and Knowles himself filled that of the hero of the piece, the hunchback; a circumstance which gave the part a peculiar interest and compensated in some measure for the loss of the great genius of Kean, for whom it had been written.

The same species of uncertainty which *I* have said characterizes the judgments of actors with regard to the success of new pieces sometimes affects the appre-

ciation authors themselves form of the relative merits of their own works, inducing them to value more highly some which they esteem their best, and to which that preëminence is denied by popular verdict. Knowles while writing *The Hunchback* was so absorbed with the idea of what Kean's impersonation of it would probably be, that he was entirely unconscious of what the great actor himself probably perceived, that on the stage the part of Julia would overweigh and eclipse that of Master Walter. Knowles felt sure he had written a fine man's part, and was really not aware that the woman's part was still finer. What is yet more singular is that while he was writing *The Wife*, which he did immediately afterwards, with a view to my acting the principal female character, he constantly said to me, "I am writing *such* a part for you!" and had no notion that the only part capable of any effect at all in the piece was that of Julian St. Pierre, the good-for-nothing brother of the duchess.

The play of *The Wife* was singularly wanting in interest, and except in the character of St. Pierre was ineffective and flat from beginning to end, in that respect a perfect contrast to *The Hunchback*, in which the interest is vivid and strong and never flags from the first scene to the last. I was quite unable to make anything at all of the part of Marianna, nor have I ever heard of its becoming prominent or striking in the hands of any one else.

The Hunchback, according to my confident expectation, succeeded. Knowles played his own hero with great force and spirit, though he was in such a state of wild excitement that I expected to see him fly on the stage whenever he should have been off it, and *vice versa*, and followed him about behind the scenes endeavoring to keep him in his right mind with regard to his exits and his entrances, and receiving from him explosive Irish benedictions in return for my warnings and promptings. Throughout the whole first representation I was really as nervous for and about him as I was about the play itself and my own particular

part in it. My father did the impossible with Sir Thomas Clifford, in making him both dignified and interesting; and Miss Taylor was capital in the saucy Helen. My part played itself and was greatly liked by the audience; the piece was one of the most popular original plays of my time, and has continued a favorite alike with the public and the players. The part of the heroine is one, indeed, in which it would be almost impossible to fail; and every Julia may reckon upon the sympathy of her audience, the character is so preëminently effective and dramatic.

Of the play as a composition not much is to be said; it has little poetical or literary merit, and even the plot is so confused and obscure that nobody to my knowledge (not even the author himself, of whom I once asked an explanation of it) was ever able to make it out or give a plausible account of it. The characters are inconsistent and wanting in verisimilitude to a degree that ought to prove fatal to them with any tolerably reasonable spectators; in spite of all which the play is interesting, exciting, affecting, and humorous. The powerfully dramatic effect of the situations, and the two characters of Master Walter and Julia, the great scope for good acting in all the scenes in which they appear, the natural fire, passion, and pathos of the dialogue, in short, the great merits of the piece as an acting play cover all its defects; even the heroine's vulgar, flighty folly and the hero's absurd eccentricity interfering wonderfully little with the sympathy of the audience for their troubles and their final triumph over them. *The Hunchback* is a very satisfactory play to see, but let nobody who has seen it well acted attempt to read it in cold blood!

It had an immense run, and afforded me an opportunity of testing the difference between an infinite repetition of the text of Shakespeare and that of any other writer. I played Juliet upwards of a hundred nights without any change of part and did not weary of it; Julia, in *The Hunchback*, after half the repetition became so tiresome to me that I would

have given anything to have changed parts with my sprightly Helen, if only for a night, to refresh myself and recover a little from the extreme weariness I felt in constantly repeating Julia. The audience certainly would have suffered by the exchange, for Miss Taylor would not have played my part so much better than I, as I should have played hers worse than she did. Indeed, her performance of the character of Helen saved it from the reproach of coarseness, which very few actresses would have been able to avoid while giving it all the point and lively humor which she threw into it. I had great pleasure in acting the piece with her, she did her business so thoroughly well and was so amiable and agreeable a fellow worker.

In my last letter to Miss S—— I have spoken of a party at the Countess of Cork's, to which I went. She was one of the most curious figures in the London society of my girlish days. Very aged, yet retaining much of a vivacity of spirit and sprightly wit for which she had been famous as Mary Monckton, she continued till between ninety and a hundred years old to entertain her friends and the gay world, who frequently during the season assembled at her house.

I have still a note begging me to come to one of her evening parties, written under her dictation by a young person who used to live with her, and whom she called her "Memory;" the few concluding lines scrawled by herself are signed "*M. Cork, æt. 92.*" She was rather apt to appeal to her friends to come to her on the score of her age; and I remember Rogers showing me an invitation he had received from her for one of the ancient concert evenings (these were musical entertainments of the highest order, which Mr. Rogers never failed to attend), couched in these terms: "Dear Rogers, leave the ancient music and come to ancient Cork, 93." Lady Cork's drawing-rooms were rather peculiar in their arrangement: they did not contain that very usual piece of furniture, a piano-forte, so that if ever she especially desired to have music she hired an instrument for the evening; the rest

of the furniture consisting only of very large and handsome arm-chairs placed round the apartments against the walls, to which they were *made fast* by some mysterious process, so that it was quite impossible to form a small circle or coterie of one's own at one of her assemblies. I remember when first I made this discovery expressing my surprise to the beautiful Lady Harriet d'Orsay, who laughingly suggested that poor old Lady Cork's infirmity with regard to the property of others (a well-known incapacity for discriminating between *meum* and *tuum*) might probably be the cause of this peculiar precaution with regard to her own arm-chairs, which it would not, however, have been a very easy matter to have stolen even had they not been chained to the walls. In the course of the conversation which followed, Lady E——, apparently not at all familiar with Chesterfield's Letters, said that it was Lady Cork who had originated the idea that after all heaven would probably turn out very dull to her *when she got there; sitting on damp clouds and singing God save the King* being her idea of the principal amusements there. This rather dreary image of the joys of the blessed was combated, however, by Lady E——, who put forth her own theory on the subject as far more genial, saying, "Oh dear, no; she thought it would be all splendid *fêtes* and delightful dinner parties, and charming, clever people; *just like the London season, only a great deal pleasanter because there would be no bores.*" With reference to Lady Cork's theory, Lady Harriet said, "I suppose it would be rather tiresome for her, poor thing! for you know she hates music, and there would be nothing to steal *but one another's wings.*"

Lady Cork's great age did not appear to interfere with her enjoyment of society, in which she lived habitually. I remember a very comical conversation with her in which she was endeavoring to appoint some day for my dining with her, our various engagements appearing to clash. she took up the pocket-book where hers were inscribed, and began reading them out with the following running commen-

cary: "Wednesday — no, Wednesday won't do; Lady Holland dines with me — naughty lady! — won't do, my dear. Thursday?" "Very sorry, Lady Cork, we are engaged." "Ah yes, so am I; let's see — Friday; no, Friday I have the Duchess of C——, another naughty lady; must n't come then, my dear. Saturday?" "No, Lady Cork, I am very sorry — Saturday we are engaged to Lady D——." "Oh dear, oh dear! improper lady, too! but a long time ago, everybody's forgotten all about it, — very proper now! quite proper now!"

Lady Cork's memory seemed to me to stretch beyond the limits of what everybody had forgotten. She was quite a young woman at the time of the youth of George III., and spoke of Frederick, Prince of Wales, to whose wife she, then the Honorable Mary Monckton, was maid of honor. It is a most tantalizing circumstance to me, now, to remember a fragment of a conversation between herself and my mother, on the occasion of the first visit I was ever taken to pay her. I was a very young girl; it was just after my return from school at Paris, and the topics discussed by my mother and her old lady friend interested me so little that I was looking out of the window, and wondering when we should go away, when my attention was arrested by these words spoken with much emphasis by Lady Cork: "Yes, my dear, I was alone in the room, and the picture turned in its frame, and Lord Bute came out from behind it;" here, perceiving my eyes riveted upon her, she lowered her voice, and I distinctly felt that I was expected to look out of the window again, without having any idea, however, that the question was probably one of the character of a "naughty lady" of higher rank than those so designated to me some years later by old Lady Cork, who, if I may judge by this fragment of gossip, might have cleared up some disputed points, as to the relations between the Princess of Wales and the Prime Minister.

I do not know that Lady Cork's reputation for beauty ever equaled that she had for wit, but when I knew her, at up-

wards of ninety, she was really a very comely old woman. Her complexion was still enviably fine and fair, and there was great vivacity in her eyes and countenance, as well as wonderful liveliness in her manner. Her figure was very slight and diminutive, and at the parties at her own house she always was dressed entirely in white, — in some rich white silk, with a white bonnet covered with a rich blonde or lace veil on her head; she looked like a little old witch bride. I recollect a curious scene my mother described to me, which she witnessed one day when calling on Lady Cork, whom she had known for many years. She was shown into her dressing-room, where the old lady was just finishing her toilet. She was about to put on her gown, and remaining a moment without it showed my mother her arms and neck, which were even then still white and round and by no means unlovely, and said, pointing to her maid, "Isn't it a shame! she won't let me wear my gowns low, or my sleeves short any more." To which the maid responded by throwing the gown over her mistress's shoulders, exclaiming at the same time, "Oh, fie, my lady! you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk so at your age!" — a rebuke which the nonagenarian beauty accepted with becoming humility.

The unfortunate propensity of poor Lady Cork to appropriate all sorts of things belonging to other people, valueless quite as often as valuable, was matter of public notoriety, so that the fashionable London tradesmen, to whom her infirmity in this respect was well known, never allowed their goods to be taken to her carriage for inspection, but always exacted that she should come into their shops, where an individual was immediately appointed to follow her about and watch her during the whole time she was making her purchases.

Whenever she visited her friends in the country, her maid on her return home used to gather together whatever she did not recognize as belonging to her mistress, and her butler transmitted it back to the house where they had been staying. I heard once a most ludi-

crous story of her carrying off, *faute de mieux*, a *hedgehog* from a place where the creature was a pet of the porters, and was running tame about the hall as Lady Cork crossed it to get into her carriage. She made her poor "Memory" seize up the prickly beast, but after driving a few miles with this unpleasant spiked foot-warmer, she found means to dispose of it at a small town, where she stopped to change horses, to a baker, to whom she gave it in payment for a sponge cake, assuring him that a *hedgehog* would be invaluable in his establishment for the destruction of black beetles, with which she knew, from good authority, that the premises of bakers were always infested.

The following note was addressed to Lady Dacre on the subject of a pretty piece called *Isaure*, which she had written and very kindly wished to have acted at Covent Garden for my benefit. It was, however, judged of too slight and delicate a texture for that large frame, and the purpose was relinquished. I rather think it was acted in private at Hatfield House, Lady Salisbury filling the part of the heroine, which I was to have taken had the piece been brought out at Covent Garden:—

MY DEAR LADY DACRE,—Will you be kind enough to send *Isaure* to my father? We will take the greatest possible care of her, and return her to you in all safety. I am only sorry that he cannot have the pleasure of hearing you read it; for though it can take its own part very well, you know even Shakespeare is not the worse for the interpretation of a sweet voice, musical accent, and correct emphasis. With regard to the production of the piece on the stage, I do not like to venture an opinion, because my short experience has been long enough already to show me how easily I might be mistaken in such matters.

There is no rule by which the humors of an audience can be predicted. On a benefit night, indeed, I feel sure that the piece would succeed, and answer your kind intention of adding to the attractions of the bill, be they what they might;

but our judges are not the same, you know, two consecutive evenings, and therefore it is impossible to foretell the sentence of a second representation, for no "benefit" but that of the public itself. *Isaure* is a refined patrician beauty, and I am sometimes inclined to think that the Memphian head alone is of fit proportions for uttering oracles in the huge space of our modern stage. My father, however, is, from long experience, the best guesser of these riddles, and he will tell you honestly his opinion as to your heroine's public capacity. I am sure he will find his own reward in making her acquaintance.* I am, my dear Lady Dacre, faithfully yours,

FANNY KEMBLE.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—Thank you for the book you were so good as to send me. I have read that which concerns the *Cenci* in it, and think Leigh Hunt's reflections on the story and tragedy very good. I am glad you were at the play last night, because I thought I acted well,—at least, I tried to do so. I stayed the first act of the new after-piece, and was rather amused by it. I do not know how the ladies' "inexpressibles" might affect the fortunes of the second act, but I liked all their gay petticoats in the first, extremely. The weather is not very propitious for us; we start to-morrow at nine. I send you the only copy of *Sophocles* I can lay my hand on this morning. Yours ever truly,

F. A. KEMBLE.

A little piece called *The Invincibles*, in which a smart corps of young Amazons in uniform were officered by Madame Vestris in the prettiest regimentals ever well worn by woman, was the novelty I alluded to. The effect of the female troop was very pretty, and the piece was very successful.

I had only lately read Shelley's great tragedy, and Mrs. Jameson had been so good as to lend me various notices and criticisms upon it. The hideous subject itself is its weak point, and his selection of it one cause for doubting Shelley's

power as a dramatic writer. Everything else in the terrible play suggests the probable loss his death may have been to the dramatic literature of England. At the same time, the tenor of all his poems denotes a mind too unfamiliar with human life and human nature in their ordinary normal aspects and conditions for a good writer of plays. His metaphysical was almost too much for his poetical imagination, and perhaps nothing between the morbid horror of that Cenci story and the ideal grandeur of the Greek Prometheus would have excited him to the dramatic handling of any subject.

His translation from Calderon's *El Magico Prodigioso* and his bit of the Brocken scene from *Faust* are fine samples of his power of dramatic style; he alone could worthily have translated the whole of *Faust*; but I suppose he really was too deficient in the vigorous flesh-and-blood vitality of the highest and healthiest poetical genius to have been a dramatist. He could not deal with common folk or handle common things; humor, that great *tragic* element, was not in him; the heavens and all their clouds and colors were his, and he floated and hovered and soared in the ethereal element like one native to it. Upon the firm earth his foot wants firmness, and men and women as they are, are at once too coarse and complex, too robust and too infinitely various for his delicate, fine, but in some sense feeble handling.

Browning is the very reverse of Shelley in this respect; both have written one fine play and several fine dramatic compositions; but throughout Shelley's poetry the dramatic spirit is deficient, while in Browning's it reveals itself so powerfully that one wonders how he has escaped writing many good plays besides the *Blot on the Scutcheon* and that fine fragmentary succession of scenes, *Pippa Passes*.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON, — I fear I am going to disappoint you, and 'tis with real regret that I do so, but I have been acting every night almost for the last month, and when to-day I mentioned my project of spending this my holiday even-

ing with you, both my aunt and my father seemed to think that in discharging my debt to you I was defrauding nearer and older creditors; and suggested that my brother, who really sees but little of me now, might think my going out to-night unkind. I cannot, therefore, carry out my plan of visiting you, and beg that you will forgive my not keeping my promise this evening. I am moreover so far from well that my company would hardly give you much pleasure, nor could I stay long if I came, for early as it is my head is aching for its pillow already.

As soon as a week occurs in which I have two holidays I will try to give you one of them. I send you back Crabbe, which I have kept forever; for a great poet, which he is, he is curiously unpoetical, I think. Yours ever truly,

F. A. KEMBLE.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON, — My mother bids me say that you certainly will suppose she is mad, or else *Mother Hubbard's dog*; for when you called she was literally ill in bed, and this evening she cannot have the pleasure of receiving you, because she is engaged out, here in our own neighborhood, to a very quiet tea. She bids me thank you very much for the kindness of your proposed visit and express her regret at not being able to avail herself of it. If you can come on Thursday, between one and two o'clock, I shall be most happy to see you. Thank you very much for Lamb's *Dramatic Specimens*; I read the scene you had copied from *Philaster* directly; how fine it is! how I should like to act it! Mr. Harness has sent me the first volume of the family edition of the *Old Plays*. I think sweeping those fine dramas clean is a good work that cannot be enough commended. What treasures we possess and make no use of, while we go on acting *Gamesters* and *Grecian Daughters*, and such poor stuff! But I have no time for ecstasies or exclamations. Yours ever most truly,

F. A. KEMBLE.

I have said that hardly any new part was ever assigned to me that I did not

receive with a rueful sense of inability to what I called "do anything with it." Julia in *The Hunchback*, and Camiola in *The Maid of Honor* were among the few exceptions to this preparatory attack of despondency; but those I in some sort chose myself, and all my other characters were appointed me by the management, in obedience to whose dictates and with the hope of serving the interests of the theatre I suppose I should have acted Harlequin if I had been ordered to do so.

Lady Teazle and Mrs. Oakley were certainly no exceptions to this experience of a cold fit of absolute incapacity with which I received every new part appointed me, and my studying of them might have been called lugubrious, whatever my subsequent performance of them may have been. My mother was of invaluable assistance to me in the process, and I owe to her whatever effect I produced in either part. She had great comic as well as pathetic power, and the incisive point of her delivery gave every shade of meaning of the dialogue with admirable truth and pungency; her own performance of Mrs. Oakley had been excellent; I acted it, even with the advantage of her teaching, very tamely. Jealousy, in any shape, was not a passion that I sympathized with; the tragic misery of Bianca's passion was, however, a thing I could imagine sufficiently well to represent it; but not so Mrs. Oakley's fantastical frenzies. But the truth is that it was not until many years later and in my readings of Shakespeare that I developed any real comic faculty at all; and I have been amused in the later part of my public career to find comedy often considered my especial gift, rather than the tragic and pathetic one I was supposed at the beginning of it to possess.

The fact is that except in broad farce, where the principal ingredient being humor, animal spirits and a grotesque imagination, which are of no particular age, come strongly into play, comedy appears to me decidedly a more mature and complete result of dramatic training than tragedy. The effect of the latter

may, as I myself exemplified, be tolerably achieved by force of natural gifts, aided but little by study; but a fine comedian *must* be a fine artist; his work is intellectual, and not emotional, and his effects address themselves to the critical judgment and not the passionate sympathy of an audience. Tact, discretion, fine taste, are quite impossible elements of his performance; he must be really a more complete actor than a great tragedian need be. The expression of passion and emotion appears to be an interpretation of nature, and may be forcibly rendered sometimes with but little beyond the excitement of its imaginary experience on the actor's own sensibility; while a highly educated perfection is requisite for the actor who, in a brilliant and polished representation of the follies of society, produces by fine and delicate and powerful delineations the picture of the vices and ridicules of a highly artificial civilization.

Good company itself is not unapt to be very good acting of high comedy, while tragedy, which underlies all life, if by chance it rises to the smooth surface of polite, social intercourse, agitates and disturbs it and produces even in that uncongenial sphere the rarely heard discord of a natural condition and natural expression of natural feeling.

Of my performance of Mrs. Oakley I have but one recollection, which is that of having once, while acting it with my father, disconcerted him to such a degree as to compel him to turn up the stage in an uncontrollable fit of laughter. I remember the same thing happening once when I was playing Beatrice to his Benedict. I have not the least notion what I did that struck my father with such irrepressible merriment, but I suppose there must have been something in itself irresistibly ludicrous to him, towards whom my manner was habitually respectfully deferential (for our intercourse with our parents, though affectionate, was not familiar, and we seldom addressed them otherwise than as "sir" and "ma'am"), to be pelted by me with the saucy sallies of Beatrice's mischievous wit, or pummeled with the gro-

tesque outbursts of poor Mrs. Oakley's jealous fury.

Our personal relation, which thus rendered our performance of comedy together especially comical to my father, added infinitely to my distress in all tragedies in which we acted together; the sense of his displeasure or the sight of his anguish invariably bringing him, my father, and not the part he was acting, before me; and, as in the play of *The Stranger* and the pathetic little piece of *The Deserter*, affecting me with almost uncontrollable emotion.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
April 10, 1831.

MY DEAREST H—: I owe you something like an explanatory note after that ejaculatory one I sent you the other day; you must have thought me crazy; but indeed since all these late alarming reports from Spain, until the news came of John's safety, I did not know how much fear and anxiety lay under the hope and courage I had endeavored to maintain about him.

From day to day I had read the reports and tried to reason with regard to their probability, and to persuade my mother that we had every cause for hoping the best; and it was really not until that hope was realized that it seemed as if all my mental nerves and muscles, braced to the resistance of calamity, had suddenly relaxed and given way under the relief from all further apprehension of it. I have kept much of my forebodings to myself, but they have been constant and wretched enough, and my gratitude for this termination of them is unspeakable.

I heard last night a report which I have not mentioned to my mother for fear it should prove groundless. Horace Twiss showed me a note in which a gentleman assured him that John had positively taken his passage in a government vessel, and was now on his way home; even if this is true, I am afraid to tell my mother, because if the vessel should be delayed a day or two by weather or any other cause, her anxiety will have another set of apprehensions to feed

upon, and to prey upon her with. She desires her best love to you; she likes your pamphlet on *The Education of the People* very much, at the same time that it has not convinced her that instruction is wholesome for the lower orders; she thinks the dependence of helplessness and ignorance a better security (for them, or for those above them, I wonder?) than the power of reasoning rightly and a sense of duty, in which opinion, as you will believe, I do not agree.

Thank you for your account of your visit to Wroxton Abbey [the seat of the Earl of Guilford]; it interested me very much; trees are not to me, as they seem to be to you, the most striking and beautiful of all natural objects, though I remember feeling a good deal of pain at the cutting down of a particular tree that I was very fond of.

At the entrance of Weybridge was a deserted estate and dilapidated mansion, Portmore Park, once a royal domain, through which the river ran and where we used to go constantly to fish. There was a remarkably beautiful cedar-tree whose black boughs spread far over the river, and whose powerful roots, knotted in every variety of twist, formed a cradle from which the water had gradually washed away the earth. Here I used to sit, or rather lie, reading, or writing sometimes, while the others pursued their sport, and enjoying the sound and sight of the sparkling water which ran undermining my bed and singing treacherous lullabies to me the while. For two years this tree was my favorite haunt; the third, on our return to Weybridge from London, on my running to the accustomed spot, I found the hitherto intercepted sun staring down upon the water and the bank, and a broad, smooth, white *tabula rasa* level with the mossy turf, which was all that remained of my cedar canopy; and though it afforded an infinitely more commodious seat than the twisted roots, I never returned there again.

I have had no opportunity of strengthening my love of nature by association; but there is no mood whatever in which I do not find sympathy and fellowship

in its aspect; and I feel an upspringing glow of affection towards the blue summer sky that I never felt towards any creature of my own species.

To-morrow we dine with the F——s, and there is to be a dance in the evening; on Wednesday I act Constance; Thursday there is a charade party at the M——s'; Friday I play Mrs. Beverley; and Monday and Wednesday next, Camiola. I hope by and by to act Camiola very well, but I am afraid the play itself can never become popular; the size of the theatre and the public taste of the present day are both against such pieces; still, the attempt seemed to me worth making, and if it should prove successful we might revive one or two more of Massinger's plays; they are such sterling stuff compared with the Isabelas, the Jane Shores, the everything but Shakespeare. You saw in my journal what I think about Camiola. I endeavor as much as I can to soften her, and if I can manage to do so I shall like her better than any part I have played except my dear Portia, who does not need softening.

I am too busy just now to read *Destiny* [Miss Ferrier's admirable novel]; my new part and dresses and rehearsals will occupy me next week completely. I have taken a new start about *The Star of Seville* [the play I was writing], and am working away hard at it. I begin to see my way through it. I wish I could make anything like an acting play of it; we want one or two new ones so very much.

My riding goes on famously, and Torard thinks so well of my progress that the other day he put me upon a man's horse, — an Arab, — which frightened me half to death with his high spirits and capers; but I sat him, and what is more rode him. Tuesday we go to a very gay ball a little way out of town; Saturday we go to a party at old Lady Cork's, who calls you Harriet and professes to have known you well and to remember you perfectly.

Now, H——, as to what you say of fishing, if you are bloody-minded enough to desire to kill creatures for sport, in Heav-

en's name why don't you do it? The sin lies in the inclination (by the bye, I think that's *half* a mistake). Never mind, your inclination to fish and my desire to be the tigress at the Zoological Gardens have nothing whatever in common. I admire and envy the wild beast's swiftness and strength, but if I had them I don't think I would tear human beings to bits unless I were *she*, which was not what I wished to be, only as strong and agile as she; do you see? I am in a great hurry, dear, and have written you an inordinately stupid letter; never mind, the next shall be inconceivably amusing. Just now my head is stuffed full of amber-colored cashmere and white satin. My mother begs to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Kemble. Always affectionately yours,
F. A. K.

My determination to *soften* the character of Camiola is another indication of my imperfect comprehension of my business as an actress, which was not to reform but to represent certain personages. Massinger's *Maid of Honor* is a stern woman, not without a very positive grain of coarse hardness in her nature. My attempt to *soften* her was an impertinent endeavor to alter his fine conception to something more in harmony with my own ideal of womanly perfection. I was a very indifferent actress and had not begun to understand my work, nor was Mr. Macready far wrong when, many years after, he spoke of me as "not knowing the rudiments of my profession."

JOURNAL, 1831.

Thursday, April 21st. Walked in the square, and studied Lady Teazle. The trees are thickly clothed with leaves, and the new-mown grass, even in the midst of London, smelt fresh and sweet; I was quite alone in the square and enjoyed something like a *country* sensation. I went to Pickersgill, and Mrs. Jameson came while I was sitting to him; that Medora of his is a fine picture, full of poetry. We dined with the Harnesses; Milman and Croly were among the guests (it was a sort of Quarterly Review in the

flesh). I like Mr. Milman; not so the other critic.

Friday, 22d. Visiting with my mother; called on Lady Dacre, who gave me her pretty little piece of Wednesday Morning, with a view to our doing it for my father's benefit. It is really very pretty, but I fear will look in our large theatre as a lady's water-color sketch of a landscape would by way of a scene. I walked in the square in the afternoon, and studied Lady Teazle, which I do not like a bit and shall act abominably. At the theatre to-night the house was not very full, and the audience were unpleasantly inclined to be political; they took one of the speeches, "The king, God bless him," and applied it with vehement applause to his worthy majesty, William IV.

Saturday, 23d. After my riding lesson, went and sat in the library to hear Sheridan Knowles's play of The Hunchback. Mr. Bartley and my father and mother were his only audience, and he read it himself to us. A real play, with real characters, individuals, human beings, it is a good deal after the fashion of our old playwrights and does not disgrace its models. I was delighted with it; it is full of life and originality; a little long, but that's a trifle. There is a want of clearness and coherence in the plot, and the comic part has really no necessary connection with the rest of the piece; but none of that will signify much, or, I think, prevent it from succeeding. I like the woman's part exceedingly, but am afraid I shall find it very difficult to act.

After dinner there was a universal discussion as to the possibility and probability of Adorni's self-sacrifice in The Maid of Honor, and as the female voices were unanimous in their verdict of its truth and likelihood, I hold it to be likely and true, for Dante says we have the "intellect of love," and Cherubino (a very different kind of authority) says the same thing; and I suppose we are better judges of such questions than men. The love of Adorni seems to me, indeed, more like a woman's than a man's, but that does not tell against its verisimil-

itude. Our love is characterized generally by self-devotion and self-denial, but the qualities which naturally belong to our affection were given to Adorni by his social and conventional position. He was by birth and fortune dependent on and inferior to Camiola, as women are by nature dependent on and inferior to men; and so I think his love for her has something of a feminine quality.

In the evening went with my mother to a party at old Lady Cork's. We started for our assembly within a few minutes of Sunday morning. Such rooms — such ovens! such boxes full of fine folks and foul air! in which we stood and sat, and looked and listened, and talked nonsense and heard it talked, and perspired and smothered and suffocated. On our arrival, as I was going upstairs, I was nearly squeezed flat against the wall by her potent grace, the Duchess of St. Albans. We remained half an hour in the steaming atmosphere of the drawing-rooms, and another half hour in the freezing hall before the carriage could be brought up; caught a dreadful cold and came home; did not get to bed till two o'clock, with an intolerable face-ache and toothache, the well-earned reward of a well-spent evening.

[The career of the Duchess of St. Albans was, as far as worldly circumstances went, a curious one. As Miss Mellon she was one of my mother's stage contemporaries; a kind-hearted, good-humored, buxom, rather coarse actress, with good looks, and good spirits of a somewhat unrefined sort, which were not without their admirers; among these the old banker, Mr. Coutts, married her, and dying left her the sole possessor and disposer of his enormous wealth. My mother, who had always remained on friendly though not intimate terms with her old stage-mate, went to see her in the early days of her widowhood, when Mrs. Coutts gave her this moderate estimate of her "money matters:" "Ah, I assure you, dear Mrs. Charles, the reports of what poor, dear Mr. Coutts has left me are very much exaggerated, not I really believe more than a few hundred thousand pounds; to be sure" (after a

dejected pause), "there's the bank, they say about fifty thousand a year."

This small fortune and inconsiderable income proved sufficient to the moderate desires of the young Duke of St. Albans, who married this destitute widow, who thenceforth took her place (and a large one) in the British aristocracy, and chaperoned the young Ladies Beauclerc, her husband's sisters, in society. She was a good-natured woman, and more than once endeavored to get my father and mother to bring me to her balls and magnificent parties. This, however, they steadily declined, and she, without resenting it, sent her invitations to my youngest brother alone, to whom she took a great fancy, and to whose accepting her civilities no objection was made. At her death she left her great wealth to Mr. Coutts's granddaughter, Miss Burdett Coutts, the lady whose excellent use of her riches has made her known all over the world as one of the most munificent-charitable of Fortune's stewards.

The Duchess of St. Albans was not without shrewd sense and some humor, though entirely without education, and her sallies were not always in the best possible taste. Her box at Covent Garden could be approached more conveniently by crossing the stage than by the entrance from the front of the house, and she sometimes availed herself of this easier exit to reach her carriage with less delay. One night when my father had been acting Charles II., the Duchess of St. Albans crossing her old work-ground, the stage, with her two companions the pretty Ladies Beauclerc, stopped to shake hands with him (he was still in his stage costume, having remained behind the scenes to give some orders), and presenting him to her young ladies said, "There, my dears; there's your ancestor." I suppose in her earlier day she might not have been a bad representative of their "ancestress."

Monday, April 25th. Finished studying Lady Teazle. In the evening at the theatre the house was good, but the audience was dull and I was in wretched spirits and played very ill.

Dall was saying that she thought in

two years of hard work we might, that is, my father and myself, earn enough to enable us to live in the south of France. This monstrous theatre and its monstrous liabilities will banish us all as it did my uncle Kemble. But that I should be sorry to live so far out of the reach of H——, I think the south of France would be a pleasant abode: a delicious climate, a quiet existence, a less artificial state of society and mode of life, a picturesque nature round me, and my own dear ones and my scribbling with me, — I think with all these conditions I could be happy enough in the south of France or anywhere.

The audience were very politically inclined, applied all the loyal speeches with fervor, and called for God save the King after the play. The town is illuminated too, and one hopes and prays that the Old Heart of Oak will weather these evil days, but sometimes the straining of the tackle and the creaking of the timbers are suggestive of foundering even to the most hopeful. The lords have been vindicating their claim to a share in common humanity by squabbling like fishwives and all but coming to blows; the bishops must have been scared and scandalized, lords spiritual not being fighting men nowadays.

After the play Mr. Stewart Newton, the painter, supped with us, — a clever, entertaining man and charming artist; a little bit of a dandy, but probably he finds it politic to be so. He told us some comical anecdotes about the Royal Academy and the hanging of the pictures.

The poor, dear king [William IV.], who it seems knows as much about painting as *una vacca spagnuola* lets himself, his family, and family animals be painted by whoever begs to be allowed that honor. So when the pictures were all hung the other day, somebody discovered in a wretched daub close to the ceiling a portrait of Lady Falkland [the king's daughter], and another of his majesty's favorite cat, which were immediately lowered to a more honorable position, to accomplish which desirable end, Sir William Beechey [then president of the academy] removed some of his own paint-

ings. On a similar occasion during the late King George IV.'s life, a wretched portrait of him having been placed in one of the most conspicuous situations in the room, the Duke of Wellington and sundry other distinguished *cognoscenti* complimented Sir Thomas Lawrence on it *as his*; this was rather a bitter pill and must have been almost too much for Lawrence's courtierly equanimity.

Wednesday, April 27th. To the riding-school, where Miss Cavendish and I discoursed on the *stay-at-home* sensation, and agreed that it is bad to encourage it too far, as one may narrow one's social circle till at last it resolves itself into *one's self*.

Wrote to thank Dr. Thackeray [provost of King's College, Cambridge, and father of my life-long friend Mr. A——T——] for the Shakespeare he has sent me, and Lady Dacre for her piece of Wednesday Morning. In the evening they all drove out in the open carriage to see the illuminations; I stayed at home, for the carriage was full and I had no curiosity about the sight. The town is one blaze of rejoicing for the Reform Bill triumph; the streets are thronged with people and choked up with carriages, and the air is flashing and crashing with rockets and squibs and crackers, to the great discomfort of the horses. So many *R's* everywhere that they may stand for reform, revolution, ruin, just as those who run may choose to read, or according to the interpretation of every individual's politics; the most general acceptance in which they will be taken by the popular understanding will assuredly be *row*.

Friday, 29th. Went off to rehearsal without any breakfast, which was horrible! but not so horrible as my performance of Lady Teazle promises to be. If I do the part according to my notion, it will be mere insipidity, and yet all the traditional pokes and pats with the face and *business* of the part, as it is called, is so perfectly unnatural to me that I fear I shall execute it with a doleful bad grace. It seems odd that Sir Peter always wears the dress of the last century, while the costume of the rest of the *dramatis per-*

sonæ is quite modern. Indeed, mine is a ball dress of the present day, all white satin and puffs and clouds of white tulle, and garlands and wreaths of white roses and jasmine; it is very anomalous, and makes Lady Teazle of no date, as it were, for her manners are those of a rustic belle of seventeen hundred and something, and her costume that of a fine lady of the present day in the height of the present fashion, which is absurd.

Mrs. Jameson paid me a long visit; she threatens to write a play; perhaps she might; she is very clever, has a vast fund of information, a good deal of experience, and knowledge and observation of the world and society. She wanted me to have spent the evening with her on the 23d, Shakespeare's birth and death day, an anniversary all English people ought to celebrate. Lady Dacre called, in some tribulation, to say that she had committed herself about her little piece of Wednesday Morning, and that Lady Salisbury, who wants it for Hatfield, does not like its being brought out on the stage.

Lady Dacre says Lady Salisbury is "afraid of comparisons" (between herself and me, in the part). I think Lady Salisbury would not like "our play" to be made "common and unclean" by vulgar publicity. In the evening I went to the theatre to see a new comedy by a Spaniard. The house was literally empty, which was encouraging to all parties. The piece is slightly constructed in point of plot, but the dialogue is admirably written, and as the work of a foreigner, perfectly surprising. I was introduced to Don Telesforo de Trueba, the author, an ugly little young man, all hair and glare, whiskers and spectacles; he must be very clever and well worth knowing. Mr. Harness took tea with us after the play.

[The comedy, in five acts, of *The Exquisites* was a satirical piece showing up the ridiculous assumption of affected indifference of the young dandies of the day. The special airs of impertinence by which certain officers of a "crack" regiment distinguished themselves had suggested several of the most telling

points of the play, which was in every respect a most remarkable performance for a foreigner.]

Saturday, April 30th. Received a letter from John; he has determined not to leave Spain at present; and were he to return, what is there for him to do here? In the evening to Mrs. C——'s ball; it was very gay, but I am afraid I am turning "exquisite," for I didn't like the music, and my partners bored me, and the dancing tired me, and my journal is getting like K——'s head—full of naked facts, unclothed with a single thought.

Sunday, May 1st. As sulky a day as ever *glouted* in an English sky. The "young morn" came picking her way from the east, leading with her a dripping, draggled May, instead of Milton's glorious vision.

After church, sundry callers: Mr. C—— bringing prints of the dresses for Hernani, and the W——s, who seem in a dreadful fright about the present state of the country. I do not suppose they would like to see Heaton demolished.

In the evening we went to the Cartwrights'. It is only in the morning that one goes there to be tortured; in the evening it is to eat delicious dinners and hear delightful music.

Hummel, Moscheles, Neukomm, Horsley, and Sir George Smart, and how they did play! *à l'envi l'un de l'autre*. They sang, too, that lovely glee, By Celia's Arbor. The thrilling shudder which sweet music sends through one's whole frame is a species of acute pleasure, very nearly akin to pain. I wonder if by any chance there is a point at which the two are one and the same thing!

Tuesday, May 3d. I wrote the fourth scene of the fifth act of my play [The Star of Seville], and acted Lady Teazle for the first time; the house was very good, and my performance, as I expected, very bad; I was as flat as a lady amateur. I stayed after the play to hear Braham sing Tom Tug, which was a refreshment to my spirit after my own acting; after I came home, finished the fifth act of The Star of Seville. "Joy, joy forever, my task is done!" I have not the least idea, though, that "heaven is won."

Wednesday, May 4th. A delightful dinner at the B——s', but in the evening a regular crush; however, if one is to be squeezed to death (though 't is an abolished form of torture), it may as well be in good company. All the fine world, and lots of pleasant people besides: Milman, Sotheby, Lockhart, Sir Augustus Cabott, Harness, Lady Dacre, Joanna Baillie, Lady Cabott, etc.

Thursday, May 5th. A rather stupid dinner at the G——s'. I don't like Mr. D——, he's a general sneerer, a species of intellectual libertine that I hate. I danced one quadrille and a waltz, and then went to Mrs. W——'s, who had what is emphatically called a "good party." Charming music; Mrs. Norton looking radiantly splendid; had a long, pleasant talk with Lord Melbourne, who is delightful.

Friday, May 6th. Real March weather: cold, piercing, damp, wretched, in spite of which I carried Shakespeare to walk with me in the square, and read all over again for the fiftieth time all the conjectures of everybody about him and his life. How little we know *about him*, how intimately we seem to know *him*! I had the square all to myself, and it was delicious: lilac, syringa, hawthorn, lime blossoms, and new-mown grass in the midst of London,—and Shakespeare to think about. How grateful I felt for so much enjoyment! When I got home, corrected the proof-sheets of Francis I., and thought it looked quite pretty in print.

Out so late dancing, Wednesday and Thursday nights, or rather *mornings*, that I had no time for journal-writing. What a life I do lead!

Friday, May 15th. At twelve o'clock to Bridgewater House for our first rehearsal of Hernani. Lady Francis wants us to go down to them at Oatlands. I should like of all things to see Weybridge once more; there's many a nook and path in those woods that I know better than their owners. The rehearsal lasted till three, and was a tolerably tidy specimen of amateur acting. Mr. Craven is really very good, and I shall like to act with him very much, and Mr.

St. Aubin is very fair. Was introduced to Mrs. Bradshaw, whose looks rather disappointed me, because she "did contrive to make herself look so beautiful" on the stage, in Clari and Mary Copp and everything she ever did; I suppose her exquisite acting got into her face, somehow. Henry Greville is delightful, and I like him very much. When we left Bridgewater House we drove to my aunt Siddons's. Every time I see that magnificent ruin some fresh decay makes itself apparent in it, and one cannot but feel that it must soon totter to its fall.

What a price she has paid for her great celebrity!—weariness, vacuity, and utter deadness of spirit. The cup has been so highly flavored that life is absolutely without savor or sweetness to her now, nothing but tasteless insipidity. She has stood on a pinnacle till all things have come to look flat and dreary; mere shapeless, colorless, level monotony to her. Poor woman! what a fate to be condemned to, and yet how she has been envied, as well as admired!

After dinner had only just time to go over my part and drive to the theatre. My dear, delightful Portia! The house was good, but the audience dull, and I acted dully to suit them; but I hope my last dress, which was beautiful, consoled them. What with sham business and real business, I have had a busy day.

Saturday, May 14th. Received a note from Theodosia [Lady Monson], and a whole cargo of delicious flowers from Cassiobury. She writes me that poor old Forster [an old cottager who lived in Lord Essex's park, and whom my friend and I used to visit] is dying. The last I saw of that "Old Mortality" was sitting with him one bright sunset under his cottage porch, singing to him and

dressing his hat with flowers, poor old man! yet after walking this earth upwards of ninety-seven years the spirit as well as the flesh must be weary. His cottage will lose half its picturesqueness without his figure at the door; I wonder who will take care now of the roses he was so fond of, and the pretty little garden I used to forage in for lilies of the valley and strawberries! I shall never see him again, which makes me sad; I was often deeply struck by the quaint wisdom of that old human relic, and his image is associated in my thoughts with evening walks and summer sunsets and lovely flowers and lordly trees, and he will haunt Cassiobury always to me. I went with my mother to buy my dresses for Hernani which will cost me a fortune and a half.

Horace Twiss and Annie dined with us; he croaks awfully about the times, but then he has lost his place. Mr. Norton came in the evening, and told us Lord Melbourne's dinner, to which we were going, is obliged to be put off as he is quite ill. I wonder every one who has anything to do with public affairs is not quite ill; quite sick of them they certainly must be. Mrs. Norton and Horace had a well-bred *set-to* about politics; he had all the acrid bitterness of *out* and she all the impertinent insolence of *in* place party spirit; it was a very pretty quarrel.

Sunday, May 15th. Walked home from church with Mrs. Montague and Emily and Mrs. Proctor, discussing among various things the necessity for "preparation" before taking the sacrament. I suppose the publican in the parable had not prepared his prayer, and I suppose he would have been a worthy communicant.

Frances Anne Kemble.

A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

OCTOBER, 1746.

MR. THOMAS PRINCE *loquitur*.

A FLEET with flags arrayed
Sailed from the port of Brest,
And the Admiral's ship displayed
The signal: "Steer southwest."
For this Admiral D'Anville
Had sworn by cross and crown
To ravage with fire and steel
Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumors in the street,
In the houses there was fear
Of the coming of the fleet,
And the danger hovering near;
And while from mouth to mouth
Spread the tidings of dismay,
I stood in the Old South,
Saying humbly: "Let us pray!"

"O Lord! we would not advise;
But if in thy Providence
A tempest should arise
To drive the French fleet hence,
And scatter it far and wide,
Or sink it in the sea,
We should be satisfied,
And thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,
For my soul was all on flame,
And even as I prayed
The answering tempest came.
It came with a mighty power,
Shaking the windows and walls,
And tolling the bell in the tower,
As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly
Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried: "Stand still, and see
The salvation of the Lord!"
The heavens were black with cloud,
The sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud
Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,
 And the broad sails in the van
 Like the tents of Cushan shook,
 Or the curtains of Midian.
 Down on the reeling decks
 Crashed the o'erwhelming seas;
 Ah, never were there wrecks
 So pitiful as these!

Like a potter's vessel broke
 The great ships of the line;
 They were carried away as a smoke,
 Or sank like lead in the brine.
 O Lord! before thy path
 They vanished and ceased to be,
 When thou didst walk in wrath
 With thine horses through the sea!

Henry W. Longfellow.

OUT OF THE QUESTION.

COMEDY.

V.

ALONG the road that winds near the nook where the encounter with the tramps took place, Leslie comes languidly pacing with her friend Maggie Wallace, who listens, as they walk, with downcast eyes and an air of reverent devotion, to Leslie's talk.

Leslie. "But it's all over, — it's all over. I shall live it down; but it will make another girl of me, Maggie." Her voice trembles a little, and as they pause a moment Maggie draws Leslie's head down upon her neck, from which the latter presently lifts it fiercely. "I don't wish you to pity me, Maggie, for I don't deserve any pity. I'm not suffering an atom more than I ought. It's all my own fault. Mamma really left me quite free, and if I cared more for what people would say and think and look than I did for him, I'm rightfully punished, and I'm not going to whimper about it. I've thought it all out."

Maggie. "Oh, Leslie, you always did think things out so clearly!"

Leslie. "And I hope that I shall get my reward, and be an example. I hope I shall never marry at all, or else some horrid old thing I detest; it would serve me right, and I should be glad of it!"

Maggie. "Oh, no, no! Don't talk in that way, Leslie. Do come back with me to the house and lie down, or I'm sure you'll be ill. You look perfectly worn out."

Leslie, drooping upon the fallen log where she had sat to sketch the birch forest: "Yes, I'm tired. I think I shall never be rested again. It's the same place," — looking wistfully round, — "and yet how strange it seems. You know we used to come here, and sit on this log and talk. What long, long talks! Oh me, it will never be again! How weird those birches look! Like ghosts. I wish I was one of them. Well, well! It's all over. Don't wait here, Maggie, dear. Go back to the house; I will

come soon; you must n't let me keep you from Miss Robertson. Excuse me to her, and tell her I'll go some other time. I can't, now. Go, Maggie!"

Maggie. "Oh, Leslie; I hate to leave you here! After what's happened, it seems such a dreadful place."

Leslie. "After what's happened, it's a sacred place, — the dearest place in the world to me. Come, Maggie, you must n't break your appointment. It was very good of you to come with me at all, and now you must go. Say that you left me behind a little way; that I'll be there directly."

Maggie. "Leslie!"

Leslie. "Maggie!" They embrace tenderly, and Maggie, looking back more than once, goes on her way, while Leslie sits staring absently at the birches. She remains in this dreary reverie till she is startled by a footfall in the road, when she rises in a sudden panic. Blake listlessly advances toward her; at sight of her he halts, and they both stand silently regarding each other.

Leslie. "Oh! You said you were going away."

Blake. "Are you in such haste to have me gone? I had to wait for the afternoon stage; I could n't walk. I thought I might keep faith with you by staying away from the house till it was time to start."

Leslie, precipitately: "Do you call that keeping faith with me? Is leaving me all alone keeping — Oh, yes, yes, it is! You have done right. It's I who can't keep faith with myself. Why did you come here? You knew I would be here! I did n't think you could be guilty of such duplicity."

Blake. "I had no idea of finding you here, but if I had known you were here perhaps I could n't have kept away. The future does n't look very bright to me, Miss Bellingham. I had a crazy notion that perhaps I might somehow find something of the past here that I could make my own. I wanted to come and stand here, and think once more that it all really happened — that here I saw the pity in your face that made me so glad of my hurt."

Leslie. "No; stop! It was n't pity! It was nothing good or generous. It was mean regret that I should be under such an obligation to you; it was a selfish and despicable fear that you would have a claim upon my acquaintance which I must recognize." Blake makes a gesture of protest and disbelief, and seems about to speak, but she hurries on: "You must not go away with one good thought of me. Since we parted, three hours ago, I have learned to know myself as I never did before, and now I see what a contemptible thing I am. I flattered myself that I had begged you to go away because I did n't like to cross the wishes of my family, but it was n't that. It was — oh, listen, and try if you can imagine such villainess: I'm so much afraid of the world I've always lived in, that no matter how good and brave and wise and noble you were, still if any one should laugh or sneer at you because you had been — what you have been — I should be ashamed of you. There! I'm so low and feeble a creature as that; and that's the real reason why you must go and forget me; and I must not think and you must not think it's from any good motive I send you away."

Blake. "I don't believe it!"

Leslie. "What!"

Blake. "I don't believe what you say. Nothing shall rob me of my faith in you. Do you think that I'm not man enough to give up what I've no right to because it's the treasure of the world? Do you think I can't go till you make me believe that what I'd have sold my life for is n't worth a straw? No! I'll give up my hope, I'll give up my love, — poor fool I was to let it live an instant! — but my faith in you is something dearer yet, and I'll keep that till I die. Say what you will, you are still first among women to me: the most beautiful, the noblest, the best!"

Leslie, gasping, and arresting him in a movement to turn away: "Wait, wait; don't go! Speak; say it again! Say that you don't believe it; that it is n't true!"

Blake. "No, I don't believe it. No, it is n't true. It's abominably false!"

Leslie, bursting into tears: "Oh, yes, it is. It's abominable, and it's false. Yes, I will believe in myself again. I know that if I had cared for—any one, as—as you cared, as you said you cared for me, I could be as true to them as you would be, through any fate. Oh, thank you, thank you!" At the tearful joy of the look she turns on him he starts toward her. "Oh!"—she shrinks away—"you mustn't think that I"—

Blake. "I don't think anything that does n't worship you!"

Leslie. "Yes, but what I said sounds just like the other, when you misunderstood me so heartlessly."

Blake. "I don't misunderstand you now. You do tell me that you love me, don't you? How should I dare hope without your leave?"

Leslie. "You said you would n't have taken me as a gift if I had. You said you'd have hated me. You said"—

Blake. "I was all wrong in what I thought. I'm ashamed to think of that; but I was right in what I said."

Leslie. "Oh, were you! If you could misunderstand me then, how do you know that you're not misunderstanding me now?"

Blake. "Perhaps I am. Perhaps I'm dreaming as wildly as I was then. But you shall say. Am I?"

Leslie, demurely: "I don't know; I"—staying his instantaneous further advance with extended arm—"No, no!" She glances fearfully round. "Wait; come with me. Come back with me—that is, if you will."

Blake, passionately: "If I will!"

Leslie, with pensive archness: "I want you to help me clear up my character."

Blake, gravely: "Leslie, may I"—

Leslie. "I can't talk with you here."

Blake, sadly: "I will not go back with you to make sorrow for you and trouble among your friends. It's enough to know that you don't forbid me to love you."

Leslie. "Oh, no, it isn't enough—for everybody."

Blake. "Leslie"—

Leslie. "Miss Bellingham, please!"

Blake. "Miss Bellingham"—

Leslie. "Well?"

Blake, after a stare of rapturous perplexity: "Nothing!"

Leslie, laughing through her tears: "If you don't make haste you will be too late for the stage, and then you can't get away till to-morrow."

VI.

In the parlor with Mrs. Bellingham and Mrs. Murray sits a gentleman no longer young, but in the bloom of a comfortable middle life, with blonde hair tending to baldness, accurately parted in the middle, and with a handsome face, lazily shrewd, supported by a comely substructure of double chin, and traversed by a full blonde mustache. He is simply, almost carelessly, yet elegantly dressed in a thin summer stuff, and he has an effect of recent arrival. His manner has distinction, enhanced and refined by the eye-glasses which his near-sightedness obliges him to wear. He sits somewhat ponderously in the chair in which he has planted a person just losing its earlier squareness in the lines of beauty; his feet are set rather wide apart in the fashion of gentlemen approaching a certain weight; and he has an air of amiable resolution as of a man who having dined well yesterday means to dine well to-day.

Charles Bellingham, smiling amusement and slowly getting the range of his aunt through his glasses: "So I have come a day after the fair."

Mrs. Murray. "That is your mother's opinion."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Yes, Charles, Leslie had known what to do herself, and had done it, even before I spoke to her. I'm sorry we made you drag all the way up here, for nothing."

Charles Bellingham. "Oh, I don't mind it, mother. Duty called, and I came. My leisure can wait for my return. The only thing is that they've got a new fellow at the club now, who interprets one's ideas of planked Spanish

mackerel with a sentiment that amounts to genius. I suppose you plank horn-pout, here. But as to coming for nothing, I'd much rather do that than come for something, in a case like this. You say Leslie saw herself that it would n't do?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Yes, she had really behaved admirably, Charles; and when I set the whole matter before her, she fully agreed with me."

Bellingham. "But you think she rather liked him?"

Mrs. Bellingham, sighing a little: "Yes, there is no doubt of that."

Bellingham, musingly: "Well, it's a pity. Behaved rather well in that tramp business, you said?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Nobly."

Bellingham. "And has n't pushed himself, at all?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Not an instant."

Bellingham. "Well, I'm sorry for him, poor fellow, but I'm glad the thing's over. It would have been an awkward affair, under all the circumstances, to take hold of. I say, mother," — with a significant glance at Mrs. Murray, — "there has n't been anything — ah — abrupt in the management of this matter? You ladies sometimes forget the limitations of action in your amiable eagerness to have things over, you know."

Mrs. Bellingham. "I think your mother would not forget herself in such a case."

Bellingham. "Of course, of course; excuse my asking, mother. But you're about the only woman that would n't."

Mrs. Murray, bitterly: "Oh, your mother and Leslie have *both* used him with the greatest tenderness."

Bellingham, dryly: "I'm glad to hear it; I never doubted it. If the man had been treated by any of my family with the faintest slight after what had happened, I should have felt bound as a gentleman to offer him any reparation in my power, — to make him any apology. People of our sort can't do anything shabby." Mrs. Murray does not reply, but rises from her place on the sofa and goes to the window. "Does Leslie know I'm here?"

Mrs. Bellingham, with a little start: "Really, I forgot to tell her you were coming to-day; we had been keeping it from her, and" —

Bellingham. "I don't know that it matters. Where is she?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "I saw her going out with Maggie Wallace. I dare say she will be back soon."

Bellingham. "All right. Where is the young man? Has he gone yet?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "No, he could n't go till the afternoon stage leaves. He's still here."

Bellingham. "I must look him up, and make my acknowledgments to him." Rising: "By the way, what's his name?"

Mrs. Murray, standing with her face toward the window, suddenly gives tokens of a lively interest in some spectacle outside which has casually caught her notice. She leans forward and inclines to this side and that, as if to make perfectly sure before speaking, and at the moment Bellingham puts his question she summons her sister-in-law in a voice of terrible incrimination and triumph: "Marion, did you say Leslie had gone out with Maggie Wallace?"

Mrs. Bellingham, indifferently: "Yes."

Mrs. Murray: "Will you be kind enough to step here?" Mrs. Bellingham, with a little lady-like surprise, approaches, and Mrs. Murray indicates, with a stabbing thrust of her hand, the sight which has so much interested her: "Does *that* look as if it were all over?"

Bellingham, carelessly, as Mrs. Bellingham with great evident distress remains looking in the direction indicated: "What's the matter now?"

Mrs. Murray. "Nothing. I merely wished your mother to enjoy a fresh proof of Leslie's discretion. She is returning to tell us that it's out of the question in company with the young man himself."

Bellingham. "Wha — ha, ha, ha! — What?"

Mrs. Murray. "She is returning with the young man from whom she had just parted forever."

Bellingham, approaching: "Oh, come now, aunt."

Mrs. Murray, fiercely: "Will you look for yourself, if you don't believe me?"

Bellingham. "Oh, I believe you, fast enough. But as for looking, you know I could n't tell the man in the moon at this distance, if Leslie happened to be walking home with him. But is the — ah — fat necessarily in the fire, because?" —

Mrs. Murray whirls away from *Bellingham* where he remains with his hands on his hips lazily peering over his mother's shoulder, and pounces upon a large opera-glass which stands on the centre table, and returning with it thrusts it at him.

Bellingham. "Eh? What?"

Mrs. Murray, excitedly: "It's what we watch the loons on the lake with."

Bellingham. "Well, but I don't see the application. They're not loons on the lake."

Mrs. Murray. "No; but they're loons on the land, and it comes to the same thing." She vehemently presses the glass upon him.

Bellingham, gravely: "Do you mean, aunt, that you actually want me to watch my sister through an opera-glass, like a shabby Frenchman at a watering-place? Thanks. I could never look Les in the face again. It's a little too much like eavesdropping." He folds his arms, and regards his aunt with reproachful amazement, while she dashes back to set the glass on the table again.

Mrs. Bellingham, in great trouble: "Wait, Kate! Charles, dear, I — I think you must."

Bellingham. "What?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Yes, you had better look. You will have to proceed in this matter now, and you must form some conclusions beforehand."

Bellingham. "But mother" —

Mrs. Bellingham, anxiously: "Don't worry me, Charles. I think you must."

Bellingham. "All right, mother." He unfolds his arms and accepts the glass from her. "I never knew you to take an unfair advantage, and I'll obey you on trust. But I tell you I don't like it. I don't like it at all," — deliberately getting the focus, with several trials;

"I've never stolen sheep, but I think I can realize, now, something of the self-reproach which misappropriated mutton may bring. *Where* did you say they were? Oh, over there! I was looking off there, at that point. They're coming this way, are n't they?" With a start: "Hollo! She's got his arm! Oh, *that* won't do. I'm surprised at Les doing that, unless" — continuing to look — "By Jove! He's not a bad-looking fellow, at all. He — Why, confound it! No, it can't be! Why, yes — no — yes, it is, it *is* — by Heaven, it *is* — by all that's strange it is — BLAKE!" He lets the glass fall; and stands glaring at his aunt and mother, who confront him in speechless mystification.

Mrs. Bellingham. "Blake? Why, of course it's Blake. We told you it was Mr. Blake!"

Bellingham. "No, I beg your pardon, mother, you did n't! You never told me it was anybody — by name."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Well?"

Bellingham. "Why, don't you understand, mother? It's *my* Blake!"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Your Blake? Your — Charles, what do you mean?"

Bellingham. "Why, I mean that this is the man" — giving his glasses a fresh pinch on his nose with his thumb and forefinger — "that fished me out of the Mississippi. I flatter myself he could n't do it now. 'The grossness of my nature would have weight to drag him down,' — both of us down. But he'd try it, and he'd have the pluck to go down with me if he failed. Come, mother, you see I can't do anything in this matter. It's simply impossible. It's out of the question."

Mrs. Murray. "Why is it out of the question?"

Bellingham. "Well, I don't know that I can explain, aunt Kate, if it is n't clear to you, already."

Mrs. Bellingham, recovering from the dismay in which her son's words have plunged her: "Charles, Charles! Do you mean that this Mr. Blake is the person who saved you from" —

Bellingham. "From a watery grave? I do, mother."

Mrs. Bellingham. "There *must* be some mistake. You can't tell at this distance, Charles."

Bellingham. "There's no mistake, mother. I should know Blake on the top of Ponkwasset. He was rather more than a casual acquaintance, you see. By Jove, I can't think of the matter with any sort of repose. I can see it all now, just as if it were somebody else: I was weighted down with my accoutrements, and I went over the side of the boat like a flash, and under that yellow deluge like a bullet. I had just leisure to think what a shame it was my life should go for nothing at a time when we needed men so much, when I felt a grip on my hair,"—rubbing his bald spot,— "it could n't be done now! Then I knew I was all right, and waited for developments. The only development was Blake. He fought shy of me, if you'll believe it, after that, till I closed with him one day and had it out with him, and convinced him that he had done rather a handsome thing by me. But that was the end of it. I could n't get him to stand anything else in the way of gratitude. Blake had a vice: he was proud."

Mrs. Bellingham. "And what became of him?"

Bellingham. "Who? Blake? He was the engineer of the boat, I ought to explain. He was transferred to a gunboat after that, and I believe he stuck to it throughout the fighting on the Mississippi. It's—let me see—it's five years now since I saw him in Nebraska, when I went out there to grow up with the country, and found I could n't wait for it." After a pause: "I don't know what it was about Blake; but he somehow made everybody feel that there was stuff in him. In the three weeks we were together we became great friends, and I must say I never liked a man better. Well, that's why, aunt Kate."

Mrs. Murray. "I don't see that it has anything whatever to do with the matter. The question is whether you wish Leslie to marry a man of his station and breeding, or not. His goodness and greatness have nothing to do with it. The

fact remains that he is not at all her equal—that he is n't a gentleman"—

Bellingham. "Oh, come now, aunt Kate. You're not going to tell me that a man who saved my life is n't a gentleman?"

Mrs. Murray. "And you're not going to tell me that a steamboat engineer is a gentleman?"

Bellingham, disconcerted: "Eh?"

Mrs. Murray. "The question is, are you going to abandon that unhappy girl to her fancy for a man totally unfit to be her husband simply because he happened to save your life?"

Bellingham. "Why, you see, aunt Kate"—

Mrs. Murray. "Do you think it would be gentlemanly to do it?"

Bellingham. "Well, if you put it that way, no, I don't. And if you want to know, I don't see my way to behaving like a gentleman in this connection, whatever I do." He scratches his head ruefully: "The fact is that the advantages are all on Blake's side, and he'll have to manage very badly if he does n't come out the only gentleman in the business." After a moment: "How was it you did n't put the name and the—a—profession together, mother, and reflect that this was my Blake?"

Mrs. Bellingham, with plaintive reproach: "Charles, you know how uncommunicative you were about all your life as a soldier. You never told me half so much about this affair before, and you never—it seems very heartless now that I did n't insist on knowing, but at the time it was only part of the nightmare in which we were living—you never told me his name before."

Bellingham. "Did n't I? Well! I supposed I had, of course. Um! That was too bad. I say, mother, Blake has never let anything drop that made you think he had ever known me, or done me any little favor, I suppose?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "No, not the slightest hint. If he had only"—

Bellingham. "Ah, that was like him, confound him!" *Bellingham* muses again with a hopeless air, and then starts suddenly from his reverie: "Why, the fact

is, you know, mother, Blake is really a magnificent fellow; and you know — well, I like him!”

Mrs. Murray. “Oh! That’s Leslie’s excuse!”

Bellingham. “Eh?”

Mrs. Murray. “If you are going to take Leslie’s part, it’s fortunate you have common ground. Like him!”

Bellingham. “Mother, what is the unhallowed hour for dinner in these wilds? One o’clock? I’ve a fancy for tackling this business after dinner.”

Mrs. Bellingham. “I’m afraid, my dear, that it can’t be put off. They must be here, soon.”

Bellingham, sighing: “Well! Though they did n’t seem to be hurrying.”

Mrs. Murray, bitterly: “If they could only know what a friendly disposition there was towards him here, I’m sure they’d make haste!”

Bellingham. “Um!”

Mrs. Bellingham, after a pause: “You don’t know anything about his — his — family do you, Charles?”

Bellingham. “No, mother, I don’t. My impression is that he has no family, any more than — Adam; or — protoplasm. All I know about him is that he was from first to last one of those natural gentlemen that upset all your preconceived notions of those things. His associations must have been commoner than — well it’s impossible to compare them to anything satisfactory; but I never saw a trait in him or heard a word from him that was n’t refined. He gave me the impression of a very able man, too, as I was just saying, but where his strength lay, I can’t say.”

Mrs. Bellingham. “Leslie says he’s an inventor.”

Bellingham. “Well, very likely. I remember, now: he was a machinist by trade, I believe, and he was an enlisted man on the boat when the engineer was killed; and Blake was the man who could step right into his place. It was considered a good thing amongst those people. He was a reader in his way, and most of the time he had some particularly hard-headed book in his hand when he was off duty, — about physics or meta-

physics; used to talk them up now and then, very well. I never had any doubt about his coming out all right. He’s a baffler, Blake is, — at least he is for me. Now I suppose aunt Kate, here, does n’t find him baffling, at all. She takes our little standards, our little weights and measures, and tests him with them, and she’s perfectly satisfied with the result. It’s a clear case of won’t do.”

Mrs. Murray. “Do you say it is n’t?”

Bellingham. “No; I merely doubt if it is. You don’t doubt, and there you have the advantage of me. You always were a selected oyster, aunt Kate, and you always knew that you couldn’t be improved upon. Now, I’m a selected oyster, too, apparently, but I’m not certain that I’m the best choice that could have been made. I’m a *huitre de mon siècle*; I am the ill-starred mollusk that doubts. Of course we can’t go counter to the theory that God once created people and no-people, and that they have nothing to do but to go on reproducing themselves and leave him at leisure for the rest of eternity. But really, aunt Kate, I have seen some things in my time — and I don’t mind saying Blake is one of them — that made me think the Creator was still — active. I admit that it sounds” — fitting his glasses on — “rather absurd for an old diner-out like myself to say it.”

Mrs. Murray, with energy: “All this is neither here nor there, Charles, and you know it. The simple question is whether you wish your sister to marry a man whose past you’ll be ashamed to be frank about. I’ll admit, if you like, that he’s quite our equal, — our superior; but what are you going to do with your exteamboat engineer in society?”

Bellingham, dubiously: “Well, it would be rather awkward.”

Mrs. Murray: “How will you introduce him, and what will you say to people about his family and his station and business? Or do you mean to banish yourself and give up the world which you find so comfortable for the boon of a brother-in-law whom you don’t really know from Adam?”

Bellingham. “Well, I must allow the

force of your argument. Yes,"—after a gloomy little reverie,—"you're right. It won't do. It is out of the question. I'll put an end to it,—if it does n't put an end to me. That 'weird seizure' as of misappropriated mutton oppresses me again. Mother, I think you'd better go away,—you and aunt Kate,—and let me meet him and Leslie here alone, when they come in. Or, I say: if you could detach Les, and let him come in here by himself, somehow. I don't suppose it can be done. Nothing seems disposed to let itself be done."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Charles, I'm sorry this disagreeable business should fall to you."

Bellingham. "Oh, don't mind it, mother. What's a brother for, if he can't be called upon to break off his sister's love affairs? But I don't deny it's a nasty business."

Mrs. Murray, going out: "I sincerely hope he'll make it so for you, and cure you of your absurdities."

Bellingham. "O Parthian shaft! Wish me well out of it, mother!"

Mrs. Bellingham, sighing: "I do, Charles; I do, with all my heart. You have the most difficult duty that a gentleman ever had to perform. I don't see how you're to take hold of it; I don't, indeed."

Bellingham. "Well, it is embarrassing. But it's a noble cause, and I suppose Heaven will befriend me. The trouble is, don't you know, I haven't got any—any point of view, any tenable point of view. It won't do to act simply in our own interest; *we* can't do that, mother; we're not the sort. I must try to do it in Blake's behalf, and that's what I don't see my way to, exactly. What I wish to do is to make my interference a magnanimous benefaction to Blake,—something that he'll recognize in after years with gratitude as a—mysterious Providence. If I've got to be a snob, mother, I wish to be a snob on the highest possible grounds."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Don't use that word, Charles. It's shocking."

Bellingham. "Well, I won't, mother. I say: can't you think of some disquali-

fications in Leslie, that I could make a *point d'appui* in a conscientious effort to serve Blake?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Charles!"

Bellingham. "I mean, is n't she rather a worldly, frivolous, fashionable spirit, devoted to pleasure, and incapable of sympathizing with—with his higher moods, don't you know? Something like that?" *Bellingham* puts his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets and inclines towards his mother with a hopeful smile.

Mrs. Bellingham. "No, Charles; you know she is nothing of the kind. She's a girl and she likes amusement, but I should like to see the man whose moods were too lofty for Leslie. She is everything that's generous and true and high-minded."

Bellingham, scratching his head: "That's bad! Then she is n't—ah—she has n't any habits of extravagance that would unfit her to be the wife of a poor man who—ah—had his way to make in the world?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "She never spends half her allowance on herself; and besides, Charles,—how ridiculously you talk! she has all that money your uncle left her, and if she marries him, he won't be poor any longer."

Bellingham, eagerly: "And that would ruin his career! Still"—after a moment's thought—"I don't see how I'm to use that idea, exactly. No, I shall have to fall back on the good old ground that it's simply—out of the question. I think that's good; it has a thorough, logical, and final sound. I shall stick to that. Well, leave me to my fate; you—Hollo! That's Blake's voice, now. I don't wonder it takes Leslie. It's the most sympathetic voice in the world. They're coming up here, are n't they? You'd better go, mother. I wish you could have got Leslie away!"—

Leslie, without: "Wait for me, there. I must go to mamma's room at once, and tell her everything."

Blake, without: "Of course. And say that I wish to see her."

Leslie. "Good-by."

Blake. "Good-by."

Leslie. "We won't keep you long. Good-by."

Blake. "Good-by." As he enters one of the parlor doors, flushed and radiant, Mrs. Bellingham retreats through the other.

Bellingham, coming promptly forward to greet Blake, with both hands extended: "Blake!"

Blake, after a moment of stupefaction: "Bellingham! You!"

Bellingham. "My dear old fellow!" He wrings Blake fervently by the left hand. "This is the most astonishing thing in the world! To find you here — in New England — with my people; it's the most wonderful thing that ever was! They've been — ah — been telling me all about you, my mother has; and I want to thank you — you look uncommonly well, Blake, and not a day older! Do you mean to go through life with that figure? — thank you for all you've done for them; and — I don't know: what does a man say to a fellow who has behaved as you did in that business with the tramps?" — wringing Blake's left hand again and gently touching his right arm in its sling. "By Jove, old fellow! I don't know what to say to you; I — Do you think it was quite the thing, though, not to intimate that you'd known me? Come, now; that was n't fair. It was n't frank. It was n't like you, Blake. Hey?" — affectionately pressing Blake's hand all the time.

Blake, releasing himself: "I did n't like it; but I could n't help it. It would have seemed to claim something, and I should have had to allow — they would have found out" —

Bellingham. "That you happened to save my life, once. Well, upon my word, I don't think it was a thing to be ashamed of; at least, at that time; I was in the army, then. At present — well, I don't know that I should blame you for hushing the matter up."

Blake, who has turned uneasily away, and has apparently not been paying the closest attention to Bellingham's reproaches but now confronts him: "I suppose you're a gentleman, Bellingham."

Bellingham, taking the interruption

with amiable irony: "There have been moments in which I have flattered myself to that degree; even existence itself is problematical, to my mind, at other times; but — well, yes, I suppose I am a gentleman. The term's conventional. And then?"

Blake. "I mean that you're a fair-minded, honest man, and that I can talk to you without the risk of being misunderstood or having any sort of meanness attributed to me?"

Bellingham. "I should have to be a much shabbier fellow than I am, for anything of that sort, Blake."

Blake. "I did n't expect to find you here; I was expecting to speak with your mother. But I don't see why I should n't say to you what I have to say. In fact, I think I can say it better to you."

Bellingham. "Thanks, Blake; you'll always find me your — That is — well, go ahead!"

Blake. "You don't think I'm a man to do anything sneaking, do you?"

Bellingham. "Again? My dear fellow, that goes without saying. It's out of the question."

Blake, walking up and down, and stopping from time to time while he speaks in a tone of passionate self-restraint: "Well, I'm glad to hear that, because I know that to some the thing might have a different look." After a pause in which Blake takes another turn round the room, and arrives in front of Bellingham again: "If your people have been telling you about me, I suppose they've hinted — but I don't care to know it — that they think I'm in love with Miss Bellingham, your sister. I am!" He looks at Bellingham, who remains impassive behind the glitter of his eye-glasses: "Do you see any reason why I should n't be?"

Bellingham, reluctantly: "N-no."

Blake. "I believe — no, I can't believe it! — but I know that Miss Bellingham permits it; that she — I can't say it! Is there any — any reason why I should n't ask her mother's leave to ask her to be my wife? Why, of course, there is! — a thousand, million reasons in my unworthiness; I know that. But is there?" —

Bellingham, abruptly: "Blake, my dear fellow — my dear, good old boy — it won't do; it's out of the question! It is, it is indeed! It won't do at all. Confound it, man! You know I like you, that I've always wanted to be a great deal more your friend than you would ever let me. Don't ask me why, but take my word for it when I tell you it's out of the question. There are a thousand reasons, as you say, though there is n't one of them in any fault of yours, old fellow. But I can't give them. It won't do!" *Bellingham* in his turn begins to walk up and down the room with a face of acute misery and hopelessness, and at the last word he stops and stares helplessly into Blake's eyes, who has remained in his place.

Blake, with suppressed feeling: "Do you expect me to be satisfied with that answer?"

Bellingham, at first confused and then with a burst of candor: "No; I would n't myself." His head falls, and a groan breaks from his lips: "This is the roughest thing I ever knew of. Hang it, Blake, don't you see what a devil of a — a — box I'm in? People pulling and hauling at me, and hammering away on all sides, till I don't know which end I'm standing on! You wouldn't like it yourself. Why do you ask? Why must you be — ah — satisfied? Come! Why don't you let it all — go?"

Blake. "Upon my word, *Bellingham*, you talk" —

Bellingham. "Like a fool! I know it. And it's strictly in character. At the present moment I *feel* like a fool. I am a fool! By Jove, if I ever supposed I should get into such a tight place as this! Why, don't you see, Blake, what an extremely unfair advantage you have of me? Deuce take it, man, I have some rights in the matter, too, I fancy!"

Blake, bewildered: "Rights? Advantage? I don't understand all this."

Bellingham. "How not understand?"

Blake, staring in mystified silence at *Bellingham* for a brief space, and then resuming more steadily: "There's some objection to me, that's clear enough. I don't make any claim, but you would

think I ought to know what the matter is, would n't you?"

Bellingham. "Y-yes, Blake."

Blake. "I know that I'm ten years older than Miss *Bellingham*, and that it might look as if" —

Bellingham, hastily: "Oh, not in the least — not in the least!"

Blake. "Our acquaintance was n't regularly made, I believe. But you don't suppose that I urged it, or that it would have been kept up if it had n't been for their kindness and for chances that nobody foresaw?"

Bellingham. "There is n't a circumstance of the whole affair that is n't perfectly honorable to you, Blake; that is n't like you. Confound it" —

Blake. "I won't ask you whether you think I thought of her being rich?"

Bellingham. "No, sir! That would be offensive."

Blake. "Then what is it? Is there some personal objection to me with your family?"

Bellingham. "There isn't at all, Blake, I assure you."

Blake. "Then I don't understand, and" — with rising spirit — "I want to say once for all that I think your leaving me to ask these things and put myself on the defensive in this way, begging you for this reason and for that, is n't what I'm used to. But I'm like a man on trial for his life, and I stand it. Now, go on and say what there is to say. Don't spare my feelings, man! I have no pride where *she* is concerned. What do you know against me that makes it impossible?"

Bellingham. "O Lord! It is n't *against* you. It's nothing personal; personally we've all reason to respect and honor you; you've done us nothing but good in the handsomest way. But it won't do, for all that. There's an incompatibility — a — a — I don't know what to call it! Confound it, Blake! You know very well that there's none of that cursed nonsense about me. I don't care what a man is in life; I only ask what he is in himself. I accept the American plan in good faith. I know all sorts of fellows; devilish good fellows some of

them are, too! Why, I had that Mitchell, who behaved so well at the Squat-tick Mills disaster, to dine with me; went down and looked him up, and had him to dine with me. Some of the men did n't think it was the thing; but I can assure you that he talked magnificently about the affair. I drew him out, and before we were done we had the whole room about us. I would n't have missed it on any account. That's *my way*."

Blake, dryly: "It's a very magnanimous way. The man must have felt honored."

Bellingham. "What? — Oh, deuce take it! I don't mean any of that patronizing rot, you know I don't. You know I think such a man as that ten times as good as myself. What I mean is that it's different with women. They have n't got the same — what shall I say? — horizons, social horizons, don't you know. *They* can't accept a man for what he is in himself; they have to take him for what he is *n't* in himself. They have to have their world carried on upon the European plan, in short. I don't know whether I make myself understood" —

Blake, with hardness: "Yes, you do. The objection is to my having been" —

Bellingham, hastily interposing: "Well — ah — no! I can't admit that. It is n't the occupation. We've all been occupied more or less remotely in — in some sort of thing; a man's a fool who tries to blink that. But I don't know that I can make it clear how our belonging, now, to a different order of things makes our women distrustful — I won't say skeptical, but anxious — as to the influence of — ah — other social circumstances. They're mere creatures of tradition, women are; and where you or I, Blake," — with caressing good comradeship and the assumption of an impartial high-mindedness, — "would n't care a straw for a man's trade or profession, *they* are more disposed to — ah — particularize, and — don't you know — distinguish!"

Blake, gravely: "I tried to make Miss Bellingham understand from the first just what I was and had been. I certainly never concealed anything. Do

you think she would care for what disturbs the other ladies of your family?"

Bellingham. "Leslie? Well, she's still a very young girl, and she has streaks of originality that rather disqualify her for appreciating — ah — She's romantic! I'm sure I'm greatly obliged to you, Blake, for taking the thing in this reasonable way. You know how to sympathize with one's extreme reluctance — and — ah — embarrassment in putting a case of the kind."

Blake, with a sad, absent-minded tone: "Yes, God knows I'm sorry for you. I don't suppose you like to do it."

Bellingham. "Thanks, thanks, Blake. It was quite as much on your own account that I spoke. They would make it deucedly uncomfortable for you in the family, — there's no end to the aunts and grandmothers, and things, and you'd make them uncomfortable too, with your — history." Mopping his forehead with his handkerchief: "You have it infernally hot, up here, don't you?"

Blake, still absently: "Then you think that Miss Bellingham herself would n't be seriously distressed?"

Bellingham. "Leslie's a girl that will go through anything she's made up her mind to. And if she likes you well enough to marry you" —

Blake. "She says so."

Bellingham. "Then burning plowshares would n't have the smallest effect upon her. But?" —

Blake, calmly: "Then I won't give her up."

Bellingham. "Eh?"

Blake. "I won't give her up. It's bad enough as it is, but if I were such a sneak as to leave the woman who loved me because my marrying her would be unpleasant to her friends, I should be ten thousand times unworthier than I am. I am going to hold to my one chance of showing myself worthy to win her, and if she will have me I will have *her*, though it smashes the whole social structure. Bellingham, you're mistaken about this thing; her happiness won't depend upon the success of the aunts and cousins in accounting for me to the world; it'll depend upon whether I'm man enough to

be all the world to her. If she thinks I am, I *will* be!"

Bellingham. "Oh, don't talk in that illogical way, Blake. Confound it! I know; I can account for your state of feeling, and all that; but I do assure you it's mistaken. Let me put it to you. You don't see this matter as I do; you can't. The best part of a woman's life is social" —

Blake. "I don't believe that."

Bellingham. "Well, no matter: it's so; and whether you came into Leslie's world or took her out of it, you'd make no end of — of — row. She'd suffer in a thousand ways."

Blake. "Not if she loved me, and was the kind of girl I take her to be."

Bellingham. "Oh, yes, she would, my dear fellow; Leslie's a devilish proud girl; she'd suffer in secret, but it would try her pride in ways you don't know of. Why, only consider: she's taken by surprise in this affair; she's had no time to think" —

Blake. "She shall have my whole life-time to make up her mind in; she shall test me in every way she will, and she may fling me away at any moment she will, and I will be her slave forever. She may give me up, but I will not give her up."

Bellingham. "Well, well! We won't dispute about terms, but I'll put it to you, yourself, Blake, — yourself. I want you to see that I'm acting for your good; that I'm your friend."

Blake. "You're her brother, and you're my friend, whatever you say. I've borne to have you insinuate that I'm your inferior. Go on!" Blake's voice trembles.

Bellingham. "Oh, now! Don't take that tone! It isn't fair. It makes me feel like — like the very devil. It does, indeed. I don't mean anything of the kind. I mean simply that — that — ah — remote circumstances over which you had — ah — no control have placed you at a disadvantage, — social disadvantage. That's all. It isn't a question of inferiority or superiority. And I merely put it to you — as a friend, mind — whether the happiness of — ah — all con-

cerned could n't be more promptly — ah — secured by your refusing to submit yourself to tests that might — Come! She's flattered — any woman might be — by your liking her; but when she went back to her own associations" —

Blake. "If she sees any man she likes better than me, I won't claim her. But I can't judge her by a loyalty less than my own. She will never change."

Bellingham. "Of course. I was only thinking — I" —

Blake, quickly: "What do you mean? Out with it, man!"

Bellingham. "Don't take it in that way! My dear" —

Blake. "If I'm her caprice and not her choice, I want to know it! I won't be killed by inches. Speak!"

Bellingham. "Stop! I owe you my life, but you must n't take that tone with me."

Blake. "You owe me nothing, — nothing but an answer. If you mean there has been some one before me — *She* has told me that she never cared for any one but me; I believe her, but I want to know what you mean."

Bellingham. "She's my sister! What do you mean?"

Leslie. "Oh, what *does* it mean?" She enters the room, as if she had been suddenly summoned by the sound of their angry voices from a guiltless ambush in the hall. At the sight of their flushed faces and defiant attitudes she flutters, electrically attracted, first toward one and then toward the other, but at last she instinctively takes shelter at Blake's elbow: "Charles, what are you saying? What are you both so angry for? Oh, I hoped to find you such good friends, and here you are quarreling! Charles, what have you been doing? Oh, Charles, I always thought you were so generous and magnanimous, and have *you* been joining that odious conspiracy against *us*? For shame! And what have you found to say, I should like to know? I should like to know what you've found to say — what a *gentleman* *could* say, under the circumstances!" She grows more vehement as their mutual embarrassment increases upon the men, and Bellingham

fades into a blank dismay behind the glare of his eye-glasses. "Have you been saying something you're ashamed of, Charles? You *couldn't* say anything about *him*, and so you've been trying to set him against *me*. What have you said about your sister, Charles? — and always pretending to be so fond of me! Oh, oh, oh!" Miss Bellingham snatches her handkerchief from her pocket and hides her grief in it, while her brother continues to stare in entire petrification at her prescience.

Bellingham, finally: "Why, Leslie — Deuce take it all, Blake, why don't *you* say something? I tell you, I have n't said anything against you, Les. Blake will tell you himself that I was merely endeavoring to set the thing before him from different points of view. I wanted him to consider the shortness of your — acquaintance" —

Leslie, in her handkerchief: "It's fully three weeks since we met, — you *know* it is."

Bellingham. "And I wanted him to reflect upon how very different all your associations and — traditions — were" —

Leslie, still in her handkerchief: "Oh, that was delicate — very!"

Bellingham. "And to — ah — take into consideration the fact that returning to another — atmosphere — surroundings, you might — ah — change."

Leslie, lifting her face: "You did! Charles, did I *ever* change?"

Bellingham. "Well, I don't know. I don't know whether you'd call it *changing*, exactly; but I certainly got the impression from aunt Kate that there was some hope on Dudley's part last summer" —

Leslie, quitting her refuge and advancing fiercely upon the dismayed but immovable Bellingham, with her right hand thrust rigidly down at her side, and her left held behind her clutching her handkerchief: "Charles, have you *dared* to intimate that I ever cared the least thing about that — that — horrid — little — reptile? When you *knew* that my life was made perfectly ghastly by the way aunt Kate forced him on me, and it was as much as I could ever do to treat him

decently! I never encouraged him for an *instant*, and you know it. Oh, Charley, Charley, how could you? It is n't for myself I care; it's for you, for you're a *gentleman*, and you let yourself do that! How painfully strange that low, mean, shabby feeling must have been to you! I don't wonder you could n't face me or speak to me. I don't" —

Bellingham, desperately: "Here; hold on! Good Lord! I can't stand this! Confound it, I'm not made of iron — or gutta-percha. I'll allow it was sneaking, — Blake will tell you I looked it, — but it was a desperate case. It was a family job, and I had to do my best — or my worst — as the head of the family; and Blake would n't hear reason, and" —

Leslie. "And so you thought you'd try *fraud*!"

Bellingham. "Well, I should n't use that word. But it's the privilege of your sex to call a spade a pitchfork, if you don't like the spade. I tell you I never professed to know anything personally about the Dudley business. Come, Blake" —

Leslie, turning and going devoutly up to Blake: "Yes, *he* will defend you. *He* must save your honor since he saved your life."

Bellingham, with a start: "Eh?"

Leslie. "Oh, I know about it! Mama told me. She thinks just as I do, now, and she has been feeling dreadfully about this shabby work she'd set you at; but I comforted her. I told her you would never do it in the world; that you would just shuffle about in your way" —

Bellingham. "Oh, thanks!"

Leslie. "But that you had too good a heart, too high a spirit, to breathe a syllable that would wound the pride of a brave and generous man to whom you owed life itself; that you would rather *die* than do it!" To Blake: "Oh, I've always been a romantic girl, — you won't mind it in me, will you? — and I've had my foolish dreams a thousand times about the man who risked his life to save my brother's; and I hoped and longed that some day we should meet. I promised myself that I should know him, and I always thought how sweet

and dear a privilege it would be to thank him. I want to thank you for his life as I used to dream of doing, but I cannot yet. I cannot till you tell me that he has not said one word unworthy of you, — unworthy of a gentleman!"

Blake, smiling: "He's all right!"

Leslie, impetuously clinging to him: "Oh, thanks, thanks, thanks!"

Bellingham, accurately focusing the pair with freshly adjusted glasses: "If you'll both give me your blessing, now, I'll go away, feeling perfectly rehabilitated, in the afternoon stage."

Mrs. Bellingham, entering the parlor door: "Stage? Why, Mr. Blake is n't going away!"

Bellingham. "Oh, no, Mr. Blake has kindly consented to remain. It was I who thought of going. I can't bear to be idle!"

Mrs. Bellingham, apart from the others: "Charles, dear, I'm really sorry that I asked you to undertake that disagreeable business, and I'd have come back at once with Leslie to relieve you, — to tell you that you need n't speak, after all, — but she felt sure that you would n't, and she insisted upon leaving you together and then stealing back upon you and enjoying" —

Bellingham, solemnly: "You little knew me, mother. I have the making of an iron-hearted parent in me, and I was crushing all hope out of Blake when Leslie came in."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Charles, you don't mean that you said anything to wound the feelings of a man to whom you owed your life, — to whom we all owe so much?"

Bellingham. "I don't know about his feelings. But I represented pretty distinctly to him the social incompatibility."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Charles, I wonder at you!"

Bellingham. "Oh, yes! So do I. But if you'll take the pains to recall the facts, that's exactly what you left me to do. May I ask what has caused you to change your mind?"

Mrs. Bellingham, earnestly: "I found that Leslie's happiness really depended

upon it; and in fact, Charles, when I came to reflect, I found that I myself liked him."

Bellingham. "The words have a familiar sound, — as if I had used them myself in a former existence." Turning from his mother and looking about: "I seem to miss a — a support — moral support — in those present. Where is aunt Kate?"

Mrs. Murray, appearing at the door: "Marion! Ma—" She hesitates at sight of the peaceful grouping.

Bellingham. "Ah, this is indeed opportune! Come in, aunt Kate, come in! This is a free fight, as they say in Mr. Blake's section. Any one can join." *Mrs. Murray* advances wonderingly into the room, and *Bellingham* turns to his sister, where she stands at Blake's side: "Leslie, you think I've behaved very unhandsomely in this matter, don't you?"

Leslie, plaintively: "Charley, you know I hate to blame you. But I never could have believed it if any one else had told me."

Bellingham. "All right. Mother, I understand that you would have been similarly incredulous?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "I know that you acted from a good motive, Charles, but you certainly went to an extreme that I could never have expected."

Bellingham. "All right, again. Blake, if the persons and relations had all been changed, could you have said to me what I said to you?"

Blake. "That is n't a fair question, *Bellingham*."

Bellingham. "All right, as before. Now, aunt Kate, I appeal to you. You know all the circumstances in which I was left here with this man who saved my life, who rescued Leslie from those tramps, who has done you all a thousand kindnesses of various sorts and sizes, who has behaved with the utmost delicacy and discretion throughout, and is in himself a thoroughly splendid fellow. Do you think I did right or wrong to set plainly before him the social disadvantages to which his marrying Leslie would put us?"

Mrs. Murray, instantly and with great energy: "Charles, I say — and every person in society, *except* your mother and sister, would say — that you did exactly right!"

Bellingham. "That settles it. Blake, my dear old fellow, I beg your pardon with all my heart; and I ask you to forget, if you can, every word I said. Confound society!" He offers his hand to Blake, who seizes it and wrings it in his own.

Leslie, as she flings her arms round his neck, with a fluttering cry of joy: "Oh, Charley, Charley, I've got my ideal back again!"

Bellingham, disengaging her arms and putting her hand into Blake's: "Both of them." Turning to Mrs. Murray: "And now, aunt, I beg your pardon. What do you say?"

Mrs. Murray, frozenly: "Charles, you know my principles."

Bellingham. "They're identical on all points with my own. Well?"

Mrs. Murray, grimly: "Well, then, you know that I never would abandon my family, — whatever happened!"

Bellingham. "By Jove, that is n't so bad. We must be satisfied to take your forgiveness as we get it. Perhaps Leslie might object to the formulation of" —

Leslie, super-joyously: "Oh, no. I object to nothing in the world, now, Charles. Aunt Kate is *too* good! I never should have thought of asking her to remain with us."

Bellingham. "That is n't so bad, either! You are your aunt's own niece. Come, Blake, we can't let this go on. Say something to allay the ill feeling you've created in this family."

Blake. "I think I'd better not try. But if you'll give me time, I'll do my best to live down the objections to me."

Bellingham. "Oh, you've done that. What we want now — as I understand aunt Kate — is that you should live down the objections to us. One thing that puzzles me" — thoughtfully scratching the sparse parting of his hair — "is that

our position is so very equivocal in regard to the real principle involved. It seems to me that we are begging the whole question, which is, if Blake" —

Leslie. "There, there! I *knew* he would!"

Bellingham, severely: "Mother, you will allow that I have been left to take the brunt of this little affair in a — well, somewhat circuitous manner?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Charles, I am very, very sorry" —

Bellingham. "And that I am entitled to some sort of reparation?"

Leslie. "Don't allow that, mamma! I know he's going to say something disagreeable. He looks just as he always does when he has one of his ideas."

Bellingham. "Thanks, Miss Bellingham. I am going to have this particular satisfaction out of *you*. Then I will return to my habitual state of agreeable vacancy. Mother" —

Leslie. "Mamma, don't answer him! It's the only way."

Bellingham. "It is not necessary that I should be answered. I wish merely to have the floor. The question is, if Blake were merely a gentleman somewhat at odds with his history, associations, and occupation, and not also our benefactor and preserver in so many ways, — whether we should be so ready to — ah" —

Mrs. Bellingham. "Charles, dear, I think it is unnecessary to enter into these painful minutiae."

Mrs. Murray. "I feel bound to say that I know we should not."

Bellingham. "This is the point which I wished to bring out. Blake, here is your opportunity: renounce us!"

Blake. "What do you say, Leslie?"

Leslie. "I say that I don't believe it, and I know that I like you for yourself, — not for what you've done for us. I did from the first moment, before you spoke or saw me. But if you doubt me, or should ever doubt me" —

Blake, taking in his left both the little hands that she has appealingly laid upon his arms: "That's out of the question!"

DICKENS'S AMERICAN NOTES.

DICKENS sailed, or rather steamed, for the United States early in January, 1842. During the previous six months he had been one of the most radical of the English Liberals, dreading a Tory reaction and contributing many a squib and song to the journals for the purpose of aiding those writers who were bent on covering the reviving Tory party with ridicule, contempt, and obloquy. One of his versified invectives, called *The Fine Old English Gentleman*, to be Said or Sung at all Conservative Dinners, is given by Forster; and it breathes a spirit of wrath and scorn against the Tory gentry and nobility which would not misbecome a Chartist in his wildest rage at the pretensions put forward by the privileged classes. Nothing in his criticism of the United States equals it in bitterness. Indeed, in indignantly surveying the political outlook in his own country, he talked to his friends "of carrying off himself and his household gods, like Coriolanus, to a world elsewhere!" It cannot be said, therefore, that he set out on his American journey with any prejudice against republican institutions. The trouble with him was that he knew little or nothing of the science of government, of political economy, or of the underlying laws which, with all the protests of individuals from a thousand various points of view, still make human society possible. Nature, in lavishing on him so many precious gifts, had seen fit to deny him either the philosophic spirit or the philosophic mind. No man's eyes were keener to detect the minutest details of any subject; but the brain above the eyes, the power of generalizing details, of connecting them in their right relations, was comparatively left out in his intellectual constitution. He was a humanitarian and a humorist, — one of the best and most delightful of humanitarians and humorists; but he was in no sense a philosopher; and to write anything about the United States in the year 1842, which

was worth the consideration of thinkers, demanded powers which he did not possess. This was not the worst of it. The powers which he did possess beyond any other person then living found but very imperfect expression in the *American Notes*.

As to his lack of philosophic grasp of the subject of the United States and its institutions, two persons may be quoted, M. de Tocqueville and Macaulay. When in the French chamber of deputies Dickens's book on America was referred to, De Tocqueville, in reply, ridiculed the notion that any opinions of Dickens on the matter in debate should be quoted as in any respect authoritative. This was the somewhat contemptuous judgment passed by the philosophical author of *Democracy in America* on the author of *American Notes*. Macaulay, before the work was published, wrote to Macvey Napier, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*: "I wish Dickens's book to be kept for me. I have never written a word on that subject, and I have a great deal in my head. Of course I shall be courteous to Dickens, whom I know and whom I think both a man of genius and a good-hearted man, in spite of some faults of taste." When the volumes appeared, he gave up the idea of making them even the excuse for an article. "This morning," he writes to Napier (October 19, 1842), "I received Dickens's book. I have now read it. It is impossible for me to review it, nor do I think that you would wish me to do so. I cannot praise it, and I will not cut it up. I cannot praise it, though it contains a few lively dialogues and descriptions, for it seems to be, on the whole, a failure. It is written like the worst parts of *Humphrey's Clock*. What is meant to be easy and sprightly is vulgar and flippant, as in the first two pages. What is meant to be fine is a great deal too fine for me, as the description of the Fall of Niagara. A reader who wants an amusing account

of the United States had better go to Mrs. Trollope, coarse and malignant as she is. A reader who wants information about American politics, manners, and literature had better go even to so poor a creature as Buckingham. In short, I pronounce the book, in spite of some claims of genius, at once frivolous and dull. Therefore I will not praise it. Neither will I attack it: first, because I have eaten salt with Dickens; secondly, because he is a good man and a man of real talent; thirdly, because he hates slavery as heartily as I do; and fourthly, because I wish to see him enrolled in our blue-and-yellow corps, where he may do excellent service as a skirmisher and sharp-shooter."

The dullness of the American Notes — dull in the sense of being "Notes" by Dickens — was due to his determination not to refer to the individuals he met, and not to record any of those overwhelmingly enthusiastic receptions and dinners which were so freely given in his honor. The subject of international copyright, on which he made eloquent speeches, and, at the same time, made some interested enemies, was also comparatively omitted from his book. Now what he cast aside was the only important matter in his six months' journey in the United States. Macaulay's contemptuous criticism was in the main true. There are passages here and there — such as the nobly pathetic one describing the emigrants he observed on the steamer between Montreal and Quebec — which are in his best vein; but generally the account of his adventures by stage and steamboat is but the disappointing record of "a most scattering and unsure observance." His genius is not there. He wrote towards the close of his journey to Forster from Niagara Falls: "Oh! the sublimated essence of comicality that I *could* distill from the materials I have!" That distilled essence of comicality he reserved for Martin Chuzzlewit; it is rarely to be observed in the American Notes.

Haydon, the painter, was told by Talfourd that he introduced Dickens to the insolent Lady Holland. "She hated the

Americans," according to Talfourd's statement, "and did not want Dickens to go. She said, 'Why cannot you go down to Bristol and see some of the third or fourth class people, and they'll do just as well?'" When Dickens decided to notice, in his book, none of the first and second class of Americans he met, but to confine himself to the third and fourth, and only to notice them except as they were his accidental companions in a not very extensive journey, it would seem as if a jaunt to Bristol *would* have done "just as well;" and that crossing the Atlantic to meet such "vulgar creatures," as my lady would have doubtless called them, was a wasteful expenditure of time and talents.

We have therefore to seek in other quarters any adequate record of Dickens's impressions of his American journey. Forster devotes two hundred pages of the biography of his friend to the private letters he received from him; and Mr. Fields, in his delightful *Yesterdays with Authors*, prints the racy letters which Dickens sent to Professor C. C. Felton, of Harvard College, during his residence in the United States and immediately after his return to England. "How can I tell you," he writes to Forster from Boston, on January 28, 1842, "what has happened since that first day (of my arrival)? How can I give you the faintest notion of my reception here; of the crowds that pour in and out the whole day; of the people that line the streets when I go out; of the cheering when I went to theatre; of the copies of verses, letters of congratulation, welcomes of all kinds, balls, dinners, assemblies without end? There is to be a public dinner to me here in Boston next Tuesday, and great dissatisfaction has been given to the many by the high price (three pounds sterling) of the tickets. There is to be a ball next Monday week at New York, and one hundred and fifty names appear on the list of the committee. There is to be a dinner in the same place, in the same week, to which I have had an invitation, with every known name in America appended to it. . . . I have had deputations from the Far West, who have

come from more than two thousand miles' distance: from the lakes, the rivers, the backwoods, the log houses, the cities, factories, villages, and towns. . . . 'It is no nonsense and no common feeling,' wrote Dr. Channing to me yesterday. 'It is all heart. There never was and never will be such a triumph.' Of the men he met, he speaks warmly of the professors at the Cambridge University, Longfellow, Felton, Jared Sparks, as "noble fellows. So," he adds, "is Kenyon's friend, Ticknor. Bancroft is a famous man; a straightforward, manly, earnest heart, and talks much of you, which is a comfort. . . . Sumner is of great service to me." As to the people, all was rose-color at first. "There is no man in this town, or in this State [*sic*] of New England, who has not a blazing fire and a meat dinner every day of his life. A flaming sword in the air would not attract so much attention as a beggar in the streets. . . . A man with seven heads would be no sight at all, compared with one who could n't read and write." Such extravagances as these last simply indicate the writer's elation of soul as he felt himself the guest of a nation, with everybody eager to overwhelm him with hospitalities. George Ticknor, a scholar, writer, and leader of society, not easily swept away by enthusiasm, wrote to John Kenyon: "A triumph has been prepared for him, in which the whole country will join. He will have a progress through the States unequalled since Lafayette's." Daniel Webster is said to have declared that Dickens "had done more to ameliorate the condition of the English poor than all the statesmen that Great Britain had sent into Parliament." Dr. Channing, the ascetic saint and sage, while disturbed somewhat by the jollity of Dickens's writings, still thought that his pictures had "a tendency to awaken sympathy with our race, and to change the unfeeling indifference which has prevailed towards the depressed multitude into a sorrowful and indignant sensibility to their wrongs and woes."

In his progress from Boston to New York he was worried and fatigued with

attentions. It was only by a hard fight with landlords that he was able to pay his bills, the committees of the towns on his route insisting on defraying all his expenses. On the steamboat between New Haven and New York he met again with Professor Felton, who was going on to the Dickens dinner and ball at New York. "Like most men of his class whom I have seen," Dickens writes, "he is a most delightful fellow, unaffected, hearty, genial, jolly; quite an Englishman of the best sort. We drank all the porter on board, ate all the cold pork and cheese, and were very merry indeed." It is curious to those of us who remember the late Professor Felton, not only as the most genial of men, but as a sturdy American patriot, a Greek scholar of the first rank, a president of Harvard College universally beloved by the students, to find that Dickens can only compliment him "as quite an Englishman of the best sort," whereas we are inclined to remember him as an American "of the best sort."

It was at New York that, in the midst of ovations, Dickens, irritated by newspaper comments on his speeches regarding copyright, seems to have begun to dislike his entertainers. His American friends advised him not to introduce the subject of copyright into his speeches. He appears to have attributed to cowardice what was intended by them as judicious advice. They doubtless thought the cause he advocated would be hindered rather than advanced by his appearance before the public, not as a guest of the nation whom all men were eager to honor, but as an English citizen urging a change in the domestic policy of the United States. There is nothing that more offends the population of any country than the interference of a foreigner with its laws and institutions. Dickens seemed to think that there was something noble in the courage with which he put at risk his universal popularity, in order to tell the Americans, face to face, that they were guilty of injustice to himself and to his brother English authors. It is positively funny to note the grandiloquent way in which he

writes to Forster. It seems that his "audacious daring" paralyzed his friends with wonder. "The notion," he says, "that I, a man alone by himself in America, should venture to suggest to the Americans that there was one point in which they were neither just to their own countrymen nor to us actually struck the boldest dumb. Washington Irving, Prescott, Hoffman, Bryant, Halleck, Dana, Washington Allston, every man who writes in this country, is devoted to the question, and not one of them *dares* to raise his voice and complain of the atrocious state of the law. It is nothing that of all men living I am the greatest loser by it. It is nothing that I have a claim to speak and be heard. The wonder is that a breathing man can be found with temerity enough to suggest to the Americans the possibility of their having done wrong."

Dickens early adopted a contemptuous opinion of the politics and government of the United States. "I still reserve my opinion," he writes to Forster, "of the national character, — just whispering that I tremble for a Radical coming here, unless he is a Radical on principle, by reason and reflection, and from the sense of right. I fear that if he were anything else, he would return home a Tory. . . . I say no more on that head for two months from this time, save that I do fear that the heaviest blow ever dealt at liberty will be dealt by this country, in the failure of its example on the earth. The scenes that are passing in Congress now, all tending to the separation of the States, fill one with such a deep disgust that I dislike the very name of Washington [meaning the place, not the man], and am repelled by the mere thought of approaching it." After the two months had expired, he writes again to Forster, praising certain qualities of the American people, but arriving at this conclusion: "I don't like the country. I would not live here on any consideration. It goes against the grain with me. It would with you. I think it impossible, utterly impossible, for any Englishman to live here and be happy." Individual Americans he of course liked. "Washing-

ton Irving," he writes, "is a great fellow. We have laughed most heartily together. He is just the man he ought to be. So is Dr. Channing, with whom I have had an interesting correspondence since I saw him last in Boston. Halleck is a merry little man. Washington Allston, the painter (who wrote *Monaldi*), is a fine specimen of a glorious old genius. Longfellow, whose volume of poems I have got for you, is a frank, accomplished man, as well as a fine writer." Then again, writing from Washington, he says that "there are many remarkable men in the legislature, such as John Quincy Adams, Clay, Preston, Calhoun, and others, with whom I need scarcely add I have been placed in the friendliest relations. Adams is a fine old fellow, — seventy-six years old, but with most surprising vigor, memory, readiness, and pluck. Clay is perfectly enchanting, an irresistible man. There are some noble specimens, too, out of the West, — splendid men to look at, hard to deceive, prompt to act, lions in energy, Crichtons in various accomplishments, Indians in quickness of eye and gesture, Americans in affectionate and generous impulse. It would be difficult to exaggerate the nobility of some of these glorious fellows." One wonders, on reading this, that he should afterwards have taken the Hon. Elijah Pogram as the type of American statesmanship. "When Clay retires," he goes on to say, "Preston will become the leader of the Whig party. He so solemnly assures me that the international copyright shall and will be passed, that I almost begin to hope; and I shall be entitled to say, if it be, that I have brought it about." Nothing can more completely show how Dickens's opinion of the country rose or fell, according to the chances of its passing an international copyright bill, than the sentences we have quoted. Senator Preston, on whom he relied, was what is called a whole-souled gentleman, but still a chivalric champion of the slave-holders; and Calhoun, of whom he speaks with praise, was the great logician of liberticide, — a man of high personal character, but

whose incomparable powers of reasoning were devoted to riveting forever the chain of the slave, by closely fitting together every link in that chain of deductive argumentation which seemingly doomed him to perpetual servitude.

Another cause of his discontent with the United States was the infinite fatigue he underwent, owing to the rush of the people to see and welcome him. It is cruel to make one man shake hands with a nation of men. The ovations were pleasant enough at first, but when the charm of novelty wore off they became an insufferable bore. Could Dickens have delegated his popularity to fifty or a hundred subordinates, he and they together might have had an agreeable time; but one person is physically incapable of bearing such a burden of attentions, congratulations, and acclamations as were with generous pitilessness heaped upon him. After he had been hardly more than a month in the country, he disconsolately wrote to Forster, from New York: "I can do nothing that I want to do, go nowhere where I want to go, and see nothing that I want to see. If I turn into the street, I am followed by a multitude. If I stay at home, the house becomes, with callers, like a fair. If I visit a public institution with only one friend, the directors come down incontinently, waylay me in the yard, and address me in a long speech. I go to a party in the evening, and am so inclosed and hemmed about with people, stand where I will, that I am exhausted from want of air. I dine out, and have to talk about everything, to everybody. I go to church for quiet, and there is a violent rush to the neighborhood of the pew I sit in, and the clergyman preaches *at* me. I take my seat in a railroad car, and the very conductor won't leave me alone. I get out at a station, and can't drink a glass of water without having a hundred people looking down my throat when I open my mouth to swallow. Conceive what all this is! Then by every post, letters on letters arrive, all about nothing, and all demanding

an immediate answer. This man is offended because I won't live in his house; and that man is thoroughly disgusted because I won't go out more than four times in one evening. I have no rest or peace, and am in a perpetual worry." Oh! the perils and horrors of celebrity! And then the very persons who wish to drown him in an ocean of claret and champagne, or suffocate him in a crowd of well-dressed people, for not one of whom does he care a sixpence, are indifferent to the theory of copyright, by which he naturally hopes to derive a revenue from the sale of his works in America! It is not to be wondered at that he became, day after day, more and more antagonistic to his hosts, whether they were aristocratically urbane, or democratically ebullient; that he became spiteful, even wrathful; and that he ended in leaving the country in a sullen mood of discontent, and in writing about it in a way which did little credit even to his powers of observation, satire, and humor.

There can be no doubt that the majority of Dickens's friends and enemies, on both sides of the Atlantic, considered the *American Notes* a failure. Dickens himself wrote to Professor Felton: "The American book has been a most complete and thorough-going success. Four large editions have now been sold and paid for, and it has won golden opinions from all sorts of men." But the truth was that the book satisfied Dickens's great public of readers in no respect, whether judged as a philosophical estimate of American institutions, or as a humorous reproduction of American manners and character. It was shallow,—that might be pardoned; but it was dull,—that was unpardonable. The result was that the serial story of Martin Chuzzlewit, which succeeded the *American Notes*, and which is now rightly considered one of the best of his romances, disappointed both author and publishers, because it reached a circulation of only twenty or twenty-three thousand copies.

Edwin P. Whipple.

APRIL.

No days such honored days as these! While yet
Fair Aphrodite reigned, men seeking wide
For some fair thing which should forever bide
On earth, her beauteous memory to set
In fitting frame that no age could forget,
Her name in lovely April's name did hide,
And leave it there, eternally allied
To all the fairest flowers spring doth beget.
And when fair Aphrodite passed from earth,
Her shrines forgotten and her feasts of mirth,
A holier symbol still, in seal and sign,
Sweet April took, of kingdom more divine,
When Christ ascended, in the time of birth
Of spring anemones, in Palestine.

H. H.

SOUTH CAROLINA MORALS.

WHILE at the Centennial, last summer, I fell into conversation with an old lady (a Northerner) on the street cars. I am, I console myself, eminently peaceable and Christian-like in appearance. "Where are you from?" said she. "From South Carolina," I replied. She started. "What?" she exclaimed; "why, you look just like other people!"

In morals the Southern whites respect and profess to obey the same great fundamental laws as the Northerners and other whites. There are plenty of men among us who can hear the decalogue and feel no self-reproach, and there are also many earnest Christians of blameless, self-sacrificing lives; but it is not to be denied that there are certain peculiarities of the Southern people, arising from their situation and circumstances, past and present, — though chiefly past, — which seriously affect their moral conduct. In all ordinary cases Southerners act morally quite like other people; but whenever the line of conduct to which

they are urged by one of their peculiarities comes under the prohibition of a moral law, they are very apt to disregard that law altogether and go ahead, or put such a forced construction on it as will justify their actions. The peculiarities referred to are three in number: (1.) Dissipation and the doctrines of the code of honor largely prevail among Southerners. (2.) Southerners have slender regard for the rights of the negro. (3.) They are unusually intolerant of opposition or of difference of opinion, especially in regard to political matters.

(1.) The planters of the South used to exhibit in the strongest form the virtues and the vices of all aristocracies. The typical Southerner possessed a liberal and chivalric cast of character which was founded mainly on family distinction, social culture, exemption from toil, and command over the lives and fortunes of his underlings. He would, for example, make large presents to waiters at hotels, or to the domestics at private houses,

where he stopped. He was exceedingly fond of standing treat; he was frank and warm-hearted, strong in his attachments and dislikes, and would stick closer than a brother to a friend in trouble. By his generosity in lending money and going security he was often involved in embarrassment. He was noted for devotion to women, and for personal bravery even to rashness. He was fond of late suppers and choice wines, and delighted in hunting and in the sports of the turf and the pit. Truth was held in the highest estimation, and the least appearance of equivocation would condemn a man to utter disrepute; to give the lie was the worst of insults. He was often engaged in affairs of honor, for to take an insult was an everlasting disgrace; and being quick to resent insults or their appearance, he was equally hasty in offering them when excited or aggrieved; and although he might repent of having said unjust things and apologize a moment after to an honorable opponent, yet nothing could induce him to back out of a contest when he believed himself wronged. Careless of his own money, he was inclined to be careless in all pecuniary affairs, often running heavily into debt and showing habitual negligence in settling small accounts.

These characteristics, originating with the planters, were imitated by all orders. A reputation for gallantry and generosity became highly esteemed in the South. In consequence, many individuals in their efforts to attain it degenerated into braves and spendthrifts; the character of the fire-eater became almost as much admired as that of the gentleman. The passing of high words and blows, canings, cowlidings, and so on, all terminated by the drawing of knives or pistols, together with hostile correspondences and duels, became every-day occurrences in the South, and especially in South Carolina and perhaps Mississippi.

Now in a community where men are quick to wipe out insults with blood, the first effect is naturally to make individuals highly respectful to one another in manner and speech. This effect was very apparent in the conduct of most

Southerners on ordinary occasions. But it is soon perceived that this politeness springs from fear, and then many persons of sensitive or hectoring dispositions will make their conduct habitually aggressive to prove they are not cowards, or to gain admiration. Every Southerner knew that if he preserved his temper and forgave insult on trying occasions, people would say he did it because he feared the pistol of his adversary; hence it became fashionable for every gentleman to act aggressively now and then, and perhaps to fight a duel, and having "vindicated his courage" to keep quiet on the strength of it. Many men, however, were so sensitive about the public condemning them should they make it a rule to be respectful towards opponents (say, in the legislature, at the bar, on the stump, or in the sanctum), that they became professional bullies, *always* acting and speaking insultingly to prove they were not afraid to fight. It was an almost indispensable qualification, certainly a desirable accomplishment, in a legislator, congressman, or editor, to have fought a duel. Consequently the fire-eating element came to preponderate among the statesmen who ruled us or whom we sent from home. The Southern gentleman was celebrated for his affable manners to all, rich and poor, black and white, while the fire-eater was sullen and dogged in his salutations; except when "showing off," he would hardly speak to negroes or whites lower in station than himself at all, and he was continually imagining insults and picking quarrels. A disregard for inflicting pain and shedding blood became lamentably common. All, even boys but just in their teens, were in the habit of wearing a pistol, as the slightest provocation would ordinarily reveal. It became well-nigh impossible to get a jury to convict any one (especially an aristocrat) of the most evident murder, provided he had exhibited daring in committing it, or had given his victim a chance to defend himself.

It also became a sign of gentility to be wasteful of money, to wager on every occasion and about everything, to stake

high amounts, to run into debt, etc.; and it was thought to the last degree degrading for a man to be niggardly in lending money or indorsing for others. But the practical exhibition of such traits has, since the war, been much limited by the want of funds and the necessity of working for a living. Southerners still make largesses to servants, stand treat, game, and run into debt; but they can ill afford to be lavish with their money. Fees and bets are small in amount, and the aristocrat who of old would not wait to receive change, or who would pocket it without looking at it, will now count it over when handed him. Treats are as often invited as proffered, and cheaper refreshments are selected than formerly. Nine men out of ten carry pistols, and personal difficulties, castigations, stab-bings, and shootings are yet entirely too common. But there have been only eight or ten duels in South Carolina since the war, — hardly as many as used to occur every year. Men will rarely fight duels when death may mean starvation to their families; and I ought to add that from the same cause pistols are not drawn so quickly as of old, and the tendency is to brandish rather than to shoot, so little can our hot bloods now afford the expenses of a legal trial; though it is still true that juries, both white and black — where the slayer and slain are of the same race — exhibit a strong disposition to let men off who have shown courage in committing crime.

The financial downfall of the aristocracy caused much loss among their creditors; and so the plebeian merchants and others, who used to rival each other in seeking the patronage of influential families, are now cautious to excess in dealing with them. The struggle for existence is undoubtedly working its effects on Southern character. Our business men, who used to ape the free and easy manners of the aristocrats, are now more practical. There is more caviling in making bargains. And even in the quiet streets of Charleston, once so noted for the easy-going appearance of their walkers, there are plainly discernible changes denoting the oncoming of "that hurried

and high-pressure existence," which Mr. Greg so earnestly deplores.

Adversity has produced, too, all its customary demoralization. Thousands upon thousands of Southerners were forced into *bona fide* bankruptcy after the war. But thousands who were better off made the prevalence of insolvency a cloak; and failures in business are well known to the lawyers to be yet too common. Women have been allowed to hold property independently of their husbands since 1868. Under the mask of this right, debtors are every day making over their property to their wives in order to cheat creditors. But worse than this, in every Southern State a few hundred or thousand individuals, who used to be as intolerant as their comrades, have at times since the war turned over to the republicans for the sake of office or plunder. These men have been dubbed "scalawags," and few are genuinely converted. Hundreds of whites, too, who were ardent in their support of the Confederacy have put in their claims as loyal citizens for losses sustained during the war. Many others, knowing the legislature to be bribable, have used money to buy the passage of dishonest bonanza bills, by which they have made large amounts. Men, too, of high reputation have lent their names to give respectability to rotten corporations, lotteries, and other enterprises designed to gull the people. And worst of all, the press has, in this State, been deplorably venal. Our corrupt rulers, fearing the papers might stir up the people to resistance — induce them, for instance, to refuse to pay taxes — did not scruple to invest hundreds of thousands of dollars in silly official advertising. Twenty democratic journals were once thus subsidized, and of course silenced.

Many Southerners were driven to drink deeply by their misfortunes, and drunkenness (with all the family misery it entails) is deplorably prevalent to this day. The taste for liquor is partly the effect of the warm climate, which requires stimulants.

(2.) It is a very common saying that the whites and negroes are at the bottom

not unfriendly toward each other; that every white man loves his old "mauma," or faithful old family driver or serving-man, while the negro is attached to his old "marsa" or "missis," who reared him, and with whom, perhaps, he has always stayed. This seems plausible. But there is a fallacy lurking under it. The whites are each of them fond of particular individuals among the blacks, but despise the race as a whole. And the same can be said of the blacks.

The whites are undoubtedly sentimentally attached to old family servants and certain acquaintances among the blacks. But towards other negroes their conduct is sullen and reckless; and for the rights of the race at large they have no consideration whatever, save what springs from compulsion. The old relations have not been forgotten. Every one thinks, and every child is trained up in the belief, that the negro is meant for the use of white people, was brought here and should stay here for no other purpose; that he is a half-way sort of animal, an excellent rice or cotton worker, an incomparable driver, waiter, or bootblack, but utterly incapable of government or culture; that he should be ruled in all things political, social, and industrial by the white man, should be kept in his place, and decisively suppressed if he tries to put on airs. I have seen whites who, actuated by religion or cowardice, were more passive under insult from other whites than Southerners are wont to be. But let a colored person insult them, and their nature seemed wholly altered. To swallow an insult from a negro would be perpetual infamy. Accordingly, the whites do not think it wrong to shoot, stab, or knock down negroes on slight provocation. It is actually thought a great point, among certain classes, to be able to boast that one has killed or beaten a negro. It is quite impossible to convict a white of a crime against a colored man if there be a white man on the jury.

Difficulties between whites and blacks in this State had been, until the recent presidential campaign, decreasing in frequency. The negroes had learned to in-

voke the law. And so freely had they indicted the whites for assaults and batteries (first before the military tribunals, and then in the state courts), that a very wholesome cautiousness had been engendered in the latter. The military were, of course, disposed to put down fire-eating; and the state justices' or circuit courts (with their colored magistrates and juries) are very unsafe places for a white man. This cautiousness, too, has been increased by the prevalence of arson. If a white incurs the enmity of a negro, he is a very bad business man if he does not keep his buildings insured. The negroes, though, are often abused and then paid not to prosecute the case. They will readily withdraw their affidavits for a small consideration.

It seems a rather strange fact that although the negroes are much stronger physically than the whites, the latter often get the better of them in fights where no weapons are used; while if weapons are used they stand no chance whatever. But on thinking, one sees it is not so strange after all. The negroes yet retain their inbred dread of their old masters, and their old inbred dread of *striking whites*, — which used to be, of course, a heinous crime, and brought down a terrible punishment; while the whites yet, as I have said, retain much of their native contempt for and readiness to dash on the blacks. The demeanor of the races in conflict, in fact, often makes me think there is a germ of truth in Herodotus's pretty tale of the suppression of the slave rebellion by the Scythians. It is a well-known fact that the younger generation of negroes, who have grown up since the war, are much more bold in defying white people than those who were slaves.

Reverdy Johnson was startled and indignant at the atrocities of the Ku-Klux. But a moment's reflection would have convinced him that their deeds were not so unnatural as, at first sight, he evidently regarded them. The Ku-Klux Klan with its night visits and whippings and murders was the legitimate offspring of the patrol. Every Southern gentleman used to serve on the night patrol, the

chief duty of which was to whip severely any negro found away from home without a pass from his master.

There used to prevail in the South an inquisitorial, relentless determination to suppress the truth about the maltreatment of the slaves. Atrocities were frequently perpetrated, yet it was persistently asserted that the negroes were uniformly well treated, were contented and happy, and that all reports to the contrary were malicious lies invented by interested politicians or crazy fanatics. While there are few Southerners who could not have written an abler vindication of Uncle Tom's Cabin than its authoress, on every hand she was denounced as a busybody, a mischief-maker, a fanatic, a lunatic, a liar of the first magnitude; and yet I have heard Southerners, who in formal argument would deny the possibility of any and every event in her matchless *exposé*, in moments of jovial conversation relate with great gusto anecdotes of how in the good old times they used to hunt down runaway negroes with hounds and guns, brand them, beat them till senseless, and while patrolling at night flog negroes who had passes, "just to hear them beg and hollo." "But all that's gone now," they remark with a sigh, on concluding.

This same determination to keep back the truth is rampant to-day. The most horrible tales of negro murders which have ever appeared in radical sheets at the North would pale before the relation of incidents known to every white man in the South. The intimidation of the negroes is a stern and awful fact. Yet what do Southerners say about it? It is the bloody shirt, the lying inventions of unscrupulous politicians, the last gasp of carpet-baggery and radical devilry. So bitterly do Southerners hate to have the truth come out that it is at the risk of his life that any man dares to speak it. When a political crime is committed, they palliate it, smooth over everything, charge the blame on the murdered victims, and indulge in loud generalities about their good feeling towards the negro, their desire for peace, their willingness to accept the situation. An ex-Confederate, a

leader of the whites in this State, exclaimed when the news of the Hamburg massacre arrived, "Hello, boys, glorious news! They've come down on 'em at Hamburg, — seven niggers killed! Hurrah for Butler!" A conservative white standing by suggested to him that it was a pity the men had been shot after surrendering. "Oh, damn your prisoners, — they were nothing but niggers." A few months afterwards this same gentleman tried to explain away the Hamburg affair to a garrison officer: "You see, we all regret such occurrences, but the negroes provoked the difficulty and it was unavoidable. The killing of the prisoners we all deplored, but the negroes had exasperated the men so they could not be restrained."

(3.) All aristocracies are intolerant. The planters of the South had their intolerance in political matters increased by the fear that opposition to their favorite opinions might rob them of their slave property, or cause the negroes to rise. The treatment of Garrison in Maryland is well known; after his removal to Boston the legislature of Georgia offered a reward for his apprehension, and he would surely have been lynched had it caused his extradition South. The Kansas troubles, the beating of Sumner, and the terrible feeling stirred up by Brown's raid on Virginia need but a reference. Smart negroes were made away with like Helots, and the teaching negroes to read and especially to write was forbidden by law. Native whites non-conforming in opinion — anti-slavery or Union men — had no security but in keeping quiet. If they made themselves conspicuous, they were certain to be so grossly insulted by some fire-eater that unless they appealed to the duello their influence was forever destroyed. The most striking instance I recollect was that of ex-Governor Perry, an aristocrat, but a Union man in his sentiments. He was at one time before the war editor of a paper which began to work mischief to the state-rights cause. A fire-eater who had a pistol case for hire was imported from a distance to edit a rival paper. He began a series of brutal but "spicy" personal attacks on Mr.

Perry and his journal. Mr. Perry continued silent for a time, but at last, to avoid public scorn, he was compelled to resort to the duello. As it happened he killed his man and survived to be appointed provisional governor of the State by President Johnson. He evaded challenges afterwards on the ground that he "had vindicated his courage." No anti-Calhounist could speak out in the legislature or on the forum but some fire-eater would take him up so aggressively that a duel was the only escape from disgrace.

But not in politics alone was intolerance evinced. The aristocrats were also intensely clannish, and would endure no rivalry from plebeians. For instance, at the local colleges the secret fraternities fell into the hands of aristocratic students who excluded all others. Their organizations were then used to control elections in the literary and debating societies, to which all the students belonged, and in the classes. The high offices were given to aristocrats, and aristocrats were appointed to deliver the valedictories and salutatories. If a plebeian student of talent made himself prominent, cold water was thrown on all he did, and it was not unlikely, if he gave promise of winning the first honors or other high prizes, that such a cry would be raised against him as to cause his withdrawal from the race, if not from college. Duels were more common at Southern than at German colleges and universities; and a very ordinary way of putting down plebeians was by forcing them into affairs of honor through bitter personalities in debate or scurrilous remarks made to reach their ears. In practical life the same thing appeared. The aristocrats often *ex gratia* would elect a prominent or smart plebeian to office, if he were content to dance attendance. But if he essayed independence, he was promptly sent to Coventry or insulted till forced to fight or subside. The aristocrats relentlessly crushed any "unworthy" member of their own circle who tried to violate their customs and traditions. Plebeians chancing to give offense to the planters had their negroes whipped and mutilated without cause by aristocratic patrolmen, — to in-

capacitate them for work, damage their market value, or out of pure spite and bravado, — or had a crowd of arrogant hunters tear down their fences at night and chase a fox through their fields, to the immense damage of the crops. This oppression was naturally imitated, as far as practicable, by the lower classes, each of which kept up a caste system among its own members, and rode over the classes below.

Since the war, authority has repressed political tyranny to a considerable extent. But it is yet rife, and a relaxation of authority is instantly followed by its aggressions. The ostracism of white republicans, native or Northern, is rigid, and it breaks out into deadly persecution when opportunity offers. The Ku-Klux beat and killed white republicans as vindictively as negroes; indeed more vindictively, as the remark was common, "Put away their leaders, and we can soon bring the negroes to terms." Especially were they violent against school-teachers and "propagandists" of Northern birth; and during the canvasses on the Mississippi plan, the intimidation of white republicans is equally severe with that of colored. The editor of the first republican newspaper founded in this State after the war was twice horse-whipped, so unaccustomed were the people to the liberty of the press. I should here remark that a fighting editor is absolutely indispensable to a Southern paper. The slightest personality is apt to result in an attempt to chastise the editor; and yet the editors, knowing the public will attribute moderation to fear, are generally very acrimonious.

The desire of the aristocracy to keep down plebeians is as strong as ever, though poverty has much restricted its indulgence. Many impoverished aristocrats just after the war, in danger of being sold out by their creditors, excited such feeling on the subject that the creditors would compromise at great loss rather than subject themselves to peril by proceeding. Nevertheless, many old family homesteads were put under the hammer; but in not a few instances, by the free use of threats, bidders were

frightened off, thus enabling the owners to bid in their own property at a nominal price. I am familiar with one case in which a wealthy plebeian merchant was brave enough to attend such an auction and participate in the bidding. The aristocrats present were furious, said the thing was an outrage, and told the owner to bid higher than he had intended or was able, as they would lend him the money; but the merchant had more than their united means, and secured the estate. A short time afterwards, while driving out with his sister, he was set upon by a kinsman of the aggrieved aristocrat, pulled out, and cruelly beaten. In September last a merchant foreclosed a lien he had on the crop of a planter's widow in — county. He did it because she was pursuing the usual aristocratic course of evading payment and putting him off. The indignity threw the lady into convulsions which caused her death. She was hardly buried before her three grown sons, all under twenty-five, were mounted and on their way to the merchant's. They found him in a lawyer's office in town, put everybody out but him, and closed the door. His screams and cries for mercy alarmed all the village. A crowd collected, and tried to interfere. But one of the young men came out on the steps with a cocked pistol in each hand, and kept them off till the victim was insensible, beaten to a jelly, gashed all over, and had one ear cut off. They then came out and rode off. The merchant lay at the point of death for weeks, is yet (two months since the fray) in bed, and is maimed for life. The affair was mentioned in no paper, and the young men have never been indicted.

But the aristocracy have been compelled to unbend considerably. Plebeians advance money on their crops, own mortgages on their lands, employ their sons as clerks, etc. Furthermore, plebeians own most Southern property now, since the gentlemanly aristocrats have taken ill to money making, to which the plebeians are used. So the commercial classes are beginning to acquire something like their normal position, with all

the respect due to it, though the aristocrats choke it down hard.

The negroes also believe in and profess to practice the usual moral code. But in obedience to moral laws they are far less advanced than the whites; and there are, in their case, certain peculiarities produced by past or present circumstances which often lead them to disobey or pervert their theories of right. For instance, the negro used to know that he was wrongfully held in slavery, and did not scruple to feign sickness in order to avoid work, or to lay hands on any article of his master's which he could appropriate without being detected. These things continue, though their cause is removed. It is not considered wrong among negroes to steal from or in any manner cheat whites. They trespass for wood in forests, or take rails and planks off fences. Their nightly depredations are notorious. No work can be got from them unless they are superintended. Hired laborers take too many holidays, are sick half the time, and in every way shirk work. The stealing propensity is the bane of the negroes in politics. They know that their legislators and other officers steal the public deposits, but, knowing the whites pay the taxes, they applaud the theft, and every one is eager to be elected so that he may have a share in the spoils. Prominent negroes (I know myself of a congressman and a state senator who have done it) have frequently made incendiary speeches, saying the taxes should be raised till the whites are ruined and property depreciated in value, when lands sold for delinquent taxes can be bid in at low rates by colored men, who will soon have all the country to themselves. These men, on being accused of advocating confiscation, openly acknowledge it, and justify themselves by saying that the whites used to steal their wages, and now the negro's time has come.

Lying is at this day the negroes' worst failing. They are the most bare-faced perjurers ever seen in courts of justice; and especially are they experts in giving

false testimony to save fellow blacks prosecuted by whites.

It is perhaps well that the carpet-baggers assumed their leadership, as their passions, which might otherwise have sought gratification in blood, were thereby diverted almost exclusively to plunder. The readiness of white men, indeed, to use the pistol has kept them respectful to some extent, though, as I have said, they fearfully avenge any grievances from whites by applying the torch to out-buildings, gin-houses, and often dwellings. But to white children they have been extremely insolent and threatening. White ladies have to be very prudent with their tongues, for colored domestics give back word for word, and even follow up words with blows, if reprimanded too cuttingly. It has also since emancipation been notoriously unsafe for white ladies to venture from home without an escort.

The possession of weapons greatly added to negro insolence. They have delighted from the outset to carry weapons demonstratively, to trespass on forbidden premises for game, etc. If a negro is overcome in a fight by a white man, those of his race present will dash in to aid him. The white spectators will then interfere to help their comrade, and a free fight is often the result. The beating of a white by a black produces white interference, followed promptly by colored interference. And in collisions between whites and blacks the friends of the respective parties think themselves bound to interfere, *not to stop the fight*, but to help out their comrade. If a white man shoots a colored man, an excited mob of blacks will try to lynch him. His friends rally to the rescue, and there is often a riot. The conditions are reversed if a white man is shot by a negro. The existence of so vindictive a spirit between the races convinces me that the presence of United States troops is often essential to peace and good order in the South.

The negroes outdo Squire Western in the use of filthy language, and the women are as foul-mouthed as the men, and as profane. Chastity is the exception

among them. Tens of thousands of negroes live together as man and wife without marrying. The married ones are every day quitting each other and taking up with illicit partners. I trust I shall be excused for referring to the above facts. Had I omitted to do so I should have left untouched one of the most momentous features in the sociology of the South.

The negro in ordinary relations with both his own and the white race is good-natured to jollity; but arouse his passions and he is terribly revengeful. They quarrel and fight savagely with each other. Murders are frequent, and they mutilate persons (white or black), whom they kill, in a shocking manner. The women in their rage are tigresses.

Most of the equity and civil business (though our chancery affairs are administered by the law judges) in our courts is supplied by the whites. But the bulk of the criminal business is supplied by the blacks. A white is rarely seen in a Southern court for any crime other than murder or assault and battery. Whenever larceny, burglary, arson, and similar crimes are committed in the South, no one is suspected of the crime save negroes. Out of three hundred and fifty-five prisoners now in our state penitentiary, three hundred and twenty-five are colored! The negro is fanatical in his religion, but deplorably loose in his morals; and though his animal passions are largely repressed by the idea of a God of vengeance, and the terrors of hell set before him every Sunday, yet these theoretical restraints need to be supplemented by swift and terrible legal penalties for every transgression, — that is, as long as the negro continues as he is. But I sincerely trust some means will be found to elevate him to a higher moral plane by education.

My account would be incomplete were I to omit mentioning two considerations which account for the vices of the negro. The first is this: so often were the slaves whipped and humiliated before each other, often for no cause, that punishment came to be looked on as no disgrace. This sentiment, I am sorry to

perceive, has survived the fall of slavery. Imprisonment, even for degrading crimes, like stealing, is looked on as no disgrace, and the moment the convict leaves the jail or penitentiary he resumes the place in colored society that he left, finds himself for a week the object of general interest as he discourses on his adventures in the great "pennytenshun" in the far-off city they have so often heard mentioned, begins life anew, and is treated as if nothing had happened. Discharged convicts have often been elected to the legislature! The second consideration is the prevalence of drunkenness. I fear drink is destined to prove as much the bane of the negro as of the Indian. All his earnings with which he might make home

comfortable or increase his property are spent for it. It intensifies his quarrelsomeness, disposition to mob whites, bad treatment of his family, etc. Every Saturday afternoon the negroes swarm into the towns from the country, and as far as their means will permit indulge in potations of poisonous whisky. On these occasions street fights and riots are the invariable results. The negro women, unluckily, are almost as much given to drinking as the men.

But the negroes are not without example. Intemperance, owing perhaps to the climate, has always been as notoriously a failing of the Carolinas as of Kentucky itself; and the war has increased it as mentioned before. In drunken brawls the whites rival the negroes.

A South Carolinian.

A MECHANICAL DICTIONARY.¹

THERE is a curious interest nowadays in watching the efforts of the compilers of popular manuals, digests, and dictionaries to keep up with the pace of scholarship and invention. Philosophers, historians, inventors, hurry forward their discoveries and contrivances, and the makers of text-books toil after them. The race between the things we have to learn and the means by which we have to learn them is almost as close as that between heavy guns and iron-clad vessels. When the recorder has laboriously brought up his work, as he thinks, to the latest point of scientific attainment, the *savant* announces a new theory or a new series of facts, and text-books and compendiums, suddenly become obsolete, must be revised to meet a new standard. Or if the theorist and discoverer pause after some notable advance to take breath

or to look for a new lead, behold, their latest acquisition is already popularized in the lyceum lecture or magazine, their last invention in a scientific record or dictionary. Meanwhile the public struggles hard to keep up with the movement. We are all expected to be more or less *au courant* with whatever is doing in science, literature, and art. We are not required to know it, but we must know about it. Countless lectures, periodicals, — general and technical, — compendiums and text-books are addressed, not as formerly, each to its own select audience of specially interested persons, but to everybody. We are all expected to take an interest in everything, as far as may be an intelligent interest, and to this end we must take in what we can hold of the knowledge that is heaped up for us in every subject of human study. What

¹ *Knight's American Mechanical Dictionary.* A Description of Tools, Instruments, Machines, Processes, and Engineering; History of Inventions; General Technological Vocabulary; and Digest of Mechanical Appliances in Science and the Arts. By

EDWARD H. KNIGHT, Civil and Mechanical Engineer, etc. Illustrated with upwards of Six Thousand Engravings. New York: Published by Hurd and Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1877. Three vols.

we cannot hold must still be at hand, laid away in some form in which we can easily seize it and in a place where we can at once find it. Individually we may disapprove of this effort to dabble in so much knowledge, which after all has for most of us little to do with real acquisition; but we cannot help it. It is forced upon us by the habit of the world, by what is expected of us, and by the fact that to keep up intelligent intercourse with each other, or to have intelligent conceptions of the things by which we are surrounded,—the things which occupy our neighbors, the things which we use and see every day,—we must learn the main facts and relations of a far greater variety of subjects than we can in any wise master.

Hence comes the need of an immense amount of work in condensing and arranging for the access of the many the accumulations of the few, work of which a great part is very ill done, but which is now as imperatively demanded as the work of original study, and at present probably employs as many hands and as much labor. The more the store of knowledge accumulates, the farther the act of condensation must be carried, till the innumerable facts to which the daily reader has to recur have been set forth in the most condensed form that they will admit of. For as art grows longer, time grows shorter. Not only have we a great deal more than our grandfathers to learn, or at least to take note of, but the hurry of our day compels us to do it at a much more rapid pace. A century and a half ago, when his contemporary, Leibnitz, had exhausted the whole cycle of human learning by study of its original sources, there was some severity in Pope's sarcasm,—

"Index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail."

Now we may shrug our shoulders and take it without wincing. Any one who wishes to keep at once his color and his place in cultivated intercourse, and to follow any specialty besides, is likely to find that for common uses index-learning is his only wear. He knows that index knowledge is very different from mas-

tery; but he knows that he must have general ideas about a great many things that he cannot master, and that he may at any time want to have recourse to a great many facts about such things. He makes it a point, then, if he is a scholarly man, that the nucleus of his library shall be of what are called books of reference; that is to say, in reality, of indexes. If he is not scholarly, but an active-minded man of ordinary attainments, it is likely that the books of reference will be pretty much all his library. In his own domain, the special student finds it important to have books which may rank as indexes, showing comprehensively the chief points of his study in their order and relations, and pointing him at once to the source to which to trace any detail he may be in search of, and so relieving him of the necessity of burdening his memory with a multitude of subordinate facts until they come to have their true significance for him, when they will lie easily on it. Even the finished expert cannot afford to turn his back when he finds a really good index of his own study at his hand, to stimulate a memory that will sometimes flag, to save time at need by facilitating a quick review, or by tracing a remembered fact to its forgotten source.

But if indexes are become so essential, it is all-important that they should be made as well as can be, and by people who are well up to their work. This is not so simple a matter as it may seem. To make a good digest or cyclopædia or dictionary—all these are only indexes in the larger sense—requires peculiar skill and unusual knowledge. A clever writer in *The Saturday Review* counted lately two things among the hardest of human undertakings, which everybody thinks he can do: one, to make a translation; the other, to make an index. To index well even a book of any value is a task of considerable difficulty, requiring much judgment and thorough knowledge of the subject of the book; the difficulty of making a good index of the larger kind may be instanced by the fact that for all the labor that has been spent in efforts, a thoroughly good dic-

tionary of the English language has never yet been made.

It is worth while here to note the difference between an encyclopædia and a dictionary, both indexes of the widest range. An encyclopædia is not a larger dictionary and a dictionary a smaller encyclopædia. It is true that as they are executed they verge upon each other, and the names are applied with more or less confusion; but their original ideas differ more in kind than in compass. An encyclopædia is a condensed account, as complete as may be, of the whole field of human knowledge, or of a particular section of it, arranged indexically, and in most cases alphabetically, for the sake of reference, each subject being treated consecutively, with all its particulars under one head, or at most under few. Such a work, if of great extent, absolutely requires a sub-index of its own. The grouping of details under topics, while it is of great advantage to one who consults the work with reference to a subject of any complexity, makes it troublesome to find such small particulars as come in question from moment to moment in conversation or in thought, unless there is some finger-post to point the way to them. The encyclopædia of this typical kind which is best known among us is perhaps the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; any one who is acquainted with it knows how necessary the index is in consulting it. Other encyclopædias are still more characteristic examples, as the French *Encyclopédie Méthodique* or the more technical *Encyclopédie Roret*. A dictionary pure and simple, on the other hand, distributes every detail which it includes into alphabetical order, subdividing things as much as possible and leaving each item to stand by itself, and necessarily with no means of classification whatever. There is no coherence, but only chance juxtaposition. Practically there are few encyclopædias which do not more or less conform to the standard of the dictionary by introducing in alphabetical order the most important details of their several topics and referring them to their appropriate heads; and there are many dictionaries which

aim at supplying more or less the uses of encyclopædias, perhaps call themselves such, treating comprehensive subjects at some little length, and referring their details to them. Yet the distinction remains, and is real.

There is of course a corresponding difference in the uses of encyclopædias and dictionaries. The first are the ready resource when one wishes to look up a subject and get a comprehensive idea of its aspects and connections, to find how to follow it farther and learn the sources of its knowledge. We turn to the second when we want a quick answer to some question of detail. The man of leisure or of studious bent will recur oftener to his encyclopædia, because when he wants to examine a particular point, he wishes also to know its relations, and is or should be careful in his loosest and slightest studies to keep a thread of connection and system in all he knows. The man of affairs will go more to his dictionary, because he wants an answer to his immediate question in the shortest form and will not give his time to tracing out its connections. Thus if the encyclopædia commands more of the attention of the studious man, the dictionary will probably have two to one in its favor for popular use. The natural result of the growing tendency to general and discursive study or reading, and the popular desire to get at the surface information of a great variety of branches of knowledge, is a steady and increasing demand for encyclopædias and dictionaries of all kinds, general and special. The busy preoccupation of our day, the haste of people to get at the particular thing they want, make the dictionary form of index more and more popular. The encyclopædias, especially the more popular ones, such as *Chambers's* and *Appleton's*, for example, are gradually approximating to this form by their subdivision of topics and filling in as much as possible of their detail in cross reference. The *Conversations-Lexicon* of Brockhaus, the most popular of German encyclopædias, which was first published in 1812, and has gone through many editions since, pointed the way to

this adaptation. It has been the exemplar of the two works we have just cited, and of others in England and the United States. It is natural that Americans, with their discursive habits in education, their unruly curiosity on all sorts of subjects, and their hasty ways, should addict themselves especially to dictionaries. Among the logical and orderly French, on the other hand, the preference has been for the more systematic form, though of late years the publication of a *Dictionnaire de la Conversation et de la Lecture*, and of a great many technical dictionaries, attest among them, too, a growing tendency to the disintegration of encyclopædias.

The scholar sees with regret the apparent substitution of discursive and superficial education for systematic and thorough, forgetting perhaps how often it is really the substitute, and apparently the only practicable one, for no education at all; and he looks with no great favor on the whole apparatus of popularized learning. The prevailing movement, however, like all the great collective movements of civilized men, is too important and significant to be disposed of in a breath. It has its disadvantages and its advantages, which it is outside our present purpose to discuss. The movement exists, and it cannot be doubted that the rapid advance of the leaders in discovery and invention, whether they are aware of it or not, is enormously accelerated by the stimulating pursuit of the desultory crowd that straggles after them. So it always has been in the great ages of the world's progress in all its walks, and so it probably always will be. How the race between the teachers and the popularizers will end, whether the field will grow so wide and the course so long that the followers will give up in despair, leaving the leaders to continue alone, cannot be foreseen.

Some departments of knowledge lend themselves to the dictionary form, while others invite a cyclopædic treatment. Scientific subjects, for instance, require a consecutive treatment. Literary, statistical, and technological matters are

better suited to endure, if necessary, a minutely indexical handling. But the maker of a good dictionary on whatever subject must be a person thoroughly acquainted with that subject. It is not a work to be entrusted to the first comer. He must be in the first place a man of systematic mind, able to analyze and to combine his material, with skill in arrangement and classification, and capacity to distinguish between what is essential or non-essential, important or insignificant. He must have the power of precise and condensed statement, a sense of proportion, and be able to carry a multitude of details in his mind and shape them into a consistent whole. He must have long experience and a keen judgment, not only of what ought to be known but of what people are likely to want to know,—a judicial habit of balancing authorities and weighing evidence. When to these endowments is added special erudition in one branch of knowledge, or in several, we have a combination of qualifications which few men possess. In the mere judgment of what should be included in a dictionary and what left out we often find the makers singularly at fault. For example, we remember seeing in a popular English dictionary a pronouncing list of Scripture proper names, in which, it was said, all were included except a small number which were only once mentioned in the Bible, or at most but very few times. Now it is likely that a good many copies of the dictionary will be worn out before anybody resorts to it to learn the pronunciation of Joseph or John, but the reader who chance, on a name that is mentioned but once in the Bible may very probably not have learned its pronunciation, and may come to the dictionary only to be disappointed in his reasonable hope of finding it. It is not for their familiarity but for their rarity that people look up things in dictionaries. Again, the things that are most likely to escape the memory, or to need clearing up when we find them noticed, are not leading facts but minor ones. The former ought naturally to be given; as many as possible of the latter should

be included. But the more important may often be stated in as brief form as the less; and so the rules of proportion that control the treatment of other literary work are very much modified in dictionary-making, and complexity, not importance, becomes the measure of amplification. A dictionary should contain, then, as many particulars as possible, its limits being determined only by the consideration of its bulk and cost, and nothing that pertains to its subject is to be considered an impertinence in it unless it occupies the place of something more desirable. But because an exhaustive treatment of almost any branch of knowledge in its present condition is impracticable, and a great amount of detail must therefore always be omitted, it becomes at once an imperative and a difficult matter to decide what people will most want to find in a book of reference. Allowing due room for the scope of special knowledge and systematic arrangement, there will always remain a wide border-land for the exercise of common sense and experience. No wonder, then, that the making of dictionaries is a precarious undertaking, that the only real and satisfactory test of their serviceableness is experience, that those prove commonly the best which grow by successive accretion and by the overhauling of successive compilers.

Knight's Mechanical Dictionary is uncompromisingly a dictionary. It is compiled with the intention of making it a book of ready reference. Hence every item is treated as a separate heading in its proper alphabetical order, and the principle of subdivision is carried out as minutely as possible, so that every detail for which it is consulted may be found with the least effort and delay. The subject of the work lends itself more kindly than many to this treatment. It is not a dictionary of mechanics, that is to say, not a compendium of the laws of physical forces and their applications to mechanism. If it were this, it would have been impossible to execute it satisfactorily without letting the systematic treatment encroach upon the alphabet-

ical, and giving it more or less the character of an encyclopædia, since the intelligent statement of the laws of force requires grouping and connected explanation. Its title seems intended to set forth the fact that it is rather a synopsis or index of mechanical appliances. Being this, it might invite but does not require a systematic arrangement, and for easy practical reference it is undoubtedly best as it is, in rigorously alphabetical subdivision. Besides this, it is a point of considerable importance, in a work which it may reasonably be hoped will be a permanent record, that it shall be possible in successive editions to keep it up with the progress of the mechanic arts, and there is obviously no form which allows of interpolations and changes here and there with so little disturbance of its general mass as that of a dictionary.

Nevertheless, the author has made an effort to give as far as possible the advantages of an encyclopædia to those who wish to examine a subject *in extenso*, by making for each craft or manufacture a special index, which appears under the appropriate heading in alphabetical order and includes the various appliances and processes which are peculiar to the craft. Thus the book is sown with sub-indexes, and the headings under which these are given are themselves grouped into a synopsis at the beginning of the work; and every word in the body of the book which is included under one or other of them bears a reference to the caption under which the index itself is to be found. This system is the feature which most distinguishes the work from others of its class, and it gives it a decided advantage over any other that we have seen. A person who wishes to trace out the mechanical appliances that belong to any subject can, by looking over the list of index topics in the beginning, select the one that suits his purpose, and turning to the appropriate index get, by following out the references to the articles included under it, an idea of all that the book contains on that subject. Or if he turns first to any one of the particular terms which are comprised in the index, he is there referred back to it, and

so given his starting point for the rest. This enables him to cover his ground with a moderate amount of labor, and is perhaps as fair a substitute as could well be supplied for the advantage of a systematized cyclopædia; it cannot of course afford the same facilities for systematic consultation, but it leaves the peculiar serviceableness of the dictionary unimpaired.

The amount of labor that has been devoted to this part of the work is suggested by the fact that in the synopsis are more than one hundred and fifty indexes, and under them are arranged about fifteen hundred titles. The index of agricultural implements alone contains very nearly five hundred names. The classification of such a mass of material is no easy matter. A great many of the articles will class themselves naturally enough, but a great many will have characteristics which leave room for question, and require a simultaneous consideration of the whole body of topics to determine by what analogies they can be most clearly grouped, and where the line can best be drawn between comprehensiveness and specialism. There will be many particulars of doubtful relationship, and many which belong equally to two or three families. This will lead to assigning them to more than one index, and where to stop in this will be a question between clearness and compression. It is likely that no two men would be found to adopt exactly the same classification; and therefore that any one who examines the work will find some things that he would have classified differently. It is, however, not so important exactly what system is adopted as that it should be a system which is well suited to the whole field it covers, and to which the reader can easily seize the clew, and that it should be consistently carried out, without either too great diffuseness or too great conciseness. In the book before us, so far as we can see, it is done on the whole with excellent judgment. The author's procedure is very systematic and consistent. The plan adopted is based on distinctions purely mechanical,

relating rather to mechanism than to the abstract principles of mechanics, and is executed with unwavering and sometimes rather autocratic rigor, though the articles of double or doubtful relationship are guarded by a good number of cross references. The resolution to limit the number of categories and at the same time to make the system comprehensive leads, once in a while, to results which take the reader a little by surprise, as, for instance, when he finds the ballot-box included among calculating and measuring implements. That the ballot-box has occasionally been used in elections as a calculating implement, and with considerable precision, cannot be disputed, but one would hardly have looked for it in the list. Nevertheless, we think the classification will hold. Again, it is with a slight sense of the unexpected that one finds "pile-driver," "pile-carpet" or Wilton carpet, and "Voltaic-pile," all indexed together under the heading of Piles.

Such a work as this is baffling to the general reviewer. He is diverted at every turning of a leaf from the object he has in his mind by the amount of interesting matter that meets his eye. The exhaustive treatment is evidently out of the question for him. The scope of the dictionary is wider than might perhaps be expected from its title. For not only do all the manufactures and industrial arts have their mechanism, but every science has its apparatus, and every human occupation its tools, to all of which the dictionary is meant to serve, as far as may be, for an index. Thus, to take a few examples at random, under the head of Metal Working we find indexed more than three hundred appliances and terms; under Fine Arts, more than a hundred and fifty; of Optical Instruments, a hundred and seventy; various kinds of Meters (the thermometer, hydrometer, etc.), more than two hundred; Domestic Appliances, a hundred and eighty, from an almond-peeler, or a baby-walker, to a steam-cooking apparatus. Of Musical Instruments, a hundred and seventy are described; under the heads of Joint and

Saw are given, respectively, eighty and one hundred and sixty forms. If we look over the enormous mass of detail included in these three quarto volumes, it is easy to believe that to accumulate the material digested in the twenty thousand subjects they are said to comprise has occupied a large part of the author's time for twenty-five years, as we are told, and that eight of those years have been spent in directly preparing the work for the press. In the compilation of such a work the limit must be an arbitrary one, for there is no natural limit: the field of human industry is practically boundless, and its appliances uncounted. The individual reader will perhaps wonder why room is given to this or that matter, which appears to him insignificant, or why a greater importance is not given in the general scheme to his own specialty, and he will probably look now and then for something that he will not find; but for the whole body of readers we should judge that the range of the book was as wide, and its apportionment as judicious, as could well be demanded. Certainly it is altogether more comprehensive than any similar manual, English or American, that has come under our notice.

Of the execution of such a work it is not safe to speak with too much assurance; excepting that if it were badly done it would not be difficult to find it out. To test its value and accuracy throughout would require the prolonged examination of a considerable number of specialists, or from an individual an amount of labor only second to that of making a dictionary for himself. But so far as a pretty careful inspection goes, the work sustains itself excellently. Its strongest point is naturally in technology, — the appliances and processes of the industrial arts. For this the long experience of the author in the United States Patent Office gave him peculiar advantages. It is inevitable, and for its use probably desirable, that American machines, tools, and processes should fill a much larger part of it than foreign, although there is abundant evidence of careful study of foreign technology.

There is evidence, too, of a very full and apparently accurate acquaintance with the technical terms and processes of the various mechanical trades. A cardinal virtue in such a work, and one much rarer with dictionary makers than it ought to be, is the author's faculty of clear, condensed statement. The descriptions of machines and tools are commonly models of precision, directness, and clearness, without a word wasted. Two characteristics impress themselves strongly on the reader who examines the book: first, the practical straightforwardness of its whole treatment, its freedom from diffuseness or attempt at display, the skill it shows in seizing the essential points of its subject and setting them before him; second, the noticeable unity of the whole work, which has the air of having been wrought in almost every particular by the same hand. The matter shows evidence of being carefully kept in hand to the last, the latest volume (for they were published successively) being brought well up to date in respect of recent inventions and discoveries. On the other hand, the author's desire for freshness and conciseness has not led him altogether to neglect matters of historical or even literary interest which concern his subject, and the reader will find the history of the most important inventions sufficiently told, and occasionally enlivened, as where the account of the Siren is illustrated by a quotation from Pepys, quaintly expressing his incredulity at being told that the rapidity of motion of a fly's wing could be computed from the pitch of its hum.

A point which deserves notice is the good judgment which Mr. Knight has shown in selecting the machines which he illustrates in each department of mechanism, seldom, it would seem, occupying his pages with inventions of questionable merit, or with those that have become obsolete, except as they are of value in illustrating the history of invention. The same practical sense is shown in the management of the illustrations, of which there are some seventy-five hundred. These are wood-cuts, very well executed, chosen with no attempt at picture

making, but admirably clear diagrams or representations, showing their purpose with great distinctness and unencumbered with useless detail. A few only of the full-page illustrations make greater pretense and have less justification for their presence. Another excellence is the citation of authorities, which might, we think, have been carried farther with advantage.

As the author gets away from the central range of his subject his grasp relaxes a little, his hold on his matter is less careful, and his information has more the air of being at second hand. Thus we notice the absence of certain scientific instruments which we should have expected to see included, and though his scientific statements are usually clear and well up to the mark, there are occasional lapses. As an instance we notice that in describing the action of the prism he adheres to the old-fashioned theory that the primary colors are red, blue, and yellow, ignoring the recent investigations of the German physicists, which have settled it that the primaries are red, green, and purple. So, too, concerning such outlying matters as musical instruments or building construction we find now and then a slip, or a statement that is evidently taken without sufficient examination from some other work. Once in a while the author's habit of directness in putting things leads him to a *naïve* decisiveness in matters that are only his-

toric probabilities or matters of opinion, as where we find him saying of the tomb of Atreus at Mycenæ that "the soffit of each course was then cut to the required angle with its bed by means of a templet" and giving a diagram of the templet; or of the American railway car that it "excites the admiration of the average Briton, and will yet be the favorite form of car the world over."

These, however, are minor faults; that such a work should be altogether free from them is not to be hoped. To have completed it on so comprehensive a scheme and with such excellence of execution and general accuracy as has apparently been attained in it is for a single writer a remarkable achievement. Its permanent value can be established only by its continued use. But it appears to have the advantage in range and serviceableness over all its competitors. Of making such a book there is no end. The progress of discovery and invention will require it to be revised and enlarged from time to time, but its form and arrangement make it peculiarly apt for that sort of treatment. Having well occupied its ground it may be expected to keep it. The habit of the time makes such a work more and more necessary. We may look to see it take its place on the shelves of libraries, public and private, beside the hale and venerable works of Ure and Brande, whose pages supplement its own, and share their vigorous longevity.

THE HAPPIER GIFT.

DIVINEST words that ever singer said
Would hardly lend your mouth a sweeter red;
Her aureole, even hers whose book you hold,
Could give your head no goldener charm of gold.

Ah me! you have the only gift on earth
That to a woman can be surely worth
Breathing the breath of life for. Keep your place.
Even she had given her fame to have your face.

S. M. B. Piatt.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WHEN Malthus wrote his book on population, some indignant critics, with the talent for misrepresentation with which such people are apt to be endowed, maintained that the practical outcome of his views would be a return to the ancient customs of exposing infants or sacrificing them to Moloch. Warned in this way, I hardly dare to indulge in Malthusian talk about the increase of books; and yet the subject is a tempting and a worrying one. That books multiply in a high geometrical ratio seems undeniable, though in what sort of ratio our means of making any good use of them increase I have never computed. And then the most discouraging thing about it is that when they have once been born, we preserve them artificially, and do our very best to insure an immortal existence to every one of them. A book is a tough-lived thing in any case, and decomposes but slowly under ordinary circumstances of atmosphere and vermin: when carefully protected it may endure almost indefinitely. The awful consequences of this incessant production, unchecked by at least partially equivalent destruction, are seldom thought of, because the evil is yet in its infancy. Libraries of a million volumes may be tolerated by society, but when these millions come to be multiplied by millions, what is going to be done? Prescient thinkers, contemplating the modest extension of Gore Hall, at Harvard, which is now nearly finished, have already alluded to the time when Gore Hall is to cover every inch of the college yard; but this is a narrow view of the case. To appreciate it properly we should look forward to a future era when Gore Hall shall have met the Boston Athenæum and the Public Library, the three institutions covering all the space from Dorchester to Arlington, and when the entire population of Eastern Massachusetts shall be employed in collating and cataloguing books and sorting pamphlets. For my part I

see no prospect of a natural check to the process until all the ingredients of the earth's crust fit for entering into the composition of books shall have been exhausted. When we fall into the sun, it will be only a repetition *en gros* of the literary bonfire which Ximenes lighted in the public square of Granada.

But how is history going to be either written or read, with such an accumulation of materials as is going on? The report of the Geneva Arbitration fills twenty stout volumes, and if Congress sends a committee South to investigate Ku-Klux outrages, it is sure to result in at least a dozen volumes of testimony. When a man sits down to write the history of England, one volume will carry the story over a thousand years, from the invasion of Cæsar to the Norman conquest. A second will go over two hundred years, down to Edward I. To get through the wars of the Roses will take two more volumes. Then a dozen will barely suffice for the Tudors, and twenty or thirty for the Stuarts, while the Hanoverian period, if treated with equal minuteness, would require fifty or sixty,—and all because of the accumulation of material. Where, when, and how is this sort of thing to stop?

— Whether the respective Roman Chariot Race pictures of Gérôme and of Wagner have not excited much comparative criticism, adverse to Gérôme? Privately, of course, for it must be a crime of some kind against something to speak doubtfully of Gérôme, when his American public pays from six to eight thousand dollars for some of his minor pictures. With the public taste which attaches princely values to Gérôme's notable works—the Roman Chariot Race among them—there can be no quarrel. The merchant prince who secured the latter considered it a rare treasure, and it has been publicly exhibited as such. Everybody saw Wagner's Chariot Race at the Centennial Exhibition. It was

somewhat in keeping with the foreign art display at Philadelphia (a few exhibits excepted) that this should not have been the original Chariot Race, or even its successful counterfeit. Foreign artists thought they saw in Memorial Hall not an antechamber to the Temple of Fame, but the seam in brother Jonathan's pocket. The original Chariot Race, but half as ambitious in size, and vastly superior in coloring, happens to be the property of a lucky English gentleman. It was exhibited at Vienna, and made Wagner's fame.

Wagner may have borrowed the idea from Gérôme, but he has not laid himself open to the charge of servile imitation. It was perhaps an ambition of the professor of the Munich Academy to eclipse the pet of the French Academic school. In handling the peculiar subject, demanding consummate harmony and intensity of action, it was and ought to have been the artist's purpose not to have the eye consider separately a brilliancy of coloring, or a grace and beauty of form, or the mind the antiquated story. To my eye Wagner's picture fulfills this essential. With Gérôme's, the eye and mind immediately fall to analyzing. This yields a quiet delight; for there is the beauty of the sky, the exquisite coloring, and the grand perspective as seen in the magnificent proportions of the amphitheatre. But its life is more symbolic of action than the thing itself, if we except the sky, for in that there is the purity and the even pulse of nature. The imperfect suggestion — contained in the mottled rows of men, mechanically straight and stiff, and in the horses, looking for all the world as if copied from Assyrian sculpture — that the Circus Maximus is filled with excitable human beings watching the thrilling chariot race, merely emphasizes the vacuity of the picture. Eliminate this symbolism of life from Gérôme's painting, and the canvas would acquire a classic solemnity and beauty from the silent grandeur of the amphitheatre and the touch of nature in the sky. From the Emperor Domitian down, the spectators have the posture of self-conscious moderns sitting for a photograph.

Where are the children, the hangers-on of the stables, the friends of the chariot-eers, the priests and fair women, whom Wagner, on the contrary, picturesquely represents as perched on the middle wall, the *spina* of the arena? Gérôme avoids everything that might appear undignified to his academic taste. Think of the dignity of a Roman populace at a chariot race! If the Roman of the empire were truly half tiger, half voluptuary, it were cruelty indeed to compel him to sit out Gérôme's dumb show with complacency and composure. The Gérôme painting is eminently respectable, but so very stupid.

For once, at least, Wagner seems to have found in himself a trace of that "divine frenzy" which was the genius of Rubens. He fills his canvas with flesh and blood and irradiates it with stimulated spirit. He chooses the most dramatic situation in the race, and gives it scope and intensity of action. The scene is beyond the turning goal. The spinning chariots, checked at the turn, are getting off again in full career. The decisive moment has arrived. The action and strife are almost heroic, as out of the dust and confusion of the turn three chariots emerge, on almost equal terms, and dash into the foreground. All the excitable blood of mettled horse and intrepid charioteer boils, and their nerves bound. The horses are in full plunge, ears erect, eyes afire, nostrils nervously distended, and foam flaking from the bit. The handsome young daredevil Roman who drives the foremost four is wild over the advantage he has won. His voice rings loud and quick, his whip cracks, the race is still too tame for him. His concern is on the left; his eyes almost see through the back of his head; he knows that the surly, bearded charioteer, who takes the race so coolly, is close after him with a team that share with their driver a dangerous perseverance and pluck. The galleries are in a tumult of wild gesticulation and cheers; even the cold Domitian and his servile attendants are carried away by the thrilling scene. The picturesque groups on the middle wall of the arena are trans-

ported by the dash of the young charioteer, and swing their arms and shout encouragement. The contest is the focus of light and action in the picture. The architectural detail is complete. The grandeur of the setting and the fierceness and earnestness of the sport fulfill the imaginative conception of a chariot race in the days of imperial Rome.

— I summon all good Bostonians who cherish the spirit of 1776 to resist another invasion from Old England. A hundred years ago the British threatened the liberty of our government: to-day they attack the purity of our pronunciation. Our English neighbors have begun to say "häouse," or rather "höouse," for house, "réound" for round, etc., etc.! Perhaps this is old news to you, but I first heard of it two years or so ago, when I found that all the English actors who supported the comedian Toole were nasally addicted to the mispronunciation. I made little account of the circumstance then, nor was I much disturbed upon learning half a year afterward that many Englishmen of high literary traditions had the same vile habit, and that even a part of Oxford had succumbed to it. But a fortnight since the barbarism reached my ears through the lips — or perhaps I should say the nose — of one of our own Phil-Anglican swells, who told me that it was quite the correct thing, that our "best" people were generally adopting it, and that it would soon find its way into the dictionaries. It is strange how "the whirligig of time brings in his revenges" here, and lays upon classic Oxford the burden of contempt which once was cast upon rural New England with its "häows" and "cäows." But never mind about poetic justice now. Let all of us who love our mother and her tongue — which is about the best part of her — clasp our Worcester's dictionaries to our hearts and solemnly relegate such inelegancies of speech to the nation over the seas which is "too lazy to enunciate."

— There ought to be a movement for the Prevention of Cruelty to Readers. No man has the right to spoil the pleasure and comfort of people who are pleased

with his manner of writing by the wanton murder of his *dramatis personæ*. I feel that I have been swindled out of several hours of enjoyment by the way in which Mr. William Black has ended his Madcap Violet. The first half of this book is very entertaining. The characters of Drummond and Violet are sketched with no great depth or subtlety, it is true, but with a free and skillful hand, and a certain friendliness of tone that gains singularly upon the sympathies. When our feelings are fully enlisted, Drummond's sister, who is represented as a good sort of person, does a stupid but hateful thing which poisons the lives of everybody in the book. This shows not only bad art but bad heart, or at least a great lack of right feeling. There is no reason in art or morals for the slow torture to which the readers of the book are subjected from the middle to the close. The only emotion excited by it is one of anger and grief. It is not touching, it is simply exasperating. We see no Fate slowly settling down on the doomed lovers. We merely perceive Mr. Black putting out their eyes, and killing them when they begin to grow heavy on his hands. It was said to be the custom of the stage-drivers of Nevada, after an overturn of their vehicles, to go about among the maimed survivors and knock them all on the head with a monkey-wrench, to prevent their annoying the company with lawsuits. Mr. Black seems to have adopted the same prudent policy. He evidently could think of no better way than this to dispose of two of the most engaging people he has ever created. His taste for murder as a solvent appears almost a mania in this book. He wants Violet to miss her steamer to New York, and can think of no other means to effect this than by killing the harmless little poet of the furniture shop, — so that at the close there is not a household mentioned in the story without its corpse. It is not the awkwardness of all this to which I so much object, as its wanton cruelty. The book is spoiled by it. It is as if your cook should put wormwood in your omelette, simply because leaving out the

wormwood is the conventional way of making omelettes. I believe if authors believed in their characters they could not treat them so monstrosly. This wanton use of death is utterly unlike the spirit of tragedy and serious romance. It is petty and heartless. If it is done in a book otherwise clever, as one of Mr. Black's is sure to be, it shows that the writer cares more for an easy and effective way of getting at the end of his story than he does for the comfort of his readers or the natural development of his characters. I admit that I say these things more in anger than in sorrow.

— I wonder if most people realize the sort of contempt which painters generally have for one of their guild who lays down the brush to wield the pen or lecture upon the subject of art. In the first place they are apt to regard it as a confession of failure, to be on the lookout for another dogmatist or a possible discloser of professional secrets. That such a course would afford a larger field, or give another outlet to the artistic instinct, they would, I think, be very loath to admit. Any that I have ever heard speak on the subject seem to regard Ruskin, Hamerton, and others of that sort, as meddlesome go-betweens rather than benefactors, inasmuch as they have filled the Philistine mind with conceit rather than penetration. In fact, an analytical paper on art is apt to be as a red rag before the inflammable eyes of the impressionable worker on canvas. Perhaps he is, individually, right in thus resenting whatever *interferes* with his fancies, his spontaneity, or even his whims. Certainly all the modern men who have disregarded dogma only afterwards to found schools of their own turned a deaf ear to all interference from outside; though, unlike some of ours, that was after they had served a long apprenticeship to their trade. Most of the old artists who did such great things must have been as intellectual as creative, while now, among many modern artists, it seems to be a fashion largely to divorce intellect from impression. I have often wondered if the constant narrowing down of vista

necessary to the limits of a canvas has not something to do with finally cramping the minds of so many painters, — I won't say artists, — so rare is it to find one that can see an inch beyond his own pet school or master. Yet that very narrowness, so far as it goes, often achieves better results than where the artist is capable of more mental but less artistic grasp, — or perhaps where he is less capable of imitating somebody else. We all know artists who can write well and theorize broadly on the subject of art, but do they not paint their best pictures in words? On the whole, it is hard to believe that successful picture making — in contradistinction to great creative art — is a thing that enlists the intellect beyond that part of it to which belong the perceptions and senses.

— Why can we not have more of the dramatic form in our novels? Why should not novel-writers in a dialogue which is kept up to any length indicate who is the speaker by a name or contraction at the head of the speech? Conversation loses by even the faintest seeming of being reported. Perhaps the realizing power of the author is affected by the feeling that he is reporting rather than constructing. The eternal repetition of "said Wiggins" has a deadening effect, and it is infinitely worse when, as occasionally in Tom Brown at Oxford, we are left to discover the speaker by a mathematical computation. On the other hand we do not want a too slavish adhesion to the dramatic form. A writer should never fear to break in upon his dialogue with such explanations as, for example, "K—— was somewhat taken aback by this and paused a little before he replied," etc. What we want is that frequent and unobtrusive gliding from one form to the other found in *The Pilgrim's Progress* and *Boswell's Johnson*. Perhaps — the matter is worth considering — these celebrated works may owe somewhat of their interest to this very characteristic. An innovator in this respect would not at any rate be without some countenance. Each of the forms has its own advantages and its own disadvantages, but those two books seem

to have so combined them as to secure the advantages of both without the disadvantages of either.

— My grudge against the postal card is that it is gradually developing an affection of the eye — in others as well as myself — which on the hint of Mr. Grant White's "heterophemy" I may call *heteropsis*; that is, the tendency to read against your own will postal cards not addressed to yourself. There is a fascination about the thing which is very like kleptomania. I knew a clerk in the post-office who had his salary reduced, to make allowance for the time which he spent in this way. He would have lost his place, too, if I had not pointed out to the postmaster the frailty of the human eye in this matter. I ingeniously dropped on the postmaster's table a card addressed to his unmarried sister: as we were talking, he picked it up and read an impassioned declaration written by myself but signed with imaginary initials. He smiled, I tore up the card, and the clerk was retained. But clerks can be trained; other people cannot, — for example, myself. What misplaced confidence it is for people to address postals to other persons, under my care! Yet they constantly do it. But that is not half the trouble about postal cards. They also expose you to the worst imprudences of friends who are profuse of intimate advice, but so sparing of their pennies that they can't afford an envelope to hold it in. They force you to suffer the grossest errors of taste on the part of well-meaning but mistaken acquaintances. They have the unpleasantness of the telegram without its necessity and without the sacredness which the telegram had before Congress so far yielded to heteropsis as to destroy the privacy of the wires. Postal cards have only two advantages, that they are handy for printed circular announcements, and that they can't become dead letters. But their disadvantages are many and cannot be controlled by law or by custom, unless every one follows my example and announces that after a fixed date he will read no more postal cards except formal circular announcements; — and possibly excepting also postals ad-

dressed to others than himself. But indeed, why could not government withdraw the postal and give us instead a very small piece of stamped (one cent) paper, gummed for folding and fastening in the decent fashion of old?

— I notice that one of your contemporaries rejoices in the high physical vitality possessed by some popular preachers, who can preach to vast crowds daily with a certain magnetic effect, of which the robust body insures an inexhaustible supply. Men vastly superior to them in mental and spiritual insight could neither attract nor hold such crowds. It occurs to me that they ought not to desire to do so. I write just now in a house where is hanging that delicate, ethereal portrait of Dr. William E. Channing, by his friend, Allston. The small mouth and slender lips are closed over the thin voice; it waits within the reticent lungs for the moment of ethical ardor to mold a clarion, silvery and fine, craving breathless silence through which to reach the ear. In the mean time "robustious" gentlemen are pelting crowds with platitudes.

I am told "a thousand sermons, constructed by the finest brains the country possesses, and warmed all through with love and zeal, fall dead every Sunday, which if they were preached by strong men would work miracles of movement and transformation." Then every parish where a lofty soul with Paul's contemptible body is settled should be furnished with a speaking-trumpet. There might be competitive trials for the position of stentor. A training school might be established to teach the calisthenic gestures which should accompany the exploding vowels. In the mean time the writer of the sermon would have to follow the speaker in dumb show. In course of time a class of trained men would arise, deep-chested, unmatched in mouth, with cheeks like cherubs emitting blasts; and a healthy rivalry would spring up in parish committees to provide their heavenly minded clergyman with his æolian attachment. Then revivals would become superfluous. Perhaps women who preach might persuade persons like Miss

Von Hillern to develop her speaking rather than her walking powers. The latter will be serviceable if women are ever going to the polls; the former if they take largely to preaching. Will any cynic say that woman will never surrender the privilege of being her own mouth-piece?

Are we not importing too much robustness into a claim for popular admiration? I recollect that Weston finished within the prescribed time his five hundred miles amid the rapturous applause of crowds. It was late on Saturday night. He mentioned that he would attend divine service the next day, and sent to the chorister a request to have the hymn sung, "Nearer, my God, to thee!"—five hundred miles nearer than all the rest of us. Truly, there is something spiritual in gymnastics.

But how characteristic it is of this people which adores sonority and sensation! It is the abomination of desolation, "*standing where it ought not.*" But a Yankee loves dearly to live loud in the ears of men. At the destruction by fire of a Fall River mill, a brave young fellow saved several of the female operatives at the risk of his own life. Not content with the heroic conduct he went instantly to a photographer's and was "took."

—Probably few of The Atlantic's readers have any definite knowledge of the Chicago Sunday Lecture Society, whose circular has lately come to my notice. This society began work in the spring of 1874, with a cash capital of six dollars, and has had only one donation since then, amounting to ten dollars. Yet it has given three courses of lectures, to audiences aggregating 61,770 persons, and now has a fund of a little more than four hundred dollars. The admission fee to each lecture was only ten cents. The lectures have been somewhat various in quality, though some that have been given belonged to the highest class of such entertainments; and the society, having established its strength, is now about to drop mere entertainment, and to direct its efforts entirely toward popular instruction and

improvement. The most admirable characteristic of this society is that it is not a charity. It gives the lectures at *cost price*, and it pays for its lectures and advertising, and for the largest public hall in Chicago. The whole management is carried on, down to the details of ticket-selling, etc., by the executive committee, young men who originated the scheme and have given their services to it without compensation. The plan has been imitated in St. Louis and Milwaukee with great success; and it seems to me a very effective and much needed criticism on the expensive and in great part valueless system which the "lecture bureaus" have gradually succeeded in fastening on the public.

—I want to dissent emphatically from the dictum set down in the January Club that the prices of books should rise with their literary value. I do not speak as a publisher, and I cannot, I fear, speak as a writer, but I protest, in behalf of the great, greedy public that feeds on authors' brains I protest! To raise the prices of an author's works as he grows in reputation would simply make it more difficult to get them as it became more necessary to have them. The number of those who would want his books would increase with his fame, but, on the plan proposed, the number of those who could afford them would just as rapidly diminish. The case of the artist is not a parallel at all. Were he Raphael himself, he could sell but one picture; the author can sell as many books as a press can print, if they are only good enough. If there is to be discrimination in the prices of books, according to their intellectual, and not their leather and paper value,—and I see no reason why there should not be,—let it run the other way. Let the poor books be damned with high prices, and the good books be sold as cheap as possible, so that all the people to whom publishers' prices are still a nightmare may have their fill. Then a premium will be put on ignorance that shall make bad books hard to buy, and keep bunglers and upstarts out of authorship. The good writers will be provided for by the size

of their editions, which we, the people, will look after, and the poor writers — well, the poor writers can have the business.

— Is it true that there is to be established at Harvard a Deronda professorship? The literature of the subject really seems to call for this; and as Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, I see, has been lecturing on George Eliot before the Boston University, I hope that the authorities at your Cambridge seat of learning may be waking up to this great want of the time. The lecture room of the new professor ought to be in the Zoölogical Museum, for convenient reference in a general way to matters pertaining to the Stone Age and various geological strata, which might throw valuable light on George Eliot's genius. A chemical laboratory adjoining the lecture room would also be necessary, in order to assist the scientific atmosphere and aid the class in establishing suitable habits of analysis. A special lecture-room edition of the work to be expounded should be prepared by interleaving that great ethnic novel-romance with pages from Herbert Spencer and Gall and Spurzheim, and from other works, as the professor might select. I believe that if the thing is done at all it ought to be done thoroughly. Moreover, the chair should be a movable one, like those connected with Cornell, which are frequently found situated in parlor-cars *en route* from New York and Boston to Ithaca.

— I have received from an acquaintance in Lancaster, England, an account of the old King's Arms Inn at that city, an establishment something over a hundred years old (the house dates back to 1625), which Dickens celebrated in his *Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*. It is quite illustrious in its way, Queen Adelaide having reposed under its roof, as well as the present Prince of Wales, and other persons less royal but equally eminent, among them Lord Brougham, the Baroness Burdett Coutts, the Earl of Derby, Charles Dickens, and Mr. Ruskin. The house has a fine Elizabethan staircase, and appears to be crammed with ancient furniture and works of

art of real value. For example, there is a bedstead which was made for King James the Second, wonderfully carved; there are pieces of old China and Venetian vases, formerly in the collection of the Duke of Hamilton; there are rich hangings of Gobelin tapestry; and in the Dickens room hangs a specimen of elaborate Florentine needle-work which Mr. Ruskin has described at length and with eloquence in one of his Oxford lectures, the *Ariadne Florentina*.¹ I have not made the most of this description, for I have left out certain portraits "attributed" to Sir Godfrey Kneller and Sir Peter Lely. But what is of present importance is that in this remarkable assemblage of objects of *vertu* — and all in a simple travelers' house! — there is a clock invented by Benjamin Franklin. It is said to be one of only three which he devised (and, I suppose, superintended in the making), has only three wheels, and strikes the hour. On the face is an inscription: "Dr. Benjamin Franklin, Inventor." All these objects are, for some reason, to be sold at auction, next May. I think some of our energetic Philadelphia friends, who have lately got into the habit of opening their pockets wide, ought to purchase this apparently curious relic and set it up in Independence Hall, or some other seemly place, to tick out the interval until the Bicentennial Exhibition for which some other city will have the pleasure of paying. The best thing by far that we could do in the premises of the King's Arms would be to purchase the whole establishment, transport it to these shores, and engage the proprietor at a liberal salary to run it as a model and training school for American hotel keepers who have sense and modesty enough to study the methods of civility, simplicity, and quiet comfort. But as that is n't very likely to be done, we'd better have the Franklin clock.

— The other day, after finishing William Morris's *Sigurd*, I turned, as a good many readers are sure to do, to his story of the *Fostering of Aslaug* in the last volume of the *Earthly Paradise*, and re-

¹ See pp. 212, 213 of that pamphlet.

read that. The daughter's dream, or vision, of her illustrious parents, sitting side by side in the serene and home-like paradise of the North—"God-home," what an alluring word it is!—was full of balm to a heart which had been freshly broken by the immortal sorrows of Sigurd and Brynhild; while the closing passage of the poem seemed of twofold interest, first as containing a very graceful and skillful transition from mythology to history, and then as linking, in a peculiarly intimate manner, that great story which Mr. Morris insists upon as the "*Iliad of our race*" with the more modern and somewhat more authentic tale which Mr. Tennyson and simultaneously a true poet among our own countrymen have just strikingly illustrated.

Aslaug, the daughter of Sigurd and Brynhild, married Ragnar Lodbrok, the Dane who invaded England and died there very horribly, having been thrown into a deep cave of venomous serpents, where he amused himself until the snakes had had their will of him by shouting songs of triumph and defiance. This ghastly but highly honorable solo affected strongly the imagination of many an ancient writer, and, says Mr. Morris,

"In the old Danish tongue is writ
Full many a tale concerning it.
The days through which these lovers passed
Till death made end of all at last,
But so great Ragnar's glory seemed
To Northern folk, that many deemed
That for his death, when song arose
From that Northumbrian adder-close,
England no due atonement made
Till Harold Godwinson was laid
Beside his fallen banner, cold
Upon the blood-soaked Sussex mold,
And o'er the wreck of Senlac field
Full-fed the gray-nebbed raven wheeled."

Now, then, we have the tale of that costly expiation twice told in one season, and in such a manner that we become "each all Saxon" in our grief over Harold's defeat and death. There has been so much said and so well said about the laureate's Harold, that it would be quite impertinent to expatiate upon his portraiture, but I really hope that none of your readers will let it make them wholly overlook Mr. William Leighton's Son of Godwin. The latter is a careful study, the result of an almost life-long

attachment to his theme on the part of the author, and a really admirable piece of blank versification. It is curious ill-luck for Mr. Leighton that, after his modest effort was actually in press, the great master's forceful fragment should suddenly have been flung to the world; but our countryman's lesser light is a clear and steady one, and we ought not to suffer it to be entirely put out.

—The literature created by people whom De Morgan in his *Budget of Paradoxes* groups together as "*paradoxers*" is so considerable that in the subject-catalogue of Harvard College Library it has been found desirable to make a special subdivision of "*Eccentric Literature*." This peculiar department embraces quite a wide variety of subjects, and represents various shades and degrees of oddity, from works on "*pantarchy*" and universal language by Stephen Pearl Andrews down to books and pamphlets which appear as void of meaning as if the type with which they were printed had been jumbled together by pure accident. Such works usually abound in initial capitals, words and sentences in italics and small capitals, interjections, sarcastic abbreviations, uncouth compounds, and reduplicated exclamation points; in short, in all the little devices which go to betray the dogmatic fervor, combativeness, and anxiety of the authors. Their style is generally disjointed, explosive, and vituperative. They rarely, if ever, exhibit the faintest trace of humor, but seldom fail to show the most settled conviction that the welfare of mankind, if not even the further continuance of the human race upon the earth, is absolutely contingent upon the immediate and unquestioning adoption of their opinions. The state of mind of their authors is apt to be far from enviable. Most of these writers have called upon men of science and been snubbed as unendurable bores; and they have written long memorials to learned societies, which have been unceremoniously pitched into the waste-paper basket. Under this harsh discipline they have come to regard themselves as martyrs, and hence their hysterical cantankerousness and ill-con-

cealed desire to cuff their fellow-creatures are quite comical to contemplate.

Of this class of authors, the circle-squarers, discoverers of perpetual motion, and mathematical or etymological interpreters of prophecy are the most numerous and combative. Anything that is a sufficiently absurd paradox, however, will serve to arouse the proselyting zeal of these eccentric writers. A small group of them in England have lately taken it into their heads to inveigh against the rotundity of the earth and the Copernican theory of the solar system. The most conspicuous of these paradoxers is one John Hampden, who "with dauntless breast" withstands the petty tyranny of the Royal Geographical Society and of the scientific world in general, and boldly maintains that the earth is motionless and flat, and that the sun "revolves horizontally" above it at a distance of not more than eight hundred miles. This valiant defender of intellectual freedom publishes a monthly journal entitled *Terra Firma*; or, *The Truth Seeker's Oracle and Scriptural Science Review*, in which — to quote its impassioned language — "with the first dip of our pen we throw down the gauntlet to the whole scientific world, and declare our intention to show that all the geographers, all the astronomers, all the philosophers, all the scientific and educational professors of Europe are, on one particular subject, all wrong, all in error, all guilty of maintaining and upholding one of the most delusive fictions ever imposed on the ignorance and credulity of mankind." So sure is Mr. Hampden of the soundness of his views that he offers a prize of ten guineas to any one who will confute them; and any one who will prove that any curvature of the earth is traceable upon the twenty miles' length of the Bedford Canal shall be rewarded at the rate of ten guineas per mile. Mr. Hampden admits that ships circumnavigate the earth, but maintains that they

"swing round the circle" in an enveloping stream like the Homeric *oceanos*. He has published a map which, as he naively tells us, is "so damaging to the prestige of the mock science of the day that it was refused admission by the committee of the council on education to the exhibition at South Kensington in the spring of 1876!" A collaborateur of this paradox is a Mr. Carpenter, author of a volume entitled *Theoretical Astronomy exposed by Common Sense*. Of this "admirable" work *Terra Firma* informs us that "it was not printed from a written copy, but set up in type by the author himself from the first line to the last. Can this be said of any other book of its size and intrinsic worth in Europe?"

Apparently these men have a dim notion of what they are trying to maintain; but sometimes the insanity of the paradoxer goes a step further than this. I was once visited by a very refined and cultivated gentleman who informed me, in all due modesty, that he thought he had facts at his command which would overthrow the undulatory theory of light and establish a new theory. His manner was so unlike that of a paradoxer that I listened with respectful attention until I had elicited the fact that he knew nothing whatever of Fresnel or Cauchy, or even of Airy or Humphrey Lloyd, and was entirely ignorant of the higher mathematics. When I asked him to expound his own theory, he assumed an air of cunning secrecy. After a few conversations, in which nothing could be got from him, I began to take account of his intensely melancholy bearing, and made up my mind that he was insane and really had no theory at all, but only labored under the delusion that he had one. I have since learned that this was a very sad case of insanity; but it seems to me that it throws a good deal of light on the mental condition of the writers of eccentric literature in general.

CREOLE LOVER'S SONG.

FOR BARITONE OR CONTRALTO.

Words by EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

Music by DUDLEY BUCK.

Allegro non troppo.

p *ped.* *** *ped.* *f*

dim. *p* *mf*

Night wind, whispering wind, Wind of the Ca-rib

sea! The palms and the still la- goon, Long for thy coming

p *tranquillo.* *accel.*

soon; But first my la- dy find: Hasten, nor look be-

poco agitato. *accel.*

f *rall.* *p*

- hind, To - night, to-night Love's herald be. The

f ped. *p* *colla voce.* *tempo.*

feath'-ry bam-boo moves, The dew-y plantains weep; From the

pp *ped.* *ped.*

poco rall. *tempo.*

jasmine - thicket bear The scents that are swooning there, And

poco rall. *tempo.*

poco rall.

steal from the or - ange groves The breath of a thou - sand loves, To

ritard. f *p*

Sva.

bear to her ere she sleep.
tempo.

And the lone bird's ten-der song— That
mf

rings from the ceiba tree; The fire-fly's light and the glow Of the moonlit waters
p

low— All things that to night be-long, And can do my love no wrong.....
cres.

f *con fuoco*

Bear her this hour for me. Speed thee! speed thee!

ff mp ff fp sf sf sf

ped. *

ff

wind of the deep! For the cyclone comes in wrath! The dis - tant for - ests

ff fp

moan; Thou hast but an hour thine own, An hour thy tryst to

ped. f ped.

ritard.

keep, Ere the hounds of tempest leap, and follow upon... thy path!

colla voce. dim. e rall. ped.

p poco lento.

Whisperer, tar-ry a space! She waits for thee in the

arpeggiando.

mf tempo 1.

night! She leans from her casement there, With the star-blooms in her

tempo 1.

p

hair, And a shadow falls like lace From the fern-tree o-ver her

p

rallent.

face, And over her mantle white. Spir - it of air and

Poco maestoso. con passione.

rit. sf 3 sf

fire! To-night my herald be! Tell her I love her

mp

sf *mp* *p*

ped. *

well, And all that I bid thee, tell, And fold her ev - er the

sempre cres.

f

nigh - er, With the strength of my soul's desire; Wind!

ff *poco rall.* *tempo.*

colla voce. *tempo.* *p*

wind of the Ca - - rib sea!

rall. *ff* *ped.* *

RECENT LITERATURE.

MR. LEIGHTON, we understand, had his drama¹ all stereotyped and ready for publication before the subject of Mr. Tennyson's *Harold* was known. The coincidence is an odd one, and inevitably leads to a comparison of the two tragedies; but though Mr. Leighton must suffer, and would doubtless expect to suffer, by the comparison, we are not sure that the simultaneous publication is any disadvantage to him. On the contrary, it gains for his work a serious consideration which writers making their first appearance in literary drama can seldom secure in this country. Mr. Leighton's play is the work of a sympathetic student of history and a self-possessed, modest lover of poetry, rather than of a strongly creative mind. Neither does it contain any of those lines and phrases which in Mr. Tennyson's tragedy recall (however fleetingly) the warmly receptive quality of the laureate's genius, his power of picturing things with a stroke. The tremendous fateful power of *Harold's* falsehood in Mr. Tennyson's presentation throws into unfavorable contrast the cursoriness with which Mr. Leighton touches it. The whole situation is too minutely mapped out in this American treatment of the theme: the English author's touch has the breadth of a different and a native familiarity. But in two or three points Mr. Leighton has, we think, decided more wisely than his famous fellow-dramatist. *Harold's* motive for going to Normandy, as here given, — namely, the wish to bring back to his mother the younger son Wulfnoth or Wolnoth, Duke William's hostage, — is better than the mere whim of going "to hawk and hunt" in Flanders, assigned by Mr. Tennyson. So, too, King Edward's objection to his absence is more strongly brought out in *The Sons of Godwin*. Mr. Tennyson leaves Edith's grief at the thought of giving up *Harold* to be imagined. Mr. Leighton, though he is not very trenchant in his representation, and fails through excess of rhetoric over feeling, at least tries to give us that emotion. And finally, the American author takes us

on to the fields of York and Hastings, while the English poet keeps all the battling just beyond the edge of his page, where we can not see it. On the other hand, Mr. Leighton falls into the great error of leaving Aldwyth out of the play: *Harold* is advised to marry her, and an allusion shortly afterward shows that he has taken the advice; but that is all that we hear about this important event. The choice of Archbishop Aldred as the source of intrigue, instead of Aldwyth, is not good. It diverts too much attention to a person in whom we have no interest. And this dispersion of interest, together with the use of long speeches and soliloquies, is the great defect of the work.

— Whatever may be the historical value of the sagas of the North,² no one will deny that from a literary point of view they are eminently worthy of study. They are the clear and strong utterances of a warm-blooded and clear-sighted race, which measured the world fearlessly by its own standard; they deal with large primitive passions which we, amid the refinements of a later civilization, have lost the power to sympathize with, though not the power to comprehend. Hence the wild tragic force which faces us everywhere in these Northern romances. It was the time when the individual in his relation to society was supreme, when the individual was strong, and society as yet crudely organized and therefore weak. The very first chapters of the *Saga of Thorstein Viking's Son* give striking instances of this. First the brothers Viöl and Vesete woo King Alf's daughters, and when refused carry them off by force; then the berserk Harek challenges King Ring of Sweden to fight with him, and if he is conquered to surrender to him his kingdom and his daughter Hunvor. The king is old and dares not accept the challenge; and the princess in her distress sends a messenger to the outlaw Viöl, whose son Viking fights in single combat with the berserk and slays him. Occurrences like these abound in all the earlier sagas. Passion, bare and un-

¹ *The Sons of Godwin. A Tragedy.* By WILLIAM LEIGHTON, JR. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1877.

² *Viking Tales of the North. The Sagas of Thorstein Viking's Son, and Fridthjof the Bold.* Translated from the Icelandic by ROSMUS B. ANDERSON,

A. M., Professor of the Scandinavian Languages in the University of Wisconsin, etc., and JÓN BJARNASON. Also Tegnér's *Fridthjof's Saga*. Translated into English by GEORGE STEPHENS. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

adorned, be it wrath, avarice, or sensuality, is a sufficient motive for any action, and a motive which society was forced to recognize; and where hostile passions clash, strength is the only arbiter.

It is plain that in an age which was so poorly provided with legal and moral restraints, individual traits, both good and bad, must have become almost grotesquely emphasized. In primitive man the purely animal passions are those which are apt to assert themselves the most strongly; and the resemblance to this or that animal lay near enough to suggest the thought of mental if not physical kinship (and even instances of the latter bear in the sagas) and the frequent adoption of animal names. Among the Norsemen, as among most savage races, names like Bear (Björn), Wolf (Ulf), Fox (Rav), etc., are kept alive by long ancestral tradition, and are met with even at the present day.

Where mental characteristics were so pronounced, the drawing of character naturally became a very simple process; and it is refreshing to note with what bold distinctness the sagaman paints not only his heroes but even the more subordinate actors. They are all drawn as it were *en profile*, or rather cut like large silhouettes that stand forth with a grim clearness of outline against the pale hectic horizon. Therefore, while reading a saga one is never in danger of misplacing his sympathies, even though the author is strictly impartial and never steps out of his rôle to approve or condemn. In the tale of Thorstein Viking's Son, for instance, the history of Njorfe's and Viking's friendship in good and evil days is related with a singular simplicity and pathos which appeal to the heart as no comment or exhortation in the first person could ever have done.

As a literary performance the Saga of Thorstein is not equal to Njola and Gisli the Outlaw; but they differ so widely in scope and character that it is hardly fair to compare them. The wars between the sons of Viking and the sons of Njorfe are full of fine and stirring incidents, and the element of supernaturalism, which here and there blends with the stern realism of the tale, instead of interrupting its progress gives it rather an added charm. The story-teller is evidently so fully convinced of the truth of all he relates that no one will have the heart to quarrel with his methods and still less to cast doubt upon his veracity.

The Saga of Fridthjof the Bold is a con-

tinuation of Thorstein Viking's Son's saga, and both are here very properly bound in the same volume. The beauty of the former saga, which Tegnér has interpreted in his wondrously melodious and full-sounding verse, has been recognized among nearly all European nations, and in England and Germany it has become almost a fashion for literary *dilettanti* to win their spurs by some novel maltreatment of Tegnér's great poem. The question has seldom been raised whether the Swedish poet represented the saga age faithfully when he made the noble Fridthjof a romantic lover of the Minnesinger type, and endowed him with an emotional volubility wholly foreign to the stern and silent race from which he sprang. If, as Mr. G. W. Cox thinks, Fridthjof is a solar myth, it is of very little consequence whether the qualities with which Tegnér invested him are Greek, or Norse, or German. But as we cannot help clinging to a vague hope that he has actually lived, we are profoundly grateful to Professor Anderson for placing the original legend and Tegnér's version of it side by side in the present volume, and thereby giving every reader who will take the trouble the opportunity of making up his mind as to the historical identity of the hero in his ancient and his modern costume. That Tegnér has produced a great and noble poem we and all the world will admit, but we venture to suggest that it might have been even greater if it had adhered more closely to historical truth.

Professor Stephens's version of Fridthjof's saga we have never been able to admire, although it is tolerably free from blunders and very faithful to the text; but it is too distinctly the work of a well-meaning and painstaking philologist; the divine afflatus is lacking.

The translation of the Icelandic prose saga by Professor Anderson and Mr. Jón Bjarnason is uniformly good, and is performed with a linguistic discrimination and taste which, considering the difficulty of the task, are worthy of high praise. We notice that they have followed closely in the footsteps of Dr. Dasent and William Morris as regards the adoption of archaic phrases, but for all that their book is a much more readable one than, for instance, The Story of the Volsungs and Niblungs which Morris and Magnusson have contrived to render into a language remoter from the comprehension of modern readers than that of the original text. The introduction is free from all extraneous matter, and furnishes

(what few introductions do furnish) a clew to the proper interpretation of the work. We earnestly hope that the present volume may be merely a forerunner of a long series of similar translations done by equally competent men. If the great sagas of the North were generally known among us, they could hardly fail to produce a healthful influence upon the future of American literature. At all events such has been the result in other lands. In Germany they have produced Wagner's *Nibelungen Ring* (the text of which was taken from the *Volsunga saga*), in Denmark they brought forth *Oehlenschläger*, in Norway a *Björnson*, and in Sweden a *Tegnér*.

—The popular suspense as to Mr. Bret Harte seems now in a fair way of meeting with relief. A doubtful sort of quietus was provided in *Gabriel Conroy*, which forced many of the romancer's admirers to think that he had sunk his prospects in a sort of "Smith's pocket" of exhausted fiction-matter. But Mr. Harte's latest publication¹ will give his readers the very different calm of satisfied expectation. *Thankful Blossom* is beyond question a captivating, spirited, and well-told story. The author, as it seems to us, has never done a better piece of writing in its kind than the opening description of a freezing April evening. It is peculiarly one of his gifts to call our attention first to some matter of this sort, seemingly immaterial in itself, and presently by his ingenious handling to convince us that the narrative could not possibly have been so well taken up in any other way. He begins here with the mud of the morning's thaw stiffened "into a rigid record of that day's wayfaring on the Baskingridge road," over which the American army had been moving; the setting of the scenery which follows, and the preparatory pause when "with the coming-on of night came too an icy silence that seemed to stiffen and arrest the very wind," are singularly good; and we are thus brought with perfect precision to the horseman whose approach is marked by the cracking of the freshly formed ice in the road. Then, how the military horseman alights near the Blossom farm, and the suggestions of a tender tryst, the suspense, and the rising moon that lifted herself over the hills and looked at him, "blushing a little as if the appointment were her own," — all this is brought

in with much niceness. We speak of it because this element in Mr. Harte's writing is not half enough prized, and because, moreover, the fitness and logical succession of these first pages are characteristic of the present tale throughout. It is a no less conscientious than delightful piece of work. The character of *Thankful*, sparkling, mobile, is given with charming lightness and freshness; and her unformed, changeable phase has just the elusiveness of a dew-drop, which trembles as a thing of the moment only among the leaves of a rose. All the other persons are well conceived, and are sketched in Mr. Harte's best style of forcible reserve. A critic, we observe, has attempted to mildew the incidental picture of Martha Washington by likening it to Thackeray's *Rachel Esmond*; but for this we find no justification: one cannot say how, with the limitations of person and period, Mr. Harte could have made his *Lady Washington* different, without injury. And if we speak of Thackeray it must be said frankly that Mr. Harte has treated Washington far more profoundly and to better purpose than the author of *The Virginians*, although upon a canvas so much smaller than the English novelist's. But the sensible reader, who is not obliged to write a notice of this pretty romance, will not feel called upon to bring a thing so entirely itself into competition with what is wholly something else; and critics not injured by their craft may honestly congratulate Mr. Harte on having now proved that he knows how to work with other than Californian ore. The brief compass of the tale and its larger merit contrasted with the author's much inferior and more bulky novel will, we suppose, bring up the old question whether Mr. Harte's inspirations are not shaped with special reference to the short story.

—If contrast is all that is needed, the third² and fourth³ volumes in the *No Name Series* make each other successful. They have in themselves, however, qualities that render them individually good. *Is That All*, a story laid in an American country town, is very slight, and though the situation is fresh it is not made the most of. In *Kismet*, on the other hand, the situation, if we leave out the scenery is far from unhackneyed, and is made rather too much of: the story, we mean, drags in spite of the really clever,

¹ *Thankful Blossom*. A Romance of the Jerseys, 1779. By BRET HARTE. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

² *No Name Series*. *Is That All*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

³ *No Name Series*. *Kismet*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

entertaining conversation. But the author-ess (?) of *Kismet* has a singularly forcible gift of stamping her male persons with characteristics of their own, albeit Livingston is a *fade* creature whose ennui might naturally proceed from his having been captured and made to parade himself under the showmanship of a long succession of novelists. The men in *Is That All* are very unsatisfactory, excepting Colonel Pryor; and the whole affair suffers from the pale intellectual light under which it is shown. Yet there is a singular keenness of observation and a neatness in the writing of *Is That All*, no less than in some of the characterization, which is very praiseworthy; and it is success enough for one venture in fiction to have penciled the ladies and gentlemen here depicted with so unerring a refinement. But penciling is the best word we can give to the art of the book, which to *Kismet* is as a hard-lined sketch to a painting. There is much more life in *Kismet*, and if its emotion is not very stupendous it is certainly interesting. We might carry our antitheses farther, but are content with pointing out that both novels have many of the little ingenuities of action and conversation which feminine writers sometimes deploy without too much consciousness, and that both give grounds for hoping that light, agreeable, and well-executed American novels may become more plenty than they have been.

— The Messrs. Roberts' anonymous series flowers out very freshly in its fifth volume. This book¹ is full of spring and summer coloring, apt to the approaching season on the eye of which it appears, and it drops from the press with an inspiring click as of the first base-ball that flies from the bat, announcing the end of winter. It is, in fine, a bright, attractive story of base-ball matches and matches of a more gentle sort, agreeably peppered with villainy in small quantities, so as to sustain the relish. But there is so much clever observation of character, such charming description of nature, such excellent humor heightened by refinement, that the book — dealing with a popular American theme hitherto untouched — is a notable triumph of current story-writing. Miss Milton, Dick Softy, Grandhurst, and old Snevel are capably drawn, and the author has managed his plot very prettily. The style, though good, is somewhat too detached, and in spots shows inexperience.

— Mr. Morris's Norse epic has come upon us quietly. While attention is clamorously invited to inferior and ephemeral works, and discussion is rife over much which is hardly worth the reading, a great poem of almost solitary beauty, profound, complete, intensely interesting and significant by virtue of its subject to all who have a trace of Scandinavia in their speech and lineage, arises upon the world of letters with all the familiar mystery of a new day. *Sigurd*, the *Volsung*, is the second great English epic of our generation (let us pause and reflect how rich we are), and it ranks after Tennyson's *Arthurian* in order of time only. It fully equals that monumental work in the force and pathos of the story told, while it surpasses it in unity and continuity of interest, and may fairly divide with the *Idyls* of the King the suffrages of the reading world on the question of poetical form.

The story of *Sigurd* is founded upon, and indeed closely follows, the *Völsunga saga*, the Icelandic prose form of the *Niebelungen Lied*. It is a subject which has long haunted Mr. Morris's imagination. In 1870 he published in connection with Eiríkr Magnússon, translator of the *Legends of Iceland*, a literal prose version of the saga, accompanied by metrical versions of some of the lays of the elder Edda on which that in its turn is supposed to have been founded some time in the prolific twelfth century. In his brief preface to this prose translation, Mr. Morris speaks of the *Völsunga saga* as "the most complete and dramatic form of the great epic of the North . . . that story which should be to all our race what the *Tale of Troy* was to the Greeks, — to all our race first, and afterwards, when the change of the world has made our race nothing more than a name of what has been, — a story, too, — then should it be to those that come after us no less than the *Tale of Troy* has been to us." And in the fourth volume of the *Earthly Paradise*, in his introduction to the *Fostering of Aslaug*, the poet makes affectionate allusion to the fascination exercised over him by the whole mighty drama of which *Aslaug's* story is but a doubtful episode, and to his dream of one day giving it a fuller illustration: —

"A fair tale might I tell to you
Of Sigurd who the dragon slew
Upon the murder-wasted heath;
And how Love led him unto Death

of the *Niblungs*. By WILLIAM MORRIS. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

¹ *No Name Series. The Great Match, and Other Matches*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

² *The Story of Sigurd, the Volsung, and the Fall*
VOL. XXXIX. — NO. 234. 32

Through strange, wild ways of joy and pain.
 Then such a story should ye gain,
 If I could tell it all aright,
 As well might win you some delight
 From out the wofullest of days.
 But now have I no heart to raise
 That mighty sorrow laid asleep,
 That love so sweet, so strong, so deep,
 That as ye hear the wonder told,
 In those few, strenuous words of old,
 The whole world seems to rend apart
 When heart is torn away from heart.
 But the world lives still, and to-day
 The green Rhine wendeth on its way
 Over the unseen golden curse
 That drew its lords from worse to worse
 Till that last dawn in Atli's hall
 When the red flame flared over all,
 Lighting the leaden, sunless sea."

Certainly, if the resolute work of genius in many departments of art could effect the ascendancy of any body of legend over the heart of a race, the great Niebelungen tragedy must have won largely on our affections during the last few years; and Mr. Morris has now accomplished more in this direction than all his predecessors. The Icelandic saga is especially superior to the Germanic lay in its presentation of the character of Brynhild, to which it gives added splendor and symmetry, while rendering it intensely and most movingly *human*. And the Brynhild of Mr. Morris's Sigurd rises by the unearthly grandeur of her traits and mystery of her sufferings, and by the inviolate purity of her passion, a whole heaven above the most illustrious heroine whether of Greek story or of romance.

The poem has a singular equality of beauty; and, noble as the opening passage is, there is hardly even a transient falling away from the level of it, until the last word of the fateful tale is told.

"There was a dwelling of kings ere the world was
 waxen old;
 Dukes were the door-wards there and the roofs
 were thatched with gold;
 Earls were the wrights that wrought it, and silver-
 nailed were its doors;
 Earls' wives were its weaving-women, queens'
 daughters strewed its floors;
 And the masters of its song-craft were the might-
 iest men that cast
 The sails of the storm of battle adown the bicker-
 ing blast.
 There dwelt men merry-hearted, and in hope ex-
 ceeding great
 Met the good days and the evil, as they went the
 ways of fate;
 There the gods were unforgotten, yea, whiles they
 walked with men,
 Though e'en in that world's beginning rose a mur-
 mur now and again,
 Of the midward time and the fading, and the last
 of the latter days,

And the entering in of the terror, and the death
 of the Peoples' Praise.
 Thus was the dwelling of Volsung, the King of
 the Midworld's Mark,
 As a rose in the winter season, a candle in the
 dark," etc.

King Volsung was the grandfather of that Sigurd whom the poet calls the Peoples' Praise. Sigmund, the father of the hero, was the last of ten sons, the nine of whom, together with their royal old father, were treacherously slain by Siggeir, king of the Goths, who had married their only sister, "the snow-white Signy." Sigmund escaped and took refuge in the woods, where Signy ministered to him for a season. The story of these two is in itself exceedingly thrilling, and we can with difficulty pass it by without quotation, but it is kept in due subordination to the yet more sublime and memorable tale of Sigurd, who was the posthumous child of Sigmund by a late marriage with Hiordis, the daughter of Eylimi, the king of the Isles. The account of the fostering of Sigurd includes the comparatively familiar tale of the mighty smith Regin, the king of the Dwarfs, who forged for Sigurd out of the fragments of Sigmund's glaive his immortal sword, the Wrath:—

"The Light that had lain in the Branstock, the hope
 of the Volsung tree,
 The Sunderer, the Deliverer, the torch of days to
 be."

Regin gave Sigurd instruction in all manner of magic lore and told him, in the course of that fore-ordained tuition, the mystical story of his own ancient but now nearly accomplished life:—

"Then unto this land I came, and that was long
 ago
 As men-folk count the years; and I taught them
 to reap and to sow,
 And a famous man I became: but that generation
 died,
 And they said that Frey had taught them, and a
 god my name did hide.
 Then I taught them the craft of metals, and the
 sailing of the sea,
 And the taming of the horse-kind, and the yoke-
 beasts' husbandry,
 And the building up of houses; and that race of
 man went by,
 And they said that Thor had taught them, and a
 smithyng carle was I.

Then I taught them the tales of old, and fair
 songs fashioned and true,
 And their speech grew into music of measured
 time and due,
 And they smote the harp to my bidding, and the
 land grew soft and sweet;
 But ere the grass of their grave-mounds rose up
 above my feet,

It was Bragi had made them sweet-mouthed, and
 I was the wandering scald;
 Yet green did my cunning flourish by whatso
 name I was called,
 And I grew the master of masters. Think thou
 how strange it is
 That the sword in the hands of a stripling shall
 one day end all this!"

For Sigurd, incited by Regin, slew Fafnir, the brother of Regin, who in the guise of a serpent guarded upon the Glittering Heath the renowned Treasure-Horde, which brought doom sooner or later to all who possessed it. And he slew Regin also, when the treachery of the latter was manifest, and bound the fateful Horde upon his divine steed, Greyfell, and fared forth to the land of the Niblungs, or Niebelungen. But he halted upon his way, on the height of Hindfell, and at the crisis of the story; for there he found the armed maiden, Brynhild, sleeping, and awoke her because the hour was come. We may live and read long before we meet with poetry more noble in thought, more celestially sweet and satisfying in form, than the pages which describe the meeting and mutual recognition of these immortal lovers. The "wise rede" of Brynhild to Sigurd before their parting, the counsel which she gave him, and which she deprecated while giving with so divine a humility and courtesy as but the echo of his own unformulated wisdom, have been done into English more than once. We give a few random extracts:—

"Be wise and cherish thine hope in the freshness
 of the days,
 And scatter its seed from thine hand in the field
 of the peoples' praise.
 Then fair shall it fall in the furrow, and some
 the earth shall speed,
 And the sons of men shall marvel at the blossom
 of the deed;
 But some the earth shall speed not; nay, rather
 the wind of heaven
 Shall waft it away from thy longing—and a gift
 to the gods thou hast given,
 And a tree for the roof and a wall in the house of
 the hope that shall be,
 Though it seemeth our very sorrow, and the grief
 of thee and me.
 Wilt thou do the deed and repent it? Thou hadst
 better never been born!
 Wilt thou do the deed and exalt it? Then thy
 fame shall be outworn!
 Thou shalt do the deed and abide it, and sit on
 thy throne on high,
 And look on to-day and to-morrow as those who
 never die.
 Love thou the gods, and withstand them, lest thy
 fame should fail in the end
 And thou be but their thrall and their bondsman,
 who wert born for their very friend;

For few things from the gods, are hidden, and the
 hearts of men they know,
 And how that none rejoiceth to quail and crouch
 aloe.

I have spoken the word, beloved, to thy matchless
 glory and worth;
 But thy heart to my heart hath been speaking,
 though my tongue hath set it forth,
 For I am she that loveth, and I know what thou
 wouldst teach
 From the heart of thine unlearned wisdom, and
 I needs must speak thy speech."

They then swore vows of eternal fidelity, vows which were broken, as we know, because the two fell victims to a cruel snare. Almost every reader is familiar with the outline of that heart-rending story, and we will not anticipate the interest of the few who are not so, by recounting it here.

After all, quotation, however copious, is vain, as every worthy reader will acknowledge when he turns the last page of the poem, and feels for a moment as if the whole earth were made void by its ending. We have tried to select those passages which best show how deeply Mr. Morris has entered into that "dark and true and tender" heart of the North, which the world, after ages passed in the worship of Greek ideals, is only just beginning to fathom.

It remains to say a few words about the peculiarities of Mr. Morris's manner and the measure which he has so happily adopted for this his greatest work. It is natural, first of all, to compare the latter with the metre of his translation of the *Æneid*, his last long poem, and it is very remarkable that a verse which is so nearly the quantitative equivalent of the fourteen-syllabled measure chosen by the poet for his translation should be as distinguished for its wayward and unwearying melody as the latter was for a perfectly mechanical and intensely disagreeable sing-song. Our disappointment and exasperation with *Æneids*—for we had thought Mr. Morris the one man on earth fit to make a perfect English translation of Virgil—are yet too recent to be mentioned with due critical calmness; but in return he has now, as it seems to us, fixed forever the most appropriate form of rhymed verse for an English epic. A hexameter composed like this, of iambic and anapestic feet with a constant variety of relative arrangement and a fluctuating cæsura, has many of the qualities which render the Latin hexameter most delightful; and we would like well, in our solemn dubiety about English hexameters, to see a translation into the measure of Sigurd both of the

Georgics and the *Æneid*, as scholarly as Mr. Morris's own and as musical as this might be. The foundation of the verse is of course that of the original German *Nibelungen*, of which Carlyle wrote so charmingly when the *Lied* first came into fashion. "A strange charm lies in these old tones, where in gay, dancing melodies the sternest tidings are sung to us; and deep floods of sadness and strife play lightly in little curling billows, like seas in summer. It is as a meek smile, in whose still, thoughtful depths a whole infinitude of patience and love and heroic strength lie revealed." But Mr. Morris has rounded and enriched the metre of the lay by the much more liberal employment of anapests, a foot which he had shown himself capable of managing with peculiar grace in *Love is Enough*. The nearest approach to the effect of this finished and beautified measure has been made by Mr. Swinburne in some of his choruses, and particularly in that very famous one from *Atalanta in Calydon*, —

"Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man," etc.

which is indeed precisely similar, except that two lines are made of one.

Concerning Mr. Morris's unsparing rejection of Latin words and his free employment of archaic expressions, it need only be said that these peculiarities are so exactly suitable to the character of his present work as to blend with its faultless general harmony and be hardly noticeable in it.

— Mr. Van Laun is a writer who deserves the thanks of the public for the good service he has done the cause of letters by his excellent translation of Taine's *History of English Literature*,¹ as well as by his faithful rendering of Molière; and now, in writing his history of French literature, he fills what has always been an awkward void in the book-shelves of those who were unfamiliar with the French and German languages. Mr. Van Laun, it need hardly be said, is an ardent follower of Taine, and in this book he employs, *haud passibus æquis*, his master's method. He holds that "the history of a literature is the history of a people," and that "we might as well say that a plant is classified by a description of its color, form, and texture, as to boast that we had recorded the literature of a nation before connecting it with, and showing its origin from, and dependence upon,

¹ *History of French Literature*. By HENRI VAN LAUN. Vol. I. From its Origin to the Renaissance. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1876.

that nation's history." Neither of these statements will probably be denied by any thoughtful man, and in his theories Mr. Van Laun is satisfactorily sound. This statement does not imply any fault-finding with what he has accomplished; no one can imagine that the adoption of Taine's theories about the proper way of writing literary history is all that is needed to write a book that shall equal that Frenchman's masterpiece; and a man can yet have done his task in even a commendable way, without coming near what, with all its faults, is possibly a work of genius. This is certainly true of books which aim at giving needed information; and although Mr. Van Laun by no means confines himself to the meagre stringing together of facts, he nowhere rises to any great height, any more than he generally falls below the level of respectability. He gives a brief but continuous account of the history of France, or at least of those portions of the history which are of especial bearing in determining an author's development, so that while the reader's memory is not swamped under a crowd of superfluous details, it is yet possible for him to see the relations between the different men and their times. It is a bird's-eye view of early French literature that is to be found in this volume, rather than a complete history; there are names omitted and subjects passed over lightly which the more serious student will have to look up elsewhere; and even the celebrated writers have to put up with very few pages. What is the best point in the book is the importance given to showing the connection between the history and the literature; this is clearly, if briefly, made out to the elucidation of both, but the direct literary exegesis is far from presenting any novelty or especial merit. This requires something more than the management of facts with exactness, and this something more, the perception of an author's peculiar power together with the ability of explaining it, is lacking. How accurate a notion, for instance, would the reader get of Montaigne from the meagre description Mr. Van Laun gives of him? Not that what he says of the writings of the great essayist is not, in the main, true enough, but it is completely inadequate. The discussion of his portrait is particularly unsatisfactory, and this is the more unfortunate because, according to Mr. Van Laun, "the whole character of the man — nay, the whole character of the satirical Frenchman, of whom he was the

antetype — is expressed in the portrait." He goes on to say: "One might take him, at the first glance, for a French Shakespeare, in gown, fur tippet, and ruffle, with a loose, low-crowned hat to hide the absence of veneration. But a closer attention soon reveals the difference. . . . Perspicacity is here, and clearness, and power of concentration, but little imagination and less constructiveness. The eyes are small, *but* they denote shrewdness and reflection," etc., as if large eyes usually expressed shrewdness. The vague allusions to phrenology are a most alarming symptom in a man whose business really lies with what was inside of the writers' heads, and not with their bumps of veneration and constructiveness. It is impossible not to think of what short work Montaigne would have made of his critic.

This is perhaps the most marked case of Mr. Van Laun's incompetence to do more than guide the reader through the rudiments of the study of literature; he is incapable of properly appreciating, or at any rate of profiting by his appreciation of the great writers. So long as he confines himself to those authors who did not rise above mediocrity, he does well enough; but when he comes to the occasional great man who stands out like a peak in the general level, Mr. Van Laun gets out of breath before he has climbed half high enough to describe all his merits, and slides down into commonplace with the most depressing haste. The conclusion of the whole matter is that this history of French literature is a useful hand-book for the reader and for the student who is not investigating the subject exhaustively, but it is not a book with any new presentation of its subject, or that throws any great light on literature. The succeeding volumes will yet be looked for with interest, because the information which Mr. Van Laun industriously accumulates cannot fail to be of service.

On page 190 he uses "lays" for "lies," and on page 311 is to be found the awkward word "predeceased," meaning "died before." It is a word that would make even a newspaper reporter grit his teeth.

— Mr. John Dennis has written an interesting book on English Literature.¹ It will be noticed that he bears a name already famous in the by no means crowded list of English writers; but two men more unlike than the critic of the last century and the one of the present it would be hard to find.

¹ *Studies in English Literature.* By JOHN DENNIS. London: Edward Stanford. 1876.

The other Mr. John Dennis had a very savage way of falling on his foes from behind with a tough cudgel, and of trampling on them with heavy shoes. Yet, with all his roughness, the right was often on his side; and although he spoke of Pope as "a young, squab, short gentleman whose outward form, though it should be that of a downright monkey, would not differ so much from human shape as his unthinking immaterial part does from human understanding," — a compliment which, with others of the same sort, such as calling the celebrated poet "as stupid and as venomous as a hunchbacked toad," won for him immortality in the *Dunciad*, — although he did that and worse, some of his comments on Addison's *Cato* are by no means devoid of sense. He wrote as he felt about people he did not like; but now the edge has been taken from what was once called the scalpel of the critic, and he is become as mealy-mouthed as if he were criticising anonymously the books published under his own name. This of course is an exaggeration, and so far as it would seem to decry Mr. Dennis, our contemporary, it does him injustice. What is meant is to call attention to the different methods of literary critics of the present day. Of these, this author is a very good example. Mr. Dennis is not what can be called a brilliant writer, but his book has many claims to attention. He has read well; he knows his authors, and that is something; and he knows other authors well, so that there is a pleasant air of good letters about the volume without any ostentatious display of learning. He has chosen interesting subjects for his essays: Daniel Defoe, Matthew Prior, Southey, Wesley, Pope, The Wartons, Sir Richard Steele, English Lyrical Poetry, English Rural Poetry, and The English Sonnet; but, as is only natural, the same thing that makes the men in this list interesting to him has done the same thing for other writers, so that there is some unavoidable triteness at times in what he says; but yet this is not a frequent fault. These subjects are all such as can bear a good deal of comment, and Mr. Dennis is never wearisome; even if not astoundingly brilliant, he is never foolish; his opinions he has felt for himself; he does not merely echo the common judgment even when he agrees with it. Indeed, it is a fault with these essays that they end rather suddenly, and the reader who is going on peaceably and pleasantly is stopped by a rather violent jolt, — the effect, proba-

bly, of the limits put by the editors of the magazines in which the papers originally appeared.

All the articles on the different men are good, for Mr. Dennis is a sympathetic student of character, but there is something disappointing in that on English lyrical poetry. The subject is too vast for one article, and in endeavoring to do justice to a great number of poems the writer has become commonplace. The stream grew shallow by spreading over a large surface. Before condemning Waller as he does, it would have been fairer to mention his *Go*, lovely *Rose*, as well as his *Lines to a Girdle*, part of which is quoted, though all the rest, with slight exceptions, is justly passed over. The essay on English rural poetry has very much the same fault. It is also to be regretted that the sonnet did not secure more thorough treatment. In spite of these fault-finders, however, the book is deserving of praise; it cannot be read without helping to foster a love of good literature, and a man who aids that deserves well of his kind. Those who read him will not have a chance to appropriate startling opinions which they will be able to quote with effect, but they will feel persuaded to give their attention to the men and subjects written about so pleasantly.

—Readers of Dante, who know the excellence of Witte's edition of the *Commedia*, will be glad to learn that this acute critic and profound Dante scholar has recently published an edition of the *Vita Nuova*,¹ which does for that book what this editor has already done for the *Commedia*, in finally determining the text and in discreet choice of notes and illustrations. In both books Witte has completed his task with the utmost thoroughness, and there is no man living better equipped by study and tact for this work. To sing his praises as a commentator is wholly unnecessary; he is well known as the great authority on Dante; and now, as a man no longer young, he offers this late fruit of a life of honorable toil to the world, or rather to that small section of the world that studies the great Italian poet.

In the volume before us we find the text settled by the rigidest examination of the various MSS., with foot-notes stating the various readings of different authorities;

and with another set of foot-notes conveniently separated from these, which form a concise commentary on the text. The introduction contains a brief account of the *Vita Nuova*, and is followed by lists of the MSS., and of the different editions, so that both the beginner and the more advanced reader will find here all that they need for the study of this book, which, if for nothing else, would be of importance from the light it throws upon Beatrice's position in the *Commedia*. Often, however, it stands on its own merits, and many read it without observing what Mr. Rossetti, noticing the way in which it forebodes the *Commedia*, calls "the strain like the first falling murmur which reaches the ear in some remote meadow, and prepares us to look upon the sea." It has a charm, as is frequently pointed out, for the young and for lovers; with them it finds its surest audience; and for them especially it remains a classic.

This volume is dedicated to an American, Mr. Charles E. Norton, whose contributions to the Dante literature receive here warm and deserved commendation from the man most capable of judging their real worth. It is to be hoped that Witte will be able to give us his edition of the *Convito*. It can hardly bring him more honor than he has already won in this field, where exactness and elegance of scholarship are the same thing; where, too, the ardor of the worshippers makes up for the smallness of their number.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.²

It cannot be said that Auerbach has done himself much credit by writing his new stories, the *Neue Dorfgeschichten*.³ His early sketches of peasant life first brought him into prominence as a writer of fiction, showing as they did his love of nature, part of which was his birthright as a German,—for poetry and science were the main attractions for those of his fellow-countrymen who did not follow the trade of war,—and part of which was his own sensitiveness to uncomplex impressions. They further testified to his skill in observing the rustic character; that is strongly marked in Germany and stood in so vivid contrast to the monotony of the civilized Germans, just as the popular

had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

³ *Nach Dreissig Jahren. Neue Dorfgeschichten.* Von BERTHOLD AUERBACH. 3 vols. Stuttgart. 1876

¹ *La Vita Nuova di Dante Alighieri.* Ricoretta, coll' ajuto di testi a penna ed illustrata da CARLO WITTE. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1876.

² All books mentioned under this head are to be

idioms are conciser and more picturesque than the classical written language, that he was attracted to the study of the peasants, whom apparently he had good means of knowing. In all his novels the reader finds the people from the lower walks of life alone possessing clearly marked active traits. In *On the Heights*, Walpurga, the wet-nurse, heroine of fiction as she is, and artificial as the composition of the story may be, stands out clearly, while the king is a mere abstraction, like a Muse or one of the Graces in old-fashioned poetry. When Auerbach leaves his peasants he is apt to give us certain qualities packed together under one hat rather than a living human being, but the peasants are drawn with a loving and partial hand. In this volume he takes up again the threads of those of the more important short stories, and shows how these last thirty years have wrought a change in the conditions of life in Germany. At the same time, besides this patriotic interest, there is the artistic one of the greatness of the change in Auerbach, who has lived the time of one generation of men since he left these characters, never expecting, doubtless, to call them back, gray-haired and venerable, to entertain the public once more. What has life taught him? Does he retain his child-like simplicity and sentimental optimism? Are moonlight and fields of grain and the songs of birds still the unailing panaceas for disappointment in love, in business, for revolt against injustice, and similar sufferings? The answer is a singular one. Time has passed over his head, but his heart is as young as ever. Simplicity he has in a great measure lost, for the ingenuousness of youth can hardly be retained even when Fate grants the old man the fulfillment of his early dreams. So that although the new Germany is triumphant, Auerbach hardly succeeds in looking at life so directly as he once did, and there is an air of effort, at times, where once his pen moved easily. This is especially noticeable in the first of the stories, which is the sequel to the *Frau Professorin*, wherein was told the tale of the painter who married the peasant girl and then grew tired of her, and began to detest her rustic ways which did not observe the strict laws of conventional etiquette, so that finally they separated. Here we have the painter again, returned to the village where he had met his wife, in order to do penance there for his coldness during the rest of his days. It must be confessed he chose a singular way

of paying respect to the memory of his departed spouse, for the very first thing he does is to fall in love with a girl whom she had treated as her own daughter, and he would have married her if he had not fallen down-stairs and killed himself in a brawl with his brother-in-law, who was offended at his fickleness. What the meaning of the story is it is not easy to make out, more especially because an old but artificial friend of the hero is disinterred and utters a serious warning against this second match; but his advice fares no better than advice in real life.

The other stories are more intelligible. The second is a continuation of the *Tolpatsch*, whose son is the hero. He goes back from America to visit his father's old home, and also to get a wife from the same place. There is nothing startling in the story; there are frequent references to the new state of things in Germany, which show Auerbach's content with the present, but neither this nor the third and last tale, continuing *Die Sträflinge*, bears the mark of any improvement in the art of story-telling during the last thirty years. The sun shines as bright in these later volumes as in the early ones, and the full moon is as frequent a visitor in one as in the other, and the birds are coming or going and singing as mystically as ever. It is singular that a man can retain for thirty years, or, more accurately, for sixty years, this confidence in his child-like interpretation of nature. The fact would seem to be that Auerbach reached with one step a height where he has since always remained. He has had no subsequent intellectual growth. He brings these attractive peasants on the scene, and so long as they are honest and mystical in their talk, like Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's young heroines, and admire sunsets, moon-risings, singing birds, flowers, grain-fields, and trees, they get good husbands, who fall in love with them as suddenly as if they fell on the ice; moreover, these virtuous peasants generally secure husbands or wives who live in much higher social circles. Life, according to this author, is the most god-natured disposer of events that could be found. Every one gets a prize as surely as every soldier in the French farce gets a decoration. This amiable optimism reminds one of the usual Christmas stories with their ostentatious generosity and kindness, and certainly it is not the highest art. The doctrine of cheerfulness has its place in fiction, of course, but in this case it

labors under the disadvantage of making every reader feel as if he knew a great deal better than the author what was the true way of looking at things. After all, these stories are hardly better than fairy tales, for in fact a close observation of the world shows that even those who are fondest of natural scenery and of detecting analogy between it and the moral world have their share of sorrow, suffering, and disappointment, and Auerbach's interpretation of the whole matter is not satisfactory.

— M. Philarète Chasles was by no means so great a man as he thought himself, but yet this volume of his memoirs¹ will be found of interest, on account of his descriptions of various people whom he met and of some of the strange scenes of his life. His father was one of those who voted the execution of Louis XVI., and maintained till his dying day a most bitter hatred of kings and their ways. He gave his son a careful education, and, following the advice of Rousseau that every boy should learn some manual trade, he had him work in a printer's office when a boy. It was while engaged in this way, at the age of fourteen, that the young Philarète Chasles was one day suddenly seized and thrown into a real mediæval dungeon for three months. On his release by Chateaubriand's interposition, he was sent to England to avoid similar interruptions of his studies. This precocious experience taught the lad much, and gave him a chance to learn what was going on outside of France. He saw Coleridge, Bentham, and other eminent Englishmen, but even these advantages did not profit him as much as they should have done, for the writer of these lines heard him declare in a lecture on English literature at the Collège de France ten years ago that boxing-day was the day which was universally devoted by Englishmen to *le boze*, or prize-fighting. But in this volume he gives very little space to those glib generalities of which he was very fond and which continually brought him into error, and in narration he does very well. His style is always bad, but it is less tiresome here than elsewhere. The book labors under the misfortune of being in good part an apology and an explanation of the envious ways of others, yet it is well worth reading. This volume comes down to about 1830, and gives

us some particulars about Chateaubriand, Madame Récamier, Gautier, Balzac, and others, which we have not space to transcribe.

— The reader, if a person of active intelligence, has probably already made the swift generalization that no Frenchman is able to see clearly or describe fairly a foreign land, and that Philarète Chasles, who always boasted of his knowledge of England, was as clever as the best. But here is a book about this country which destroys any such hasty conclusion. M. de Molinari has collected in a volume² the letters he wrote hence to the *Journal des Débats* between the end of June and the beginning of October of last year, and it would not be easy to name a more accurate report upon this country by any stranger; and his success is the more astonishing in view of his apparently slight knowledge of the language. He was a most busy traveler; his stay was a brief one, but he did not waste a day; the summer, it will be remembered, was very hot, but, not deterred by his sufferings in Philadelphia and New York, after a brief trip to Niagara and through Canada to Saratoga, he set sail for Charleston, visited also Savannah, Augusta, Atlanta, Mobile, and New Orleans, went up the Mississippi to St. Louis, thence made his way to Chicago and back to New York again through Cincinnati and Philadelphia, starting for home after a hasty visit to Boston. Now a book like De Tocqueville's cannot be written after a trip of this sort, but it is surprising how good a book can be written when the right man takes the journey, and puts in his letters home only what he sees, without venom and without flattery, and what he hears from trustworthy people. M. de Molinari has a very pleasant humor which keeps him safe from the black pessimism that seizes so many travelers after they have had to put up with discomforts, and he records inconveniences without deducing from them the hopeless degradation of all Americans. For instance, in recounting his stay at one of the huge hotels in Saratoga, after speaking about the dancing he saw, "gentlemen and ladies dancing without gloves," he goes to his room, No. 1315, and finds his bed not made, and the next morning his boots not blacked. "Is this an accidental omission or a widespread vengeance of the negro servants upon

¹ *Œuvres de Philarète Chasles. Mémoires. Tome Premier.* Paris: Charpentier. 1876.

² *Lettres sur les États-Unis et le Canada.* Adressées au *Journal des Débats* à l'Occasion de l'Exposition

Universelle de Philadelphie, par M. G. de MOLINARI, Membre Correspondant de l'Institut. Paris: Hachette. 1876.

the white race?" And then he laughs at all the splendors of the hotel, with two miles of parlors, ten acres of carpets, etc., and such neglect of duty as he had suffered from. But he is far from confining himself to these trivial, superficial matters, and yet he does not neglect them any more than he does the hot duel between gargling oil and sozodant, which pursued him from one end of our land to another and gave him a good deal of amusement.

He gives considerable space to comments on our wide-spread habit of bragging, our tremendous conceit, those vices which are so continually denounced by an unwelcome minority. In summing up, after singing the glories of our material successes, he says, "However, there is another side to this splendid medal. While devoting their unequalled energy, perhaps too exclusively, to creating the material of civilization, the Americans have neglected or have given only cool attention to those arts and sciences which have for their object the cultivation of man and the wise government of society. American literature is excessively poor, and especially during the last few years has produced very few works of science or of imagination which deserve to be mentioned. The fine arts have only begun to be cultivated; excellent pianos are made in the United States, but no artists are found there. The material of instruction is beyond reproach; the schools are large, well warmed and ventilated, the desks and chairs of the scholars are of the best sort, but the courses of instruction are simply copied from ours, and the only noteworthy improvement in late years is the teaching of Greek to girls. . . . The increase of private schools along-side of the free public schools does not prove that the public instruction in the United States deserves absolutely all the extravagant eulogy given them in the plat-

forms of the political parties and in public speeches." A more serious evil, he goes on to say, is the indifference of the public to the proper management of politics. He enumerates our sufferings from professional politicians who have the elections almost entirely in their own hands. "Every American, black or white, is an elector, and all important offices are filled by election. Only, the elections are made by the politicians and for themselves; and such is the power of their organization that the mass of voters in their hands is like a flock of sheep in the hands of their shepherd. It is necessary to vote for the candidates whom they chose in their conventions, or to lose one's vote."

He shows how excessively our money is squandered by those who assume to take charge of it, and concludes thus: "The schooling the Americans are making at their own expense merely proves, in my opinion, that republican institutions admit corruption like everything else in this world; perhaps, too, that absolute democracy is not the last word of the wisdom of nations. Nevertheless I shall not go so far, and from the singular sight I saw I shall simply draw two conclusions which seem to be of a kind that may be accepted by moderate men of all parties: first, that it will not be sufficient for us to go to election meetings, disguised as troubadours or Turks, in order to improve seriously our politicians; secondly, that if there is much to admire and even imitate in the United States, there is also something to be neglected."

Those who object to this author's strictures will find plenty of amusing descriptions of the different cities he visited. We regret we have not space to quote some of the things he said about Boston, which was one of the last places he visited. He certainly gives in a few pages some of the more striking traits of the city.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Chase and Hall, Cincinnati: *The Problem of Problems, and its Various Solutions; or, Atheism, Darwinism, and Theism.* By Clark Braden.

Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh: *Oils and Water Colors.* By William Renton.

Eighth Annual Report of the Board of Railroad Commissioners. January, 1877.

Estes and Lauriat, Boston: *Half-Hour Recreations in Natural History.* Part 12. *Mental Powers of Insects.* By A. S. Packard, Jr.

History of the Early Settlers of Sangamon County, Illinois. By John Carroll Power. Assisted by Mrs. S. A. Power. Under the Auspices of the Old Settlers' Society.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: *Philosophical Dis-*

cussions. By Chauncy Wright. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author by Charles Eliot Norton. — *Leisure Hour Series.* The Convicts and their Children. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. — *The Heritage of Langdale.* By Mrs. Alexander.

Hurd and Houghton, New York: *Biographical and Historical Essays.* By Thomas De Quincey.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: *Life in South Africa.* By Lady Barker.

Longmans, Green, & Co., London: *A Thousand Miles up the Nile.* By Amelia B. Edwards. With upwards of Seventy Illustrations, engraved by G. Pearson after Finished Drawings executed on the Spot by the Author.

Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co., New York: *A Yacht Voyage. Letters from High Latitudes. Being Some Account of a Voyage in 1856, in the Schooner Yacht Foam, to Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen.* By Lord Dufferin, Governor General of the Dominion of Canada. — *The Splendid Advantages of being a Woman, and Other Erratic Essays.* By Charles J. Dunphie. — *The Shadow of the Sword.* By Robert Buchanan.

Jas. R. Osgood & Co., Boston: *Poems of Places.* Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. France. Vols. I., II. — *The History of the Bunker Hill Monument Association during the First Century of the United States of America.* By George Washington Warren.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: *Modern Materialism in its Relations to Religion and Theology.* By James Martineau, LL. D. With an Introduction by Henry W. Bellows, D. D. — *The Childhood of the English Nation; or, the Beginnings of English History.* By Ella S. Armitage. — *Sir Roger De Cover-*

ley. Consisting of the Papers relating to Sir Roger which were originally published in *The Spectator.* With an Introductory Essay by John Habberton. — *The Jukes. A Study in Crime. Pauperism, Disease, and Heredity.* By R. L. Dugdale. With an Introduction by Elisha Harris, M. D.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: *Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the Czar.* By Jules Verne. Translated by W. H. G. Kingston. With Ninety Full-Page Illustrations. — *An Introduction to Political Economy.* By Arthur Latham Perry, LL. D. Second Annual Report of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

A. Williams & Co., Boston: *The Life and Industrial Labors of William Wheelwright in South America.* By J. B. Albéreti, late Minister of the Argentine Republic to France and England. With an Introduction by the Hon. Caleb Cushing.

Edwin A. Wilson, Springfield, Ill.: *Second Coming of Christ.* By James H. Brooks.

ART.

It was not a bad suggestion of one of the Boston daily papers that those who intended going to see Turner's picture, known as *The Slave Ship*, which has lately been added to the loan collection at the Art Museum, should not read beforehand Ruskin's description of that famous work. For most of our art-lovers the advice came too late; while as if to make the warning doubly vain, the management of the museum have had the description printed upon cards and plentifully distributed about the hall.

To those who have not yet seen it, it may be interesting to know that *The Slave Ship* is an oil-painting, not a water-color, as we find many had supposed, about four feet in width by about three in height. It is, however, covered by a sheet of plate-glass, confirming at a first glance the mistaken notion with regard to the material with which it is painted. It was the English, we believe, who first conceived the idea of protecting in this way their most valuable oil-paintings, regarding them apparently as too precious to be seen. The picture stands upon an easel in a corner of the large picture gallery, not inclined forward, as it should be, but backward, at such an angle that objects in front of it are reflected in the glass almost as clearly as in a mirror. Under these circumstances it is almost impossi-

ble to see the picture, and rash to attempt to criticise it technically.

It was Turner himself who gave the picture its title. His account of it in the Academy Catalogue, 1840, when it was first exhibited, was: "Slaver throwing overboard the dead and dying. Typhoon coming on." Ruskin, however, fixes the time as *after*, not before a storm; and at sunset; and in this we have no doubt he is right. The weather is evidently clearing up, and it is equally plain that it is an evening sky. We feel convinced, indeed, that what originally suggested the picture was a sunset seen by the artist under conditions similar to those mentioned by Ruskin: it was not on the Atlantic, however, for Turner was never on the open ocean. The "typhoon coming on," like the "throwing overboard," we have no doubt was an after-thought; the former invented, perhaps at the last moment, to explain the latter.

It is difficult to conceive why the artist should have disfigured his picture by this story of "man's inhumanity to man,"—marring one of the most glorious aspects of nature by the introduction of one of the most hideous of crimes. The only excuse to be offered for him is the morbid imagination which, as we are told, made him regard the color scarlet, so largely used in

the clouds of this picture, as the type of death. To this may be added, in further extenuation, the *bourgeois* taste of the British public, — a taste fully shared by Turner himself, — which demands that every picture shall have a story and a title, the more striking and sensational the better.

The picture is indeed marred in a double sense. The details introduced to give color to the title are as badly executed as they are horribly conceived. They violate all truth and all probability. Their ludicrous even more than their horrible character is entirely out of keeping with the time and place. It is only by resolutely shutting our eyes to them, by striving to forget them, that we can obtain from the picture any legitimate and satisfactory impression. Fortunately, they are few in number, and occupy comparatively but little space.

If we adopt what seems to be the most probable interpretation, the scene represented is a weird and fantastic but glorious sunset, — the happy sequel of a fearful storm. The gale is just over; a dense mass of rain cloud still lingers on the left; but a brisk breeze has sprung up from a fair-weather quarter, and is driving before it the streaming fragments it has torn from this last remnant and rear-guard of the tempest, chasing them in wild disorder across the sky. The sun shines out through the parted clouds, still enveloped in a thin white and golden mist, which spreading upward is rent here and there in the right-hand upper corner, showing through the interstices the pale and tender blue of the open sky. Lower down, and reaching to the horizon, scarlet and golden, crimson and purple clouds lie stretched in level lines, all their splendor reflected in the tossing waves. The sea is chiefly divided into two great waves, one, on the left of the picture, dark with the shadow of the overhanging rain cloud, the one on the right glittering in the sunshine and hardly to be distinguished from the sky above it. Between them lies a deep hollow, dazzling with light and color reflected from the sun and the clouds. This hollow, or "trough of the sea," is somewhat capriciously broken up into smaller waves; and in it are floating the half hideous, half ludicrous objects supposed to have been thrown overboard from the ship. It is also thickly peopled with marine monsters, more grotesque than terrible.

The ship, a nondescript craft, one third ship and two thirds lugger, is in the middle

distance toward the left of the picture, rising upon the crest of the dark wave, her hull completely hidden by foam and spray, with no sail set but a jib, and heading partly toward, but more to the left of the spectator. The only damage she appears to have sustained is the loss of her mizzen topmast, which, with a blue and white flag attached to it, is among the floating *débris* in the foreground. It is a little surprising that the immense lug-sail yards attached to her two aftward masts should not have been the first to go.

The point of view is placed high in the canvas, a common practice with Turner; we seem to be looking down on the waves from an eminence, which has the not altogether desirable effect of diminishing their apparent height. As a composition the picture seems wanting in balance, producing an uncomfortable sensation of blankness on the right, as though something that ought to be there had been taken away, making the water appear as though it were running down hill out of the picture from left to right. This may be in part owing to the color on the bright wave on the right having faded. Some strong accent seems to be required in this part of the picture, to restore the equilibrium, to make us feel that there is a horizon somewhere, even though we cannot see it.

The sky in this picture naturally first attracts attention. It is the region where Turner reigns supreme, acknowledged sole master in the art of representing the varied phenomena of the atmosphere. The day is past for criticising the conventionalisms and make-shifts to which he was obliged to have recourse in order to suggest — for no human power can fully imitate — the splendors he was the first to attempt to portray. We can only be glad that he dared so much and succeeded so well.

The lower part of the canvas is much less satisfactory. As an attempt to represent the open sea it is a failure. The wave upon which the vessel is riding suggests a little the "lift" of the true ocean swell and something of the color of what sailors are apt to call "black," not blue water; but everywhere else we are evidently "on soundings." The forms of the water in the hollow between the waves are to us incomprehensible. They are so much mixed up with the shapes — or the shapelessness — of other things that it is difficult to make them out; and we cannot but suspect that Turner has sometimes turned and twisted them in order to

display to the best advantage his little collection of monstrosities, rather than sought to give the true aspect of something that he had really seen. One singular fact about the sea in a storm is to some extent intimated,—the apparent obliteration of all perspective. To the novice the sea always appears, during a gale, unaccountably small; nothing distant can be seen, and one is more impressed by the nearness than even by the size of the waves. Something of this effect may be seen in the horizontal bars of scarlet and crimson clouds in this sea view of Turner's. These clouds have no perspective; it is impossible to say how far off they are, or whether any one of them is nearer than the others. There is indeed an extraordinary mingling of sea and sky, so that it is impossible to say where one ends and the other begins. Especially in the illuminated trough of the sea which leads the eye along a blazing pathway to the sun, one strives in vain to distinguish how much is cloud, how much is driving spray, and how much water. There may be a little exaggeration in this; but no more than is fairly permissible to one who, having received a strong impression from an actual sunset and an actual storm, should attempt, while still under its influence, to describe the scene in words, or to reproduce it upon canvas.

One thing at least is certain: we have here a work conceived and executed under the impulse of a strong emotion, one which cannot fail to excite a corresponding emotion in the spectator. Not in every idle looker-on, no doubt, for if "a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it," still more does a work of art, a poem, or a picture need to address itself to a receptive and appreciative mind. Nor will the emotion be always, or, we may say, ever precisely that felt by the author or painter; and especially in the case of the painter it will be difficult to convey the exact impression he had in his own mind, using, as he does, a language at once so definite and so vague,—definite beyond all power of words in describing the outward appearance; but only able to hint the hidden meaning, the inner thought.

—Among the paintings by Mr. F. Hill Smith, recently exhibited at Williams and Everett's, there was a little sketch, called in the catalogue a New England Interior. The scene is an unfinished garret in a common Yankee country house. The sloping walls are of rough, unpainted boards; the one window, toward the right, has its sash

thrown up to its utmost limit; the sunlight comes pouring in, making a brilliant square patch on the bare floor, while outside is a bit of sky and the tops of trees. Beside the window, on the left, a square brick chimney rises through the floor, and in front of it is a wash-stand of a pattern very common fifty years ago, painted bright yellow. On the other side of the window is a large square blue chest; on top of this, a brown trunk with a rounded lid, and on a shelf above, a ewer with a broken handle. In the left-hand corner, on the floor, is another blue box, of smaller dimensions than the other, while in the middle of the room stands a bedstead with low, round-topped posts of yellow maple. The bed is covered with a striped counterpane, brown and white, and partly conceals the patch of sunlight on the floor. There is no living thing in the room; nor do we care that there should be. The whole garret seems pervaded and glorified with light, with a suggestion, also, of heat. The blue chest, the yellow wash-stand, the red bricks, are made, or rather are seen to be as gorgeous in color as gems; while the whole scale of lights and darks is so thoroughly understood and felt, and so accurately rendered, that, bright and glowing as the other objects may be, we still feel that it is really the sunlight that makes that spot on the floor brightest of all. Whatever else this little sketch may be, it is at least an admirable study of light and color—without much delicacy of sentiment, somewhat coarse in execution, painted rapidly though not carelessly, but plainly showing that the artist was really *moved* to paint it and did his work under the influence of a genuine and strong impression.

In melancholy contrast to this bright little canvas are two pictures which we saw at the late exhibition of the Boston Art Club: one called *Waiting for Breakfast*, and the other *The Young Oarsman*, both by one artist and both, like Mr. Hill Smith's sketch, New England interiors.

In the first the scene is laid in a somewhat old-fashioned kitchen. A woman, past middle age and hard-featured, is bending over a cooking stove frying cakes, while a little girl, fresh from her morning toilet, stands watching the process with folded hands. A coffee-mill of time-honored pattern is conveniently screwed to a projecting stud; against the kitchen wall, high up on a shelf, stands the inevitable Connecticut clock; under it swings by a cord the familiar round

red worsted pincushion, while the indispensable almanac is suspended by a string from a nail beside the door. Through this door, which stands open, we have a peep into the pantry, with its ranges of drawers below and shelves above, not forgetting the molasses jug on the floor in the corner. All these details and many others were carefully and faithfully given: the drawing throughout, except perhaps in the little girl's figure, was correct, the perspective everywhere right, and every object had its proper local color. And yet the result, was not a success. The picture was not interesting: to some it appeared to be positively displeasing. One cause of this failure was evident at a glance. There was a want of concentration, both in the interest and in the light and shade. The eye wandered distractedly over the whole and found no resting-place. But the final cause which was at the bottom of all the trouble was that the artist had had no unity of purpose and could therefore give to his work no unity of effect. There was not wanting a certain degree of refinement, nor even a slight suggestion of pathos in the treatment of the subordinate details, which, however seemed to have deserted the artist when he approached the human figures. It was impossible to resist the fancy that he had taken far more pleasure in the yellow wall and the coffee-mill and the peep into the pantry, decidedly the best parts of the picture, than in either the woman or the child. He seemed to have *missed* his picture. One could not help wishing there had been some one at his

elbow to say to him: "Paint what you like; if it is the still life, paint that; don't put figures into your canvas merely because you think they ought to be there to make a picture and give it a story and a name. Whatever attracts you, whatever is to you a *motive* and not a mere subject, find out in what its charm consists and paint that. Do not be ashamed of painting pots and pans; the greatest masters have not disdained them, and they afford most admirable training for the artistic instinct." Michael Angelo said high art was "to paint a common fish from the market so as to show why it should be painted at all."

In the other picture there is a boy sitting in a child's bath-tub, which he pretends is a boat and which he is supposed to be rowing with a broom and the stick of his hobby-horse for oars. But he is doing nothing of the sort; he sits quite still and stolid, with no expression on his face either of childish*glee or of sober earnestness. Here, as in the first picture, the real subject is the room with its furniture; the boy is merely an accessory added to make what is sometimes called an anecdote picture. But the room, though in one sense admirably painted, is wanting in effect; it is not seen pictorially; and the subject is one which of all others demands pictorial treatment to make it interesting. It is an ordinary bedroom of a well-to-do citizen, furnished handsomely but without taste; and until the Household Art Reform inaugurated by Messrs. Eastlake and Morris is fully accomplished, such subjects had, perhaps, better be avoided.

MUSIC.

"The best things, badly performed, become only the more insufferable." — CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD GLUCK.

"The highest aim of the performing artist, of the virtuoso, must be the perfectly pure reproduction of the composer's thought, and this can be insured only by a complete appropriation of the latter's intentions, and consequently a perfect renunciation of his own inventive activity." — RICHARD WAGNER.

PERSONS in the habit of reading much musical criticism are not unfamiliar with the expression, "manifest intention." This

has, especially of late years, been held up as a never-failing screen, behind which performers can safely take what liberties they please with generally revered compositions. It is, perhaps, a striking fact that this manifest intention of the composer, which all performers ought undoubtedly to discover, is usually somewhat deeply hidden from the eyes of the majority of otherwise discerning musicians. If we are to believe the implied statement of many performers,

this manifest intention is discoverable by them alone, and they model their performance upon their important, though singularly exclusive discovery. Otherwise, why should not other artists have found it out too, and play or sing the work in question just as they do? It would seem, to the unprejudiced observer, as if manifest intention were often a misnomer.

Another favorite excuse for apparently unwarrantable liberties taken with acknowledged master-works is "the impulse of individual genius." We are cautioned against considering great compositions as so many prison-cells within which the individual genius of the performer is to be too strictly confined. Surely some people, when they talk of music, talk what would be called ardent nonsense if applied to any other subject. It strikes us, at least, that confining any known individual genius within the limits of some compositions is very like confining a man within the limits of the surface of the terrestrial globe. How many players are there in the world whose individual genius can reasonably find itself cramped by any of the great Beethoven sonatas? Come, let us not lose all rational sense of the proper relations of things! Here is what one of the most individual, original, and darily independent geniuses that the art of music has ever known says on the subject:—

"Such corrections, meseems, do not come downward from above, but upward from below, and vertically at that.

"Let no one say that the remodelers, in working over the masters, have often made lucky hits; for these exceptional results cannot justify the introduction of such a monstrous immorality into art.

"No, no, no, ten thousand times no! Musicians, poets, prose writers, actors, pianists, orchestral conductors, of the third, second, or even of the first rank, you have no right to lay hands upon the Beethovens and the Shakespeares, to throw them the alms of your *science* and your *taste*.

"No, no, no, a thousand million times no! A man, whoever he may be, has no right to force another man, whatsoever he may be, to quit his own physiognomy and take that of another, to express himself in a way that is not his own, to assume a shape he himself has not chosen, to become a manikin set in motion by another's will while alive, or galvanized into mock action after death. If the man is mediocre, let him remain buried in his mediocrity! If, on the other hand, he is one of the elect of art, let

his equals and even his superiors respect him, and his inferiors humbly bow down before him."

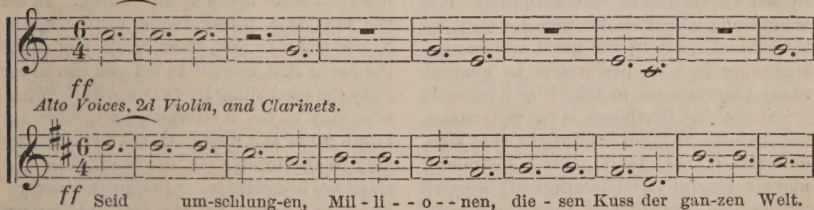
But, to talk moderately, is there, or can there be any *manifest* intention in a composer's work, other than that which he himself has plainly indicated on paper in black and white? What more subtle intention there may be in his work, of that finer sort not to be indicated by printed notes and expression marks, is by no means so plainly "manifest;" it is even hidden and veiled in the exact ratio of its subtlety. That this intention should be discovered before the real gist of the work is arrived at is evident, and it behooves the performer above all things to find it out. It is paying little respect to the great masters to think that this indispensable task is to be entered upon lightly. What infinite pains must an artist not take to familiarize himself with the composer's habitual style, to compare his style with that of other masters of the same period! How carefully must he not guard himself against the temptation of expressing his own individual feelings through the notes, and not the probable feelings of the composer, as nearly as he can discover them! Upon the whole it may be safely said that the composer's intention, however subtle and recondite it may be, can in no case be contravened by the most exact and punctilious observance of what expression marks he has noted down. Let the performer first make sure of playing the music exactly as it is written, omitting not a jot nor tittle of the text, and he will be sure that what sins he may have the ill luck to commit against the composer will be sins of omission and not of commission. If in addition to this he has by long study and careful consideration built up a consistent theory concerning the subtler essence of the piece, he may be pretty sure that, if that theory of his is in the least shaken by a strict observance of the text, it is wrong and he must try again. An over-enthusiastic listener may say, in the heat of the moment, after hearing Mr. A play a Beethoven sonata "in his own way," as the phrase goes: "To be sure, it is not exactly Beethoven, but it was sublime for all that." Admitted! But when a thoughtful person goes to hear a Beethoven sonata, he does not go to hear sublimity in the abstract, or Mr. A's personal sublimity in the concrete, but the exact amount and quality of sublimity that the sonata itself contains, and it is Mr. A's business to let him hear it to the

fullest extent of his powers, just that and no less; about the *no more* Mr. A need not in general trouble himself. Now let any curious reader take the smallest scrap of paper from his waste-basket, and jot down the names of all the artists he knows who do their duty to the composer and their listeners in this respect. We warrant that he will not have to write on both sides of his paper. Just compare the spirit of the raging genius who hews his triumphant way through volume upon volume of great music, intent only upon finding food for his own magnificent individuality, with that of the conscientious artist who, careless of his own reputation as one of the kings of the piano-forte, once said: "I cannot play the Liszt-Schubert Erl King as it should be played, so I will not play it; for that piece you must go to Rubinstein." A great pianist, passing the evening at the house of a musical friend in Leipzig, said in going to the piano-forte to play his part in Schumann's quintette: "My friend, you had better step into the next room and take a book; you will not enjoy the quintette; I play it in the Russian way" (*russisch*). The friend might well have retorted: "Yes. But did Schumann write it in the Russian way?"

This manner of dealing with great compositions is fundamentally wrong, nothing more nor less than a "monstrous immorality" in art. What else is it but the height of impudence for a performer thus to set himself above the composer? Singers and players have much to answer for on this head, but their sins sink into insignificance beside those of some orchestral conductors. Sir Michael Costa coolly puts three trombones, a bass-tuba, a big drum,

and cymbals plump into the midst of the first finale of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, thus robbing the whole London public of their "inalienable right" to hear Mozart's score as he wrote it. The very palpable fact that Sir Michael must be insane to think that his scoring of the passage in question sounds better than Mozart's is not worth a farthing; even if it did sound better, the point at issue would not be in the least affected. A similar charge has been brought against Wagner for putting a bass-tuba part into the score of Spontini's *Vestale*. The fact is that when Spontini was in Dresden, he said to Wagner: "I heard in your Rienzi an instrument that you call 'bass-tuba'; I don't wish to banish that instrument from the orchestra; write me a part for the *Vestale*." He also asked Wagner to write trombone parts for the triumphal march in the same opera, and was so much pleased with the effect that he afterwards wrote from Paris: "Send me a score of the trombones for the triumphal march, and of the bass-tuba as it was played under my direction in Dresden." This is the only case we know of such an interpolation in another man's score having any sufficient authority. Robert Franz's rescoring Bach's *Passion* is a totally different matter. The score of the *Passion*, as Bach left it, is admitted by every one to be incomplete, and when Franz filled it out, instead of committing an act of impudent vandalism, he reverently attempted to fill a hiatus that the whole musical world deplored. So with some of the changes that Wagner has made in parts of Beethoven's symphonies. To take one significant example, here are the trumpet parts in a passage of the ninth symphony, as Beethoven wrote them:—

Trumpets in D.



ff
Alto Voices, 2d Violin, and Clarinets.
ff Seid um-schlungen-en, Mil-li-o-nen, die-sen Kuss der gan-zen Welt.

Now such a trumpet part is, musically, little better than a monstrosity. The reason why Beethoven wrote it so is pretty evident. Here, for once, we do find a manifest intention not expressed in black and white. Trumpets with cylinders and pistons had not come into use in Beethoven's time;

the only instrument of the kind he had at command was the plain trumpet, which could play only the natural harmonies of a given key-note. If any melody was to be reinforced by the trumpets, all such notes as the instrument could not play had perforce to be left out. Now the modern chro-

matic trumpets can play any note in the chromatic scale between certain limits. Wagner's filling out of the trumpet parts in the passage in question, and all similar passages, is in no sense a "correction" of Beethoven's score, but merely helping Beethoven out of a technical difficulty that was insurmountable in his time, but is now no difficulty at all. Which is paying greater respect to the master: playing the part as he was forced to write it merely from a lack of technical means, or playing it as he most evidently wished it to be, and as he would have written it beyond all reasonable doubt had he only had our present means at command?

Pianists to-day have little of this sort of completion of imperfect passages to do. The piano-forte of to-day is in most important respects the piano-forte of fifty years ago. The scale has been extended at both ends, and if a pianist finds a passage of descending octaves which suddenly changes to single notes because the old piano-fortes did not run below sixteen-foot F, he most assuredly ought to continue the chain of octaves which have now become practicable on our instruments which run down to thirty-two-foot A. The greater heaviness of action of the modern piano-fortes will sometimes make practically impossible rapid passages that were comparatively easy with the lighter action of the old instruments. In such cases the pianist must take great care, in substituting phrases that are practicable on our modern instruments, not to do unnecessary violence to the composer's intention. Here he has a good chance to display, not his own executive ability, but his good taste and appreciation of the composer's spirit. But these cases are so rare as to have little or no bearing upon the performer's reverence for the composer. It is astonishing how little reverence either for the text or spirit of the great classic composers we find in performers in general. Many players seem to take it as a personal grievance that Beethoven is not Schumann, that Schumann is not Rubinstein, that Mendelssohn is not Liszt. Mr. Thunderer plays a carefully and intelligently selected programme consisting of works by various masters, so arranged as to form the most admirable contrasts, the light and cheerful relieving the mind from the strain of the deep and thoughtful, and all that we hear is one unbroken monotony of Thunderer,

nothing but Thunderer. He has melted down all the numbers of his programme and recast them in his own mould. Next day Mr. Lackaday gives his concert and does the same thing after his manner, and in both cases the audience turn up their eyes and thank their stars for "the new insight the admirable artist has given them into music that they thought they knew already." Such things are simply atrocious, besides being lamentably stupid. Take the most brilliant Bach *gigue* you can find, bedevil it with every modern sauce your brilliant technique and "glorious individuality" can devise, you will never succeed in making a Gottschalk *banjo* out of it. You cannot turn Mendelssohn's *Variations Sérieuses* into Schumann's *Symphonic Studies*. Remember, St. Peter's is a very large church, quite large enough and to spare for any conceivable form of devotion, but you would find yourself strangely cramped if you tried to run a steeple-chase in it. Your soul may be only that of a horse-jockey, not the largest sort known, but St. Peter's is not big enough for you. You may have invented a very astonishing theatrical thunder-machine that will make a well-disposed audience quake in their shoes; go and work it in the Sahara, and you and your machine are only a ridiculous blot on the landscape, your thunder nowhere. The great masterpieces of art are among the noblest inheritances of man, and the thing above all others they demand of man is loving reverence. They are to be jealously guarded against all taint, never to be profaned through thoughtlessness, still less through viciousness. Call a man a fool for not feeling the beauty of the *Sonata Appassionata*, and then yourself play the sonata as if it were a Dreyschock rhapsody, and you will have done but little honor to Beethoven. In art the text is a prime factor of the spirit. Slight the text and, in so doing, you slight the spirit still more. In art you can never "say the same thing in other words." Whatever may be the mysterious connection between mind and matter in the universe, we may be absolutely sure that in art, form and spirit are inseparable. "Playing correctly" has a bad sound, but the first question we would ask about an artist is, "Does he play correctly?" Without this, he does nothing and worse than nothing; with this he truly does not do all, but he at least does something.

A STROLL THROUGH THE NEW BUCKINGHAM HOTEL, NEW YORK.

THE most perplexing question now demanding the attention of thoughtful people is the house and home problem. Any man able and willing to work can earn a living. To make the earning bring the best living is a matter few accomplish with entire satisfaction. Given an income, it would seem a simple matter to hire a house and keep it in the conventional manner; but so many questions of economy of time, strength, and money arise; so many problems of physical and mental health appear, that people of sense are seriously asking the good of it all, and are casting about to see if there be not a more excellent way.

The Frenchman has his flats and café, the Englishman his lodgings and inn, and the American has tried hotel life after a fashion of his own. In New York, each of these — flats, hotels, and lodgings — have found more or less favor, and people have sought in all these ways to avoid the cares of housekeeping, and yet to find a home. Besides these, are the travelers, and they, too, wish some kind of a home. So it happens that New York hotels are often filled with two classes of guests, each seeking a home. But the tourist and the permanent guest in our hotels have different ideas concerning a home. That which the traveler expects, the permanent resident does not demand, and he looks always for advantages hotels upon the American plan can never afford.

New York hotels have been greatly praised for their size, elegance, and convenience, and it would seem that where so much wealth, skill, and science have been expended, the fine art of living ought to reach its highest expression. If it is possible to combine the quiet and seclusion of a private house with entire freedom from all its cares and responsibilities; if the ideal mode of living can be realized, it would appear that it might be done in New York.

On the top of Cathedral Hill one of the highest elevations in the city, and facing the great marble Cathedral, is a new hotel that more completely realizes the perfection of living than any house of its character in existence. Its plan of construction, and system of management, are alike novel and interesting, and are worthy of attention as illustrating American constructive engineering and household art.

The house has a frontage on Fifth Avenue

and Fiftieth Street of two hundred and thirty feet, and its grand façade, rising eight stories above the street, gives it an imposing and massive appearance that suggests solidity, permanence, and safety. Its architectural character is Elizabethan, a central pavilion rising in the middle, and each end terminating in towers, with gilded iron crests to join them together along the sky line. The materials are Baltimore brick, of the best quality, and Belleville stone, finished in various styles. The water table supporting this immense structure is of Quincy granite, appropriately dressed, and above this rises the first story, built entirely of Belleville stone, treated in various styles: rock surface with dressed edges, rubbed surfaces and pointed seams, and ending in a strikingly tasteful cornice. The superstructure is of brick, with Belleville stone quoins, belt courses and trimmings.

There are two imposing porches of rubbed Belleville stone, supported by polished red granite columns and pilasters, and above the chief entrance rises a frontispiece, also of rubbed stone, and reaching to the fifth story, and forming with its arches, niches, and enrichments, a singularly striking and elegant introduction and central point of interest for the whole magnificent façade. All the stone work in the building is sculptured from solid blocks, and all cheap trickery of incised work is carefully avoided. Over each door the name "BUCKINGHAM" is cut in raised letters, and in the centre of the beautiful cornice that fitly crowns the whole edifice is a monogram, "B. H.," in painted and gilded embossed work.

At the rear of the house are two large wings, with a wide space between them, thus securing ample air and sunlight on every side.

On entering the chief doorway, one passes a vestibule, and the great mahogany doors, and comes directly to the grand stairway and the office. The first impression is that of quietude, evenness of temperature, purity of air, and a gratifying sense of seclusion and peace. The idle multitude, restless, inquisitive, and in every manner disagreeable, that so often crowds the entrance of American hotels, is happily absent. The party, both ladies and children, may enter the reception rooms or pass to the office without the sight of anything to offend the taste.

The reception room and gentlemen's parlors are furnished in solid mahogany, and finished in the English manner, quietly, and with perfect taste, and the open fire invites to ease and warmth, and here we may sit till an attendant comes to learn our wishes. There is no noise, no confusion of porters and waiters, no loungers, nor patrons of the bar who are not guests of the house; no news-venders and cigar dealers. The house is for the guests and the patrons of the restaurant. There is no public bar to attract idlers, and all the halls and corridors are free to ladies and children at every hour, day or night.

Entering by the Fifth Avenue door one meets a charming vista two hundred feet long, extending the whole length of the house. The marble floor, the painted walls and heavy mahogany wainscoting, combine to make a frame for the climax of the view seen through the open door of the dining-room at the end of the hall. Here an open fire-place, of antique design, brilliant with beautiful Minton tiles and mirror, throws its bright glow upon its glittering fire-dogs, and seems to spread out friendly hands of welcome, the best of household pictures.

A stairway must be useful, and it may be beautiful. Here, the very newel posts are made works of art, and the rail, so difficult of treatment, suggests ease and safety, and gratifies the taste with exquisite carvings in solid mahogany. From the floor one can look up through the stair well to the painted dome and stained glass skylight, a hundred and twenty feet above. The stairway has two platforms on each story, and at the landings are rich stained-glass windows serving at once art and use. Security is obtained by immense rolled iron beams inserted in the solid wall at every turn of the stairway, while the steps are broad and easy.

Just here we may pause to listen to the clock beside the stair striking the quarter hours in pretty chimes, and telling the hour with a bell having a fine, deep tone. The carved work of the clock is also well worthy of examination as a bit of art work.

The office is near the stairway and elevator, and close to the entrance of the dining-room. Here the business of the house may be transacted expeditiously and quietly, and we can turn to the elevator and ascend to our assigned suite of rooms.

In these days the elevator has risen to all the dignity of grand stairways, and just beyond the stairs we find a handsome car, built by Otis, and finished in mahogany in the same style as the halls and stairway.

Concerning the apartments, it must be noticed that most of the rooms in the Buckingham are arranged in suites of a parlor, bedroom, bath-room, and toilet room, or of a parlor, bath-room, and one, two, or three bedrooms. Each room opens into the others in a suite, and each has its own door into the corridor so that the number of rooms may be arranged to meet the convenience of the guests. Every bedroom has its own separate bath-room, so that each room is complete in itself. By closing the connecting door the bath-room is entirely cut off from the apartment, thereby avoiding all possible intrusion of poisonous sewer gas. Each suite has a fixed weekly rent, and the guest takes the rooms that best meet his views of expense. The elevator makes all the seven floors alike accessible, and in the halls and corridors the carpeting and finish is exactly the same on every story.

Three things are essential in every house: light, warmth, and pure air. The peculiar plan upon which this house is constructed gives abundant daylight in every room. Of all the methods devised for heating none can rival the ancient hearth, the open fire, at once warmth and light, a thing of constant beauty and the best means of ventilation ever invented. Every room in the house has its own open fire-place, with its own separate flue, lined with Scotch pipe and, besides all this, the entire building is warmed by streams of fresh air taken from out of doors, and by means of tubes ingeniously arranged, passed over coils of hot steam pipes, and delivered into each room and hall. In this connection it must be noticed, that these steam radiators, located in the basement, are not massed together in one heating chamber from which the warm air is taken for all the rooms, but each radiator is inclosed in its own air chamber and delivers its warm air to one room only, thus making the heating system of each room, or suite of rooms, quite distinct from the rest.

The most difficult problem in modern house-building is ventilation. In a hotel where a number of people live under one roof, there must be an abundance of pure air, or discomfort and perhaps disease will appear, and the house will be unsafe in a sanitary sense. Currents of pure air, warmed by steam, may flow into every part of a house, but if there be no escape, no vent for excess of or provision for withdrawing the vitiated air, the atmospheric currents will soon stagnate, and the house will not be fit for healthful residence. Here, the open fire-places in all the rooms make the best of ventilators.

Extra provisions are also made at great expense for securing the most perfect ventilation in all the halls, corridors, public rooms, and bath-rooms.

The most simple and effectual method of removing vitiated air from a room or from a mine is to make "an upcast shaft," to quote a miner's phrase. He has an empty shaft opening to the outer air, and at the bottom of this shaft he keeps a fire burning, or he turns a steam jet into it. In either case he heats the air in his shaft, and it is quickly cast out at the top. In this manner the upcast shaft acts as a ventilator, sucking up the air from below and discharging it above.

In this house, which is ventilated under the personal supervision of Professor Hyslop, there are two immense upcast shafts, one hundred and forty feet high, reaching from sub-cellar to roof. The smoke and flame from the kitchen ranges and from the steam boilers are taken through metal pipes upward through these shafts, heating the air in them on the way, and causing it to move upward and escape at the top of the building. The kitchen, every bath-room, and all the halls and public parlors in the house are connected by pipes with these upcast shafts. In the public rooms these pipes open through spaces in the ornamental work over each chandelier. The products of combustion from the gas lamps and all bad odors in the rooms are swept away instantly, and thus the rooms are at all times pure and sweet. There is not the faintest hint of cooking even in the immediate neighborhood of the kitchen, and every bath-room is absolutely safe in a sanitary sense.

While ground rent in our cities is so high, buildings of all kinds must, with a view to economy, be lofty. When floor is thus piled above floor, and the elevator makes them all equally accessible, it is essential that due protection be made against fire. This house is as well built and protected against fire as skill and money can make it, but, as still further precaution against danger, there is a hydrant and hose on every floor fully prepared for instant use. The hose is inclosed in a small recess set in the wall, and protected by an ornamental glass door.

In the construction of the house the advice of the Engineer of the Board of Underwriters was sought and every device was employed, that could in any manner give extra security, such as iron furring and iron wire netting for plastering (in place of laths). An extra stairway of iron almost entirely surrounded by brick extends from sub-cellar to roof, and out of doors on the southern

wall, is a permanent and substantial fire-escape opening upon balconies on every floor, and reaching to the ground in the rear. More than this, a watchman constantly patrols every unlocked part of the house, from basement to top floor. At three given points on every floor is an electric press-knob communicating with an automatic recorder, and the watchman on his rounds must touch each of these knobs in turn, or his neglect is registered in the office below. This register is kept locked, and the key carried by a responsible party, who notes each morning where and when the watchman walked at each hour of the night, and thus secures faithful performance of duty. These knobs are so located that to reach them the watchman must visit every accessible part, and thereby discover anything that may be amiss.

Passing through the halls one enters the dining-room through the great mahogany doors, and is welcomed to the room by the blaze of the open fire. Of all the rooms in a house the dining-room should be the most attractive. This room is peculiar in its character, suggesting by its heavily timbered ceiling, its antique sideboard and generous fire-places, the English dining-halls of the fourteenth century, and yet it has that atmosphere of refined luxury the English halls never knew. To be minute is to be tiresome. There is no need to describe the walls decorated in imitation of the old stamped leather hangings, the frescoes, carpeting, mirrors, and chandeliers. They are of the best and most costly description, and yet when one looks about, no one feature demands attention. One mind developed the entire room and combined everything with consummate skill. True art is never staring and obtrusive, but is reposeful, suggestive, and harmonious. One may sit here a long time and wonder what gives the place its exquisite charm only to find that it is simple purity and refinement of taste, richness toned by culture.

From this room an iron bridge thrown from one wing of the building to the other, and very happily treated as a conservatory, leads to the breakfast room which is finished in quite a different style, and is an excellent sample of the best school of modern household art, rich and yet refined and chaste.

All the public rooms and halls on this floor, except the dining room and breakfast room which are finished in oak, are finished in solid mahogany, and the ceilings and walls are painted in harmony with the wood work and furnishings. The doors and windows are fitted with richly embossed French

plate glass ornamented with conventionalized flowers and foliage.

On the basement floor is a large and luxuriously fitted-up smoking and reading room, and a barber's shop and telegraph station.

There is no public bar or news-stand or other enticement for the idle multitude that so often crowds our hotels to the annoyance of the guests and injury of the house.

These make all the public rooms, save the ladies' parlor on the second floor. Before examining that, it may be worth the while to glance at the manufacturing plant under the house. Cooking, laundry work, baking and heating have been hitherto considered as mere domestic labors that any woman of average ability could perform. They are really arts and sciences, employing skilled men and women, aided by steam power. To keep such a household as may be gathered in the Buckingham in comfort, demands a number of steam appliances of various kinds. There are two stories under the sidewalk, a basement and sub-cellar, and in the sub-cellar are the steam pumps and engines, the laundry and heating appliances, all of which are absolutely fire-proof. The steam boilers are placed quite outside of the building, and under the sidewalk, and adjoining them is an elevator for lifting goods from the sub-cellar and basement to the sidewalk. A noiseless engine supplies power for the laundry, and two hoisting engines control the passenger and baggage elevators. A powerful noiseless duplex pump forces Croton water to the great reservoir, at the top of the building, which supplies all the cold water used in the house, both in the public and private rooms, and gives a good head of water for the fire hydrants in case of need. The exhaust steam for all these engines is thoroughly condensed, and none is allowed to escape at the top of the building.

The basement floor contains the refrigerators, kitchen, bake shop, wine room, store rooms, servants' dining room, the dining room for the chiefs of departments, and the cooks' dining room. The refrigerators are designed to hold the fish, chops, butter, poultry, etc., in separate store places so that there can be no injury to the flavors. The kitchen, ninety-five feet long, is light, well ventilated, and sunny, rare qualities in a kitchen, and is admirably arranged for work.

The ranges, ovens, plate warmers, etc., are placed along one side of the room, and over all is hung a hood to catch the smoke and steam, and carry it off into the upcast shaft, and thus sweep all odors away into

the outer air at the top of the house. Adjoining the kitchen is the pastry room and bake house, and arranged upon the most approved plans. The cooks have their own dining room, a bright and pleasant room, and the larger hall for the general help is really better, cleaner, and sweeter than many a dining room in our rural hotels. The nurses' dining room is furnished in oak, and has a handsome mirror, bordered by illustrated tiles, setting forth the classic story of the House that Jack built. The infant patron of the house here takes his simple breakfast, and studies art and English literature as an aid to digestion.

Washing, once a domestic drudgery, is now a trade, employing power tools. Washing machines, wringers, centrifugal dryers, or hydro-extractors, mangles, and ironing machines are now all driven by steam power and at high speeds, and much of the labor of washing and ironing is thus done by machinery. The drying is also equally well done in steam-heated rooms at an immense saving of time and labor. All the latest and best laundry machinery is here employed, and the result is that the washing for the whole house is done expeditiously, and without disturbing a single person in the building.

These are the useful things, the economic labors on which domestic peace and comfort depend. Above, on the second floor, is the more artistic side of the house — the ladies' parlor and reception room. This room is an adaptation from a *salon* in the Grand-Trianon, known as the *Salle des Glaces*, and decorated to suit the taste of Marie Antoinette. The colors are white, French gray, and gold. The room is broken by an arch supported by two columns in the centre, and opens into a smaller room at either end by folding doors. The carpets and furniture were made expressly to match the room, and the whole work, decorations, pear-shaped crystal chandeliers, marble work, fire-places, and draperies were designed by one mind. The effect is rich, and yet pure and reposeful; and though the walls are of light tints, the warm color of the carpets and curtains saves them from coldness and severity. The room is a picture, and is, perhaps, the best sample of household art of its character to be found in the country.

Could one visit all the private parlors and bridal suites in the Buckingham, one would find everywhere the same perfect taste. The furniture is mainly mediæval in design, and is much more substantial and costly than is commonly found in American hotels. Most

of the carpeting is in the new styles of Indian patterns, tasteful and chaste, and Indian rugs are used before every hearth, in all the rooms, both public and private. The chandeliers are all of real bronze, and were made from patterns specially designed for the rooms they were to serve.

No attempt is made at mere display. The "steamboat style" is nowhere visible, and if the superficial observer fails to discern anything particularly striking at the first glance about the interior of the house, it is because of its real art. Wait a while, look about and study the walls, decorations, and furniture, and the refined and cultured taste that has stamped its mark on everything will soon be recognized. True art is subdued, and perpetually satisfactory, and never obtrusive.

Such is the Buckingham, a hotel and a home. It more nearly realizes the fine art

of living than anything yet devised. It affords peace, seclusion, and home-like privacy, with entire freedom from care and household troubles. For the luxuries and convenience in every suite, the prices asked are no more than reasonable.

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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO
Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME XXXIX.—NUMBER 235

MAY, 1877

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION. I. <i>Edward H. Knight</i>	517	The Last Excess of Realism in Literature. — Advantages of Washington for a Literary Life. — Doubts of Turgenev's Greatness. — Some Yankee Talk. — Advantages to Fiction of the Duelistic Revival. — The Boston Tendency in Art. — Inconstancy in Heroines. — Harmonious Tints of Insects and Vegetation. — The Wandering G's. — A Poet who merits Remembrance. — Hardships of the Novelist "of the day." — What if I were called on to speak after Dinner? — Endless and Evanescent. — Morris's and Surrey's Virgil. — Culture. — Longfellow's Sonnet on Eliot's Oak.	
HYMN OF THE DUNKERS. Kloster Kedar, Ephrata, Pennsylvania. 1738. <i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	529	RECENT LITERATURE	624
THE AMERICAN. XXV., XXVI. <i>Henry James, Jr.</i>	530	Harriet Martineau's Autobiography. — George Sand's Impressions and Reminiscences. — Mayer's Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. — Curtis's Dottings Round the Circle. — Von Holst's The Constitutional and Political History of the United States. — Hamerton's Wenderholme. — Mahaffy's Rambles and Studies in Ancient Greece. — Birks's Modern Physical Fatalism and the Doctrine of Evolution. — <i>French and German</i> : Correspondance de H. de Balzac. — Publications Received.	
A BRITISH OFFICER IN BOSTON IN 1775. II. <i>W. W. Story</i>	544	ART	641
GIROLAMO DETTO IL FIORENTINO. <i>W. W. Story</i>	554	Mr. Duveneck's Painting of the Turkish Page. — Loftie's A Plea for Art in the House. — Garrett's Suggestions for House Decoration in Painting, Wood-Work, and Furniture.	
THE MAY-POLE OF MERRYMOUNT. I. May-Day, 1627. <i>Charles Francis Adams, Jr.</i>	557	EDUCATION	644
SPRING MIRACLES. <i>Elizabeth Akers Allen</i>	568	Professor Davidson and the Study of Greek at Harvard College: Letter from Mr. Edmund Quincy.	
ON SAND ISLAND. <i>Sarah J. Pritchard</i>	569		
SEEKING THE MAY-FLOWER. <i>Edmund C. Stedman</i>	582		
LIFE AND WORK OF THE EASTERN FARMER. <i>George E. Waring, Jr.</i>	584		
CROOMBE. <i>George Parsons Lathrop</i>	595		
CASTLES IN SPAIN. <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	601		
THE WAGNER MUSIC-DRAMA. <i>Henry T. Finck</i>	603		
THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB	610		

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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.

VOL. XXXIX.—MAY, 1877.—No. CCXXXV.

CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL
EXHIBITION.

I.

THE Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia afforded a good field for study of crude and curious inventions, and all the illustrations in the following articles are drawn therefrom.

They will be so associated by their uses or degrees of development as to permit ready comparison, the instruments of various nations being brought into juxtaposition.

The large material within the limited range described in the title will make apparent two things: the really great variety of articles presented at the Centennial; and the expediency of looking at a collection with a special object in view, rather than in a desultory manner. The limitation prescribed will also account for the absence of figures of articles, crude and curious enough, but not included here because not represented in the Centennial collection.

The primitive and peculiar instruments and machines of a people are largely the result of their special necessities and opportunities, and consequently we find widely-separated tribes, whose surroundings are similar, in possession of substantially the same contrivances, though no communication between them can be assumed with any degree of probability.

In most cases, however, the possession

by different tribes or nations of peculiarly constructed implements and utensils is a distinct mark of consanguinity or conquest, and such data become important as proofs of relationship, or indications of the direction of migrations of people. Indeed, the crude mechanisms of the nations of the world, besides illustrating the degrees of civilization, are among the most authentic tokens of the common or the diverse origin of their respective owners, and ethnologists estimate them collaterally with those afforded by the language, traditions, or physical development of the peoples under comparison.

The different objects will be brought into groups for facility of statement and study, and a commencement will be made with Musical Instruments, divided into three sections, of which section one shall be Instruments of Percussion.

I. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

(1.) *Instruments of Percussion.* The earliest instrumental music, if entitled indeed to that name, is the rhythmical sound produced by the clapping of the hands or by beating pieces of wood together. Even these sounds are capable of modulation in pitch by the condition or shape of the hands, or by the size and character of the wooden sticks. The

idea of keeping time in the dance or on the march may be presumed to have been the original motive, and there are many tribes yet existing where the music, such as it is, is merely ceremonial, the maces and rattles being the accompaniment of the song, the dance, or the recitation of the historic legends of the tribe or the praises of the chief. The bard of the tribe or the rude orchestra of the festival gives such grace as he or it may to the occasion, or governs it by a system of rhythmical beatings which prevent its degeneration into mere discord.

Even here it seems that the rude instruments are insufficient, and the clapping of hands is an almost invariable accompaniment, as African travelers especially have mentioned; and this we may see for ourselves, in the pages of Lepsius, Wilkinson, and Rawlinson, to have been just as common in ancient Egypt and Assyria as now in Africa. The clapping of hands in timing or applause evidently began early in the history of our race, and was doubtless practiced by the troglodytes of Europe once as by the African tribes now. The applause of a *débutante* at Milan or a conqueror at Berlin is much the same as in the times when Helen appeared and the Trojans

"All clapped . . . hands,
And cry'd 'Inestimable.'"

It must early have forced itself upon the attention of the performer that not alone was a difference of sound (*volume*) producible in respect of its loudness, due to the violence of the blow, but that another difference (*pitch*) was obtained by varying the size of the sticks, and this without change in the material; and it would necessarily follow that a third difference (*quality* or *timbre*) would force itself upon his notice, referable to the material of which the percussive instruments were made.

This actual sequence of observation is perfectly natural, and is perhaps deducible from examination of the instruments of antiquity and of those existing among savage nations; but in fact we find that although the primitive musician, so to call him, may have no regular scale,

yet the very miscellaneous character of the materials for his rapping and rattling performances has given him the variations of *pitch* and *quality* in addition to the primary one of *volume*, which is due to the impulse of the moment, the excitement or subsidence of his feelings, or the artificial effect of cadence as he imitates the roar of the wind or the mere rustling of its lull, emblematical of victory or defeat, or the changing passions of the mind.

In the rude orchestras, for instance, of the African tribes, the trumpets and drums are of various sizes to give varying *pitch*; the drums are of wood and of skin to give different *qualities* of sound. That these are not harmoniously blended is not to the present purpose, seeing that the savages do understand how to vary the pitch, and strive to maintain that of even these rude instruments, for in their nocturnal concerts a fire is always kept burning in order to dry the drum-heads from time to time, as they become relaxed by the dews of the night and thus give a graver tone than the musician considers appropriate to the place of his instrument in the orchestra. This is rude orchestration, true enough, and just as rude as the instrumentation; but the idea seems truly developed in the performer's mind that in allowing the head of his little bowl drum to become relaxed he is trespassing upon the part of the score belonging to his neighbor with a barrel drum, and so he tunes up by holding his drum to the fire for a while, and then falls in again, at "concert pitch," let us hope.

Another illustration of both pitch and quality, even in the rude instruments exhibited in Philadelphia, is found in the rattles, which are large or small gourds, wooden cylinders or boxes, jingling bones, bars, sticks, shells, stones, and what not, whose size and material confer upon them specific differences in sound, and secure the variety of tone desired. Even their wicker rattles, the favorite time instrument alike of the Monbuttoos of Africa and of some tribes of our own Pacific slope, have been ascertained by their owners to give sounds which may be varied in pitch and quality by selec-

tion in the size and nature of the shells, pebbles, or nuts which are placed within them.

The bell is another illustration afforded by the same collection. The Niam-niam of the Upper Nile has a sheet-iron bell for his own use, but a wooden one for his dog, in order that the latter may not be lost in the tall grass. Each has its clapper.

Other illustrations need not be cited, for the simple idea of music beyond mere rhythmical beating is modulation and expression, and there is no instrument — percussion, wind, stringed, or compound — but has its own capacity, either in itself or by the variation of size in instruments of the same character.

To begin with the simplest instruments, we may assume that a pair of sticks beaten together is a sufficiently primitive form. The wretched Australian has his dances with the accompaniment of the clashing *kattas* (digging sticks) and *wirris* (clubs), and the sharp rattling of the *nulla-nullas* (small sticks) in the hands of the females; absolutely nothing but the striking of sticks and clubs — but these in most excellent time — to the stamping of the feet and the rustling of green leaves tied in bunches round the knees and held in the hands. No special provision of instruments is made, but he is content with his yam stick and his club.

The Fijian selects his material, and his musical mace is a large stick of dry, sonorous wood struck with a smaller one, and used in giving time to the dancers in that most punctilious and ceremonious island.

The persistence of types is noticeable in musical instruments as in other lines of observation; and so the rattle sticks of the savage long ago developed into the maces of the more courtly Egyptian and Greek.

The *krotala* of the Greeks was a mace with a sonorous metallic head, and the name survives in the *karatula* or steel rattles of India. These round-headed pegs were held between the fingers of the dancers in the festivities, and used

after the manner of the modern bones by rattling in the hand. The Egyptian maces were held one in each hand, the knobs representing human heads, which were struck together in rhythmic accordance with the measure. They are generally shown in connection with the dance, and were doubtless a little more musical than the wooden clappers (*pata*) still used by the colored Christian population of Santo Domingo in the cathedral ceremonies on Easter Eve. As the darkness of the church is dispelled by the admission of light, the transported Africans commence rattling with their clappers and dancing about the church, enacting Guinea over again.

The Chinese clappers (Figure 1) are $10\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ inches, three in a set, fastened loosely with a cord. The pieces are of three different thicknesses, the thickest in the middle. One of the outside pieces is hollowed on the inside, and all are narrowed at the waist. They are played like the bones of the negro minstrels. The Chinese beggars use them as a means of extorting money from shopkeepers, who pay the rogues to "move on."



The Japanese clapper consists of two sticks fastened together by a thong; not strung closely like the Chinese. Nothing easier than to rap two marrow-bones together, and so the game goes on. Bottom says:—

"I have a reasonable good ear in music.
Let's have the tongs and the bones."

The name "bones" is justified by the fact that this material is a favorite for the purpose. Bones of different animals vary in their adaptability to this use, and indeed different bones of the same animal. The hard will give a sharper sound than the spongy, and noise is the principal object.

The ancients, and indeed modern savages, distinguish the particular qualities of bones for given instruments. The *tibia* of the man, the ass, and the crane have been favorite materials for flutes and whistles in remote and recent times;

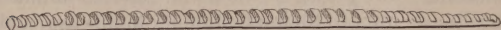
in fact, the name of the "leg-bone" and that of the "flute" are synonymous in several languages, as we shall have occasion to mention in place. There is a twofold reason for this: sentiment and efficiency. Man has no exemption; and just as the Carib honors the martial importance of his human enemy, and the Arawakan the savage courage of the jaguar, by making flutes of their bones, so the human skin, for martial reasons, and the skin of the snake, for fetiche reasons, have come to be honored, that is, distinguished by selection for the purpose of keeping time in the dance, or stimulating the warrior in the attack.

The Chinese clapper (*ichoung-tou*) consists of twelve slips of bamboo strung together at one end like a fan, and is used for rhythmical beating. It is stated that before the invention of paper, writing slips were made thus, like our tablets, and resembling also the Singhalese books of talipot leaves written upon with a style.

Siebold, in his *Nippon*, shows the same device in Japan. We need not, however, go so far for the idea, for the *scybalum* of the Middle Ages had in one form a number of metallic plates suspended in cords so that they could be clashed together simultaneously, and in another form a number of bells similarly suspended. This is but the "multitudinous tongue" of music, and is mere African clangor, having nothing but rhythmic effect, —

"Splitting the air with noise."

A singular modification of the rattle idea is found in one of the devices of the Mohave Indians of the western portion of the United States. Their dance rat-



(Fig. 2.) Mohave Dance Rattle.

tle is a carefully notched piece of hard wood, about two feet long, which is held in one hand, while with the other the smaller stick is moved back and forth over the knobs to make a rapid rattling sound.

From the cluster of sticks strung to-

gether and shaken as an accompaniment to the dance, the transition is easy to either of three somewhat diverse methods, which will be considered in order. They are: the basket or gourd rattle; the string of shells and other miscellanea; the row of wooden slabs beaten with a mallet. The latter is by far the most scientific, and in it we find an instrument designed to give regular successions of musical tones.

The gourd, containing some dry seeds or a few pebbles, is a complete calabash rattle. It affords an evident and easy method of making a noise, and the cucurbitaceæ are fortunately widely spread upon the earth. The sacred rattle (*marakka*) of the Guianian tribes is the investiture of their sorcerers, and is a hollow calabash eight inches in diameter, and containing some white stones. It is transfixed by a stick which forms a handle, and is crowned with a bunch of feathers at its top. In another form a small gourd rattle is suspended from a frame of three hoops, from which depend a multitude of beetles' wing-cases. The Uaupé Indians of the Amazon have a similar instrument. Gourds with stones at the ends of long rods are used in the Arawak (Guiana) dance, the wrists and legs of the performers having rattling ornaments of beetles' wing-cases and hard seeds. The negro porters of Rio de Janeiro carry rattle boxes to accompany the wild ditties which they sing as they run.

Passing to Africa, we find that dry gourds with stones are the common rattles of the Bongos of the Upper Nile, the women and children with these adding their quota to the din of the trumpets, drums, and horns which go to make the festival music, —

"Making night hideous."

The rattle used as a bâton by Munza, the Monbutto chief, is a hollow sphere of basket work, inclosing a number of pebbles and shells and attached to a stick. The same is used on the Gaboon coast.

Again crossing the Atlantic, but to North America this time, we find abundance of calabash rattles in the warmer

regions on the Pacific coast, but farther north, in British Columbia and Alaska, a much more ornate style is used. Figure 3 shows the rattle of the Haidah Indians of the Prince of Wales Archipelago, Alaska. It is used in the *ta-ma-na-wa*, a ceremonial dance, as an adjunct to the recitation of mythological stories and the traditions of the tribe. It is likewise used as an accompaniment to music and in exorcising demons. The emblematical figures represent the mythical frog-tamer and the stork. It is of wood, painted with blue and red colors obtained by Indian ingenuity from earths, etc.



(Fig. 3.) Haidah Rattle. Alaska.

The Haidah rattle (Figure 4) is of pine wood, painted blue and red, and made in the semblance of the Russian two-headed eagle, which has been long familiar to the Indians of that coast, the Russians being the first whites with whom they became acquainted. It has a number of pebbles inside, and is used in the ceremonial dances and historic recitations of the tribe.



Fig. 4.) Haidah Rattle or Chickaree. Alaska.

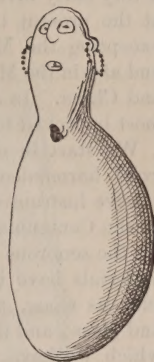
Another kind was of terra cotta, also inclosing balls and perforated. The balls are supposed to have been lightly attached inside before burning, and afterward broken loose by a rod passed through the holes. A Trojan terra-cotta rattle, made in two pieces and still having balls of metal inside to ring when shaken, was found by Dr. Schliemann

at a depth of sixteen feet in the excavations of the hill of Hissarlik. Figure 5 is a Mohave rattle of terra cotta,

"A carved bone face on a flask."

The Sikkim rattle used in their temples is formed of the crowns of two human skulls cemented back to back. Each face is then covered with parchment and incloses some pebbles.

The rattles we have already described are mostly intended to be held in the hand like those in the demoniac dance of Herne the Hunter, when goblins



(Fig. 5.) Terra-Cotta Rattle. Mohave Indians.

"green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands,"

pinched the fat Sir John, who was masquerading as a Windsor stag.

The rattle in the shape of a necklace, or leg or arm band, is perhaps as widespread as the hand rattle.

In Africa, the Bosjesmans attach their dancing rattles to their legs just above the ankles. They are little bags made of the ears of the springboks, sewed up, and inclosing pieces of ostrich-egg shell. The Manganjas of the Zambesi have rattles of nutshells, emptied, polished, and hung upon their persons in bunches. The Niam-niams of the Upper Nile use empty nutshells attached by iron rings to belts of rhinoceros hide.

The Fijians have rattles of white shells suspended from bands. The North American Indians use rattles of antelope hoofs; and the Amazon Indians, rattles of nutshells.

The cracking of whips to the measure of the dance or the march is common among some races of savages, was practiced by the ancient Assyrians, and is not unknown in German Whitsuntide frolics at the present day. It has been revived by Jullien in his sleigh music and by the sable harmonists in their noisy performances.

The instrument in which pieces of sonorous wood are laid upon strings and beaten with mallets is so simple in its conception that it may be assumed to be a very early invention, and is employed at the present time throughout Africa, excepting the Mediterranean countries, and also in the Malay Archipelago, Siam, and China. In Java it has attained its most improved form.

We start in our description with the *wood harmonicon*, because all the percussive instruments of music of this class at the Centennial Exhibition had wood for the sonorous object; but many other materials have been and are yet used, such as stone, bone, metal, terra cotta, and glass; and the earliest instrument of which we have any record is the *stone harmonicon* (Chinese, *king*) which dates back to the time of Kung-fu-tse; we shall have occasion to describe it presently.

The wood harmonicons at the Centennial Exhibition were four in number: one from Angola in the Portuguese colonies collection; one from Central Africa in the Egyptian collection; two of somewhat varying shape in the Siamese collection. The African instruments are rude, and the Asiatic much more elegant. The former are adapted to be carried and used out-of-doors, the latter to be played in-doors, being finished like furniture. In the African instruments each sonorous bar has a sounding calabash or can beneath it, the size of the gourd or other vessel being proportioned to the note emitted by the bar; the sound chamber of the Siamese instruments is a trough with sides of sonorous wood, and the bars are suspended upon two catenary cords from the ends of the frame, as will be seen by future reference to them.

With all its rudeness this instrument is the result of considerable thought and care, and the tones of the bar are never merely hap-hazard. The musician, who is probably his own instrument builder, has adopted in some cases the *diatonic* scale and in others the *pentatonic*; in still others, a scale not exactly agreeing with either. The diatonic is that usual with us, having seven intervals in the

octave, two of them semitones, and having eight notes in the complete octave. The pentatonic has but five intervals, omitting the fourth and seventh, the semitones of the diatonic. By playing on the piano-forte the scale of C major the diatonic scale will be heard; now play it over again, omitting the fourth and seventh notes; this is the pentatonic scale. Or strike the black keys from F-sharp in regular succession, up or down, and this will give the pentatonic scale which prevails over Asia and Malaysia generally. The result of three score of centuries of culture in a region embracing one third of the inhabitants of the world cannot be a matter of indifference to the other two thirds.

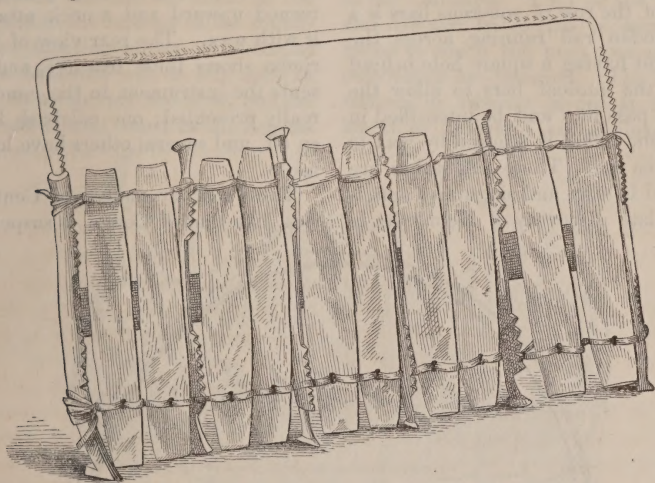
There is no *absolute* reason why the diatonic scale should be preferred to all other possible scales of intervals, and no lover of the old Scotch music dare say a word against the pentatonic scale, for in that the music is written. Even the very fingering of the black keys from F-sharp up or down, one octave, by a person who does not know how to play a tune gives that undefinable charm which hangs around so much of the Scotch music, and indicates that the pleasing effect is due not alone to the air but in part to the order of intervals. The same has been noticed of the Malay airs by Sir Stamford Raffles, Tradescant Lay, and others who had musical ability and were fortunate in being able to travel in Malay lands.

As we have said, the wood harmonicon, known more generally by its Portuguese appellation of *marimba* than by any other name, was not the outcome of a day or a century. Its radical is the log beaten with a stick, and some tribes have not yet advanced beyond this. The single sounding stick, resting on two other sticks and beaten with a mallet, is used by the Ashango tribes; and among the Camma the boys beat with sticks upon hollow blocks of wood as an aid to the noise of the drums and trumpets. At this point the marimba touches upon the drum. The war drum of the Dôr and Niam-niams, and of the Fijis, is a channeled log, a trough in fact. It will

be considered farther along, when we are treating of drums.

Figure 6 shows a marimba from Angola, the Portuguese colony on the west

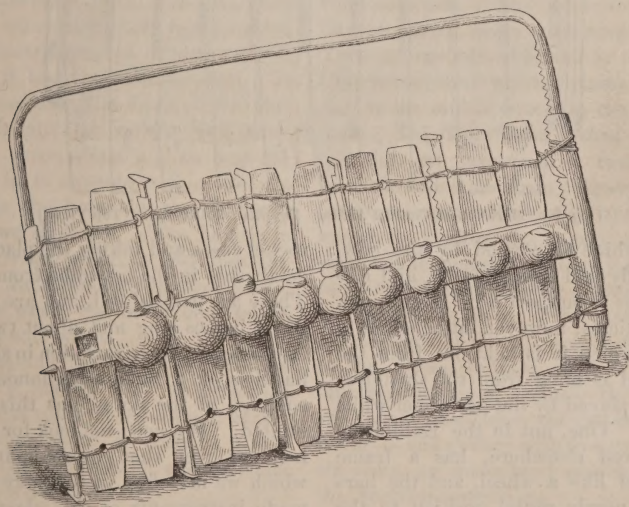
coast of Africa. It consists of ten sonorous bars of rosewood, suspended in a frame or yoke which is about thirty inches in width and eighteen in depth. The



(Fig. 6.) Marimba or Wood Harmonicon of Angola. Portuguese Colonies Collection. (Upper View.)

bars themselves are twelve inches long, and are separated in pairs by rods, which are notched to hold the lashings of rawhide by which the bars are suspended

so as to leave them free to vibrate when struck with a light mallet. A twist of the string separates the bars from each other.



(Fig. 7.) Angola Marimba. (Rear View.)

The bars on the left are narrower than those on the right, the increase in size toward the latter being gradual but not quite regular. The gradation of notes,

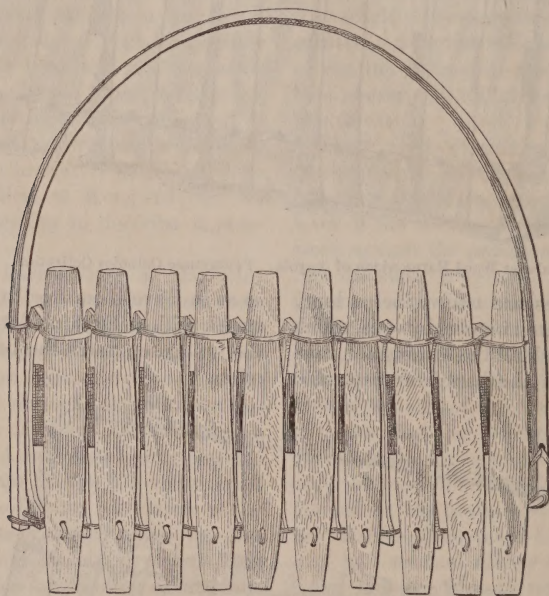
however, from the highest on the left to the gravest on the right, is tolerably uniform. The tuning is done by shaping, besides the difference in size. Those

on the left are thick in the middle and thinner toward the ends; the graver bars on the right are thinner at their mid-lengths and thicker toward their ends.

Back of the row of sonorous bars is a wide wooden rail running across the frame, and having a square hole behind each of the musical bars to allow the sound to pass into and be intensified in a calabash, which is secured by wax to the wooden rail. These calabashes are graduated in size, and singularly anticipate the late discovery of Helmholtz in

his "sonorous spheres." Each little globe is of one calabash, a hole being made in its side to fit against the hole in the rail, its own natural opening being turned upward and a neck attached to it with wax. The rear view of the marimba shows these features, and represents the instrument in the condition it really presented; one calabash has fallen off, and several others have lost their necks.

The wood harmonicon of Central Africa, like that of Congo, is suspended in



(Fig. 8.) Marimba of Central Africa. Egyptian Collection. (Top View.)

a frame which is carried by the bow. It is usually laid horizontally, and often has legs to support it on the ground. It is sometimes, however, attached to a hoop, by which it is held out from the person and is hung from the shoulders so as to be played by the performer while marching. One, not in the Exhibition but observed elsewhere, has a frame bent round like a wheel, and the bars assume a nearly radial position to the person carrying the instrument.

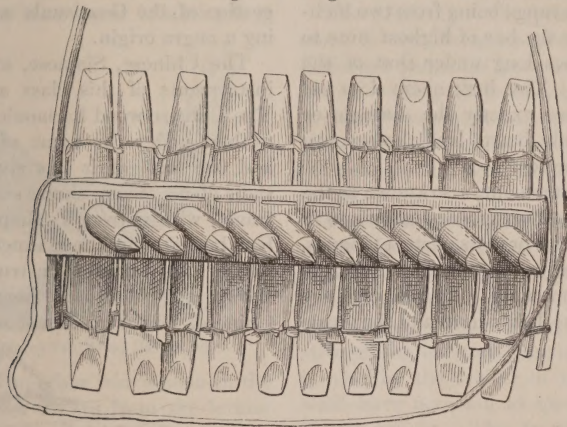
The Central African instrument, shown in Figures 8 and 9, is twenty-six inches long and has ten sounding bars with as many tin cases in the rear, similar to

rocket cases and taking the places of the calabashes in the marimba from Angola. These are painted red, and are from five to six inches long and about two inches in diameter; their variation in size would hardly seem to be in accordance with the compass of the notes, but this is quite limited. We need not look for accuracy here, or even that approximation to it which we may find in the more carefully made instruments of this class in Java and Siam. The sticks in the instrument under consideration, which was declared to be from Soudan, are sixteen inches long, two inches wide, from one fourth to one half inch thick, and are suspended

by rawhide strings from pieces attached to the cross-rail which has the tin cases inserted in it, corresponding holes in the rail and cases allowing the sound of the bars to pass to the interior of the sounders. The tapering sticks of sonorous wood are hollowed out or left solid in the back so as to vary the tone, but the series is not as well tuned as the Angola

instrument, nor do the gradations of tone run regularly from either end.

Many African travelers have referred to the marimba. That of the Balondo and Botaka tribes has a semicircular frame to which the keys and attendant calabashes are fastened. The keys are sixteen in number, larger at the mid-length of the frame and diminishing to-



(Fig. 9.) Central African Marimba. (Rear View.)

ward each end. The instrument of the Zambesi tribes is similar. The Mandingoes, and other tribes of Senegambia, know the instrument as the *balofa*, and with them it has the diatonic scale. It is called *handja* by the Fans of the Gaboon River and its vicinity. It has, with them, seven notes, and each gourd has a hole in it covered with a spider's web, — like the holes in the Balondo drums, as we shall see. The *handja* is on a slight frame which is laid upon the knees, and the mallets are hard and soft; one of bare wood, the other covered so as to give a soft effect.

Before leaving the African portion of the subject it may be well to state that an instrument represented on one of the Egyptian monuments is perhaps a marimba, but it is not distinct enough to be determined with certainty.

The wood harmonicon of Guatemala and Yucatan is called by the Maya Indians *malimba*, a name evidently derived from the Spanish and Portuguese marimba, and suggesting that the instrument and its name are negro importations;

the change of an "r" to an "l" being very common in the domestication of foreign names in some languages. The Yucatan *malimba* observed by the writer has twenty-three wooden plates in a regular series and is tuned to the diatonic scale. The bars rest on rushes on a rail, and they are preserved in their places by cords which are strung through them; they are beaten with mallets having gum knobs to mellow the sound. The instrument is mounted on four legs, which raise it sufficiently for the player to kneel before it or to sit on a low stool. It is one instrument of the *sarabanda* (band) of the Tactic Indians of Yucatan, the others consisting of drums — their snake-skin heads possessing the genuine negro flavor — and guitars with five strings and six frets, an undoubted modification of the Spanish instrument.

Some have regarded the possession of the wood harmonicon by the Indians of Yucatan and the Malays as another proof of the prehistoric settlement of America from Asia, but the other supposition is much the more likely one, that the in-

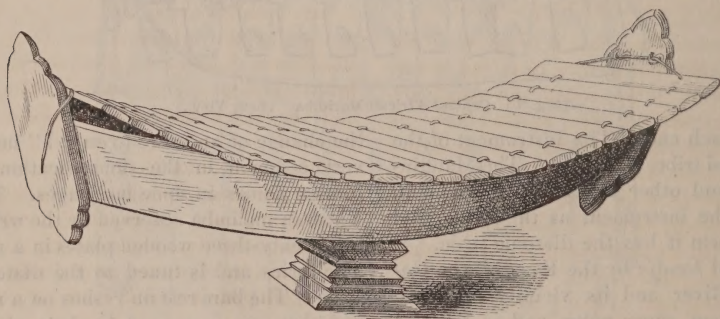
strument or at least the knowledge of it was brought to America with the negro in the Spanish slavers. We know of the importation of Africans; the Asiatic migration we can but hesitatingly assume.

It should be mentioned that beneath each bar in the Yucatanese instrument is a gourd of much greater length than thickness, the range being from two inches long under the bar of highest note to eighteen inches long under that of the gravest note. The instrument does not appear to have exactly the diatonic or pentatonic scale, but to lack the seventh note of the former.

Another instrument, also known as the marimba in the Portuguese possessions in Africa, has a row or rows of steel tongues, and is of entirely different character from the wood harmonicon. Its alliances are rather with the Jew's-harp and the music

box. It will be figured and shown along with stringed instruments, the members of its class not being sufficiently numerous to form a group by themselves. It is known from Congo to Natal; the Kafir call it *sansa*, and it has been carried to Brazil in the slave ships, where it is yet used by the negro population. This fact adds importance to the former suggestion of the Guatemala marimba having a negro origin.

The Chinese, Siamese, and Javanese instruments of this class are the best. The Chinese wood harmonicon is known to them under the name of *fang-hiang*, and one form of it has sixteen wooden slabs of an oblong shape suspended in a frame, with a trough-shaped sounding box beneath, in the manner of the Siamese and Javanese instruments to be shown and described hereafter. The Chinese, however, do not seem to prize



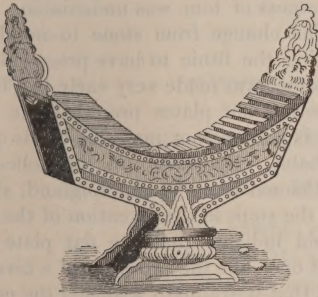
(Fig. 10.) Ra-naht-ake of Siam.

it greatly, preferring the clashing to the softer and more subdued style of music, their taste running to metallic instruments rather than to those of wood. We therefore find but little notice of it in Chinese annals or museums, while it is a great favorite in Malaysia, where it has attained its best form, having many modifications of material and of size. The Chinese instrument has the notes of the pentatonic scale, lacking the fourth and seventh, — the two semitones of our diatonic scale. A musical authority has remarked, however, that in some instruments there are two minor thirds which in our diatonic scale do not occur, from the third to the fifth, and from the sixth to the seventh, in this respect resem-

bling one scale of the Inca and Aztec music. As none of the ancient nations seem to have written their music, it is all the greater pleasure to the competent musician to learn from such an instrument as the reed syrx (*huayra puhura*) of the ancient Peruvians, that the Incas used the pentatonic scale, though, as another instrument indicates, not exclusively.

Passing to Siam, we find the wood harmonicon agreeing with the Chinese in respect of its being a structure with a trough-shaped body and a foot. Two such were shown at the Centennial Exhibition in the navy department of the Government Building. The one known locally as the *ra-naht-ake* is shown at

Figure 10. It has twenty-two wooden keys on two catenary twisted cords. The bars on the left are shorter, narrower, and thinner than the basser bars on the right. The difference in the thickness of the bars at their ends is not apparent, but the high-note bars, are thick in the middle and vibrate more quickly than the low-note bars which are thin in the middle. The instrument is about four



(Fig. 11.) Malaysian Wood Harmonicon.

feet long. The other instrument in the same collection differs from the former principally in the finish and some variation in shape. The wooden bars are made from the cashoo-nut-tree, and vary in size from 6×1 to 14×2 inches. Batons are used in each hand, the knob ends usually being of pith, or else covered with an elastic gum, such as caoutchouc or gutta-percha.

Coming now to Java, we find the instrument in either its crude or finished forms. It is known in Java and Borneo as the *gambang*. In the Sunda districts of Java, and elsewhere in the archipelago, it is made of bamboos of different lengths, bound together with iron wires, or supported on strings.

The term *gambang* is generic in Java, being applied to instruments with either wooden or metallic bars, of which a number are made, varying in size, compass, and range of notes. The *gambang kayu* is the instrument with wooden plates. The compass is two octaves and a major third, the intermediate sounds from the lowest being a second, third, fifth, and sixth. In other words, it is the pentatonic scale, lacking the fourth and seventh of the diatonic. The *gambang gangsa* has metallic bars, and several other

similar instruments have specific names and a smaller compass, with from five to seven keys, so to call them. The *gender* has thin metallic bars, but a different form. They are very elaborately mounted on stools, tables, or cases; and no one who has seen the cabinet work of the Siamese can doubt their power of elaborate ornamentation.

The *gambang* is the principal instrument in the Javanese *gamelan* (band). Different *gamelans* have a greater number or variety of instruments, or some peculiar instrument not present in other *gamelans*, and each band has a name indicative of its peculiar group of instruments.

The most perfect is the *gamelan salindro*, which has six kinds of harmonicons, wood and metal, five gongs in different arrangements, a double pair of cymbals, two drums, a flute, a harp, and a two-stringed fiddle (*rebab*), the latter of which is used by the leader of the band; we shall have occasion to speak of it in a future article. The word is Persian, and the instrument is very widely distributed.

Other *gamelans* have louder instruments, are used in processions, or are the special appanage of royalty, or of the priesthood for the temple service.

The musical bars are struck with mallets padded either with cloth or elastic gum.

When the pieces of metal assume a rounded shape they may be considered as gongs. Such an instrument (*k'âung-wong*), with tuned gongs in an oval arrangement around the performer, was shown in the Siamese exhibit, and will be described farther on.

The sonorous quality of some kinds of stones must have attracted attention even in primitive times, and among the earliest notices of Chinese art we find the mention of the use of such, as rhythmical instruments. Such a stone is there known as *tse-king*, and ten sonorous drum-shaped stones are yet shown in the out-buildings of an ancient temple near Peking, and are asserted to have been hewn three thousand years ago. Many stones have this ringing quality, some in eminent degree.

Glass and well-burnt pottery, especially the superior kind known as porcelain, have remarkable sharpness and sweetness of tone. Terra cotta of fine quality, indeed, has entered into the musical lists in more ways than one, as a series of bars mounted on a frame like the marimba or gambang, as the sounding chamber of drums or guitars, as bells, flutes, pandean pipes, and otherwise.

It was the stone harmonicon made of slabs of sonorous stone and known as the *king* which so enraptured the great Chinese philosopher Kung-fu-tse, who lived about 500 B. C. The Chinese claim to have possessed this instrument at a period two thousand years before the Christian era. The most famous stone for this purpose, known as *yu*, is found in certain mountainous portions of the country, and is believed to be a species of agate. It is very hard, heavy, and sonorous, and is of different colors. The king is regarded as a sacred instrument, and in more modern times the stones have been fashioned into various shapes and suspended in rows. Whether laid upon cords, bamboos, or cylindrical bunches of straw, or, as in the *pien-king*, suspended by a cord from a horizontal bar, the different stones forming the instrument are of such graduated sizes as, when struck, to emit tones according to a musical scale. While the quality will depend upon the character of the stone, the pitch will be determined by its size. The Chinese *pien-king* is said to be tuned to the intervals called *lu*, of which there are twelve in the compass of an octave. Other instruments of the same class have the same intervals, but they vary in pitch; the *soung-king*, for instance, is four intervals lower than the *pien-king*.

Asia is not alone, however, in the fancy for sonorous stones. One is preserved in Cuzco, in Peru: a green slab, one and a half feet long, an inch and a half wide, pointed at the ends, arched and sharpened at the back. It is suspended by a string and struck by a mallet, giving a sweet, musical sound. Humboldt mentions the metallic sound of the Amazon stone, which is cut into a thin plate, per-

forated in the centre, hung by a string, and gives a clear, ringing sound when struck.

It is within the recollection of the writer that about thirty years ago, in Europe, a stone harmonicon with large and smaller slabs of what seemed to be a sort of schistose stone was exhibited and played to public audiences from place to place. It was bulky, clumsy, and crude, but the sweetness of tone was undeniable.

The change from stone to metal, assuming the lithic to have preceded the metallic, was made very early in China. Whether flat plates preceded the true bell is perhaps not material, but is quite probable. Specimens in the collection of Colonel Lane Fox in England, showing the steps in the invention of the bell, would indicate that the flat plate was bent over like the two parts of a bivalve; and that it gradually assumed the conical, dome-shaped, and other forms. The ancient Chinese bell is quadrangular, a sort of flattened, elevated pyramid, and is struck with a mallet on the outside, and not with a clapper within. The Chinese word for bell is *tchung*, and the instrument with a number of bells tuned to a regular succession of intervals is called *pien-tchung*, the musical scale of which is the same as the *pien-king* of sonorous stones.

The *hiuen-tchung* was an ancient oval bell with a crescent-shaped mouth, and was also struck with a mallet from without. It is included in the traditional antique instruments of the time of Kung-fu-tse, and became popular B. C. 200–200 A. D., the period of the Han dynasty.

We have about finished with this branch of our subject and may now pass to the jingling and clashing family, the cymbal, castanet, triangle, gong, and bell; but before closing with the wood or stone harmonicon, it may be well to state that the instrument, although now occasionally heard in Europe, was better known there two centuries ago. Its European name was *regal* or *rigols*, and it consisted of several sticks strung together and only separated by beads. An authority of the day states that “it makes a tolerable

harmony, being well struck with a ball at the end of a stick." Under the name of *Xylophone* it has been again introduced, and many of us have heard it played as a curiosity in concert halls. The little

dulcimer with slips of glass on tapes, and beaten with mallets having cork heads, is familiar to all as a child's toy, and does not differ in principle from the instruments we have been describing.

Edward H. Knight.

HYMN OF THE DUNKERS.

KLOSTER KEDAR, EPHRATA, PENNSYLVANIA. 1738.

SISTER MARIA CHRISTINA *sings.*

WAKE, sisters, wake! the day-star shines;
Above Ephrata's eastern pines
The dawn is breaking, cool and calm.
Wake, sisters, wake to prayer and psalm!

Praised be the Lord for shade and light,
For toil by day, for rest by night!
Praised be his name who deigns to bless
Our Kedar of the wilderness! —

Our refuge when the spoiler's hand
Was heavy on our native land;
And freedom, to her children due,
The wolf and vulture only knew.

We praised him when to prison led,
We owned him when the stake blazed red;
We knew, whatever might befall,
His love and power were over all.

He heard our prayers; with outstretched arm
He led us forth from cruel harm;
Still, wheresoe'er our steps were bent,
His cloud and fire before us went!

The watch of faith and prayer he set;
We kept it then, we keep it yet.
At midnight, crow of cock, or noon,
He cometh sure, he cometh soon.

He comes to chasten, not destroy,
To purge the earth from sin's alloy.
At last, at last shall all confess
His mercy as his righteousness.

The dead shall live, the sick be whole,
 The scarlet sin be white as wool;
 No discord mar below, above,
 The music of eternal love!

Sound, welcome trump, the last alarm!
 Lord God of hosts, make bare thine arm
 Fulfill this day our long desire,
 Make sweet and clean the world with fire!

Sweep, flaming besom, sweep from sight
 The lies of time; be swift to smite,
 Sharp sword of God, all idols down,
 Genevan creed and Roman crown.

Quake, earth, through all thy zones, till all
 The fanes of pride and priestcraft fall;
 And lift thou up in place of them
 The gates of pearl, Jerusalem!

Lo! rising from baptismal flame,
 Transfigured, glorious, yet the same,
 Within the heavenly city's bound
 Our Kloster Kedar shall be found.

He cometh soon! at dawn or noon
 Or set of sun, he cometh soon.
 Our prayers shall meet him on his way;
 Wake, sisters, wake! arise and pray!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE AMERICAN.

XXV.

NEWMAN called upon the comical duchess, and found her at home. An old gentleman with a high nose and a gold-headed cane was just taking leave of her; he made Newman a protracted obeisance as he retired, and our hero supposed that he was one of the mysterious grandees with whom he had shaken hands at Madame de Bellegarde's ball. The duchess, in her arm-chair, from which she did not move, with a great flower-pot on one side of her, a pile of pink-covered

novels on the other, and a large piece of tapestry depending from her lap, presented an expansive and imposing front; but her greeting was in the highest degree gracious, and there was nothing in her manner to check the effusion of his confidence. She talked to him about flowers and books, getting under way with marvelous promptitude; about the theatres, about the peculiar institutions of his native country, about the humidity of Paris, about the pretty complexions of the American ladies, about his impressions of France, and his opinion of its

female inhabitants. All this was a brilliant monologue on the part of the duchess, who, like many of her country-women, was a person of an affirmative rather than an interrogative cast of mind, who made *mots* and herself put them into circulation, and who was apt to offer you a present of a convenient little opinion, neatly enveloped in the gilt paper of a happy Gallicism. Newman had come to her with a grievance, but he found himself in an atmosphere in which, apparently, no cognizance was taken of grievances; an atmosphere into which the chill of discomfort had never penetrated, and which seemed exclusively made up of mild, sweet, stale intellectual perfumes. The feeling with which he had watched Madame d'Outreville at the treacherous festival of the Bellegardes came back to him; she struck him as a wonderful old lady in a comedy, particularly well up in her part. He observed before long that she asked him no questions about their common friends; she made no allusion to the circumstances under which he had been presented to her. She neither feigned ignorance of a change in these circumstances nor pretended to condole with him upon it; but she smiled and discoursed and compared the tender-tinted wools of her tapestry, as if the Bellegardes and their wickedness were not of this world. "She is fighting shy!" said Newman to himself; and, having made the observation, he was prompted to observe, further, how the duchess would carry off her indifference. She did so in a masterly manner. There was not a gleam of disguised consciousness in those small, clear, demonstrative eyes which constituted her nearest claim to personal loveliness; there was not a symptom of apprehension that Newman would trench upon the ground she proposed to avoid. "Upon my word, she does it very well," he tacitly commented. "They all hold together bravely, and, whether any one else can trust them or not, they can certainly trust each other."

Newman, at this juncture, fell to admiring the duchess for her fine manners. He felt, most accurately, that she was

not a grain less urbane than she would have been if his marriage were still in prospect; but he felt also that she was not a particle more urbane. He had come, so reasoned the duchess—Heaven knew why he had come, after what had happened; and for the half hour, therefore, she would be *charmante*. But she would never see him again. Finding no ready-made opportunity to tell his story, Newman pondered these things more dispassionately than might have been expected; he stretched his legs, as usual, and even chuckled a little, appreciatively and noiselessly. And then, as the duchess went on relating a mot with which her mother had snubbed the great Napoleon, it occurred to Newman that her evasion of a chapter of French history more interesting to himself might possibly, after all, be the result of an extreme consideration for his feelings. Perhaps it was delicacy on the duchess's part,—not policy. He was on the point of saying something himself, to make the chance which he had determined to give her still better, when the servant announced another visitor. The duchess, on hearing the name—it was that of an Italian prince—gave a little imperceptible pant, and said to Newman, rapidly: "I beg you to remain; I desire this visit to be short." Newman said to himself, at this, that Madame d'Outreville did intend that they should discuss the Bellegardes together.

The prince was a short, stout man, with a head disproportionately large. He had a dusky complexion and a bushy eyebrow, beneath which his eye wore a fixed and somewhat defiant expression; he seemed to be defying you to insinuate that he was top-heavy. The duchess, judging from her charge to Newman, regarded him as a bore; but this was not apparent from the unchecked flow of her conversation. She made a fresh series of mots, characterized with great felicity the Italian intellect and the taste of the figs at Sorrento, predicted the ultimate future of the Italian kingdom (disgust with the brutal Sardinian rule and complete reversion, throughout the peninsula, to the sacred sway of the Holy

Father), and, finally, gave a history of the love affairs of the Princess X——. This narrative provoked some rectifications on the part of the prince, who, as he said, pretended to know something about that matter; and having satisfied himself that Newman was in no laughing mood, either with regard to the size of his head or anything else, he entered into the controversy with an animation for which the duchess, when she set him down as a bore, could not have been prepared. The sentimental vicissitudes of the Princess X—— led to a discussion of the heart history of Florentine nobility in general; the duchess had spent five weeks in Florence and had gathered much information on the subject. This was merged, in turn, in an examination of the Italian heart *per se*. The duchess took a brilliantly heterodox view, — thought it the least susceptible organ of its kind that she had ever encountered, related examples of its want of susceptibility, and declared that for her the Italians were a people of ice. The prince became flame to refute her, and his visit proved really charming. Newman was naturally out of the conversation. He sat with his head a little on one side, watching the interlocutors. The duchess, as she talked, frequently looked at him with a smile, as if to intimate to him, in the charming manner of her nation, that it lay only with him to say something very much to the point. But he said nothing at all, and at last his thoughts began to wander. A singular feeling came over him, — a sudden sense of the folly of his errand. What under the sun had he to say to the duchess, after all? Wherein would it profit him to tell her that the Bellegardes were traitors and that the old lady, into the bargain, was a murderess? He seemed morally to have turned a sort of somersault, and to find things looking differently in consequence. He felt a sudden stiffening of his will and quickening of his reserve. What in the world had he been thinking of when he fancied the duchess could help him, and that it would conduce to his comfort to make her think ill of the Bellegardes? What did her

opinion of the Bellegardes matter to him? It was only a shade more important than the opinion the Bellegardes entertained of her. The duchess help him — that cold, stout, soft, artificial woman help him? — she who in the last twenty minutes had built up between them a wall of polite conversation in which she evidently flattered herself that he would never find a gate. Had it come to that — that he was asking favors of conceited people, and appealing for sympathy where he had no sympathy to give? He rested his arms on the sides of his knees, and sat for some minutes staring into his hat. As he did so his ears tingled, — he had come very near being an ass. Whether or no the duchess would hear his story, he would n't tell it. Was he to sit there another half hour for the sake of exposing the Bellegardes? The Bellegardes be hanged! He got up abruptly, and advanced to shake hands with his hostess.

"You can't stay longer?" she asked, very graciously.

"I am afraid not," he said.

She hesitated a moment, and then, "I had an idea you had something particular to say to me," she declared.

Newman looked at her; he felt a little dizzy; for the moment he seemed to be turning his somersault again. The little Italian prince came to his help: "Ah, madame, who has not that?" he softly sighed.

"Don't teach Mr. Newman to say *fa-daises*," said the duchess. "It is his merit that he does n't know how."

"Yes, I don't know how to say *fa-daises*," said Newman, "and I don't want to say anything unpleasant."

"I am sure you are very considerate," said the duchess with a smile; and she gave him a little nod for good-by, with which he took his departure.

Once in the street, he stood for some time on the pavement, wondering whether, after all, he was not an ass not to have discharged his pistol. And then again he decided that to talk to any one whomsoever about the Bellegardes would be extremely disagreeable to him. The least disagreeable thing, under the cir-

cumstances, was to banish them from his mind, and never think of them again. Indecision had not hitherto been one of Newman's weaknesses, and in this case it was not of long duration. For three days after this he did not, or at least he tried not to think of the Bellegardes. He dined with Mrs. Tristram, and on her mentioning their name he begged her, almost severely, to desist. This gave Tom Tristram a much-coveted opportunity to offer his condolences.

He leaned forward, laying his hand on Newman's arm, compressing his lips and shaking his head. "The fact is, my dear fellow, you see, that you ought never to have gone into it. It was not your doing, I know, — it was all my wife. If you want to come down on her, I'll stand off; I give you leave to hit her as hard as you like. You know she has never had a word of reproach from me in her life, and I think she is in need of something of the kind. Why didn't you listen to *me*? You know I did n't believe in the thing. I thought it at the best an amiable delusion. I don't profess to be a Don Juan or a gay Lothario, — that class of man, you know; but I do pretend to know something about the harder sex. I have never disliked a woman in my life that she has not turned out badly. I was not at all deceived in Lizzie, for instance; I always had my doubts about her. Whatever you may think of my present situation, I must at least admit that I got into it with my eyes open. Now, suppose you had got into something like this box with Madame de Cintr . You may depend upon it she would have turned out a stiff one. And upon my word I don't see where you could have found your comfort. Not from the marquis, my dear Newman; he was n't a man you could go and talk things over with in a sociable, common-sense way. Did he ever seem to want to have you on the premises — did he ever try to see you alone? Did he ever ask you to come and smoke a cigar with him of an evening, or step in, when you had been calling on the ladies, and take something? I don't think you would have got much encouragement out of *him*.

And as for the old lady, she struck me as an uncommonly strong dose. They have a great expression here, you know; they call it 'sympathetic.' Everything is sympathetic, — or ought to be. Now Madame de Bellegarde is about as sympathetic as that mustard-pot. They're a d—d cold-blooded lot, any way. I felt it awfully at that ball of theirs. I felt as if I were walking up and down in the Armory, in the Tower of London! My dear boy, don't think me a vulgar brute for hinting at it, but you may depend upon it, all they wanted was your money. I know something about that; I can tell when people want one's money! Why they stopped wanting yours I don't know; I suppose because they could get some one else's without working so hard for it. It is n't worth finding out, any way. It may be that it was not Madame de Cintr  that backed out first; very likely the old woman put her up to it. I suspect she and her mother are really as thick as thieves, eh? You are well out of it, my boy; make up your mind to that. If I express myself strongly it is all because I love you so much; and from that point of view I may say I should as soon have thought of making up to that piece of pale high-mightiness as I should have thought of making up to the Obelisk in the Place de la Concorde."

Newman sat gazing at Tristram during this harangue with a lack-lustre eye. Never yet had he seemed to himself to have outgrown so completely the phase of equal comradeship with Tom Tristram. Mrs. Tristram's glance at her husband had more of a spark; she turned to Newman with a slightly lurid smile. "You must at least do justice," she said, "to the felicity with which Mr. Tristram repairs the indiscretions of a too zealous wife."

But even without the aid of Tom Tristram's conversational felicities, Newman would have begun to think of the Bellegardes again. He could cease to think of them only when he ceased to think of his loss and his privation, and the days had as yet but scantily lightened the weight of this incommodity. In vain

Mrs. Tristram begged him to cheer up; she assured him that the sight of his countenance made her miserable.

"How can I help it?" he demanded with a trembling voice. "I feel like a widower, — and a widower who has not even the consolation of going to stand beside the grave of his wife, — who has not the right to wear so much mourning as a weed in his hat. I feel," he added in a moment, "as if my wife had been murdered and her assassins were still at large."

Mrs. Tristram made no immediate rejoinder, but at last she said, with a smile which, in so far as it was a forced one, was less successfully simulated than such smiles, on her lips, usually were: "Are you very sure that you would have been happy?"

Newman stared a moment, and then shook his head. "That's weak," he said; "that won't do."

"Well," said Mrs. Tristram with a more triumphant bravery, "I don't believe you would have been happy."

Newman gave a little laugh. "Say I should have been miserable, then; it's a misery I should have preferred to any happiness."

Mrs. Tristram began to muse. "I should have been curious to see; it would have been very strange."

"Was it from curiosity that you urged me to try and marry her?"

"A little," said Mrs. Tristram, growing still more audacious. Newman gave her the one angry look he had been destined ever to give her, turned away, and took up his hat. She watched him a moment, and then she said, "That sounds very cruel, but it is less so than it sounds. Curiosity has a share in almost everything I do. I wanted very much to see, first, whether such a marriage could actually take place; second, what would happen if it should take place."

"So you did n't believe," said Newman, resentfully.

"Yes, I believed — I believed that it would take place, and that you would be happy. Otherwise I should have been, among my speculations, a very heartless creature. *But*," she continued, laying

her hand upon Newman's arm and hazarding a grave smile, "it was the highest flight ever taken by a tolerably bold imagination."

Shortly after this she recommended him to leave Paris and travel for three months. Change of scene would do him good, and he would forget his misfortune sooner in absence from the objects which had witnessed it. "I really feel," Newman rejoined, "as if to leave *you*, at least, would do me good, — and cost me very little effort. You are growing cynical; you shock me and pain me."

"Very good," said Mrs. Tristram, good-naturedly or cynically, as may be thought most probable. "I shall certainly see you again."

Newman was very willing to get away from Paris; the brilliant streets he had walked through in his happier hours, and which then seemed to wear a higher brilliancy in honor of his happiness, appeared now to be in the secret of his defeat and to look down upon it in shining mockery. He would go somewhere, he cared little where; and he made his preparations. Then, one morning, at haphazard, he drove to the train that would transport him to Boulogne and dispatch him thence to the shores of Britain. As he rolled along in the train he asked himself what had become of his revenge, and he was able to say to himself that it was provisionally pigeon-holed in a very safe place; it would keep until called for.

He arrived in London in the midst of what is called "the season," and it seemed to him at first that he might here put himself in the way of being diverted from his heavy-heartedness. He knew no one in all England, but the spectacle of the mighty metropolis roused him somewhat from his apathy. Anything that was enormous usually found favor with Newman, and the multitudinous energies and industries of England stirred within him a dull vivacity of contemplation. It is on record that the weather, at that moment, was of the finest English quality; he took long walks and explored London in every direction; he sat by the hour in Kensington Gardens and beside the adjoining drive, watching the people and

the horses and the carriages; the rosy English beauties, the wonderful English dandies, and the splendid flunkies. He went to the opera and found it better than in Paris; he went to the theatre and found a surprising charm in listening to dialogue, the finest points of which came within the range of his comprehension. He made several excursions into the country, recommended by the waiter at his hotel, with whom, on this and similar points, he had established confidential relations. He watched the deer in Windsor Forest and admired the Thames from Richmond Hill. He ate white-bait and brown-bread and butter at Greenwich, and strolled in the grassy shadow of the Cathedral of Canterbury. He also visited the Tower of London and Madame Tussaud's exhibition. One day he thought he would go to Sheffield, and then, thinking of it again, he gave it up. Why should he go to Sheffield? He had a feeling that the link which bound him to a possible interest in the manufacture of cutlery was broken. He had no desire for an "inside view" of any successful enterprise whatever, and he would not have given the smallest sum for the privilege of talking over the details of the most "splendid" business with the shrewdest of overseers.

One afternoon he had walked into Hyde Park, and was slowly threading his way through the human maze which edges the drive. The stream of carriages was no less dense, and Newman, as usual, marvelled at the strange, dingy figures which he saw taking the air in some of the stateliest vehicles. They reminded him of what he had read of eastern and southern countries, in which grotesque idols and fetiches were sometimes taken out of their temples and carried abroad in golden chariots to be displayed to the multitude. He saw a great many pretty cheeks beneath high-plumed hats as he squeezed his way through serried waves of crumpled muslin; and sitting on little chairs at the base of the great, serious English trees, he observed a number of quiet-eyed maidens who only seemed to remind him afresh that the magic of beauty had gone out of the world with

Madame de Cintré; to say nothing of other maidens, whose eyes were not quiet, and who struck him still more as a satire on possible consolation. He had been walking for some time, when, directly in front of him, borne back by the summer breeze, he heard a few words uttered in that bright Parisian idiom to which his ears had begun to disaccustom themselves. The voice in which the words were spoken made them seem even more like a thing with which he had once been familiar, and as he bent his eyes it lent an identity to the commonplace elegance of the back hair and shoulders of a young lady walking in the same direction as himself. Mademoiselle Nioche, apparently, had come to seek a more rapid advancement in London, and another glance led Newman to suppose that she had found it. A gentleman was strolling beside her, lending a most attentive ear to her conversation, and too entranced to open his lips. Newman did not hear his voice, but he perceived that he presented the dorsal expression of a well-dressed Englishman. Mademoiselle Nioche was evidently attracting attention: the ladies who passed her turned round to survey the Parisian perfection of her toilet. A great cataract of founcces rolled down from the young lady's waist to Newman's feet; he had to step aside to avoid treading upon it. He stepped aside, indeed, with a decision of movement which the occasion scarcely demanded; for even this imperfect glimpse of Miss Noémie had excited his displeasure. She seemed an odious blot upon the face of nature; he wanted to put her out of his sight. He thought of Valentin de Bellegarde, still green in the earth of his burial,—his young life clipped by this flourishing impudence. The perfume of the young lady's finery sickened him. He turned his head and tried to deflect his course; but the pressure of the crowd kept him near her a few minutes longer, so that he heard what she was saying.

"Ah, I am sure he will miss me," she murmured. "It was very cruel in me to leave him; I am afraid you will think me a very heartless creature. He might perfectly well have come with us. I don't

think he is very well," she added; "it seemed to me to-day that his spirits were low."

Newman wondered whom she was talking about, but just then an opening among his neighbors enabled him to turn away, and he said to himself that she was probably paying a tribute to British propriety and playing at tender solicitude about her papa. Was that miserable old man still treading the path of vice in her train? Was he still giving her the benefit of his experience of affairs, and had he crossed the sea to serve as her interpreter? Newman walked some distance farther, and then began to retrace his steps, taking care not to traverse again the orbit of Mademoiselle Nioche. At last he looked for a chair under the trees, but he had some difficulty in finding an empty one. He was about to give up the search when he saw a gentleman rise from the seat he had been occupying, leaving Newman to take it without looking at his neighbors. He sat there for some time without heeding them; his attention was lost in the irritation and bitterness produced by his recent glimpse of Mademoiselle Noémie's iniquitous vitality.

At the end of a quarter of an hour, dropping his eyes, he perceived a small pug-dog squatted upon the path near his feet, a diminutive but very perfect specimen of its interesting species. The pug was sniffing at the fashionable world, as it passed him, with his little black muzzle, and was kept from extending his investigations by a large blue ribbon attached to his collar with an enormous rosette and held in the hand of a person seated next to Newman. To this person Newman transferred his attention, and immediately perceived that he was the object of all that of his neighbor, who was staring up at him from a pair of little fixed white eyes. These eyes Newman instantly recognized; he had been sitting for the last quarter of an hour beside M. Nioche. He had vaguely felt that some one was staring at him. M. Nioche continued to stare; he appeared afraid to move, even to the extent of evading Newman's own glance.

"Dear me," said Newman; "are you here, too?" And he looked at his neighbor's helplessness more grimly than he knew. M. Nioche had a new hat and a pair of kid gloves; his clothes, too, seemed to belong to a more recent antiquity than of yore. Over his arm was suspended a lady's mantilla—a light and brilliant tissue, fringed with white lace—which had apparently been committed to his keeping, and the little dog's blue ribbon was wound tightly round his hand. There was no expression of recognition in his face,—or of anything, indeed, save a sort of feeble fascinated dread; Newman looked at the pug and the lace mantilla, and then he met the old man's eyes again. "You know me, I see," he pursued. "You might have spoken to me before." M. Nioche still said nothing, but it seemed to Newman that his eyes began faintly to water. "I did n't expect," our hero went on, "to meet you so far from—from the *Café de la Patrie*." The old man remained silent, but decidedly Newman had touched the source of tears. He sat staring, and the latter added, "What's the matter, M. Nioche? You used to talk,—to talk very prettily. Don't you remember you even gave lessons in conversation?"

At this M. Nioche decided to change his attitude. He stooped and picked up the pug, lifted it to his face, and wiped his eyes on its little soft back. "I am afraid to speak to you," he presently said, looking over the puppy's back. "I hoped you would n't notice me. I should have moved away, but I was afraid that if I moved you would see me. So I sat very still."

"I suspect you have a bad conscience, sir," said Newman.

The old man put down the little dog and held it carefully in his lap. Then he shook his head, with his eyes still fixed upon his interlocutor. "No, Mr. Newman, I have a good conscience," he murmured.

"Then why should you want to slink away from me?"

"Because—because you don't understand my position."

"Oh, I think you once explained it

to me," said Newman. "But it seems improved."

"Improved?" exclaimed M. Nioche, under his breath. "Do you call this improvement?" And he glanced at the treasures in his arms.

"Why, you are on your travels," Newman rejoined. "A visit to London in 'the season' is certainly a sign of prosperity."

M. Nioche, in answer to this cruel piece of irony, lifted the puppy up to his face again, peering at Newman with his small, blank eye-holes. There was something almost imbecile in the movement, and Newman hardly knew whether he was taking refuge in an affectation of convenient unreason, or whether he had in fact paid for his dishonor by the loss of his wits. In the latter case, just now, he felt no more tenderly to the foolish old man than in the former. Responsible or not, he was equally an accomplice of his detestably mischievous little daughter. Newman was going to leave him abruptly, when a ray of entreaty appeared to disengage itself from the old man's misty gaze. "Are you going away?" he asked.

"Do you want me to stay?" said Newman.

"I should have left you — from consideration. But my dignity suffers at your leaving me — that way."

"Have you got anything particular to say to me?"

M. Nioche looked round him to see that no one was listening, and then he said, very softly but distinctly, "I have not forgiven her!"

Newman gave a sharp laugh, but the old man seemed, for the moment, not to perceive it; he was gazing away, absently, at some metaphysical image of his implacability. "It does n't much matter whether you forgive her or not," said Newman. "There are other people who won't, I assure you."

"What has she done?" M. Nioche softly questioned, turning round again. "I don't know what she does, — you know."

"She has done a devilish mischief; it does n't matter what," said Newman.

"She's a nuisance; she ought to be stopped."

M. Nioche stealthily put out his hand and laid it very gently upon Newman's arm. "Stopped, yes," he whispered; "That's it. Stopped short. She is running away, — she must be stopped." Then he paused a moment and looked round him. "I mean to stop her," he went on. "I am only waiting for my chance."

"I see," said Newman, laughing briefly again. "She is running away and you are running after her. You have run a long distance!"

But M. Nioche stared, insistently. "I shall stop her!" he softly repeated.

He had hardly spoken when the crowd in front of them separated, as if by the impulse to make way for an important personage. Presently, through the opening, advanced Mademoiselle Nioche, attended by the gentleman whom Newman had lately observed. His face being now presented to our hero, the latter recognized the irregular features, the hardly more regular complexion, and the amiable expression of Lord Deepmere. Miss Noémie, on finding herself suddenly confronted with Newman, who, like M. Nioche, had risen from his seat, faltered for a barely perceptible instant. She gave him a little nod, as if she had seen him yesterday, and then, with a good-natured smile, "*Tiens*, how we keep meeting!" she said. She looked consummately pretty, and the front of her dress was a wonderful work of art. She went up to her father, stretching out her hands for the little dog, which he submissively placed in them, and she began to kiss it and murmur over it: "To think of leaving him all alone, — what a wicked, abominable creature he must believe me! He has been very unwell," she added, turning and affecting to explain to Newman, with a spark of infernal impudence, fine as a needle point, in her eye. "I don't think the English climate agrees with him."

"It seems to agree wonderfully well with his mistress," said Newman.

"Do you mean me? I have never been better, thank you," Miss Noémie

declared. "But with *milord*," — and she gave a brilliant glance at her late companion, — "how can one help being well?" She seated herself in the chair from which her father had risen, and began to arrange the little dog's rosette.

Lord Deepmere carried off such embarrassment as might be incidental to this unexpected encounter with the inferior grace of a male and a Briton. He blushed a good deal, and greeted the object of his late momentary aspiration to rivalry in the favor of a person other than the mistress of the invalid pug with an awkward nod and a rapid ejaculation, — an ejaculation to which Newman, who often found it hard to understand the speech of English people, was able to attach no meaning. Then the young man stood there, with his hand on his hip, and with a conscious grin, staring askance at Miss Noémie. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him, and he said, turning to Newman, "Oh, you know her?"

"Yes," said Newman, "I know her. I don't believe you do."

"Oh dear, yes, I do!" said Lord Deepmere, with another grin. "I knew her in Paris, — by my poor cousin Bellegarde, you know. He knew her, poor fellow, did n't he? It was she, you know, who was at the bottom of his affair. Awfully sad, wasn't it?" continued the young man, talking off his embarrassment as his simple nature permitted. "They got up some story about its being for the Pope; about the other man having said something against the Pope's morals. They always do that, you know. They put it on the Pope because Bellegarde was once in the Zouaves. But it was about *her* morals, — *she* was the Pope!" Lord Deepmere pursued, directing an eye illumined by this pleasantry toward Mademoiselle Nioche, who was bending gracefully over her lap-dog, apparently absorbed in conversation with it. "I dare say you think it rather odd that I should — a — keep up the acquaintance," the young man resumed. "But she could n't help it, you know, and Bellegarde was only my twentieth cousin. I dare say you think it's rather

cheeky, my showing with her in Hyde Park. But you see she is n't known yet, and she's in such very good form" — And Lord Deepmere's conclusion was lost in the attesting glance which he again directed toward the young lady.

Newman turned away; he was having more of her than he relished. M. Nioche had stepped aside on his daughter's approach, and he stood there, within a very small compass, looking down very hard at the ground. It had never yet, as between him and Newman, been so apposite to place on record the fact that he had not forgiven his daughter. As Newman was moving away he looked up and drew near to him, and Newman, seeing the old man had something particular to say, bent his head for an instant.

"You will see it some day in the papers," murmured M. Nioche.

Our hero departed to hide his smile, and to this day, though the newspapers form his principal reading, his eyes have not been arrested by any paragraph illuminating the mystery of the old man's assurance.

XXVI.

In that unstinted observation of the great spectacle of English life upon which I have touched, it might be supposed that Newman passed a great many dull days. But the dullness of his days pleased him; his melancholy, which was settling into a secondary stage, like a healing wound, had in it a certain acrid, palatable sweetness. He had company in his thoughts, and for the present he wanted no other. He had no desire to make acquaintances, and he left untouched a couple of notes of introduction which had been sent him by Tom Tristram. He thought a great deal of Madame de Cintré, sometimes with a dogged tranquillity which might have seemed, for a quarter of an hour at a time, a near neighbor to forgetfulness. He lived over again the happiest hours he had known, — that silver chain of numbered days in which his afternoon visits, tending sensibly to the ideal result, had subtilized his good humor to a sort of spiritual intoxication.

He came back to reality, after such reveries, with a somewhat muffled shock; he had begun to feel the need of accepting the unchangeable. At other times the reality became an infamy again and the unchangeable an imposture, and he gave himself up to his angry restlessness till he was weary. But on the whole he fell into a rather reflective mood. Without in the least intending it or knowing it, he attempted to read the moral of his strange misadventure. He asked himself, in his quieter hours, whether perhaps, after all, he *was* more commercial than was pleasant. We know that it was in obedience to a strong reaction against questions exclusively commercial that he had come out to pick up æsthetic entertainment in Europe; it may therefore be understood that he was able to conceive that a man might be too commercial. He was very willing to grant it, but the concession, as to his own case, was not made with any very oppressive sense of shame. If he had been too commercial, he was ready to forget it, for in being so he had done no man any wrong that might not be as easily forgotten. He reflected with sober placidity that at least there were no monuments of his "meanness" scattered about the world. If there was any reason in the nature of things why his connection with business should have cast a shadow upon a connection — even a connection broken — with a woman justly proud, he was willing to sponge it out of his life forever. The thing seemed a possibility; he could not feel it, doubtless, as keenly as some people, and it hardly seemed worth while to flap his wings very hard to rise to the idea; but he could feel it enough to make any sacrifice that still remained to be made. As to what such sacrifice was now to be made to, here Newman stopped short before a blank wall over which there sometimes played a shadowy imagery. He had a fancy of carrying out his life as he would have directed it if Madame de Cintré had been left to him, — of making it a religion to do nothing that she would have disliked. In this, certainly, there was no sacrifice; but there was a pale, oblique ray of inspiration. It would

be lonely entertainment, — a good deal like a man talking to himself in the mirror for want of better company. Yet the idea yielded Newman several half hours' dumb exaltation as he sat, with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched, over the relics of an expensively poor dinner, in the undying English twilight. If, however, his commercial indignation was dead, he felt no contempt for the surviving actualities begotten by it. He was glad he had been prosperous and had been a great man of business rather than a small one; he was extremely glad he was rich. He felt no impulse to sell all he had and give to the poor, or to retire into meditative economy and asceticism. He was glad he was rich and tolerably young; if it was possible to think too much about buying and selling, it was a gain to have a good slice of life left in which not to think about them. Come, what should he think about now? Again and again Newman could think only of one thing; his thoughts always came back to it, and as they did so, with an emotional rush which seemed physically to express itself in a sudden upward choking; he leaned forward — the waiter having left the room — and, resting his arms on the table, buried his troubled face.

He remained in England till midsummer, and spent a month in the country, wandering about among cathedrals, castles, and ruins. Several times, taking a walk from his inn into meadows and parks, he stopped by a well-worn stile, looked across through the early evening at a gray church tower, with its dusky nimbus of thick-circling swallows, and remembered that this might have been part of the entertainment of his honeymoon. He had never been so much alone or indulged so little in accidental dialogue. The period of recreation appointed by Mrs. Tristram had at last expired, and he asked himself what he should do now. Mrs. Tristram had written to him, proposing to him that he should join her in the Pyrenees; but he was not in the humor to return to France. The simplest thing was to repair to Liverpool and embark on the first American

steamer. Newman made his way to the great seaport and secured his berth; and the night before sailing he sat in his room at the hotel, staring down, vacantly and wearily, at an open portmanteau. A number of papers were lying upon it, which he had been meaning to look over; some of them might conveniently be destroyed. But at last he shuffled them roughly together, and pushed them into a corner of the valise; they were business papers, and he was in no humor for sifting them. Then he drew forth his pocket-book and took out a paper of smaller size than those he had dismissed. He did not unfold it; he simply sat looking at the back of it. If he had momentarily entertained the idea of destroying it, the idea quickly expired. What the paper suggested was the feeling that lay in his innermost heart, and that no reviving cheerfulness could long quench,—the feeling that after all and above all he was a good fellow wronged. With it came a hearty hope that the Bellegardes were enjoying their suspense as to what he would do yet. The more it was prolonged, the more they would enjoy it! He had hung fire once, yes; perhaps, in his present queer state of mind, he might hang fire again. But he restored the little paper to his pocket-book very tenderly, and felt better for thinking of the suspense of the Bellegardes. He felt better every time he thought of it after that, as he sailed the summer seas. He landed in New York and journeyed across the continent to San Francisco, and nothing that he observed by the way contributed to mitigate his sense of being a good fellow wronged.

He saw a great many other good fellows,—his old friends,—but he told none of them of the trick that had been played him. He said simply that the lady he was to have married had changed her mind, and when he was asked if he had changed his own he said, "Suppose we change the subject." He told his friends that he had brought home no "new ideas" from Europe, and his conduct probably struck them as an eloquent proof of failing invention. He took no interest in chatting about his affairs, and man-

ifested no desire to look over his accounts. He asked half a dozen questions which, like those of an eminent physician inquiring for particular symptoms, showed that he still knew what he was talking about; but he made no comments and gave no directions. He not only puzzled the gentlemen on the stock-exchange, but he was himself surprised at the extent of his indifference. As it seemed only to increase, he made an effort to combat it; he tried to interest himself and to take up his old occupations. But they appeared unreal to him; do what he would he somehow could not believe in them. Sometimes he began to fear that there was something the matter with his head; that his brain, perhaps, had softened, and that the end of his strong activities had come. This idea came back to him with an exasperating force. A hopeless, helpless loafer, useful to no one and detestable to himself,—this was what the treachery of the Bellegardes had made of him. In his restless idleness he came back from San Francisco to New York, and sat for three days in the lobby of his hotel, looking out through a huge wall of plate-glass at the unceasing stream of pretty girls in Parisian-looking dresses, undulating past with little parcels nursed against their neat figures. At the end of three days he returned to San Francisco, and having arrived there he wished he had stayed away. He had nothing to do, his occupation was gone, and it seemed to him that he should never find it again. He had nothing to do *here*, he sometimes said to himself; but there was something beyond the ocean that he was still to do; something that he had left undone experimentally and speculatively, to see if it could content itself to remain undone. But it was not content: it kept pulling at his heart-strings and thumping at his reason; it murmured in his ears and hovered perpetually before his eyes. It interposed between all new resolutions and their fulfillment; it seemed like a stubborn ghost, dumbly entreating to be laid. Till that was done he could never do anything else.

One day, toward the end of the win-

ter, after a long interval, he received a letter from Mrs. Tristram, who apparently was animated by a charitable desire to amuse and distract her correspondent. She gave him much Paris gossip, talked of General Packard and Miss Kitty Upjohn, enumerated the new plays at the theatres, and inclosed a note from her husband who had gone down to spend a month at Nice. Then came her signature, and after this her postscript. The latter consisted of these few lines: "I heard three days since from my friend, the Abbé Aubert, that Madame de Cintre last week took the veil at the Carmelites. It was on her twenty-seventh birthday, and she took the name of her patron, St. Veronica. Sœur Véronique has a life-time before her!"

This letter came to Newman in the morning; in the evening he started for Paris. His wound began to ache with its first fierceness, and during his long, bleak journey the thought of Madame de Cintre's "life-time" passed within prison walls on whose outer side he might stand kept him perpetual company. Now he would fix himself in Paris forever; he would extort a sort of happiness from the knowledge that if she was not there, at least the strong sepulchre that held her was. He descended, unannounced, upon Mrs. Bread, whom he found keeping lonely watch in his great empty saloons on the Boulevard Haussmann. They were as neat as a Dutch village; Mrs. Bread's only occupation had been removing individual dust particles. She made no complaint, however, of her loneliness, for in her philosophy a servant was but a mysteriously projected machine, and it would be as fantastic for a housekeeper to comment upon a gentleman's absences as for a clock to remark upon not being wound up. No particular clock, Mrs. Bread supposed, kept all the time, and no particular servant could enjoy all the sunshine diffused by the career of an exacting master. She ventured, nevertheless, to express a modest hope that Newman meant to remain a while in Paris. Newman laid his hand on hers and shook it gently. "I mean to remain forever," he said.

He went after this to see Mrs. Tristram, to whom he had telegraphed, and who expected him. She looked at him a moment and shook her head. "This won't do," she said; "you have come back too soon." He sat down and asked about her husband and her children, tried even to inquire about Miss Dora Finch. In the midst of this—"Do you know where she is?" he asked, abruptly.

Mrs. Tristram hesitated a moment; of course he could not mean Miss Dora Finch. Then she answered, properly: "She has gone to the other house,—in the Rue d'Enfer." After Newman had sat a while longer, looking very sombre, she went on: "You are not so good a man as I thought. You are more—you are more"—

"More what?" Newman asked.

"More unforgiving."

"Good God!" cried Newman; "do you expect me to forgive?"

"No, not that. I have not forgiven, so of course you can't. But you might forget! You have a worse temper about it than I should have expected. You look wicked,—you look dangerous."

"I may be dangerous," he said; "but I am not wicked. No, I am not wicked." And he got up to go. Mrs. Tristram asked him to come back to dinner; but he answered that he did not feel like pledging himself to be present at an entertainment, even as a solitary guest. Later in the evening, if he should be able, he would come.

He walked away through the city, beside the Seine and over it, and took the direction of the Rue d'Enfer. The day had the softness of early spring, but the weather was gray and humid. Newman found himself in a part of Paris which he little knew,—a region of convents and prisons, of streets bordered by long dead walls and traversed by few wayfarers. At the intersection of two of these streets stood the house of the Carmelites,—a dull, plain edifice, with a high-shouldered blank wall all around it. From without Newman could see its upper windows, its steep roof, and its chimneys. But these things revealed no symptoms of human life; the place looked

dumb, deaf, inanimate. The pale, dead, discolored wall stretched beneath it, far down the empty side street, — a vista without a human figure. Newman stood there a long time; there were no passers; he was free to gaze his fill. This seemed the goal of his journey; it was what he had come for. It was a strange satisfaction, and yet it was a satisfaction. The barren stillness of the place seemed to be his own release from ineffectual longing. It told him that the woman within was lost beyond recall, and that the days and years of the future would pile themselves above her like the huge, immovable slab of a tomb. These days and years, in this place, would always be just so gray and silent. Suddenly, from the thought of their seeing him stand there, again the charm utterly departed. He would never stand there again; it was gratuitous dreariness. He turned away with a heavy heart, but a heart lighter than the one he had brought. Everything was over, and he too at last could rest. He walked down through narrow, winding streets to the edge of the Seine again, and there he saw, close above him, the soft, vast towers of Notre Dame. He crossed one of the bridges and stood a moment in the empty place before the great cathedral. Then he went in beneath the gravely imaged portals. He wandered some distance up the nave and sat down in the splendid dimness. He sat a long time; he heard far-away bells chiming off, at long intervals, to the rest of the world. He was very tired; this was the best place he could be in. He said no prayers; he had no prayers to say. He had nothing to be thankful for, and he had nothing to ask: nothing to ask, because now he must take care of himself. But a great cathedral offers a very various hospitality, and Newman sat in his place, because while he was there he was out of the world. The most unpleasant thing that had ever happened to him had reached its formal conclusion, as it were; he could close the book and put it away. He leaned his head for a long time on the chair in front of him; when he took it up he felt that he was

himself again. Somewhere in his mind, a tight knot seemed to have loosened. He thought of the Bellegardes; he had almost forgotten them. He remembered them as a people he had meant to do something to. He gave a groan as he remembered what he had meant to do. He was annoyed at having meant to do it; the bottom, suddenly, had fallen out of his revenge. Whether it was Christian charity or unregenerate good nature — what it was, in the background of his soul — I don't pretend to say; but Newman's last thought was that of course he would let the Bellegardes go. If he had spoken it aloud he would have said that he did n't want to hurt them. He was ashamed of having wanted to hurt them. They had hurt him, but such things were really not his game. At last he got up and came out of the darkening church; not with the elastic step of a man who has won a victory or taken a resolve, but strolling soberly, like a good-natured man who is still a little ashamed.

Going home, he said to Mrs. Bread that he must trouble her to put back his things into the portmanteau she had unpacked the evening before. The mild old woman looked at him through eyes a trifle bedimmed. "Dear me, sir," she exclaimed, "I thought you said that you were going to stay forever."

"I meant that I was going to stay away forever," said Newman kindly. And since his departure from Paris on the following day he has certainly not returned. The gilded apartments I have so often spoken of stand ready to receive him; but they serve only as a spacious residence for Mrs. Bread, who wanders eternally from room to room, adjusting the tassels of the curtains, and keeps her wages, which are regularly brought her by a banker's clerk, in a great pink Sevres vase on the drawing-room mantel-shelf.

Late in the evening Newman went to Mrs. Tristram's, and found Tom Tristram by the domestic fireside. "I'm glad to see you back in Paris," this gentleman declared. "You know it's really the only place for a white man to live." Mr. Tristram made his friend

welcome, according to his own rosy light, and offered him a convenient *résumé* of the Franco-American gossip of the last six months. Then at last he got up and said he would go for half an hour to the club. "I suppose a man who has been for six months in California wants a little intellectual conversation. I'll let my wife have a go at you."

Newman shook hands heartily with his host, but did not ask him to remain; and then he relapsed into his place on the sofa, opposite to Mrs. Tristram. She presently asked him what he had done after leaving her. "Nothing particular," said Newman.

"You struck me," she rejoined, "as a man with a plot in his head. You looked as if you were bent on some dubious errand, and after you had left me I wondered whether I ought to have let you go."

"I only went over to the other side of the river — to the Carmelites," said Newman.

Mrs. Tristram looked at him a moment and smiled. "What did you do there? Try to scale the wall?"

"I did nothing. I looked at the place for a few minutes and then came away."

Mrs. Tristram gave him a sympathetic glance. "You did n't happen to meet M. de Bellegarde," she asked, "staring hopelessly at the convent wall as well? I am told he takes his sister's conduct very hard."

"No, I did n't meet him, I am happy to say," Newman replied, after a pause.

"They are in the country," Mrs. Tristram went on; "at — what is the name of the place, — Fleurières? They went there at the time you left Paris, and have been spending the year in extreme seclusion. The little marquise must enjoy it; I expect to hear that she has eloped with her daughter's music-master!"

Newman was looking at the light wood fire; but he listened to this with extreme interest. At last he spoke: "I mean never to mention the name of those people again, and I don't want to hear anything more about them." And then he took out his pocket-book and drew forth a scrap of paper. He looked at it an

instant, and got up and stood by the fire. "I am going to burn them up," he said. "I am glad to have you as a witness. There they go!" And he tossed the paper into the flame.

Mrs. Tristram sat with her embroidery needle suspended. "What is that paper?" she asked.

Newman, leaning against the fire-place, stretched his arms and drew a longer breath than usual. Then after a moment, "I can tell you, now," he said. "It was a paper containing a secret of the Bellegardes, — something which would damn them if it were known."

Mrs. Tristram dropped her embroidery with a reproachful moan. "Ah, why did n't you show me?"

"I thought of showing you; I thought of showing every one; I thought of paying my debt to the Bellegardes that way. So I told them, and I frightened them. They have been staying in the country, as you tell me, to keep out of the way. But I have given it up."

Mrs. Tristram began to take slow stitches again. "Have you quite given it up?"

"Oh yes."

"Is it very bad, this secret?"

"Yes, very bad."

"For myself," said Mrs. Tristram, "I am sorry you have given it up. I should have liked immensely to see your paper. They have wronged me too, you know, as your sponsor and guarantee, and it would have served for my revenge as well. How did you come into possession of your secret?"

"It's a long story. But honestly, at any rate."

"And they know you were master of it?"

"Oh, I told them."

"Dear me, how interesting!" cried Mrs. Tristram. "And you humbled them at your feet?"

Newman was silent a moment. "No, not at all. They pretended not to care, — not to be afraid. But I know they did care, — they were afraid."

"Are you very sure?"

Newman stared a moment. "Yes, I'm sure."

Mrs. Tristram resumed her stitching.
 "They defied you, eh?"

"Yes," said Newman, "it was about that."

"You tried by the threat of exposure to make them retract?"

"Yes, but they would n't. I gave them their choice, and they chose to take their chance of bluffing off the charge and convicting me of fraud. But they *were* frightened," Newman added, "and I have had all the vengeance I want."

"It is too provoking," said Mrs. Tristram, "to hear your talk of the 'charge' when the charge is burnt up. Is it quite consumed?" she asked, glancing at the fire.

Newman assured her that there was nothing left of it.

"Well, then," she said, "I suppose there is no harm in saying that you probably did not make them so very uncomfortable. My impression would be that since, as you say, they defied you, it was because they believed that, after all, you would never really come to the point. Their confidence, after counsel taken of each other, was not in their innocence, nor in their talents for bluffing things off; it was in your fundamental good nature! You see they were right."

Newman instinctively turned to see if the little paper was in fact consumed; but there was nothing left of it.

Henry James, Jr.

A BRITISH OFFICER IN BOSTON IN 1775.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

APRIL 25, 1775. The Townspeople have to day given up their Arms to the Select Men, who are to deliver them over to the Genl. I fancy this will quiet him a little, for he seemed apprehensive that if the Lines shou'd be attack'd the Townspeople wou'd raise and assist; they wou'd not give up their Arms without the Genl. promising that they shou'd have leave to quit the Town as many as pleased. . . . Ever since the 19th we have been kept in constant alarm; all Officers order'd to lay at their Barracks; We can get no fresh provision, but must live upon our allowance of salt meat. We are in daily expectation of the Troops coming here with General Howe, &c.; we then expect some alteration of Affairs. . . . Our Soldiers the other day, tho' they shew'd no want of courage, yet were so wild and irregular, that there was no keeping 'em in any order; by their eagerness and inattention they kill'd many of our own People, and the plundering was shamefull; many hard-

ly thought of anything else; what was worse, they were encouraged by some Officers. . . .

May 1st. We've hitherto since we've been in Camp been very lucky in dry weather. It rain'd hard this morn'g. for the first time. The People some days past have had leave to quit the Town, and a great many are gone out. Great additions are made to the Neck; on the right flank of the right Bastion are mounted 4 guns, and on the left of the left Bastion two Mortars; . . . at the Lines the Curtain is closed up to the road, where there is a traverse with 2 guns which can play right up the Town of Roxbury. . . . The Rebels have elected Genl. Ward their Govr. and Commannr. in Chief. The Congress that's sitting at Concord has resolved to have an Army of 13000 Men, this Province to find 7000, Connecticut, Newhampshire and other Provinces the rest, the whole to be pd. by all America. Here is a report that the Mob at New York has

disarmed that part of the 18th Regt. which is there and taken 'em Prisoners; whether true or not I can't say. The Rebels have erected the Standard at Cambridge; they call themselves the King's Troops and us the Parliaments. Pretty Burlesque! . . . We are anxiously wishing for the arrival of the Genl. Officers and Troops that are expected; we want to get out of this coop'd up situation. We cou'd now do that, I suppose, but the G—— does not seem to want it; there's no guessing what he is at; Time will shew: the worst of it is we are ill off for fresh provisions, none to be bought except now and then a little pork; Our Mess has luckily got a Sheep from a Friend of Capn. Ferriers¹ on board the Asia who lays down the Harbour.

May 2d. Since the commencement of the Blockade there has been every night a reinforcement of 1 Field Officer, 5 Captns., 10 Subs., 10 Serjts., 10 Corpls., 5 Drums, 250 private mounted at Sunset and sent to the Lines, leaving 1 Capn. and 30 Men at the Neck, 'till lately when it was reduced to 200, and Officers in proportion; there has been also 100 Men and Officers in proportion constantly at work at the Lines and Blockhouse. Upon Beacon Hill there is a small work thrown up, which can command the Town; it is only a temporary thing of Casks fill'd with earth and fraised.² . . . The General now allows to the working Men 2 gills of rum each a day. Upon our encamping We got our allowance of Batt and forage Money; he allowed us 200 days forage, which made it 8£. 15s., but tho' he has been spoke to several times yet he won't make up to us the 100 days forage that we were entitled to last Year. A Detachment of 1 Sub., 1 Sergt., 1 Cor. and 20 Private from each Piquet of the 4th and 47th occupy Beacon Hill every night; in the day 1 Sergt. and 12 . . . The Guards are now to mount in half Gaiters, only carrying their Leggings with them.

4th. The late Lt. Hull of the 43d was

buried to day: he was wounded and taken Prisoner on the 19th and the day before yesterday died of his wounds; they yesterday brought him to town as he had requested it. They won't give up any of their Prisoners, but I hear they treat 'em pretty well. I wonder the G——l will allow any of their people to quit the Town 'till they return the Prisoners; one wou'd think he might get 'em if he 'd try. Numbers of People are quitting the Town every day with their families and Effects; its a distressing thing to see them, for half of 'em don't know where to go to, and in all probability must starve. . . .

We have now almost finished a Battery for 10 four and twenty Pounders at the Blockhouse; it is fronting Dorchester Hill³ where the G——l is afraid the Rebels will erect Batteries against us.

A few days after the affair of the 19th the Detachment from Marshfield arrived here; they quitted that place in good time for the Rebels had sent 4 or 5000 Men there to cut 'em off, which they must have done if the Vessels for our People had not arrived as they did.

May 5th. A most shocking piece of Villany was discover'd about the time of our affair with the Rebels; it was a scheme to cut off all the Officers of the Garrison. Upon the 24th, the day we were to keep St. Georges day, the Rebels were to make a feint Attack in the night upon the Lines: a number of Men were to be posted at the Lodgings of all the Officers, and upon the Alarm Guns firing they were to put the Officers to death as they were coming out of their houses to go to their Barracks. What a set of Villains must they be to think of such a thing! but there is nothing be it ever so bad that these people will stick at to gain their ends. Upon the G——l finding this out He order'd all the Officers to lay at their Barracks, where those who are not encamped still continue. . . .

8th. . . . General after Orders. "As

¹ John Farrier of the King's Own. It is from allusions like these that a clew is obtained to the writer's regiment. — E.

² Fraising is driving pointed stakes into the exte-

rior of intrenchments, to prevent the enemy from scaling the walls. — E.

³ South Boston. — E.

there are many Complaints of most scandalous drunkenness at this critical time among the Troops, that the Women of different Corps in defiance of all order sell rum and other spiritous liquors to the Soldiers; it is the Commannr. in Chief's positive Orders the Officers commanding Regts. examine into those Complaints; and those Women who do not pay obedience to Order to be *immediately* seized and put on board Ship." There was an order of this kind some time before, but was taken little notice of notwithstanding the word *immediately*, which scarce a general Order has been without since we came to the Continent.

9th. We are still in the same situation, the People every day quitting the Town, with their effects, and those Government People of the Country coming in; of them indeed there are but few; the Rebels still keep us block'd up, not allowing any Provisions to be brought into Town; it is imagined their numbers about the Town amount to about 12000; a few days since those at Cambridge (which is Head Quarters) were muster'd, and there were 7400, at Roxbury there must be between 2 and 3000, and about Charles Town nearly the same. Upon the hill where the Church is at Roxbury they have four guns; they have plenty other Guns, but I don't find they have any Batteries.

11th. A Vessel last night arrived from New-York. By three Officers who came in her we learn that as soon as the intelligence of our Affair on the 19th April got there, the Mob rose up, seized the Town Arms, and were going to destroy a Transport laying at a Wharf; they first went to seek for Capn. Montague, who commands a Ship of War there; they found him at dinner at a Gentleman's house; they wanted him to give his hand that he wou'd not interfere; however he put 'em off by some means, and made his escape on board, when he immediately sent his Boats armed, and had the Transport tow'd under his ship's stern; that part of the 18th Regt. which is there are obliged to keep close in their Barracks, only just a few going to Market. The People say

they may go to England if they please, but that they won't allow 'em to come here. Most of the Friends to Government, finding things so bad there, are gone off to England. Hancock and Adams went to New York last saturday; they were met on the road by a Troop of Light Horse, a Company of Grenadiers and one of light Infantry (Rebel Troops), who conducted them into the Town where they had a Guard of 100 Men. When this Vessell came away the Town was in the utmost confusion, every Body arming in defence of their liberty, as they call it, which is the liberty of smuggling and breaking the Laws as they please. . . .

13th. Genl. Orders. The Reinforcement at the Lines this even. to consist of 1 Field Officer, 2 Capns., 4 Subs., 5 Sergts., 6 Corpls., 2 Drs., and 100 Private. The Commander in Chief having recd. advice that three Soldiers of the R. W. Fuziliers and 12 Marines are Prisoners in the Gaol at Worcester, and have manly despised the Offers, and defied the threats of the Rebels who have tried to seduce them to take Arms against their King, and fight against their Brother Soldiers; it is the Genls. Orders that money be given by 3d Corps to Majr. of Brigade, Moncrieff, who has an opportunity of conveying it to the above Men, to prevent such brave spirited Soldiers from suffering. . . . This afternoon, between 2 and 3000 of the Rebels came from Cambridge, march'd over the Neck at Charles Town and up the Height above the Town, where they kept parading a long time, then march'd into the Town, and after giving the War-hoop opposite the Somerset returned as they came. At same time a body of 300 paraded in Cambridge Marsh opposite our encampment; they placed a chain of Centries all along the Marsh and retired into the Woods. This body I suppose is the Guard of a square redoubt they have thrown up near there, and have now pitched tents in. It was expected the Body at Charles Town wou'd have fired on the Somerset, at least it was wished for, as she had everything ready for Action, and must

have destroyed great numbers of them, besides putting the Town in Ashes. . . .

16th. . . . From 12 o'clock last night 'till 7 or 8 this morn. the Rebels continued beating to Arms, firing Cannon and small Arms, and making false fires; their reasons we have not yet learned.

17th. The reason for the above is said to be on acct. of Dr. Franklin's arrival at Philadelphia. . . .

18th. About 9 o'clock last night a fire broke out in the Barracks of the 65th Regt. on a Wharf near the Market:¹ every house on the Wharf, amounting to 41, was burnt to the Ground, and most of the things in them; the 65th lost their Arms, Cloathing, and everything; and the 47th has lost 4 Companies cloathing; the loss altogether is considerable, as they were all stores on the Wharf and full of Goods. A chest of Bullets was found in Hancock's store.² Coll. Abercrombie, Adjt. Genl., lately arrived from England, going up Cambridge river this morning in a Man of War's Boat, was fired upon by several of the Rebels from the Banks; several balls went thro' the boat, but nobody was hurt; they made the best of their way back, and I don't hear that he has been as fond of reconnoitring since.³

Detachments from the different Corps were sent to extinguish the fire, which had began to break out again; in 4 or 5 hours they effected it.

19th. Several shots fired at the Glasgow; it's what the fools frequently do, but without any harm, from the great distance.

20th. A Detachment of 1 Subn. and 30 sent to Grape Island,⁴ about 9 miles from Town in the Bay, to bring up hay.

21st. This evening the Detachment returned. The Rebels had intelligence of

them and as soon as they landed they were fired on from the opposite shore, but without receiving any harm the distance being so great; the party did not return the fire but kept on carrying the hay to the boats, 'till at last the Rebels in great numbers got into Vessels and Boats and went off for the Island; the party then embarked and sailed off with what hay they had, and as they were obliged to go along shore they were fired on, when Lt. Innis⁵ who commanded was at last forced to return the fire, and a few of the Rebels were killed, without any loss on our side. It was surely the most ridiculous expedition that ever was plan'd, for there were not a tenth part boats enough, even if there had been Men enough, and the Sloop which carried the Party mounted 12 guns, but they were taken out to make room, whereas if one or two had been left it wou'd have effectually kept off the Rebels; there was not above 7 or 8 Tons brought off and about 70 left which the Rebels burnt. . . .

25th. Generals Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne arrived in the Cerberus, Cn. Chads. A Capn. and 50 Men order'd last night; did not go on account of the tide not serving; that order'd this morning went to Long Island to bring off some hay. . . .

May 28th. Yesterday afternoon about 40 of the Rebels came to Noddles Island⁶ expecting to meet with hay to destroy: they set two houses on fire and began killing the Cows and Horses, which the Adml. seeing immediately dispatched the Marines from the Men of War to drive the Rebels away, and at the same time sent some Boats and an armed Schooner round the Island to intercept them; the Rebels as soon as they saw he begged them to spare his old friend Putnam. 'If you take General Putnam alive,' he said, 'don't hang him, for he's a brave man.' (Frothingham's Siege of Boston.) He died a few days after and was buried in the King's Chapel. — E.

⁴ Grape Island, near Hingham. The rebels spoken of were men from Weymouth, Braintree, and Hingham, and among them were two brothers of John Adams. — E.

⁵ Thomas Innis of the Forty-Third. — E.

⁶ These were provincials sent by order of the Committee of Safety for the removal of live stock from the islands. Noddle's Island is now East Boston. — E.

¹ Faneuil Hall Market. — E.

² As a merchant, John Hancock had a store at the head of what is now South Market Street. It was described as "Store No. 4, at the east end of Faneuil Hall Market. A general assortment of English and India goods, also choice Newcastle Coals and Irish Butter Cheap for cash." — E.

³ This officer, Lieutenant-Colonel James Abercrombie, afterwards commanded one of the regiments at Bunker Hill, which attacked the redoubt, where he fought gallantly and was mortally wounded. "He was a brave and noble-hearted soldier, and when the men were bearing him from the field

this scour'd off as fast as they cou'd and escaped by wading up to their necks; one was killed in the flight; after this there was a constant firing at each other from the opposite sides of the water, but I believe without any mischief; there was also firing at and from the schooner and boats, which continued all night and part of this morning. I fancy we are the greatest sufferers, for some time in the night the schooner run aground within 60 yards of their shore, and after a cannonade a considerable time on both sides, having no chance of saving the schooner as the tide was going out, they were obliged to set her on fire and quit her, without being able to save a single article; she was quite new and just that day came in from a Cruise; she mounted 4 guns and 10 swivels. A reinforcement of 100 Marines was sent over to the Island last night; they had last night two 3 pounders from the Cerberus with which we kept a cannonade great part of the night, and this morning two 12 pounders field pieces were sent over with a detachment of Artillery, which has been playing on the Rebels most of the morning, but I dare say without doing much harm as it was at a great distance; about 2 o'clock they left the Island and came off home. I hear we have 2 killed and 2 wounded with Sailors and Marines.

29th. To day the Rebels were seen again on the same Island; all the light Infantry Companies were immediately order'd to parade, which took up a long time as many Men were on duty and obliged to be relieved. In about 2 hours we were dismissed, and the Rebels left to do their business quietly, which by 6 o'clock in the even. they effected: they drove all the Cattle and Sheep off to the Main and set fire to four houses; at 8 o'clock a house was set on fire at Hog Island which is very near the other. I suppose after the light Companies were order'd, it was thought hardly worth while running the risk of losing any lives by endeavoring to save a trifling property which we have no connexion with, nor indeed cou'd it be worth while, for it cou'd be of little consequence to us, and their burning the houses (which are only

Out house and Barns I believe) can answer no other end than insulting us, and what we have not in our power to resent, for tho' we have new Generals come out, yet they have brought no more authority than we had before, which was none at all. The Corps to day waited on the three General Officers lately arrived; politely recd. . . .

May 30th. The Rebels this morning set fire to a dwelling house upon the same Island: the house was almost close to the shore and within reach of the Admirals Guns, which have been playing upon the Island every now and then most of the morning, whether because any Men were seen or only just to frighten them I don't know: a schooner was also sent to fire along shore; they had better take care not to run aground and get burnt by the Yankies, like the last. Near this house there was an outhouse where there were several Navy stores, which the Admiral has been taking out all day, and to protect the Men at that work he sent a flat Boat with a gun in it along shore, which has been firing frequently at the Rebels I suppose. This morning the 5th, 38th, and 52d encamp'd in the Fields adjoining the Common; those Companies of the 43d which were on Copps Hill removed to the other part of the Regt. at Barton's Point and 6 Companies of the incorporated Corps took up their ground. Copy of an after Order: "As the Genl. finds proper care is not taken of the Ammunition, he directs the Commandg. Officers of Corps to order the Men's Cartridges to be examined every day, and for every Cartridge missing not accounted for, such soldier to be charged one penny." Some Cattle lately brought from Halifax is to be divided among the Troops, who are to receive two days fresh provisions this week. . . .

June 1st. Last night a Ball passed over our Camp, fired from Town. The Cerberus this morning sailed down to Nantasket Road, to be in readiness to sail in a few days. Some of the idle Fools frequently fire small Arms at the Glasgow, and at our Camp; us they never reach, but they sometimes stick a Ball

in the Ship, who never returns it tho' she has it in her power to drive 'em to the D——l. . . .

5th. At 9 this morning the Grenrs. and Lt. Infantry assembled at their ground, where they found nothing settled, no ground marked out for them, nor was there anybody to mark it out or show them where to encamp; after waiting a considerable time, we set about pitching the Tents as we cou'd settle ourselves, the Grenrs. on the right, the Light Infantry on the left; the whole was not finished till 6 or 7 o'clock, and after all it was then wrong and we must have to move again, for the Streets are only single, by which means we have taken up twice the ground we ought. *Every thing still of a Piece! . . .*

8th. At 4 this morning 2 Captns., 8 Subalns., and 200 Light Infantry were sent over to Noddles Island to bring off some Hay, which was effected without resistance. The Rebels indeed fired at 'em from the opposite shore but without doing any harm: there was a very small quantity of hay and that so bad that its only fit for litter; for such a paltry thing one wou'd think it was not worth while running the risk of losing a single Man, but I suppose the G——l had received wrong information. Three Officers of the 43d Regt. had today a very narrow and lucky escape; being out in a Boat sailing, and not able to manage the Boat, the Wind drove 'em over to the Rebels shore who began firing on them; the Officers then had nothing but to swim for it, as they found it impossible to keep off with the Boat, so they jumped over board and were swimming for the Glasgow Man of War, who as soon as they saw their situation sent a Boat to their assistance, which picked 'em up; one was so much spent that he cou'd not have swam much longer. The Villains ashore kept all the time popping at 'em; but luckily did not hit either; they also kept firing at the Man of Wars Boat; the Glasgow fired a Can-

non at them, which made the Rascals run and hide themselves; as soon as the Gentlemen were landed a boat was sent, with swivels in her and armed Men, to bring off the boat the Officers had quitted which had not reached the shore but was stuck on the Mud; the Rebels tried to prevent them by firing from their lurking places, but the Tars kept them aloof with the Swivels and brought the Boat off; while they were doing that, the Glasgow, seeing some Men near the House opposite, let fly a shot among 'em to keep 'em from going down to the shore to fire at the Boat; they run off and did not shew themselves again.

9th. . . . This day a detachment of 2 Captns., 8 Subs., and 200 Men of the Corps of Light Infantry landed at Noddles Island, near 6 o'clock in the morning, for the purpose of bringing off Hay, which was effected without any loss; advanced Parties took possession of the Heights, and were scandalously abused by the people from the opposite shore; the Troops took no notice of them; tho' fired at frequently, the detachment did not fire a shot; there was a very small quantity of Hay and that good for nothing but litter; scarce worth sending 200 Men for one wou'd imagine. . . .

14th. Yesterday a Proclamation was issued by his Excellency Genl. Gage, offering his Majesty's most gracious pardon to all who shall lay down their Arms, and return to the duties of peaceable Subjects, excepting Saml. Adams and John Hancock. Likewise for establishing the Law Martial throughout this Province.

15th. . . . Some of the Transports with the Troops from Ireland arrived last Sunday, and since then they have been continually dropping in, so that there are but two or three that have not arrived. The 17th Light Dragoons finished their landing yesterday and encamp'd in a field in the rear of the Light Infantry. A Rope Walk close to them is made up for their Stables.¹ The 63d Regt. land-

¹ The 17th Light Dragoons was the regiment which the next autumn took possession of the Old South Church and used it as a riding-school. Timothy Newell, one of the selectmen of Boston and deacon of Brattle Street Church, says in his diary, "Oct. 13th. Col. Birch of the Lighthouse Dragoons

went to view our Meetinghouse [Brattle Street] which was destined for a Riding School for the Dragoons. It was designed to clear the floor, to put two feet of tan covered with horse dung to make it elastic. But when it was considered that the Pillars must be taken away which would bring down the

ed to day and encamp'd on the Common; their Grenr. and Light Infantry Companies joined those Corps. The Genl. issued a Proclamation to day, requiring all Persons who have spirituous Liquors for Sale, or Molasses designed to be made into Rum, to make returns of the Quantities they are possessed of, and the Places where lodged, that proper Measures may be taken for the benefit of his Majesty's Service.

N. B. All Persons concerned in these Orders, who shall neglect to comply therewith, may expect to have their Liquors seized. (The Dragoons were lost but 16 Horses on the Voyage.)

17th. At day break we were alarmed by the Glasgow firing; we found it was at the Rebels who were erecting a Redout on the Heights of Charles Town, and at 7 o'clock the Grenrs. and Light Infantry had orders to keep in readiness; at 11 were order'd to assemble, and the ten eldest Compys. of each march'd to the Long Wharf and embark'd in boats; the 5th and 38th likewise embark'd from the same Wharf, the 43d and 52d and remaining Comps. of Grs. and Lt. Infy. from the North Battery;¹ the whole commanded by Majr. Genl. Howe set off about 1 o'clock and landed on the right of Charles Town under favor of the Cannon from several Ships and Copse Hill Battery; as soon as landed we march'd up to near the Redout and waited for the Artillery, which when it came up kept a smart fire upon the Redout for some time, but without making any Breach; the Rebels fired a few Cannon, but did no harm. Between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon the whole marched to the attack, and after an obstinate resistance drove the Rebels from their Redout and a Breast-work, and from thence made them fly quite over the Neck which joins Charles

roof, they altered their minds, — so that the Pillars saved us. Oct. 27th. The spacious *Old South Meetinghouse* taken possession of by the Lighthouse 17th Regiment of Dragoons commanded by Lieut. Colo. Samuel Birch. The Pulpit, pews, and seats all cut to pieces and carried off in the most savage manner as can be expressed, and destined for a riding school. The beautiful carved pew with the silk furniture of Deacon Hubbard's was taken down and carried to [John Amory's] house by an officer and made a

Town to the Continent; we remained at the end of the hill which commanded the Neck and kept a cannonade upon the houses beyond it, where numbers of the Rebels still lurk'd about: just about the beginning of the Attack the Town was set on fire and the whole burnt to Ashes, except a few we saved towards the Neck. In the night we lay on our Arms and threw up an entrenchment on the Hill. The 1st Batt. of Marines and 47th Regt. came over the 2d embarkation, just time enough to be at the attack.

18th. In the morning all the Houses beyond the Neck were burnt to prevent the Rebels lurking there; they sometimes came in small parties just to take a pop at us, but the Cannon soon drove 'em off; this continued the whole day at times; at the same time the entrenchment was compleating and made to extend from the left of the Hill quite to the Water side on the right. The Rebels when drove from this retired to a Hill in the road to Cambridge; it is about 2 miles off; they are fortifying it as fast as they can;² the 2d Battn. of Marines and 63d Regt. were sent over last night to reinforce us: this evening the Tents were sent to us and the Troops encamp'd, except the Light Infantry, who had to guard the Works.

19th. Yesterday three Gondolas (large flat boats, sides raised and musquet proof) came up Mistick River or Bay, the water on our right, where they still remain; they cover that flank and now and then take a shot at the fellows who come down among the ruins to fire at our Men at Work; had these boats been with us on Saturday at the time of the Attack they cou'd have been of great use, as they wou'd have taken a part of the Rebels entrenchment in flank, and in their retreat wou'd have cut off num-

hog sty. The above was effected by the solicitation of General Burgoyne." — E.

¹ Now Battery Wharf. The boats were furnished by the ships of war and were under the charge of Collingwood, afterwards so famous, then a midshipman. — E.

² It was a corps of volunteers under Putnam who undertook to fortify this hill (Prospect Hill, Somerville, now almost entirely dug away). — E.

bers; instead of that they were on the other side, and of no manner of use. Still going on with the entrenchment, and begun a round Redout about 100 yards within it towards the right.

21st. Another round Redout in the same line with the other, but on the left, is now in great forwardness: they are fraized, and have no entrance but by a long board over the ditch, to be taken away when the people are in, so that they must defend 'em, as they can't run away.

22d. A larger Redout of the same sort began in the center between the other two, and 60 or 100 yards in the rear . . . the three Gondolas went away; something suspected to be going on. Our Centries are advanc'd beyond the Neck; some firing between them and the Rebels.

23d. Very quiet — the Rebels going on fast with their Works . . . great talk of some expedition tomorrow, the 63d Regt. and 2d Batt. of Marines being order'd to Boston, and the flank Companies of the 64th from the Castle.¹

24th. The expedition talked of was to attack Dorchester Hill, and was to have been to day at 6 o'clock in the morn'g. All the Troops on this side were drawn out and paraded on the Hill, and some march'd into the road; this was to alarm the Rebels on this side and keep off their attention; but soon after we heard it was put off, the Genl. hearing they had got intelligence and had reinforced that place with 4000 Men. Several shells fired from the Lines into Roxbury to set it on fire, but did not answer; the same day two Men came in as far as Brown's House,² when a Serjt. and a Party was sent to meet them, as it was thought they wanted to deliver themselves up, but when the party got near, the two men fired and run away, but were shot by the Party and their Arms brought in.

Aug. 26th. The Rebels perceived

throwing up Entrenchments on Winter Hill³ about 12 or 1300 Yards from our Works on Bunker's hill; after wasting a good deal of time we at length got four long twelves to the Lines and fired several shot at them, but without preventing them from continuing their Work; they had likewise made a Battery near the water side at a Mill on Mr. Temple's farm, a great way off, from which they fired several shot at the Gondolas, but without doing any harm.

27th. We got two 10 inch Mortars from Boston, the Rebels still continuing their work; a few shots passed between us; in the afternoon the fellows grew very insolent and several came into the Orchard to harrass our parties in the Flèches; half a dozen Men were sent out to drive them away, which was done, but we had a Volunteer and a private Man slightly wounded; at dusk the Mortars were tried and four shells thrown, which fell well. Continued throwing Shells every now and then for some days.

Sept. 12th. . . . The Deserters lately come in say it is still the determination of the Rebels to attack us. . . .

17th. A Soldier of the 4th or King's Own had his leg shot off as the relief was going to the Lines at Boston; this is the first Man who has suffer'd by the Rebels Cannon.

23d. Capt'n. Pawlett of the 59th Regt. had his leg shot off as he was sitting at breakfast at Boston Lines.

26th. The Cerberus Frigate returned from England, with answers to the dispatches sent home after the Action of the 17th June, reports that England is determined to go through with this Affair for which reinforcements are to be here soon. Several Deserters from the Rebels are lately come in; they all say that it is intended to attack us. . . .

Oct. 10th. Genl. Gage embark'd for England. Genl. Howe left to command here. . . .

¹ The fort on Castle Island, where Fort Independence now stands, was called Castle William or "the Castle."

² This house was just outside the British works on the Neck, near where Franklin Square is now,

and served the British as an outpost from which to annoy the Americans. — E.

³ A mistake. It was Ploughed Hill (Mt. Benedict, now being rapidly leveled), which was intrenched by Washington's orders by a party of provincials under General Sullivan. — E.

17th. McIntosh killed in the Orchard. Last night the Rebels brought down Cambridge River two Gondolas with a Gun in each of 'em; they fired several shot at the encampment on the Common without doing any harm, 'till at last one of their Guns burst and killed and wounded several of them. . . .

28th. Several Deserters lately come in all agree that it is intended to attack us; we have been expecting it three or four nights past; a Man come in to day says they 'll attack to night. We shall see if they mean to put their threats in execution; if they do they must in all probability get a severe beating. The Deserters all say the Rebel Army is very tired, ill off for cloathing and most things; they are not paid what they are promised and most want to go home. . . .

Novr. 9th. To day a party of about 250 Light Infantry embarked at 11 o'clock in the flat bottom'd Boats: they landed on a Peninsula call'd Lechmere's farm, which in spring tides is an Island; it is between Cambridge and Charlestown and within cannon shot of the Rebels Works on Prospect Hill. The Rebel Guard made their escape all but one; we brought off 12 or 14 head of Cattle; after the Party was rebarked then a very large body of the Rebels waded to the Peninsula and fired on our Men, but without doing any execution, at the same time we firing Cannon at them from this side and from the ships and some Gondolas. While our People were on the Ground they did not dare to pass; there was some firing between them and our advanced Guard; this was all done without the loss of a Man on our side, and I think must mortify them a good deal,

braving them in a manner right under their noses and under their Cannon, which indeed they seem'd to manage but badly, taking an amazing time to load.¹

18th. By a Deserter from the Rebels we hear they had 9 Men killed and several wounded on the 9th.

14th. We hear that a Master of a Vessel who was some time ago sent from here to Ireland, to bring out things, has taken his ship into Marblehead and given up all to the Rebels: the Vilain had the modesty to send in the letters. It is suspected that a store ship is taken by the Rebels; if so it will be a good prize for them, as she was loaded with Mortars, Guns, shot, shells and 400 Barrels of Powder; Capn. Parker of the Phoenix had her and 12 other Ships under his convoy, of which not one did he bring in with him, having left them one night in as fine weather as cou'd be, and just when they were coming near this Coast, the time when he was most required by them, as there are a number of Privateers about; this Man ought to suffer for his behaviour, and really the Navy wants an example now to be made as it had the beginning of last War.² . . .

16th. A Duel fought between two Officers of the 63d on acct. of a Woman; one of them wounded in the Leg.

21st. A fall of Snow. We have had a hard frost some days.

22d. All the Troops in Boston have broke up Camp and gone into Winter Quarters except three Corps.

Decr. 2d. The 1st Play was acted; it was Zara;² Genl. B——e staid I believe on purpose for it, as the ship has been ready some time. . . .

¹ Lechmere Point is now East Cambridge. General Orders, November 10. "In consequence of Major Genl. Clinton's Report of His intire approbation of the Alacrity and Attention of the officers and Soldiers of the Detachment of Lt. Infantry under the Command of Lieut. Colo. Clark that Landed yesterday at Phipps Farm, the Commander in Chief desires that Lt. Colo. Clark may be informd. with the officers and Soldiers that composed this small party that he has the highest satisfaction from Major Genl. Clinton's report. Such spirited Conduct of officers with the same soldier like obedience in the Execution of their Commands so apparent yesterday will ever insure success to the Kings Troops, whenever the Rebel Bands shou'd presume to shew

themselves before them." (Adjutant Waller's Orderly Book.) The American account says that the provincial troops behaved with great spirit and were praised by General Washington in the general orders next day, and that the affair was viewed with exultation by the colonies. — E.

² This refers to Admiral John Byng. — E.

³ One of a series of theatrical entertainments given under the direction of Burgoyne in Faneuill Hall. Burgoyne wrote the prologue and epilogue for this tragedy, the former of which was spoken by Francis Lord Rawdon, afterwards Earl of Moira and Marquis of Hastings, then a lieutenant of the Grenadier Company of the 5th Regiment. — E.

7th. The Fowey brought in a Privateer; she carried 10 six pounders and 8 swivels and had 75 Men; she made no resistance but endeavour'd to escape by flight. . . .

18th. The Rebels began to throw up Works at Phipp's Farm,¹ upon which the Scarborough began to fire on them; the Rebels in return fired at her from their last Work at Coblers Hill, and tho' at a great distance struck her twice out of 6 shots.

19th. The Scarborough moved lower down the Harbour, the Rebels giving three Cheers as she passed; we fired at them from Bartons Point Battery lately made; they return'd two or three shot which went into the Town; notwithstanding all our shells and shot they continued working.

20th. A shell thrown from the 13 inch Sea Mortar at Charles Town fell in Cambridge. We have four of these with which we ought to work the Villains. The Renown arrived two days ago; she run aground down the harbour but is got off again. . . .

1776, March 2d. About 11 o'clock at night, upon a Signal being given at Cambridge, the Rebels began to bombard the Town of Boston, from Phipps's Farm, Cobble's Hill, and the Heights of Roxbury; they continued throwing in Shot and Shells 'till daybreak; the same was returned them from the Lines and the Batteries at Barton's Point: Our Shells very bad, most of 'em bursting in the Air or not at all.

3d. At 10 this night the Rebels began again, and a warmer fire was kept up on both sides 'till daybreak; the Rebels had removed the Mortar from Phipps' Farm to Cobble's hill; at Roxbury they had . . . Very remarkable no hurt was done as the most of their Shot and Shells fell in the Town. Our A—t—y a little mended, a few of our Shells answering.

5th. This Morning Works were perceived to be thrown up on Dorchester Heights, . . . very strong ones tho' only the labour of one night: 5 Regts. em-

barked under . . . of B. G. Jones and fell down to Castle William; in the night they were to have . . . on that side, while the Grenrs. Light Infy. and some more Regts. were . . . attacked on the side next the Town; the Men were not to load but . . . fixed Bayonets: in the night it came on to blow such a gale . . . boat cou'd possibly land, which stopt the expedition. . . .

6th. It was determined by a Council of War to quit the Town. Orders . . . to get ready with all expedition, and to take as little baggage as . . . Transports allotted for the Troops: the Townspeople had liberty to go or stay: Artillery, Ammunition, Stores, &c., &c., getting on board.

8th. The whole Crew of a Brig deserted last night.

9th. The Rebels having been deserned carrying Materials for making a Battery to Foster's hill² at Dorchester, the nearest of any to Boston; and at 8 o'clock in the evening it being reported they were at work there, our Batteries at the Blockhouse, the New Work at the Neck and . . . Wharf began to play upon them, and kept it up all night so as to prevent their Working: they likewise fired at the Town from their different Batteries at Roxbury. All the Brass Artillery on board except a few small field pieces. Orders for all the sick Men and Wo[men to] be embarked before night.

10th. Nothing but hurry and confusion.

13th. The Rebels began a Battery nearer the point of the Peninsula, intended against the Ships. Breastworks and Abbatties thrown across some of the Streets, a dry ditch made between the two Gates at the Lines and one at the Neck; the Gates barricaded. Every Cannon on board but some iron ones which are to be spiked.

14th. Were to have embarked last night, but the Wind came against us.

15th. The Wind being fair at 12 oclock in the day, the Troops were or-

¹ East Cambridge. Cobble Hill mentioned below is now the site of the McLean Asylum in Somerville. — E.

² Also known as Nook's Hill. This region is now South Boston. — E.

der'd under Arms in order to embark; but after waiting some time returned to their Quarters, the Wind having shifted.

16th. Still detained by the Wind, and still firing all last night at Foster's hill.

17th. At 4 oclock in the Morn. the Troops got under Arms, at 5 they began to move, and by about 8 or 9 were all embarked, the rear being cover'd by the Grenrs. and Lt. Infy. The Rebels did not think proper to molest us. We quitted Boston with a fair wind and sailed down to King Road,¹ which is just below Castle William. We were again

firing last night at Foster's hill, but the Rebels had in spite of that erected a Work there, by taking advantage of all our Artillery being away, except a few old Iron Guns.

After remaining 2 or 3 days at King Road and blowing up the Castle, the fleet fell down the Harbour to Nantasket; the Centurion left at King Road, the Rebels brought Guns [and fire]d at her without effect. The Fleet preparing for Sea, taking in Water, &c.

In the afternoon set sail with a fine Wind, and after a pleasant Voyage arrived at Halifax late in the evening with the greatest part of the fleet.

GIROLAMO DETTO IL FIORENTINO DESPONDS AND ABUSES THE WORLD.

"Mi dici che sono famoso e che tutti mi lodono. Ah! caro amico mio, qual valore ha ciò che si chiama successo in questo mondo? L'alto frutto che stentiamo tanto a cogliere, che ci lusinga tanto colla sua bella apparenza spesso in bocca sembra insipido, immaturo, od aspro. E poi, la Fama viene troppo tarde! Son vecchio e non mi fido più a belle parole. Grata sarebbe stata la lode del mondo quando era giovane, m'avrebbe consolato, rinforzato, spronato ad alte imprese, come lo squillo della tromba che eccita al conflitto, che promette vittoria. Ma ora le illusioni, le speranze sono fuggite ed il reverbero della Fama non mi pare che un rumore vano ed insulso. I cari son morti e non possono udirlo; e per me poco m'ene curo. Quel che ho fatto, ho fatto e lo conto per poco. Tutte le lusinghe del mondo non cambierebbero il mio giudizio. L'albero ha portato il suo frutto, e buono o cattivo rimane quello che è." — *Lettera inedita di Girolamo.*

SUCCESS, ah yes, success, you say I've gained!

The world applauds, and yet I only sigh.
Its loud applause but feeds my vanity;
The jewel that I sought is not attained.
Something there was which once the future had —

A foolish hope, an idle dream, a light
That shone before me ever day and night —
That now is gone, and leaves me poor and sad.

'Twas not to win the fickle world's applause:

¹ Now called President's Road

That followed after as effect, not cause;
And between that and this you call success

How vast a void! Something I dreamed to do,

The joy of which should light my being through

With a serene interior happiness.

So strove I with the toil of brain and heart,

Saying, "Into the inner sphere of art

When I have pierced and made me master there,

The toil all over, I shall stand and bear
Sound fruit, sweet blossoms, like a healthy tree

That hath the winds of heaven for playmates free,

A rest and refuge for the head of care."

What now is come instead? This glorious star

Turns out to be a common, vulgar lamp —
A false marsh-meteor dancing o'er the damp,

Low stretch of blasted life; this godlike Lar

A brazen cheat; this fair Hesperian fruit
A Dead Sea apple; and the siren's lute
Strung to such discord it were better mute.

Once by the shore I mused and saw afar
A dream-like bark, that o'er the morning
sea,

Through veiled and violet distances of air,
With roseate sails went gliding silently;
Freighted with bliss, to some ideal land
Its happy peaceful way it seemed to wend.
And there I longed — oh, how I longed to
be!

Now on its filthy deck at last I stand:
Oh, dismal disenchantment, bitter end!
Soiled are its sails, the sea is rough and
high,

Foul are the odors, coarse the company;
And sick at stomach and at heart I lie,
And curse my fate and wish that I could
die.

The world has cured me of my self-conceit;
Its cold rebuffs have brushed away like dust
My youth's presumptuous faith and proud
self-trust.

What do I care if they were all a cheat,
Those bright illusions of my early years?
While I believed that I was strong, I was;
Self-conscious, now, I look around and
pause,
Hindered in all I do by doubts and fears.

Success! Yes, while you stinted me in
praise
My pride upheld me; to myself I said,
"Some time they'll praise me, after I am
dead.

The work is good, although the world de-
lays;

I for the prize can wait." But now you blow
The trumpet in my honor, I bend low,
And from my eyes my work's best charm
has fled.

Once I compared it with the world's neglect,
And proudly said, "T is better than they
see."

Now I behold it tainted with defect
In the broad light of what it ought to be.

Fame seemed, when out of reach, how sweet
and grand!

How worthless, now I grasp it in my hand!
The glory was the struggle, the affray;
Victory is only loss; at last I stand
Mourning amid dead hopes at close of day.
Give me the old enthusiasms back,
Give me the ardent longings that I lack, —
The glorious dreams that fooled me in my
youth,

The sweet mirage that lured me on its
track, —

And take away the bitter, barren truth.

Ah, yes! Success, I fear, has come too late!
Once it had swelled my heart and filled my
sails;

Now I am reefed, it only cries and wails
In my rent cordage like a blast of fate.
The lift is gone, the spring is strained and
weak;

I scorn the praise you idle praisers speak.
What matters now the lauding of your lips,
What matters now the laurel wreath you
plait

For these bald brows, for these gray hairs?
It slips

Over my eyes and helps to hide my tears.
I am too old for joys — almost for fears.

Ye critics, pardon, that I dared to do
Not as you wished, but only as I chose.
You might have done far better, it is true,
And perfumed my camellia like a rose.
Oh, had you wrought my crippled works
yourselves,

They had been giants which are now but
elves!

Do we not feel as well our works' defect
As you who circling round them hum and
sing,

Mosquito critics with a poisonous sting;
Or ye whose higher purpose 't is to teach,
Who kindly patronize, suggest, direct,
And make our labors texts on which to
preach

And show your own superior intellect?
Do we not know our work is mean and
poor?

'T is only when the fire is in the brain,
And all alone we strive — the outward door
Of life closed up — and listen as to one
Speaking within us with a spirit's tone,
That what we do seems not entirely vain.
Waking from that half-trance of inner
thought,

The voices gone, the real world returned,
We feel the thing that we have done is
nought —

A blackened brand with all the flame out-
burned,

A goblet cracked which all its wine hath
shed,

A cage in which the singing bird is dead.

This was my hope and trust, when I am
gone,
Dead, turned to dust, senseless to blame or
praise,

That somewhat out of all that I had sown
Of thought and feeling on the world's high-
ways

Might not be held as base and noxious
weeds

For Time with hand unsparing to destroy,
But, falling on some kindly soil, the seeds
Might grow and bloom into a moment's joy,
Or ripen into fruit of noble deeds.

This lent me life, and strung my throbbing
strings

To music once. What joy 't would be to feel
My song into some maiden's heart might
steal

And live amid her pure imaginings, —
That she should keep it in her memory
As handmaid to her love, and breathe it
low,

And pour into it all the overflow
Of her young heart and say it with a sigh;
Or that some student in despairing hour
Should from a word of mine renew his pow-
er,

Some toiling heart be strengthened in its
aim,

Some faltering purpose trample down its
shame,

Some eye, long used to poring on the ground,
Look up and feel the sky and beauty round,
Some sorrowing mourner get a glimpse of
youth,

Some world-cased spirit feel the sting of
truth.

Is this so now? You say it is, and yet
It does not stir me now; the fountain's jet
But dribbles on the worn-out pipes, where
first

Its shattered showers of diamonds towering
burst.

Autumn has come; the grass is dry and
sere;

No spring-time flowers now grace the dying
year.

The fruits are nearly culled; the harsh winds
blight

The lingering leaves. I only linger here,
And the time comes for me to say good-
night.

Yes, I am sad — sad and dispirited,
And those I loved and labored for are dead.
The heart is hardened, once so sensitive.
Fame the world gives, but youth it cannot
give;

Nor can it give me back the smiles of those
Whose praise had been the best reward on
earth.

Success but makes me feel the dreadful
dearth,

The gap of death that naught can ever
close.

Midst all the voices one — the dearest one —
I miss to greet me now my work is done.

The hand that would so gladly on my brow
Have placed the laurel that you bring too
late,

And kissed the lips below, — where is it
now?

What do I care that now you call me great;
Is this the triumph, this the happiness?

Cry to the dead ones, "He hath won suc-
cess."

Say, will their voices answer back to bless?

Yet courage! this is but an idle mood;
To-morrow I shall feel within my blood
A new pulse beating, a new impulse start.

'T is but a cloud to-day comes o'er my heart,
A sickening sense of weakness, where desire
Hath only left the ashes of its fire.

Art still remains, and wheresoe'er I be
It draws me with a sweet necessity.

Though in a moment's rage I storm and
frown,

And with a rude hand cast its altars down,
Or, disappointed and depressed with care,

Heed not the perfume of the incense there,
A better mood will come, when I again

Shall seek its temple, worship in its train,
Put on my coronal, and be its priest,

Glad to perform the duty that is least.
For what were life without its joys and

fears,

Its tumults, and its clash of smiles and tears?
What could I do, forbade to enter in

Its happy courts, but sit without and weep?
No! the old use will never let me sleep,

And, poor as all my service yet hath been,
While life continues in this breast to beat,

A space to struggle and a prize to win
Will still remain. Oh, not alone a name,

Though human praise to human ears is
sweet,

Allures me. Something higher far I claim,
To shape out something that I shall not
shame

To lay upon art's shrine as offering meet;
Something in which the strength of age
shall be,

And youth's high hope be made reality.
So! still the same; these years have nothing

taught;
Still the enthusiast! Even while I spoke

Elastic springs the hope I thought was
broke.

I am a child still. Oh, thank Heaven! not
all,

Despite the world's rebuffs and what you
call

Success, not all is lost and turned to naught!

Thank Heaven! there's tinder yet which
can be caught
When the chance sparks of feeling on it
fall.

I have not stood a beggar on the ways
And held my hand out for the critic's praise;
I have not flattered, fawned, nor coined my
heart,
Degraded the high purposes of art,
Pandered to vulgar aims and groveling
thought;
And if success has come, it comes unbought.

Art shall not drag her skirts along the mud
While I can help her; shall not beg and
cringe,
Claim alms for pity's sake, her heaven-born
blood
Ceasing with noble pride her cheeks to tinge.
I have not cast her alms, but on my knees
Been thankful for the crust she threw to
me,
Me, her poor worshiper, most glad to be
Her humblest slave; glad if by slow degrees
I win one smile at last my life to bless,
And this alone for me would be success.

W. W. Story.

THE MAY-POLE OF MERRYMOUNT.

I.

MAY-DAY, 1627.

THE May-pole of Merrymount—that May-pole which inspired the historian Motley's first effort in literature, and which Hawthorne made the subject of a brilliant sketch—was erected on May-day of the year 1627. The 1st of May, old style, fell upon what is now the 10th of the month. Accordingly, on the tenth day of the coming month of May the full period of two hundred and fifty years will have elapsed since Thomas Morton and his motley crew awoke the echoes of the wilderness on the shores of Boston bay; greeting with noisy revels what may, perhaps, not inaptly be described as the English anniversary of summer's birth.

Two hundred and fifty years represent no trifling portion of the history of any people. They constitute in themselves a very respectable antiquity. In the case of America they carry us back to the beginning of all things,—to the genesis of the race; while even in connection with other and older lands, when we turn to the men and events of 1627, we are surprised to find ourselves on what is in reality the threshold of mod-

ern history. We always think of America as the youngest of the family, and so indeed it is; and yet even America's years begin to accumulate. When the May-pole was set up at Merrymount, a quarter of a thousand years ago the coming 10th of May, the names of Hampden and Cromwell and Milton were as unknown to history as those of Franklin, Washington, and Jefferson. Lord Bacon had died the year before, and a striking illustration is supplied of the little progress which modern science then had made by the fact that he—the greatest, wisest of mankind—to the last hesitated to accept as true that theory of the heavens which Copernicus had expounded only a few years less than a full century before, and the exact laws of which Kepler and Galileo were but then divining. It was but nine years since Harvey had discovered the circulation of the blood. The first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays was almost the latest novelty in English literature; it had been published four years, and the author had been dead fourteen. For Paradise Lost the world had yet to wait for forty years. Guido and Rubens were in the zenith of their artist fame, but Rembrandt was still a young and unknown man. Ravaiillac had murdered Henry IV. seventeen years

before, and the memory of his deed was no less fresh in men's minds than that of Booth's is now. Buckingham was destined to fall by Felton's hand just one year later. Russia existed, but had not yet begun to live; and the exploits of Bethlen-Gabor filled the mind of Eastern Europe. Germany had been torn through eight only of her thirty years' religious war, and Captain Dalgetty's master, "the Lion of the North, the immortal Gustavus Adolphus," had not yet drawn his sword as the Protestant champion. His opponent Tilly was still in the full flush of victory, and four years later was to earn an immortal infamy in connection with the horrors of Magdeburg. In France, Richelieu, the Cardinal-Duke, had been three years in power, and Louis XIV. was not born until 1638. The recollections of St. Bartholomew still haunted the memories and consciences of survivors. Charles I. had been two years king of England; and his successor in the rule, Oliver Cromwell, was a clownish Huntingdon squire in his twenty-eighth year. Sir Walter Raleigh had gone to the block on Tower Hill in 1618; Sir Isaac Newton was not born until 1642.

In the midst of centennial memories names like these sound strangely remote. So far as America is concerned, they seem associated with a prehistoric past. Yet it was in that past, in the days of those men, that the events which are now to be described took place. It was while Richelieu governed, Gustavus fought, Rembrandt painted, Galileo pondered, and Milton wrote. The modern world was in its youth then, and the men who lived in it were filled with the spirit of its novelty.

Among the many who shared to a greater or less degree in this spirit of the day was a Captain Wollaston, who, in the summer of 1625, sailed into Boston bay in command of a vessel which there dropped its anchor. The country about those parts was even then not wholly uninhabited. The Indians, it is true, had some years before been nearly annihilated by a pestilence, and scarcely a cowed and slinking remnant of the once

powerful Massachusetts tribe lingered about their former homes. It is said there were not over thirty warriors left in the whole region about the bay. It was an absolute wilderness, but here and there — very few and very far between — were straggling Europeans, living alone on the sea-shore. The Pilgrims had been settled at Plymouth, twenty miles further south, for five years, and their little community numbered then some one hundred and eighty souls, dwelling in thirty-two houses, surrounded by a stockade about half a mile in compass. Where Boston now stands there lived a solitary, bookish recluse, William Blackstone by name, cultivating his garden and watching the growth of some apple-trees; while Thomas Walford, a blacksmith, was his nearest neighbor, dwelling in "an English palisadoed and thatched house," over at Charlestown. Either shortly before or immediately after Wollaston's arrival a Mr. John Maverick fixed his home at Noddle's Island, now East Boston, where for protection against the Indians he built himself a block-house, or stronghold of some sort, armed with four large guns, or "murderers." In this work he was aided by his neighbor, David Thomson, a Scotchman, who owned the peninsula of Squantum and the Farm-School island, which still bears his name. He, however, came a year later, in 1626, and was dwelling there in 1627 with his wife and infant son. In that part of the town of Weymouth then called Wessagusset and now known as "Old Spain," still lingered the remnants of an unsuccessful colony, which a Captain Robert Gorges had sought to plant there two years before, in 1623, but which he himself had soon abandoned. At Nantasket, "an uncoth place," there dwelt a few more straggling people; while across the bay, at Cape Ann, "a place more convenient for those that belong to the tribe of Zebulun than for those that chose to dwell in the tents of Issachar,"¹ tarried the outcasts from Plymouth, John Oldham, John Lyford, and Roger Conant. Two

¹ Dwellers on Cape Ann curious as to the significance of this scriptural allusion of the historian Hubbard are referred to Genesis xlix. 13, 15.

brothers by the name of Hilton were also established near where Portsmouth now stands, in New Hampshire; while on the Isles of Shoals and along the coast of Maine, there were transient stations to supply the needs of the fishing fleet, which with each returning spring visited the neighboring waters. In all, perhaps, some two hundred and fifty souls may have been scattered along the seven hundred miles of New England coast, most of them at Plymouth.

Among these Captain Wollaston made his appearance, one of a little company of adventurers, consisting of three or four men of some substance and thirty or forty servants, as they then were called, or persons who had sold their services for a term of years, and during that period occupied towards their employers the position of apprentices. Those in control of the enterprise had no object in view other than gain, and this they thought to secure by establishing a plantation, trading post, and fishing station on the shores of a region concerning the climate and resources of which, while no real knowledge existed, the vaguest and most fabulous stories had been told. Of Captain Wollaston almost nothing at all, not even his given name, is known. So far as New England history is concerned, he was a bird of passage; flitting out from an English obscurity, he rested for a brief space upon a hillock on the shore of Boston bay, giving to it his name as a memorial forever, and then forthwith disappeared into that oblivion from which he came. Among the Plymouth people he bore the reputation of being "a man of pretie parts" and of "some eminencie," and that is both the substance and the sum of all we know about him.

What could ever have induced visionaries and gentlemen adventurers like Gorges, Gardiner, Weston, and Wollaston to seek to establish themselves amid surroundings of a nature so very unpropitious is ever a subject of honest wonder to the New Englander of to-day. That their attempts one after another failed calls for no explanation, as a ready one suggests itself in a niggard soil and

an inclement winter. To face and overcome these required that dreary though admirable tenacity of purpose which religious fervor only supplies. In point of fact, however, there is a very simple way of accounting for those failures. Surprising as it now seems, the time was when New England also was accounted an unknown, earthly paradise, — a sort of garden of the Hesperides, even if it should not prove the veritable El Dorado. This time, it is true, was short, but it did exist; and it lasted from about 1610 to 1625. The idea had its origin with the early explorers, who saw nothing of New England's dark and repellent side. They did not come here when the rocks were covered with ice and the thin soil was seared and scarred by the winter's frost. They never saw that side of the picture; and the side they did see was pleasant enough. Their accounts, consequently, were of the most rose-colored and deceptive character; and from them one might yet well picture New England as a sort of nature's garden, in which perennial vineyards were circled by soft summer seas. Some of these descriptions are even now very pleasant reading. Not only Captain Robert Gorges, but Wollaston and even Weston had doubtless read, for instance, Captain John Smith's description of New England, which he published in 1616, six years before any of those named undertook personally to verify the accuracy of his account. Smith was here in the summer, and in July and August he explored the coast. Even more than those of most travelers, Smith's adventures lost nothing in the telling. He thus describes Boston bay, and under the glowing touch of the pen to which we owe that charming creation of American fable, the Princess Pocahontas *Mediatrix*, the stern reality is metamorphosed into this vision of delight:—

"And surely by reason of those sandy cliffs and cliffs of rocks, both which we saw so planted with gardens and corn fields, and so well inhabited with a goodly, strong, and well-proportioned people, besides the greatness of the timber growing on them, the greatness of the fish,

and the moderate temper of the air, who can but approve this a most excellent place, both for health and fertility? And of all the four parts of the world that I have yet seen, not inhabited, could I have but means to transport a colony, I would rather live here than anywhere. And if it did not maintain itself, were we but once indifferently well fitted, let us starve. . . .

"Here nature and liberty affords us that freely, which in England we want, or it costeth us dearly. What pleasure can be more than (being tired with any occasion ashore) in planting vines, fruits or herbs, in contriving their own grounds to the pleasure of their own minds, . . . to recreate themselves before their own doors in their own boats upon the sea, where man, woman and child, with a small hook and line, by angling, may take divers sorts of excellent fish at their pleasures? . . . And what sport doth yield a more pleasing content, and less hurt or charge than angling with a hook, and crossing the sweet air from isle to isle, over the silent streams of a calm sea? . . .

"For gentlemen, what exercise should more delight them, than ranging daily those unknown parts, using fowling and fishing for hunting and hawking? . . . For hunting, also, — the woods, lakes and rivers afford not only chase sufficient for any that delights in that kind of toil or pleasure, but such beasts to hunt, that besides the delicacy of their bodies for food, their skins are so rich as may well recompense thy daily labor with a captain's pay."

This and not the reality was what Gorges, Weston, and Wollaston expected to find when they came to Boston bay; and it is small matter for surprise if they were proportionally disappointed, and even abandoned their ventures when the unwelcome truth forced itself upon them. Both the Weston and Wollaston expeditions, also, were on the most approved plan, specially recommended by the early explorers, consisting of some thirty or forty men unincumbered by wives or families; with such they were assured they need "not fear, but to do more good

there in seven years than in England in twenty." Captain Christopher Levett, by the way, to whom this last assurance was due, was one of Captain Robert Gorges' body of assistants, under that official's brief governor-generalcy, and when giving his impressions of the country, he thus refers to Smith's glowing account, at the same time imparting an air of moderation to his own sufficiently flattering statement:—

"I will not do therein as some have done to my knowledge, speak more than is true; I will not tell you that you may smell the corn fields before you see the land; neither must men think that corn doth grow naturally (or on trees,) nor will the deer come when they are called, or stand still and look on a man until he shoot him, not knowing a man from a beast; nor the fish leap into the kettle, nor on the dry land, neither are they so plentiful, that you may dip them up in baskets, nor take cod in nets to make a voyage, which is no truer than that the fowls will present themselves to you with spits through them."

But besides these general descriptions of a land unoccupied and yet flowing with milk and honey, another account of the region of Massachusetts Bay, and perhaps the most glowing account of all, had privately reached Wollaston and his associates, and, doubtless, was the deciding motive of their venture. Of Thomas Morton it will remain to speak more at length presently; here it need only be said that he was one of Wollaston's company, and that he now came to New England not for the first time. Three years before he had passed a few months here, coming in June and returning to England in September, taking back with him a summer's impressions. He thus tells what those impressions were and what, doubtless, he led his companions to expect:—

"And when I had more seriously considered of the bewty of the place, with all her faire indowments, I did not thinke that in all the knowne world it could be paralel'd. For so many good groues of trees; dainty fine round rising hillucks: delicate faire large plaines, sweete cristall

fountaines, and cleare running streames, that twine in fine meanders through the meads, making so sweete a murmuring noise to heare, as would even lull the senses with delight a sleepe, so pleasantly doe, they glide upon the pebble stones, jetting most jocundly where they doe meete; and hand in hand runne downe to Neptunes Court, to pay the yearely tribute, which they owe to him as soveraigne Lord of all the springs, Contained within the volume of the Land, Fowles in abundance, Fish in multitude, and discovered besides; Millions of Turtledoves one the greene boughes: which sate pecking, of the full ripe pleasant grapes, that were supported by the lusty trees, whose fruitfull loades did cause the armes to bend, which here and there dispersed (you might see) Lillies and of the Daphnean-tree, which made the Land to mee seem paradise, for in mine eie, t' was Natures Master-peece: Her chiefest Magazine of, all where lives her store: if this Land be not rich, then is the whole world poore."

As he who thus described this paradise of "Lillies and of the Daphnean-tree" was of the party, it would seem to be fairly matter of inference that he guided it to Passonagessit, as what is now Mt. Wollaston was called in the Indian tongue. This lay within the present limits of the town of Quincy, directly across the marshes from Wessagusset, now Weymouth, and less than two miles away, being separated from the site of the Weston and Gorges plantation only by the Monaticquot River and the salt-water creeks and estuaries which indent that shore in all directions. There is reason for believing that Morton had taken part in Weston's unfortunate experiment at Wessagusset three years before. Now that he was returning, therefore, again to try his fortune in those parts, he naturally turned his steps to those pleasant places which he so vividly recalled as he first saw them in the bright freshness of a New England June, and as he left them in the mellow softness of its September. He found Wessagusset still occupied by the remnants of Gorges' company, who had now been

there nearly two years, so that he and his associates had necessarily to look elsewhere for an abiding place; Passonagessit was, moreover, in many respects, for the purposes of the adventurers, the better spot of the two. They came there to trade. While ranging the coast in his open boat, in 1614, Smith had "got for trifles near eleven hundred beaver-skins, one hundred martens, and near as many otters; and the most of them within the distance of twenty leagues." In Morton's mind, therefore, the plantation was a mere incident, in all probability, to the establishing a regular trade in peltries. A prominent position on the shore in unobstructed view of the entrance to the bay would be with him an important consideration. Wessagusset, however, though it had the deeper water and the more sheltered anchorage, was quite hidden from the sight of vessels making the harbor, and could be approached only by a long and devious channel. Passonagessit, on the contrary, lay full in view of the harbor's entrance, a gentle upland, swelling into a hill, at the mouth of a salt-water creek which emptied into a quiet tidal bay, just midway between two promontories a couple of miles apart; while beyond these lay an apparently connected succession of islands, among which the main channel to Boston harbor threaded a devious way. The disadvantage of the place was that, except when the tide was in, it could be approached only by boats; but there was excellent anchorage beyond, and, so far as planting was concerned, Passonagessit, lying as it did close to "the Massachusetts fields," had years before been selected for his residence by the Sachem Chickatabut, by whom it had been cleared of trees. Indeed, he had continued to live there until he abandoned it at the time of the great pestilence.

Hither Wollaston and his companions were guided by Thomas Morton. The part taken by this individual in the May-pole episode was so very prominent that everything which can be ascertained about him becomes of interest in connection with it. Unfortunately, it is not much. He seems to have been a man of strange,

inexplicable character and, probably, wholly devoid of principle. He was not unknown in the Plymouth colony, whose grave elders contemptuously spoke of him as "a petie-fogger of Furnivalls Inn." Of Morton's life before he came to America absolutely nothing can now be found out. He had certainly received a classical education of some sort; for, though he could not write English, throughout all the odd jumble of his composition he shows some familiarity with the more common Latin writers, amid an elaborate display of that pedantry then so much in vogue. An authority tells us that in England he had been an attorney in one of the western counties; while he subscribes himself as being "of Clifford's Inn, Gent.," which means, of course, a barrister in London. That he was not wholly without means is evident from the fact that he owned an interest in the Wollaston enterprise. He was a man of convivial temper, endowed with a good deal of wit and a very well-developed sense of the humorous; but that his moral character was decidedly loose is sufficiently apparent from his own book. He had, too, a strong, innate love of nature, and of every description of field sports; and, withal, he was a close observer, for his strange, incoherent, well-nigh unintelligible work, the *New English Canaan*, contains one of the best and closest descriptions of Indian life, traits, and customs which has come down to us. What, unless the love of adventure, ever originally brought him to America is not likely to be known. But when once he came here, he was never able to take himself off, nor could he even be driven away. He certainly, at first, seems to have had no connection with Gorges, nor is there reason to suppose that he belonged to any established company of adventurers. He appears, in fact, to have been a broken-down and probably disreputable London lawyer, with a Bohemian nature and without clients, who was not unfamiliar with that Alsatian life which Scott has depicted in his *Fortunes of Nigel*, and who must have felt much more at home when ranging the fields with hawk

or hound than while rummaging law-books. Indeed, he seems to have been an adept in the mysteries of falconry, having been bred, as he tells us, in the common use of hawks in England. Thomas Morton, probably, is the only man who in Massachusetts ever flew bird at quarry. In his description of the country he grows warm and almost lucid as he tells of its falcons and goshawks and lannerets, — of hoods, bells, and lures; and describes how, on his first coming, he caught a lanneret which he "reclaimed, trained, and made flying in a fortnight, the same being a passinger at *Michuelmas*." This man, born a sportsman, bred a lawyer, ingrained an adventurer, by some odd freak of destiny was flung up as a waif on the shores of Boston bay. Robust of frame, eager in the chase, fond of nature, it was not strange he liked the life. He was one of those whom the rugged, variable New England climate, with its brilliant skies, its bracing atmosphere, its rasping ocean winds, and its extremes of heat and cold does not kill; and such it is apt to exhilarate. So, not even a succession of winters passed on the bleak summit of his sea-side hill ever made Thomas Morton swerve from his belief that New England was "*Natures Master-peece*," without a parallel in all the world. He was clearly of one mind with the Rev. Francis Higginson of Salem, who did not hesitate to write, "*A sup of New-Englands Aire is better than a whole draught of old Englands Ale*."

The adventurers established themselves where they did simply because it seemed good to them to do so. They had neither charter nor grant of land, and seemed to trouble themselves little about questions of title. They built their house nearly on the centre of the level summit of the hill, in Quincy, still called *Mt. Wollaston*, commanding to the eastward the broad bay with its distant islets, while to the north and south it looked over wide marshes and intersecting creeks, interspersed with upland to *Shawmut* and *Wessagusset*. Toward the west alone was it connected with the higher ranges of the interior, which were

then still covered with their native forest growth.

The exact date of Wollaston's arrival is not known, but not improbably it was during the month of June. A season must have passed away while the party was engaged in the work of building a house and laying out a plantation, but this sufficed to convince Captain Wollaston that there was little profit to be hoped for out of that region. Accordingly, early in 1626, as would seem most likely, he determined to go elsewhere. Taking with him a number of the articulated servants, he set sail for Virginia, leaving one of his associates, a Mr. Rasdell, in charge of the plantation. If he did not find anything else in Virginia, Captain Wollaston at least found a ready market for his "hired help;" as he is said to have there sold the time of those he carried with him on terms wholly satisfactory to himself. Having accomplished this stroke of business, Wollaston sent back to Rasdell, directing him to turn over the government of the plantation to a Mr. Fitcher, and himself to bring on to Virginia another detachment of the servants, whom he disposed of as he had of those which he himself brought down. It was after Rasdell's departure, and while Fitcher was in charge, that Morton's presence at Mt. Wollaston began to make itself felt. The evident intention on the part of his associates of breaking up the enterprise in no way accorded with his views; unlike them, he was pleased with the country, and he seems to have felt satisfied that a longer residence in it could be made a source of profit as well as of enjoyment.

Meanwhile, supplies had begun to run short, and the general spirit of the settlement was not one of contentment. Taking advantage of these facts, Morton gradually instilled into the minds of the few who remained unsold a suspicion, for which doubtless there was very good foundation, that it would be their turn next to go to Virginia; and to suggest that if they would make him the chief of the little settlement, they might then all dwell together as equals, protecting one another, and deriving profit from

planting and from trade. The number of those left at the plantation was now reduced to nine, exclusive of Fitcher. All of these Morton won over to his views, and at last a species of mutiny broke out, as the result of which poor Mr. Fitcher was fairly put out-of-doors and compelled to ask food and shelter among the straggling settlers in the vicinity. Then began an episode so curious that it would be difficult to conceive one more so in connection with New England history, — one the bizarre effect of which it is not easy to describe. Certainly, no dram-shop in the midst of a conventicle, no billiard-room or bowling-alley in the basement of a Calvinistic meeting-house, could have seemed more out of place, more incongruous in its surroundings, than did the roistering Morton and his reckless crew among the devout, severe generation which had sought a home on that bleak and desolate coast.

Morton had two very distinct ends in view: one was enjoyment, the other profit. And he was equally reckless in his methods as regarded each. He delighted in wandering, fowling-piece in hand, over all the neighboring hills, or sailing in his boat on the bay. With the Indians he was evidently the most popular of Englishmen, for not only did they act as his huntsmen and guides, but they participated in his revels, — and not the men alone but the women also; for one of the principal allegations subsequently made against him referred to the very anomalous relations existing between himself and his followers and the neighboring squaws.

After the fashion of the period he was something of a scribbler of verses as well as a sportsman, and he had a decided partiality for those outdoor amusements which causes the England of those days to be referred to in ours with the pleasant prefix of "merrie." Accordingly, Mt. Wollaston soon ceased to be known as such, and became instead *Mare Mount*, in which name lay concealed a play upon words of some significance; for whereas *Merry Mount* was a name well calculated to stir the Puritan wrath and to be alleged against the settlement as indicative

of the evil practices there in vogue, yet Mare Mount, if the name were so pronounced and spelt, was simply an appropriate and characteristic display of Latinity. Having decided upon this name, it only remained for Morton to confirm it by suitable ceremonies as a memorial. As May-day of the year 1627 approached great preparations were on foot at Mt. Wollaston, — a pole was to be reared, with merriment and revels after the old English wont. Of what took place on this occasion we know through the account left us by Morton, — himself the arch reveler or Lord of Misrule, — and whether it be strictly accurate in all respects or not, that account lacks neither minuteness nor picturesque effect. They were not an abstemious set, those first residents in Quiney, and amidst the cheer gotten ready for all comers against the great occasion, a barrel of strong beer and a liberal supply of bottles containing yet stronger fluids are especially mentioned. The May-pole itself consisted of a pine-tree eighty feet in length, wreathed with garlands and made gay with ribbons, while near its top were nailed the spreading antlers of a buck. When at last the holiday came, this pole was dragged to the summit of the mount amid the noise of drums and the discharge

of fire-arms, and there firmly planted, the savages lending a willing aid in the work. A poem suited to the occasion had been prepared beforehand by Morton, a copy of which was now affixed to the pole. Of it the author says that "it being Enigmatically composed pussed the Separatists most pittifully to expound it," nor has time cast any new light upon its meaning. Bradford says that these "rimes" affixed to this "idle or idoll May-polle" tended "to y^e detraction & scandall of some persons," but whom he does not specify, and Morton denied the imputation. In any event, with the exception of the two last lines, in which the first of May is proclaimed a holiday at Mare Mount, this earliest recorded effusion of the American muse is as unintelligible as it is inharmonious.¹

Such as it was, however, it was ready, and no sooner did the May-pole stand erect than it was fastened to it, and then the revels and the merriment began.

As they danced and circled around the antlered and garlanded pine one of the company kept filling the cups of his companions, and as he did so he sang yet another song of Morton's composition, of a highly bacchanalian character, while from time to time the rest of the rout joined in the chorus.² These verses Brad-

¹ THE POEM.

Rise Oedipeus, and if thou canst unfold,
What meanes Caribdis underneath the mould,
When Scilla solitary on the ground,
(Sitting in forme of Niobe) was found;
Till Amphitrites Darling did acquaint,
Grim Neptune with the Tenor of her plaint,
And causd him send forth Triton with the
sound,
Of Trumpet lowd, at which the Seas were
found,
So full of Protean formes, that the bold shore,
Presented Scilla a new parramore,
So stronge as Sampson and so patient,
As Job himselfe, directed thus, by fate,
To comfort Scilla so unfortunate.
I doe professe by Cupids beautious mother,
Heres Scogans choise for Scilla, and none
other;
Though Scilla's sick with greife because no
signe,
Can there be found of vertue masculine.
Esculapius come, I know right well,
His laboure's lost when you may ring her
Knell,
The fatal sisters doome none can withstand,
Nor Cithareas powre, who poynts to land,
With proclamation that the first of May,
At Ma-re Mount shall be kept hollyday.

² THE SONGE.

Drinke and be merry, merry, merry boyes,
Let all your delight be in Hymens ioyes,
Jô to Hymen now the day is come,
About the merry Maypole take a Roome.
Make greene garlons, bring bottles out;
And fill sweet Nectar, freely about,
Vncover thy head, and feare no harme,
For hers good liquor to keepe it warme.
Then drinke and be merry, &c.
Iô to Hymen, &c.
Nectar is a thing assign'd,
By the Deities owne minde,
To cure the hart opprest with greife,
And of good liquors is the chiefe,
Then drinke, &c.
Iô to Hymen, &c.
Give to the Mellancolly man,
A cup or two of't now and than;
This physick will soone revive his bloud,
And make him be of a merrier moode.
Then drinke, &c.
Iô to Hymen, &c.
Give to the Nympe thats free from scorne,
No Irish; stuff nor Scotch over worne,
Lasses in beaver coats come away,
Yee shall be welcome to us night and day.
To drinke and be merry, &c.
Jô to Hymen, &c.

ford apparently looked upon as "tending to lasciviousness," but, though rather more intelligible, they were hardly more harmonious or better worth preserving than the others. Thomas Morton may have been a "petie-fogger," but he certainly was not a poet. In the case of the "Songe," however, one line at least, in which reference is made to "lasses in beaver coats," has some significance, as throwing a gleam of light on the composition of the choice company which circled round the May-pole.

It has already been stated at the commencement of this narrative that, allowing for the difference between the old and new styles, May-day in the year 1627 fell upon what is now the 10th of the month, which renders it a little less improbable that it in some respects resembled the sweet English anniversary whose observances it was thus sought to transplant. The episode, however, breaks out like a single fitful gleam of sickly sunlight amid the leaden gloom of our early New England annals, exciting a sense of warmth, cheerfulness, and sympathy. That the Puritan ancestry of Massachusetts were a remarkable race, possessing qualities which inspired fear and awe in their presence, and command the deepest respect and admiration when studied from a distance, no one will deny. But they were not attractive; between us and them two centuries and a half of interval is none too much. And in no respect was the unattractive side of the Puritan character more clearly brought into view than in their sour, narrow-minded dislike of innocent and joyous relaxation. Before the May-day at Merrymount, there is a record of but a single attempt to introduce into New England the pleasant festivities of the motherland, — one single attempt, the result of which was wofully unpropitious. The incident is familiar enough, but it will bear to be repeated in this connection. It took place at Plymouth in December, 1621. Just as the first year of the little colony was drawing to a close there arrived a small ship bringing some thirty-five immigrants. They were not Puritans, but they were all landed, and dis-

posed of into the several families. Presently Christmas day came round. It hardly needs to be said that of all days in the year Christmas is most associated in the English mind with sentiments of kindness and good-will to men; it is the day of feasting, games, and jollity. On this Christmas morning at Plymouth, however, the governor arose and, as was the custom on other days, called the men together to go out to work. Most of the new-comers, liking not the innovation, excused themselves on the ground of conscientious scruples against it. The governor, in his own quaint language, carrying in it still the echoes of a grim chuckle, thus goes on to tell of the ready wit with which he discomfited the revelers. They had alleged conscientious scruples against manual labor on Christmas day, and "so y^e Gov^r tould them that if they made it mater of conscience, he would spare them till they were better informed. So he led away y^e rest and left them; but when they came home at noone from their worke, he found them in y^e streete at play, openly; some pitching y^e barr, & some at stoole-ball, and shuch like sports. So he went to them, and tooke away their implements, and tould them that was against his conscience, that they should play & others worke. If they made y^e keeping of it mater of devotion, let them kepe their houses, but ther should be no gameing or revelling in y^e streets. Since which time nothing hath been attempted that way, at least openly."

But suddenly, just when the psalm was supposed to have finally drowned the stave through all those parts, from close at hand Morton's noisy chorus broke in like a protest of human nature against the attempted suppression of its more attractive half. When its echoes reached Plymouth, language in which adequately to express their horror at such doings wholly failed the people there, and they were forced to have recourse to pagan times to find a parallel for them. "They allso set up a May-pole," wrote Governor Bradford, "drinking and dancing aboute it many days togeather, inviting the Indian women, for their consorts, dancing and frisking together, (like so many

fairies, or furies rather,) and worse practices. As if they had anew revived & celebrated the feasts of y^e Roman Goddes Flora, or y^e beasly practises of y^e madd Bacchinalians." There was something very dramatic about the situation. On the one hand the sombre Puritan settlement, and on the other, close beside it, the rollicking trading post, with the solitary vastness encompassing both. Indeed, it seems almost strange at this distance of time that men should have been found daring enough to break the awe of that primeval silence by vulgar revels about a May-pole planted on their gravel ridge between the ocean and the wilderness, — an ocean rarely whitened by a sail, and a wilderness unbroken, save at Merrymount and at Plymouth, from the St. Lawrence to the Hudson; and Plymouth was scandalized beyond expression by the goings on at Merrymount.

Altogether the settlement at Merrymount lasted about five years, from the summer of 1625 to that of 1630; and during two years of this time, in 1627-28, it was that Morton traded with the Indians and curiously observed the country, its products, and its inhabitants, as well as conducted its revels. He wrote his book, which he called the *New English Canaan*, at a later period, probably after the year 1630, and in it he gave in his own way the results of his observation and experience. He divided it into three parts, the first of which treats of the natives, their manners and customs, the second of the country and its products, while the last and most bulky of the three deals in a confused, metaphorical, hardly intelligible way, half narrative and half satire, with the Massachusetts and Plymouth settlements.

In his observations on the savages there is a great deal which is of positive value, though at times he indulges in inferences and generalizations which would scarcely bear the test of modern historical criticism. Yet these passages are hardly more absurd than much which is to be found in the writings of the recognized historians of that time and even later. His explanation of the origin of the Indian race, for instance, reads like a

very clever satire on all the historians of the old or credulous school, and even on those modern scripturalists who still insist on tracing the descent of the different races of men from the several sons of Noah. "It may perhaps be granted that the Natives of this Country might originally come of the scattred Trojans: For after that Brutus, who was the forth from Aneas, left Latium upon the conflict had with the Latines . . . this people were dispersed there is no question. . . . And when Brutus did depart from Latium, we doe not find that his whole number went with him at once, or arrived at one place; and being put to Sea might encounter with a storme, that would carry them out of sight of Land, and then they might sayle God knoweth whither, and so might be put upon this Coast, as well as any other . . . now I am bold to conclude that the originall of the Natives of New England may be well conjectured to be from the scattered Trojans, after such time as Brutus departed from Latium."

Having thus provided the natives with an ancestry, he presently accounts for the color of their skin in this wise: "Their infants are borne with haire on their heads; and are of complexion white as our nation, but their mothers in their infancy make a bath of Walnut leaves, husks of Walnuts, and such things as will staine their skinne for ever, wherein they dip and washe them to make them tawny." . . . And finally he closes what he has to say of them by remarking that they are "to be commended for leading a contented life, the younger being ruled by the Elder and the elder ruled by the Powahs, and the Powahs are ruled by the Devill, and then you may imagin what good rule is like to be amongst them."

When dealing with the country and its products, Morton, after the fashion of his time, indulged freely in the traveler's license, and some of his exaggerations are very humorous. For instance, when speaking of the excellent game with which New England then abounded, he exclaims, "Turkies there are, which divers times in great flocks have sallied by our doores; and then a gunne (being

commonly in a redinesse) salutes them with such a courtesie, as makes them take a turne in the Cooke room. They daunce by the doore so well. Of these there hath bin killed, that have weighed forty eight pound a peece.' Nor, Captain Levett's authority to the contrary notwithstanding, did the turkeys alone among the wild animals of savage New England come up to the settlers' doors to be shot. The bear was equally obliging. According to Morton: "The Beare is a tyrant at a Lobster, and at low water will downe to the Rocks, and groape after them with great diligence. Hee will runne away from a man as fast as a litle dogge. If a couple of Salvages chaunce to espie him at his banquet, his running away, will not serve his turne, for they will coate him, and chase him betweene them home to theire howses, where they kill him, to save a laboure in carrying him farre." This trait in the beaver, also, does not seem to have been observed by the naturalists, that he conveys food and wood "to his howse built on the water, wherein he sitts with his tayle hanging in the water, which else would over heate and rot off." As respects rats, Morton makes the astounding statement that "the Country by Nature is troubled with none;" while of the rattlesnake he says, it "is no lesse hurtfull than the Adder of England, nor no more. I have had my dogge venomed with troubling one of these; and so swelled, that I had thought it would have bin his death: but with one Saucer of Salet oyle poured downe his throate, he has recovered, and the swelling asswaged by the next day. The like experiment hath bin made upon a boy, that hath by chaunce troad upon one of these, and the boy never the worse. Therefore it is simplicity in any one that shall tell a bug beare tale of horrible, or

terrible Serpents that are in that land." Nothing, however, can be more natural or prettier than the following description of a familiar bird which has now delighted many generations of New Englanders: "There is a curious bird to see to, called a hunning bird, no bigger than a great Beetle; that out of question lives upon the Bee, which he eateth and catcheth amongst Flowers: For it is his Custome to frequent those places, Flowers he cannot feed upon by reason of his sharp bill, which is like the poynt of a Spannish needle, but shorte. His fethers have a glasse like silke, and as hee stirres, they shew to be of a chaingable coloure: and has bin, and is admired for shape coloure, and size."

In reading the New English Canaan it is very curious to notice how old the names of the islands and localities are, in and about Boston bay. Morton speaks, for instance, of going over in his canoe to shoot ducks at Nut Island; and again he refers to Pettick's Island as being so called "in memory of Leonard Peddock that landed there." Yet Nut Island is one of the smallest of the many small islands in the bay, and of Leonard Peddock not even a tradition remains. The fact that the pretty promontory of Squantum, also, was already as early as 1627 known by that name is apparent from Morton's book. It has since then been somewhat notorious for the houses of call on its rocky shores, which have not at all times been too particular as to the quality of the "intoxicants" they have supplied to their patrons. It was, therefore, in an almost prophetic spirit that Morton wrote "neere Squantos Chappell (a place so by us called) is a Fountaine, that causeth a dead sleepe for 48. howres, to those that drinke 24. ounces at a draught, and so proportionably."

Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

SPRING MIRACLES.

WHEN the icy heart of nature yearns
Faintly in its wintry stupor deep,
And the prescient Earth, half conscious, turns
Sunward, smiling in her frozen sleep, —

How do dull-brown tubers, which have lain
In their darksome prison heaped away,
Know that Spring entreats the world again,
And begin their struggle toward the day?

No spring light has touched them where they lay,
No spring warmth has reached them in their tomb,
Yet they sprout and yearn and reach away
Toward the distant goal of life and bloom.

Planted in the self-same garden bed,
Nourished by the self-same rain and light,
Whence do roses draw their glowing red?
Whence the lily cups their shining white?

Whence does the refulgent marigold
Gain the gilding for her yellow globes?
Where do pansies find, amid the mold,
Purple hues to prank their velvet robes?

How do sweet-peas plume their wings with pink,
Lavender, and crimson rich and strong?
Nature gives them one and all to drink
Limpid crystal, colorless as air.

Little gardener, with your golden locks
Bright with sunshine or uncurled with dew,
Musing there among your pinks and phlox,
Finding always something strange or new, —

Trust me, child, the wisest, strongest brain,
Cobwebbed with much learning though it be,
Querying thus, must query all in vain,
Pausing foiled at last, like you or me.

Sages ponder on the mysteries
Hidden close in petal, root, and stem;
Nature yields more questions than replies, —
Babes may ask, but who can answer them?

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

ON SAND ISLAND.

THE island itself is only one mile long, while in width it is always more or less, the ocean giving it new measure storm by storm and tide by tide.

On the island are two houses, the one with its face to the southwest, the other looking toward the east, and occupying positions as far, the one from the other, as the limits of sand permit. A ridge of rocks rises from the sea near either house, suggesting the possibility of the building site having been chosen with reference to something firm. All else on the island is sand and its belongings. Between the two houses, in very high storms, the ocean on the north shakes hands with the ocean on the south, gripping the sands in their grinding palms, and giving small promise of letting go while a grain remains to be shaken.

In one of the two houses lived, sixteen months ago, John Ware and his wife Nancy. In the other house lived Dick Dixon, his wife, and their children.

A little more than sixteen months ago, one afternoon in May, John Ware and his wife left the main-land in a small row-boat to go and look at the house on the southwest of the island.

"We'll live here this summer," said John, after they had looked at the one-roomed dwelling, "because it will be so handy to run my boat in at night; and then by the fall we'll have money enough to go and live like folks."

"I wonder why the windows are only on one side of the house," said Nancy. "To see the land, one must go out-doors."

"I s'pose 't was a queer old fellow that built it; like as not he did n't want to see the land, nohow," said John; and he said no more.

The next week, early in June, they moved. The day after the moving, John Ware sailed his boat, the Silver Thistle, up and down the coast after the fishing yacht Menhaden, in search of bony fish. In the afternoon sixty thousand fish were

caught in the seine and put into the carry-away, which was John's boat.

It was near evening when, with a small lad to give him aid, he turned the Silver Thistle toward the main-land. On a point that stretched down oceanward a full mile stood a mill for the making of fish oil. When near the place, John gave a signal from a horn to announce his approach. The fish were hoisted from the boat into a car, and drawn up the bit of wooden railway into the dark entrance to the great mill, where millions of fish disappeared, and from whence came thousands of gallons of oil.

John Ware's share of that sixty thousand fish was eight dollars. He went home with the good news. Nancy was waiting for him on the sands. "Eight dollars a day!" he said, boyishly. "Why, Nan, we'll be able to live *quite* like folks by fall, at this rate."

"I'm so glad," she said; "but there will be rainy days, and days when it blows too hard for you to go fishing, and my eight-dollar days will come *then*."

"Lonely a'ready, hey?" with gentle commiseration in his voice.

"It makes a long day with not a soul to speak to. Now that you have come, don't let's talk about it," she said.

"I'm going to the main after I've had my supper, Nan; but the twilight is long, and I'll be back afore it's gone."

"I'll go in the boat with you."

He hesitated in speaking, as he answered, "I'm sorry, Nan, but I'm going in the dingy to-night, and I've something to fetch back; there won't be room for you."

She was silent and grieved, and let him depart without going down the sand to see him off; but after he had gone she watched the boat as long as she could see its dim outline, as long as she could discern a dark speck in the distance.

The twilight lingered long that night, but it had been gone two hours when Nan heard a low cry. She listened a mo-

ment, then opened the door, and a white kitten rubbed itself in and purred about her feet.

Had it been a wild Indian, it would not have surprised her more. Outside, the wind was moving the ocean in an uncertain, desultory way; now a whiff from the south, then a puff from the west, and then a "dying away," to be followed by a brisk bit of air out of the north.

Nan took the kitten in her arms; she stroked it as she sat listening and wondering how the cat came to be there. Then she arose and went outside to keep her watch. The heavens above seemed very near to the low roof as she went, thinking, "It will be a rough sea soon, and John ought to be here before the wind blows much harder."

From what seemed to be a cloud, lying to the north and west, rays of flashing light went up toward the zenith. They lit up the troubled sea with a weird light, and made the very sands of the island instinct with strange life.

"I'm glad there's northern lights; 't will help him home," she thought, and went down near the shore, the kitten in her arms. As she went, she saw something that made her draw breath quickly. It was her husband, and he was rolling up the sands a barrel of flour.

Laughing half at the momentary fear that held her, as she knew who it was, and half at the relief she felt in learning why he had not taken her with him in the boat, she dropped the kitten and ran to help him.

"I thought I'd fetch something home for you to speak to when I'm away," he said; "and even a kitten is better than nothing."

"A whole barrel of flour!" said Nan in surprise.

"Yes; why not? You set me a-thinking to-night about storms and so on, and I just made up my mind to have it on hand while the weather was just right. It isn't every night I'd feel willing to row over with a barrel of flour in that mite of a boat."

"I wish you had told me, John, what you were going for," she said, stooping to aid in rolling the barrel up the sands.

"I wanted to surprise you, Nan," was all that he said.

And that little "difference" was the only cloud that came into the fair sky of John and his wife that summer.

Every morning John Ware went to his work on the ocean; every day Nan worked and waited, and now and then walked across the island to visit her neighbors, taking care to choose a time for her visiting when the tide should be low, for the sands were wet at high water.

Pleasure parties went sailing past her, sometimes, as she sat alone in her doorway, but there was nothing to tempt any one of them to land on the island. There was only sun and sand and a bit of a weather-brown house.

Nan gave the white kitten a name. She called it Comfort. It did comfort her, for it winked and mewed and purred in reply to the words and the fish she gave it.

John Ware worked hard, was happy, and did prosper amazingly. "A good load to-day, and I'll have my two hundred clear to keep us this winter," he said one morning, as he stepped into his small boat and pushed off to the Silver Thistle. He ran up the sail, looking at his wife as he made it fast. Nan had Comfort in her arms.

A breeze, with September in its every breath, blew down from the main-land. Mad little white caps chased each other far out to sea. The Silver Thistle danced on the short waves while the sail filled, and then the boat shot steadily away before the wind.

The fishing season was nearly over in that region, which was exposed to the full force of ocean waves, and the small boats were not built to weather heavy storms. Nan shivered as she turned away. "It's cold, Comfort," she said, "and we love warmth, don't we?"

Comfort purred, and lay still in her arms as she went in toward the house.

It was Monday. Nan began to wash, wishing that she had a larger pile of clothes than lay in the corner; the day would be so long and the September twilight would come so early. When she

went outside to fasten up the clothes-line, she saw the Silver Thistle, a distant speck of white, following the yacht Menhaden down the coast.

The wind was blowing harder and faster; the sand began to flutter in little rows across the island, and Nan's clothes "whipped" so on the line that she took them down shortly after she put them up. "If 't was only from the other way the wind blew, I'd get one of *my* eight-dollar days," she thought, "for 't would send the boats scudding in."

As the day deepened into noon, the wind suddenly veered. Presently the short seas changed to a long roll, then quickened and grew into breakers that boomed along the sands. Nan got down the spy-glass and looked across the ocean. Once she saw, or thought she saw, the Silver Thistle in the distance. "It's him," she said, "coming in at last! I see the patch that I put in, after the Menhaden's boom ran through the sail." Then she hastened to get all signs of suds and tubs out of sight, to make the one-roomed house look tidy for its master's coming.

Nan had been a mill girl from her very early childhood. She knew nothing of home until she had part and lot in this one. She was very grateful for it; gratitude, in her nature, arose to a height that love could not reach. Every moment the wind increased and the breakers grew. Nan made biscuit for tea, thinking, as she took the flour from the barrel, of the night when it came home, and how she had laughed at John the next morning for supposing they two would stay on the island long enough to eat a barrel of flour. "Why, it's two thirds gone a'ready, but the sea makes hungry," was the thought with which she opened the door of the oven in the stove and quickly thrust her pan of biscuit in.

"Now, I'll take another look out," she said. Comfort lay in John's easy-chair and blinked lazily as her mistress spoke. Nan put her eye to the glass, but, seeing nothing, rubbed the glass with her apron and looked again. A ship was sailing away on the distant horizon; only

one! She scanned every mile that lay within sight. Then she thought that she must have been much longer than usual making the biscuit, and that the Silver Thistle had sailed around to the upper side of the island. She laughed softly as she remembered how simple she had been to suppose that John *could* anchor his boat on that side in such a blow. Nan was sorry and a good deal out of patience that the house had been built with all its windows (there were but two) on one side. She wanted to watch for her husband to come across the eddying sands, and it blew too hard to go out and wait. An hour went by. The biscuit had baked and browned and been taken from the oven. Supper was ready, but John was not come. Clouds had gathered. It was growing near to night.

Nan had run round the corner a dozen times within that hour, but had seen only the ridges of sand shifting and blowing and rising behind the house to a height that prevented sight of the coastline on the north.

"I must go up where I can see," she said, at last; never doubting for an instant but that, her battle through, the wind would yield to her vision the Silver Thistle at anchor, and her husband, somewhere.

Her feet sank in the sands; the wind swept her on with a force that bent her strong young figure. Two or three times she fell, tangled in the dense undergrowth that the sea had swept in. Half blinded by the blowing of her hair in her face, she reached the crest of the island and looked across the wide space that lay between it and the main-land. She could discern masts rocking in the distant harbor, but no trace of any boat, or sail, or man, nearer than the town up the coast.

"He's gone in, for fear of his boat," she thought, "and I must stay alone to-night. I'll hurry home before it gets dark;" and she faced the wind. It took away her breath and made her gasp and turn again to catch it. Boom! boom! boom! The breakers ran up the sands as she reached her door.

Comfort got up and yawned, and turning around three times lay down again as Nan went in.

"Pussy, pussy, my little comfort you are, to-night! Let me sit down!" she said, gathering up the furry creature and taking its place in the chair. The supper was cold when she ate of it, and she thought how lonely John would be, for he had grown to be a home-man that summer.

All that September night the waves tore in upon the sands of the island. Once or twice Nan, lying in her bed, felt a qualm like seasickness, as the poor little dwelling trembled with the force of the wind. "God bless the poor fellows on the sea to - night," murmured the woman, repeating the words over and over again with a vague feeling that men must be upon the ocean somewhere that night, and that they would need divine aid and friendliness. She quite forgot to pray for herself or for her husband, safe upon the firm main-land. Toward morning the wind lessened and the ocean lost its highest waves. As soon as the day dawned, the staunchest boat in the harbor up the coast put out to sea.

John Ware had, just before the wind changed on the previous day, taken into the Silver Thistle twenty thousand white fish. The lad who usually went with him was suffering from toothache. John was a good seaman; his load was light, and everything seemed fair for a good run to the factory; therefore the boy was left in the cabin of the Menhaden, and he started for the shore alone.

Darkness had fallen, and yet the fish had not been landed at the mill, and the Silver Thistle was not in the harbor. The men of the fishing gang to which John Ware belonged were in that staunch boat on their way to look for him.

"It's no use to look there," one said, with a nod of the head as they passed by the island.

"No, poor thing! She will know soon enough! Let her sleep while she may," said another. But Nan was on the rocks when the day came. She had gone up the few feet of sand to the height of the island and seen the boat put out. Know-

ing that it would pass the point of rocks, she was waiting there to hail it as the men went by.

Either they did not see her, or seeing her did not respond to the signal she gave. So she learned nothing of the Silver Thistle that morning.

At noonday Nan grew very restless; a vague feeling that something was wrong crept over her, holding every motive to life in check.

The sea could not answer her question. The Menhaden had not gone out as usual; for it she had kept steadfast watch. In her desire to speak to some one of the fear that bound her, she left her home and toiled through the sand to the house on the eastern end of the island. She found no one at home except two of the younger children. Their father and mother had "gone to the main," they said, "before it got so rough the day before, and they two had been alone all night." The children were so happy to see her, and were evidently so reluctant to stay alone, that Nan took them with her when she went back. As she drew near, the boat that had gone out at day-break was sailing in toward the island.

The inevitable had come. With words that could not be misunderstood, the rough fishermen told the woman that her husband was lost. Nan could not receive the meaning of this thing that had come to her. She put forth all the resistance of a strong nature against a fact that could not be proved.

"Have you found the Silver Thistle?" she cried. "Till you find that empty, I will not believe you."

Poor soul! She seemed to feel that these men were active in forcing sorrow upon her, a sorrow that she could only drink in slowly. Nan was like the earth when it has been drying many days under the strong light and heat of the sun, and a sharp rain-fall descends with violence upon it. Her spirit shook off sorrow as the parched earth shakes off the rain.

"Well for her! Well for her that she will not believe all at once," said the fishermen, as they turned away from the island and went landward.

In a few days the place of the Silver Thistle was occupied by another boat, and at the end of September boats and men went southward, whither the fish had gone.

When Mrs. Ware went to the mill owner for money, she was told that her husband had, the day before he was lost, received all the money due to him. Nan doubted the statement, because John had always told her every particular relating to his money affairs, running to her as gleefully as a boy after a day of good luck on the sea, to tell her all about it.

With her sorrow and her doubt of the truth of the mill owner's statement and her poverty, Nan still stayed in the place that had been her home. She was waiting for something to happen,—for some proof that her husband was lost. For such indication she watched through all the bright October. With every tide that rose by day she walked up and down on the sands, gathering drift-wood for her fire, but always looking for fragments of wreck from the farther shore.

Dick Dixon and his wife were kind to Nan in their way, but their way was for her to leave the house and go somewhere on the land; back to the cotton-mill, perhaps, where Nan had earned her bread before she came to her home. They urged this vehemently; they warned her that it would be in winter, and was even already, unsafe to remain there alone.

Nan listened to them with quiet patience, and thanked them, but remained in her one-roomed house at night, haunting the shore by day, until November came. The flour in the barrel was getting low; that with the fish she caught from the ledge of rock was the only food she had for Comfort and herself.

It was growing cold. The winds cut fiercely at times, as poor Nan gathered drift-wood, scanning with breathless interest each fragment; she was so certain that she should know if anything came in from the Silver Thistle or the small boat.

One day in November, Mrs. Dixon appeared at Mrs. Ware's cottage just as the latter was at her dinner; that dinner consisted of bread and salt-fish.

"Next week Thursday will be Thanksgiving," said Mrs. Dixon (after having spent at least half an hour in urging Nan to leave the island), "and I should like to have you come over and spend it with us."

Nan promised to go if the weather were clear. When the Thursday came, it was clear with a high wind, after the usual style of that day in November; and Nan went, Comfort following her and shivering in the sharp blast that sent the sands into the air.

"It's wicked!" said Nan, as the fisherman and his family were gathered about the dinner table.

"What is it that's so wicked?" asked Mr. Dixon, as Mrs. Ware stood hesitatingly beside her chair, after all were seated.

"For me to sit down, when it is n't Thanksgiving with me. I'm not thankful! Tell me what I've got to be thankful for!"

"For this dinner. Come! I know you are hungry," said Mr. Dixon.

"For this dinner I *am* thankful," said the poor woman.

Nan did not tell them that she was living on the smallest allowance of bread, and had been for a week, that she might watch for some token from the sea as many days as possible. She did not betray her hunger, although it was excessive, but she did eat with gratitude. She ate and rose up to go to her own place. In vain they urged her to stay over night.

"Something might wash up, and I not be there," said Nan. "No! I *must* go."

Comfort crept out to follow her home, but Nan, with a catch in her breath, put her back; she shut the kitten in and went onward. This woman had shared her bread with the kitten. Soon one or the other must go without food. Secretly, it was more for Comfort's sake than her own that Nan had accepted the invitation to that dinner.

Dick Dixon, following with his eyes the bleak figure toiling in the wind up the sands, said to his wife, "She'll die of cold and starvation."

And she said, in reply, "You must go

to-morrow, Dick, to the town, and see about it."

"It shall not be my fault, if she stays there another week," he promised, "for I will report the case to-morrow."

While they talked, Nan was going farther and farther over the sands, until at last her figure crossed the height and went down out of sight on the other side. Nan was thinking as she went. She knew as well as they could know that she must go away somewhere before the snow should fall and the breakers come in edged with ice.

The wind was biting cold; the sun had put out from under the clouds a hard, yellow, metallic face that gleamed coldly into hers as she drew near home. Suddenly Nan threw out her arms from her shawl (she had walked with them tightly folded in it); she lifted them up above her head, exclaiming, "I will! I will be thankful. I will keep Thanksgiving, if only thou wilt send to me some sure thing to tell me he is gone." Nan turned her eyes from the sky above to the ocean that was spread out southward and westward as far as human sight could reach. "Cold, awful, cruel sea! terrible sea!" she cried, her full lips trembling with emotion and the chill quivering in the air.

She went into her little house. It was more lonely than ever. She missed Comfort with her accustomed furry rub against her feet; but she tried to think only of the warmth and food the kitten was certain to have in the other house. She made haste to light the fire, that she might go on her daily quest to the shore. The sun was sinking below the far-away sea line when Nan went out, hurrying, as fast as she could go, up the sands and down again. She gathered much drift and threw it back, as she caught it up, where the tide would not sweep it out again, for she felt a coming storm in all the air, and knew that she might need the wood sorely. Now and then a bit of plank or broken spar was driven deep into the sand, and she pulled many times before getting it free. Her lonely round was over at last, and it was time to go to yonder solitary dwelling.

She had ceased to watch ocean or shore. Neither the one nor the other gave answer to her faithful seeking; and yet she did so long, with all her heart, to keep Thanksgiving that night.

When near home she stooped to gather up an armful of wood to keep her little blaze in life awhile longer. When her arm was nearly filled, her hand, outstretched to reach another stick, touched something that was not wood, nor yet was it rock or earth.

Presently she had drawn from under the sand a large piece of old sail-cloth. She dropped her store of fire-wood and dragged the portion she had found houseward to examine it more closely by the light of the fire. Was it by this that she should gain her Thanksgiving? At last the trophy was drawn in and the door shut against the wind, and the two candles (all she had) were lighted.

With almost reverent hands, Nan unfolded the sail and spread it upon the floor. Near the corner, by the boom, there was a patch. Nan shrieked when she saw it; it was so like the one she had put into the sail of the Silver Thistle. She examined it almost stitch by stitch and thread by thread, and found the very place where she had put in black linen because the white was used up.

At last she cried out, "It is! it is! I do believe that John Ware is drowned! Now I will go and — and" — but Nan's future was very dark. The blackness of it shut down before her like a pall. She knew then how much easier it had been to wait and not believe, than it would be to believe and go — whither? And yet, had she not promised to keep Thanksgiving? Heaven, by its agents, had already prepared the answer to her prayer and guided her hand to its finding; should she not keep her promise?

She kneeled down before John's easy-chair to speak the words that came so slowly back, in responding emotions, from her heart. Burying her face in the cushion, she began to think out her prayer.

Nan was conscientious. She feared to speak words she did not mean, and so she must think about it all.

At last she prayed, "Help me to be thankful! I am, and I am not. Oh, help me!"

The drift-wood kindled and shot a ruddy glow out through the chinks in the stove, and the lines of rosy light flickered across the woman's face as she turned it on the cushion; for she had let the candles burn only while she examined the piece of sail-cloth.

It had grown quite dark out-of-doors when, suddenly, Nan felt that she was not alone. John Ware, her husband, stood in the cabin door, and she rushed up to give him welcome, crying out, "I was trying to keep Thanksgiving, John, because I thought you dead. 'T was a bitter thanksgiving."

And he, with his dear, strong voice, told her how the Silver Thistle had all in a moment capsized and gone down, almost before he could loose the small boat and spring clear of the larger one. He told her of his toil in the buffeting waves before he could get into the little boat.

"I did it for love of you, Nan," he said; "and then I floated without an oar until a ship, outward bound, saw me and saved me, and for these two months I've been going from and getting back to you."

And then, Nan remembered it all: the sight of the Silver Thistle coming in, how it was gone when she looked again, and the ship on the far horizon sailing down the distance. She remembered, too, as one remembers in a dream, her prayers that night for some one on the sea.

"I did n't know, John dear, that I was praying for *you*," she said. "I'm so glad I waited here for you to come. They wanted me to go away somewhere," — plaintively — "when there is n't *anywhere* without you, for me."

Just as he was answering her, there came from the wood in the stove a loud snapping sound. Nan jumped up from her kneeling position, startled by the noise. Her thanksgiving was over! She was alone in the one-roomed house, even as she had been when she fell asleep and dreamed the dream that gave her husband to her.

The sharpness of her agony knew no bounds. She wrung her hands and cried, "Cruel! cruel! Who makes dreams? God knows I tried to be thankful; I was thankful, and now to mock me so!" She gathered up the sail, and, holding it with all the power of crushing that she had, she ran, in the darkness, to the point of rocks and thrust it down into the black, boiling sea.

All night poor Nan lay writhing with her agony, for she loved her husband as one may learn to love, having only one object on which to lavish that love. This man, rough fisherman as he had been, to this woman had been all gentleness. He had been to her the very manifestation of divine tenderness and care. And now, what had she to look forward to?

She had outwardly the cold, relentless rim of black, seething waters, four rude walls, a pound or two of flour, a little fire, and a few articles of furniture. She had in her spiritual nature a blank, dead wall, against which her whole being threw itself with blind fury.

Nan, poor Nan, at last fell into sleep. Another morning dawned. Its brightness aroused her. A healthy hunger urged its power. She prepared the flour, piling the drift-wood into the stove with lavish hand, and ate her breakfast, careless of the future. Then she put her little house in order, made up a bundle of clothing, went out, and shut the door.

Nan had turned her face away from the spot that had been so cruel to her. She went to her only neighbor. "Will you put me on shore?" she asked; "I'm going back to the mill."

"That's right, woman," said Dick Dixon, and he drew his boat along the icy sands until it floated in clear water. Then he rowed across, with Nan in the boat, to the main-land.

She wrung his hand for thanks, and, with her bundle in her arms, went up into the land, turning only once to glance at the island lying bound in ice in the midst of the sea.

She went to the railroad station. Nan had no money, neither did she owe any man money. Walking up to the ticket

office, with a cold, fixed face she drew off her wedding-ring. "Will you," she said, "give me a ticket for this to L——? I have no money."

"For a brass ring?" the man questioned, thoughtlessly.

"For my wedding-ring!" said Nan, proudly. "But—I don't need it any more; my husband is dead."

The station-master looked at Nan a moment. He motioned back the ring almost rudely, and thrusting forward the ticket she needed turned away.

She hesitated. Then she snatched the ring and the ticket, thinking in her heart, "I'll travel back here and pay for this ticket with the first money I earn."

With the outward train went Nan; back into the stir of the town she went. It was night when she reached L——; the mill, where she had toiled before John Ware came into her life, was not far from the station, and she went to it, for the light streaming forth into the November night from its many windows told the story of labor going on within. How well Nan knew the way! It seemed to her, as she opened the office door and went in, bearing her bundle, as though she had never been away.

She trembled as she put the question, "Is loom No. — running?" (Loom No. — was Nan's old working home.) A sudden affection for the loom grew in Nan's heart. She was skilled in the work of weaving cotton.

"No," was the answer.

"Will you give it to me?" she demanded, hunger helping her eagerness, for Nan had eaten nothing since her breakfast on Sand Island.

"You?" with a questioning look at her parcel. "Do you understand weaving?"

"It is my old loom," she answered.

"And your name is" —

She gave it, forgetting for the moment that it was no longer her name.

The loom was promised to Nan. She went forth to seek lodgings at her old boarding-house, and fell into the same place and the former ways so thoroughly, that oftentimes, when the motion and the noise about her in the great mill filled her

sight and hearing, she tried to think that life on Sand Island was only a dream.

While the winds were high and the snows fell and the ice grew, Nan worked patiently and steadfastly from morning until night, six days in the week, weaving cotton.

When the spring, with the warmth of its own rejoicing, made the earth forget its ache of cold, Nan longed to see Sand Island again. It was midsummer when she went to the town on the coast and made her offering of money and thanks to the station-master who, in November, gave her a passenger ticket for L——. The man looked at her with surprise, for of all the people to whom he had given tickets, this was the first that had returned to give thanks.

At the town wharf Nan found a boatman. He had just come up from the harbor bar, where he had stayed clamming as long as the rising tide would let him.

"Never mind the clams," said Nan, gathering in her dress from contact with them as she stepped into his boat. "It will take too long to get them out, and the wind may rise."

"True! The wind rises now with the tide, mostly. I hope you're not afraid."

"No," said Nan, looking out toward the ocean with unspoken fear in her eyes, while at her heart she had no fear. "Why should I be?" she thought, as the oars touched water and the boat moved on. "Sand Island and the ocean have done their worst for me."

And yet the place powerfully attracted and repelled her, as she drew near it. Three times she caused the boatman to cease from rowing, thinking in her heart as she did so that she would not land. The fishing boats were within sight. Soon they would be coming in. It was the desire to learn something of the fishing interests that her husband had once had part and lot in that caused her after the third delay to say resolutely, "I will go on."

The boatman crossed his oars and laid them at rest; the boat floated, turning on the tide. Doubtful and perplexed he said, "It is n't my business to know who

you are, nor why you're bound for yonder island, but if it's drowning yourself that you're thinking of, don't go there to do it."

"Did any one, ever?" eagerly questioned Nan, smiling softly to herself at the thought, and wondering how any one could have courage to go forward to meet Death.

The boatman made no answer. He was watching her narrowly, and wishing that he had her safely on shore.

"Death is n't so pleasant to me that I should hasten to meet it," she said. "I am Nancy Ware, wife of John Ware." Even then the poor soul could not bring herself to say widow of John Ware.

Nan's story was known in all that region, although her face was not. The boatman looked at her with curiosity and interest as he rowed on toward the island. Presently he remarked, "You've heard the news, then?"

"What news?" gasped Nan. "I've heard no news," she said, speaking still louder; "what is it?"

"They'll tell you at the house, yonder, all about it," he replied, rowing with vigor, for he saw, fluttering against the blue of the sky, a far-away ruffle of sea, and knew that the wind was moving on the waters and that he had no time to lose in getting back to the mainland. Faster and faster he rowed, nearer and nearer came Sand Island. As the boat touched the shore the man sprang into the tide and hauled it up. "Come," he said, "don't keep me. I've not a moment to spare."

Nan was trembling. She could not walk a boat's length without aid. He lifted her to the ground, and giving his boat a thrust forward, springing into it at the same moment, he was beyond recall when she remembered that she had given him no money. Trying bravely to steady her quivering body and make it do service for her will by taking her to the small brown house on the rocks above, she went forward. With her white face and her asking eyes, she appeared to Mrs. Dixon in the cottage.

"I've been looking for you near a week," said the fisherman's wife. "I

knew you was a-coming, but to-night I did n't see any boat crossing over. I'm heartily glad to see you, Nancy Ware."

"Did you send for me? Tell me everything," gasped the excited woman.

"Send for you? No. Where could I send? But I knew you'd have to come; you who looked so long up and down for something."

"Tell me everything," repeated Nan, wondering how this woman could have news for her and not speak it out at once.

For answer Mrs. Dixon went into the adjoining room and fetched from thence an "oil-skin" jacket, which she laid across Nan's lap. "There!" she said. "'T was found just eight days ago. What do you think of that?"

Nan was turning it over and over in vain search of something that she did not find.

"Oh, there is n't any mistake, not a mite, but what it's your husband's jacket. Every man of the crew identified it, even without the contents."

"Contents!" echoed Nan, her large gray eyes grasping in their sight every possible content that a coat, meant for living man, could hold.

"Poor soul!" cried Mrs. Dixon, reading the thought that grew into expression in her face. "Not that that you think; but I will show you." She went again into the room whence she had brought the jacket, and returned with a small parcel wrapped in paper.

"This was in the breast pocket, buttoned in tight," she said, laying it on the coat. Nan's fingers fell to work taking off the paper wrapping. When it was removed, there lay revealed a shrunk-en, shriveled, water-worn pocket-book. It was ready to fall into fragments at a touch. On any shore, Nan would have recognized it. It was her gift to John Ware before he became her husband.

A dark, faded blur lay across it. It was the mark of the ocean over the name that Nan had written there with a flush of "dainty shame" that she should dare to write it at all, — a name that meant for her, at that time, all the future on earth and much of heaven beside. The well-known characters had faded from

sight, but she could read them in the deeper lines graven on her heart. She looked at it with tearless eyes.

Mrs. Dixon ventured to say, "I'd open it, if I was you."

Mechanically Nan fumbled at the rusty clasp. "There is nothing in it, I know," she said. "I remember it was empty the day before he went." While she was speaking, the clasp gave way, and a dry, pulpy mass of paper lay disclosed.

"You mustn't touch it; but it's money, that is!" said the fisherman's wife, eagerly. "It'll all fall to pieces if you try to open it. It's got to go to the bank, or somewhere, afore it's picked out, and then you can get new money for it, so they say."

"Then they did pay John, after all; and I've been thinking wrong, hard thoughts against the mill owners all this time," said Nan, slowly.

"But you are glad to get the money, Nancy Ware, ain't you, now?"

Without giving expression to any feeling of pleasure, she simply asked where it had been found.

Little Dick, who had entered, said that he knew, for he had found it; and at once Nan arose to go to the place with the lad.

As they were going, little Dick said: "It was a tough old storm that did it, Mrs. Ware. The boat was pounded into the sand fit to grow into it, and all covered up, deep down as my arm up to the elbow. We struck it with a stick, and it sounded just like rock; so Mame and me dug down and found the dingey bottom side up. There it is now! The men got it out; and nailed fast to it was the old oiler."

Nan went to the spot. One glance convinced her that it was the small boat in which John used to come on shore at night after anchoring the Silver Thistle. She knelt down on the sand beside it, stroking it softly; coaxing it, the boy said, when he told the story at home, to tell her where it had been and what it had done with John.

On going back to the cottage, she learned the news of the sea, the fishermen, and the boats. When she asked

of her home, she was told that it remained as she had left it.

"I don't think," said Mr. Dixon, who had returned from his day of toil, "that a soul has spent a night in the place since you went away."

The southwest wind blowing over the ocean made Nan restless. She knew with what a cool moan the sea was heaving on the sands upon the farther side. When the moon was up, she arose from her chair, and said, "I am going over to spend the night in the old place."

"You're not expecting anything more from the sea, are you?" asked Mr. Dixon, aroused and unwilling to have her go.

"No," she said, "I am not." Nan had never heard of poetic justice, yet she could not help saying, "The sea took my all from me; why should it not give me back as well?"

In spite of protest, Nan went forth alone. Dick Dixon sat in his house door as she went, and said to his wife: "It's safe enough, but it is the queerest freak. Most women would be frightened to death at the thought."

"Nancy Ware is n't like other women," replied his wife. "She never showed the least mite of pleasure at finding that money. I do believe she cared a great deal more about the old boat that had carried her husband so many times, and the jacket that had kept him dry, than she did for the money that will serve her many a good turn yet."

Meanwhile Nan went up the slope and passed out of sight over the crest of the island, and so came to the one-roomed building that had been to her a home. At the instant she reached the door, a gold-white meteor shot across and down the sky, brighter in its light, for the time, than the moon itself.

"If I were God," said Nan, "and could do things like that, I would do other things, as well. O God," she cried, in anguish of spirit. "Why not? Why not?" After a time, she loosed the rude fastening of the door and went in, the moonlight slanting in after her. The place was still, lonely, weird, and yet it seemed scarcely touched by human hands since the morning she went away from

it. With true neighborly instinct Mrs. Dixon had, in November, removed to her own house all the articles liable to be carried off by a chance visitor. The bed was there, and the stove, and the chairs. Nan had no use for them; nevertheless there came to her at the instant a feeling of satisfaction in the knowledge of their possession. Mrs. Dixon had provided Nan with a candle and matches. She closed the door, lit the candle, and looked around the place. Spiders had taken up their unmolested abode in it. She opened the door, the wind extinguishing the flame of the candle in her hand. She knew that when it was full sea the wind would drop away and leave the ocean phosphorescent, as it rocked softly into calm. Drawing John's easy-chair into the moonlight, she moved to and fro in it until the old, uneven boards of the floor creaked.

For the first time since her sorrow came, Nancy Ware thought of her future; thought of it not merely as a life at work weaving cotton to-day and perhaps to-morrow, but as a period of time, as a series of years to be endured, to be gotten over somehow, as the best that she could do. She was not yet twenty years old. Childhood she scarcely remembered; girlhood she had not had; hard work for bread and shelter had shut that happy lot away from her. The uncared-for, uncanny air of the house oppressed her after a time. A swallow darted past her face and flew out through a broken window pane near by.

Meanwhile, in the house at the farther end of the island, Dick Dixon and his wife had talked together about Nan's spending the night alone, and had decided that "it would not do at all," and that they must go over and persuade her to return with them. About half-way between the two houses they met, Nan returning of her own wish.

"It is musty over there, shut away from the fresh air," said Nan, simply.

"Nothing like finding out things for one's own self, is there?" said Dick Dixon. "If we'd 'a'told you so, you would n't have let it make the least mite of difference with your going."

"You might have waited a night or two and had the place cleaned up a little before you went," said Mrs. Dixon, "but I'm glad you met us part way. I'm tired and sleepy; the days are so long, now." She yawned wearily and struggled through the sand heavily.

"I'm sorry I made you so much trouble," replied Nan; "but I believe I was startled by a swallow in the house. I never liked swallows; they look at you so, and never wink or blink a bit."

The following morning, Nan startled the fisherman's household by the announcement that she was going to take a vacation from the mill work and spend it in the little house. She made the statement with a rising blush that puzzled Dick Dixon, especially as Nan spoke with cheerful tones running through the words she uttered.

"Nancy Ware!" exclaimed Mrs. Dixon.

"Well?"

"Don't you know that you can't stay there all alone?"

"I don't mean to. Here is little Dick. Will you let him stay with me until some one else comes? There is a poor soul in the mill working her very life out without a day of rest, year in and year out. I am going to send for her to come and stay with me. It will do us both good, and the money in the pocket-book will be a blessing to her as well as to me."

"I wish you would n't do it," said Mrs. Dixon. "It is right enough for a woman to stay with her husband anywhere; but two women just alone, so far off and so lonely and everything" —

Nan smiled but made no answer, and an hour later she was on her way to the house with a scrubbing pail and soap, accompanied by little Dick with his small hand wagon laden with needful articles. The weather was perfect. The cool southwest wind met them on the crest of the island and blew in their faces, cooling the air that fell around them as they went down to the little house. Nan's face shone with a nameless happiness. She ran like a child up and down the shore with the boy, gathering drift-wood to light a fire. She told no one the se-

cret of her new joy. It had come to her partly by thinking the matter of John's loss over before going to sleep the night before, and coming to the conclusion that, after all, she had not proof enough of John's loss to dare to marry again (not that Nan had any intention of or wish for such an event, only the thought came to her through the suggestion of the possibility of such a thing as marriage); and partly by the repetition of the very dream, in all its minuteness, that she had dreamed on Thanksgiving night. It had seemed so real and so plausible to Nan, and yet she knew too well that no one, certainly not the fisherman or his wife, would feel the hope or see the reasonableness of it all; therefore she went her way alone, and said nothing of her new hope or of the dream.

There were four young swallows in the nest on the ledge over the window near the door. It went hard with Nan to dislodge them. With little Dick's help she carefully removed the nest, built of swamp mud and bits of last year's sedge from the land shore, and, with the parent birds flapping in her face with dives and darts that threatened everything in the way of vengeance, she placed it securely on a projection in the porch at the door.

Nan watched the sea as she worked. It grew dear to her with its old endearing ways of rise and fall and change of hue. At noon, which she knew by the sun, little Dick came in and ate his dinner with her from the basket of provisions that they had brought. In the afternoon, when the room was cleaned, they went back to the cottage together. The next day Dick Dixon went to the town with Nan to get the provisions she needed for her little venture.

He laughed at her about her summer cottage by the sea, as they went, but Nan sat by, unmoved and content. She sent off, that afternoon, a letter to the poor, hard-working woman in the mill at L—, inviting her to spend a month on Sand Island, and asking her to report her absence to the superintendent at the mill, also to bring with her Nan's trunk.

The day following this trip to the

town on the coast, Nan and little Dick moved into the cottage, and Comfort went with them. A week later came the woman from the mill. Her thankfulness had so much heart-break in it that Nan cried with pity at finding that there was one soul that had had less joy than she had.

The first week, her guest could do little but look at the ocean and lament that she had lived so long and never seen it until so late. The second week, both women began to look for employment; their lives had been too busy to sit long in idleness. The third week, they were busy at all odd hours stitching shoes, which Dick Dixon obtained for them. Little Dick, with true fisherman's instinct and luck, caught fish at each day's rise of the tide, from the ledge of rocks. The two cottages grew very neighborly, their inmates interchanging visits nearly every day.

On the sands John's boat still lay; it was beyond repair and would lie there until time or seas should destroy it. Nan shyly visited it when she could do so unobserved. She clung to it simply because it had been near to John since she had.

"My month is over," said Nan's companion, one day; "my month is over to-morrow."

Nan started visibly. "Don't you like it here?" she asked.

"Like it! I would live here forever if I could," she said; "but I must go back to my work."

"Wait with me until the fall winds begin to blow. I'll go then," said Nan, feeling that every day on Sand Island was so much gained, — for what, or by what, she did not stop to ask. "Beside," she added, "we can earn enough to live, even here."

And so it was then and there decided that the two women should stay on until autumn. Pleasure parties, much to Nan's annoyance, began to land at the island and peer curiously into her little cabin as they sauntered by. Nan's story was popular in the village, and strangers were eager to see the woman who had stayed through cold and semi-starvation,

waiting for a piece of patched sail-cloth to wash up.

The summer was stealing by. Nan made a little notch with every day on the window ledge, a tiny stroke with a pin, to tell how fast the days were growing into the last weeks and the final month of her stay. She stitched shoes faster than ever, now, feeling a pride that John's money had not yet been touched to supply her needs. She would like to keep it intact as long as possible.

Once in the week Dick Dixon went to the post-office in the town on the coast; usually that once was on Saturday, in the afternoon. The little errands that were given him to do occupied several hours, so that when he returned the sun was nearly always past its setting. Sometimes on his return he rowed around to Nan's cabin. Sometimes she waited at his cottage to take home the parcels he fetched for her.

The last Saturday in August came. Nan and the woman had an unusual number of shoes to return. Little Dick took the parcel across to his father before dinner on that day. They had worked at them during the morning to the neglect of household duties. As soon as the parcel was ready, Nan began her Saturday's baking, intending to finish it and go across to the cottage in time to fetch back the bundles of new work with little Dick. It was too late to make bread and have it rise in time to bake, and Nan made biscuit. Oddly enough she had not made biscuit since the day John was expected home. As she kneaded the flour before the open window, she said to the woman who sat in the door paring apples for pies, "The fishing boats are coming in early to-day." She saw the Menhaden, followed by her seine-boats, sailing toward the harbor, and the lighters, fish-laden to the sea's edge, going before a fair wind to the mill.

Dick Dixon at that moment started for the main-land, wishing as he rowed on that the Menhaden would throw him a line and tow him in; but the sloop sailed past and was at the harbor's mouth before he had rowed out half the distance. Before he was at the pier, he saw

a group of men on it gesticulating in an excited manner, and at the moment his boat touched the dock a long, loud hurrah went up from a score of fishermen. He laughed. "They've had a good catch to-day," he thought, as he made his boat fast to the dock and climbed up to learn the news. The instant his head appeared above the timbers, another shout rang out. The men were wringing some one by the hand, and laughing like boys over a snow man.

"Hello!" he called. "What's up? Got a mermaid ashore?"

"There's Dixon! See if he knows him," said the Menhaden's captain; but there was no chance for the test to be put. The man was at Dick Dixon's side.

"How is she, Dick?" were the first words that were spoken.

"Well and hearty, my lad," said Dick Dixon, and then he made feint of clinging a moment to John Ware's hand before dropping down on a timber of the dock. "Who'd ha' thought anything would have struck me so?" he thought, but no one paid attention to Dick Dixon.

"All aboard!" shouted some one.

"For what?" shouted Dick, in return.

"We're going to take him over," said one of the men.

"Not without me in the boat," he said, clinging to a young lad of the crew and following on. The seine-boat had already a dozen men in it.

John Ware was pleased with his reception; it gave him joy to meet so hearty a welcome to his old life, but he would have preferred his own little dingey and a pair of oars to take himself over to Sand Island. The men, eager and curious to learn his story, plied him with many questions, when he longed to keep still. They learned that which Nan had dreamed. The Silver Thistle capsized and went down. John Ware sprang clear of the sinking boat and battled for life, reaching the small boat, from whence, greatly exhausted, he was picked up by one of the boats of the very ship Nan had seen that day sailing down the horizon.

In the hope of meeting some inward-bound sail, by which he could return, he went with the ship on her voyage to the far East. When, months later, it reached its port, he sought out another ship in which he could return as a seaman. That ship met with storms that disabled it so that time was lost in repairs at a foreign port.

"In fact," said John, "I've had a pretty tough time of it from first to last. I'd rather catch bony fish in sight of a home shore all the year round."

To save further questioning, he insisted on taking a turn at the oars, but a dozen hands prevented. Then they fell to wondering how Mrs. Ware would take the sudden news, and they talked over, man-fashion, the best way of telling her what had happened.

"You'd better leave that to the women," spoke Dick Dixon. "They'll manage that."

Nan, on the island, went on with the baking for Sunday. The biscuit were out and the pies were in the oven, when in came little Dick with eyes distended to the utmost.

"Oh, Mrs. Ware!" he cried. "Something's happened, I know! There's lots of men coming over the island, and father's along with 'em, and ma too, 'thout anything on her head."

Nan's first thought was, "What could

happen to me?" Her second thought made the blood flash like heat lightning in her face.

"There, now! See the heads coming up over the sand!" cried the boy, running to the corner of the house. Both women had gone out and were at the corner. The group of men had hesitated and were standing still. Mrs. Dixon was coming heavily through the sand, with one hand pressed over her heart and the other holding the corner of her apron over her head.

Nan ran lightly to meet her. "What has happened? Is anything the matter?" she asked.

"No! No! Nothing's the matter," she gasped; then, the two meeting, she let go the apron and her heart at the same instant, and clasped Nan in her fat, motherly arms and kissed her. Nan never knew whether the words, "He's come!" or the kiss came first.

"Who's come?"

The coolness of the woman threw Mrs. Dixon off her guard. "Your husband's come!" she said.

"Keep those men away!" said Nan; for Mrs. Dixon had given the signal for approach.

Nan felt that her feet were sinking deeper and deeper into the sand. Then John seemed to come and take hold of her before she went down out of sight.

Sarah J. Pritchard.

SEEKING THE MAY-FLOWER.

THE sweetest sound our whole year round —

'Tis the first robin of the spring!

The song of the full orchard choir

Is not so fine a thing.

Glad sights are common: Nature draws

Her random pictures through the year,

But oft her music bids us long

Remember those most dear.

To me, when in the sudden spring
I hear the earliest robin's lay,
With the first trill there comes again
One picture of the May.

The veil is parted wide, and lo,
A moment, though my eyelids close,
Once more I see that wooded hill
Where the arbutus grows.

I see the village dryad kneel,
Trailing her slender fingers through
The knotted tendrils, as she lifts
Their pink, pale flowers to view.

Once more I dare to stoop beside
The dove-eyed beauty of my choice,
And long to touch her careless hair,
And think how dear her voice.

My eager, wandering hands assist
With fragrant blooms her lap to fill,
And half by chance they meet her own,
Half by our young hearts' will.

Till, at the last, those blossoms won, —
Like her, so pure, so sweet, so shy, —
Upon the gray and lichened rocks
Close at her feet I lie.

Fresh blows the breeze through hemlock-trees,
The fields are edged with green below;
And naught but youth and hope and love
We know or care to know!

Hark! from the moss-clung apple bough,
Beyond the tumbled wall, there broke
That gurgling music of the May, —
'T was the first robin spoke!

I heard it, ay, and heard it not, —
For little then my glad heart wist
What toil and time should come to pass,
And what delight be missed;

Nor thought thereafter, year by year
Hearing that fresh yet olden song,
To yearn for unreturning joys
That with its joy belong.

Edmund C. Stedman.

LIFE AND WORK OF THE EASTERN FARMER.

WE are all familiar with the lavish praise bestowed—especially when votes are to be secured—upon the “bone and sinew of the country;” but the farmers themselves are very far from accepting as true, even if sincere, the estimate of their qualities which the editor and the public speaker so loudly profess.

The average farmer is precisely what any other average man would be who had grown up under the same conditions. There is no mysterious charm belonging to his occupation which removes him beyond the reach of the influences by which all mankind are controlled. Coming from the same original stock and inheriting the same peculiarities of race, he is essentially the same as men in other vocations. The character of his work, the necessities of his financial condition, and the social surroundings amid which he has been reared have had the same influence in molding his character that similar conditions have had in molding the characters of others.

Farming is in a certain sense the basis of all individual and national prosperity, but the case would be more fairly stated were we to say that farming happens to be the first step in an industrial process, many steps of which are alike essential to civilization. The farmer produces raw material, and without raw material the world must come to a stop; but the butcher, the baker, the spinner, the weaver, and every artisan, render as essential service in the development of this raw material into the forms demanded by modern life as does the farmer in growing it.

As a member of the farmer class, I hasten to disclaim for it any *especial* consideration given it because of its contribution to the welfare of mankind. We are as useful as any other hard-working people, no more and no less. We claim no higher appreciation for muscular effort exerted in swinging the flail than for that applied to the wielding of the hammer.

The controlling motive of a farmer in performing his work and carrying on his business is the hope of material gain. He works for the money that he expects to earn, and not with any conscious reference to the service he is rendering to the world. In his capacity as a farmer he is neither a philanthropist nor a patriot, only a man of business. If we wish properly to estimate his character and his value as a factor of modern civilization, we must not be misled by sentimental considerations as to his relation with nature and his “noble” occupation.

The conditions of Eastern farming and of Eastern farm life are the true index as they are the true cause of the character of the Eastern farmer. These conditions are constantly varying, and their effect is always modified by individual qualities.

It may be possible to strike such an average as shall afford a tolerably good suggestion of the real character and condition of the farmer and a hint as to his future. That is to say, certain prevalent influences tend to mark the type, and certain modifications of these influences may lead to its improvement. Any attempt to portray the class as a whole would be met by such a list of exceptions as would seriously affect the result, but the following may be considered true in a large number of cases, and applicable, with minor changes, to many more.

Let us take the case of an outlying farm in New England, of one hundred acres,—a farm that has been in cultivation from the earlier settlement of the country and which is of the average degree of improvement, with the usual division into arable, mowing, pasture, and wood land. It lies two or three miles away from a considerable town or village, and its chief industry is the selling of milk in the town. With an allowance of two acres per cow for summer pasture and of one and a half acres of mowing land for winter feeding, the cows

it keeps number about a dozen. For team work on the farm and for road work and pleasure driving there are kept two horses and two oxen. In addition to these there will be a greater or less amount of young stock and the usual swine and poultry, and perhaps a few sheep. The farmer himself is the chief workman on the place, and he has the regular help of a hired man or a grown son. An extra hand during the working season is usual, but in winter the farmer and his one assistant will do all of the work of feeding, milking, delivering the milk, hauling out manure, etc.

A few years ago the house work was done almost entirely by the mother of the family and her daughters, or by a girl taken to "bring up;" but latterly the more troublesome element of an Irish girl in the kitchen has become general, for the daughter of the farmer has aspirations and tastes which disqualify her for efficient household drudgery. In spite of all modern appliances, much of the work of the farmer's household must be so characterized. The life of American farm women is, however, not now under discussion; the subject is a fruitful one and has important bearings upon the development of the race; but what we are to consider here is simply the work and condition of the farmer himself. The milk-selling farmer—and this industry is one of the most widespread in Eastern farming—is more regularly employed than any other. Winter and summer his cows must be milked twice a day. Evening's milk must be cooled and safely kept until morning; and morning's milk must be ready for early delivery. It is usual for the farmer to rise at three every morning, winter and summer, to milk his cows,—with one assistant,—and to start as early as five o'clock to deliver his milk. Returning about the middle of the forenoon, he is able to attend to the details of barn work in winter and field work in summer until half past two or three o'clock in the afternoon, less the brief interval needed for the consumption of food. Early in the afternoon the cows must be again milked, and the cans of

milk must in summer time be set in spring water for cooling. Then comes the feeding of the stock and the greasing of axles, the mending of harness, the repairing of tools, and the thousand and one odds and ends of the farmer's irregular work. In the winter, save for the early rising and the work of cold mornings, life is by no means hurried, and after a very early supper there is often a stroll to the corner store or to a neighbor's house for a little wholesome idleness and gossip,—the latter not invariably wholesome. At about the hour when the average reader of *The Atlantic* has finished his after-dinner cigar, all lights are extinguished and the farm household is wrapped in heavy slumber, for such early rising as the milkman is condemned to must needs trench upon the valuable evening hours for the requisite rest and sleep.

In summer, the conditions of life are immeasurably hardened. The farmer himself is necessarily absent several hours every morning with his milk wagon; but although he cannot lend a hand at the early field work, this work must go on with promptness, and he must arrange in advance for its proper performance. From the moment when he has finished his late breakfast until the last glimmer of twilight, he is doomed to harrowing and often anxious toil. There is no wide margin of profit that will admit of a slackening of the pace. Land must be prepared for planting; planting must be done when the condition of the ground and the state of the weather permit. Weeds grow without regard to our convenience, and they must be kept down from the first; and well on into the intervals of the hay harvest the corn field needs all of the cultivation that there is time for. Regularly as clock-work, in the late hours of the night and the early hours of the afternoon, the milking must be attended to, and the daily trip to town knows no exception because of heat, rain, or snow. At rigidly fixed hours, this part of the work *must* be done, and all other hours of the growing and of the harvest seasons are almost more than filled with work of imperative need. These

alone seem to make a sufficient demand on the patience and endurance of the most industrious farmer; but, aside from these, he is loaded with the endless details of an intricate business, and with the responsibility of the successful management of a capital of from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars, upon the safety and the economical management of which entirely depend his success; he must avoid leakage and waste, and make every dollar paid for labor, or seed, or manure, or live stock, bring its adequate return.

Probably no occupation in the world can compare with farming in the opportunity that it offers for the *losing* of money. Nothing is so enticing as slate-and-pencil farming. Ten acres of land can be plowed, manured, and planted with corn, and the crop can be well cultivated and harvested for so many dollars. Such land with such manuring and cultivation may be trusted to yield so many bushels of corn to the acre; and, after making due allowance for chance, the balance of the calculation shows a snug profit. In like manner we may figure out a corresponding profit from the hay fields, from the root crops, from two or three acres of potatoes, and from a patch of garden truck for which the neighboring village will furnish a good market. Then the poultry will return a profitable income in eggs and in "broilers," and altogether it is easy for an enthusiastic person to show how interest on invested capital and good compensation for labor are to be secured in agriculture.

But when the test of practice is applied to our well-studied and proven scheme, when we see how far our allowance for "chances" has fallen below what is needed to cover the contingencies of late springs, dry summers, early frosts, grasshoppers, wire-worms, Colorado beetles, midge, weevil, pip, murrain, garget, milk-fever, potato-rot, oats-rust, winter-killing, and all the rest; when we learn the degree of vigilance needed to keep every minute of hired labor and team work effectively employed; and when we come finally to the items of low markets and bad debts, we shall see how far these and similar drawbacks have undone our

arithmetic, and how often our well-contrived balance must be taken into the footings of the other column of figures.

The regular work of the farmer, as indicated in the foregoing sketch of his occupations, and as perceptible to the summer boarder who watches his work from the piazza, although arduous and exacting, may be quite compatible with a happy life; and when we estimate the promise of the occupation as offering a pleasant livelihood, no able-bodied man need be deterred by it. But when we add this long list of contingencies and consider the ceaseless anxiety that they bring, we may well hesitate before adopting such a life for ourselves or desiring it for our children. No true estimate of the developed character of the farmer can be formed without giving due value to this uncertain factor in the calculation.

Instances are hardly exceptional where a clear, natural intelligence, an indomitable courage, and great industry have turned themselves into a real source of mental and moral strength. Success achieved in spite of such drawbacks is all the sweeter and all the more inspiring because of them. But if we take the case of the average farmer with average human weaknesses, we cannot fail to see that, however well he may have borne up against the more obvious requirements of his work, he has been warped and cramped, and often made in many ways unlovely, by the hard and anxious toil through which his halting success has been attained.

In nearly every other occupation than farming, the hardest worker finds a daily relief from his toil, and from the suggestion of toil, in a home that is entirely apart from his industry. However arduous and anxious and long continued the work, there comes a time when it is laid aside, and when the workman goes into a new sphere, where the atmosphere is entirely changed. His home is a place of rest and pleasure, or at least a place of change. The pen and the hammer are left in the counting-room and in the shop, and however far the home may fall below his desires and ambition, it is at

least free from the cares of the day's occupation. The American farmer has no such relief. His house is a part of his farm; his fireside is shared by an uncongenial hired man, his family circle includes too often a vulgar and uninteresting servant, and from one year to another, his living room being the kitchen and work room of the busy farmhouse, he rarely knows what it is to divest himself of the surroundings of his labor and business, and to give himself over to the needed domestic enjoyment and recreation. It is this feature of his life more than any other, which seems objectionable. If it is objectionable for him, it is infinitely more so for his wife and daughters, who, lacking the frequent visit to the town or occasional chat with strangers, and the invigorating effect of open-air work, yield all the more completely to depressing cares. They become more and more deficient in the lightness and cheerfulness and mental gayety to which in any other occupation the chief toiler of the family would look for recreation at his own fire-side.

So far as interest in his business is concerned, the farmer's condition is in every way elevated when he devotes himself to some improved form of agriculture, or to some special industry which gives him better compensation for his work. This benefit by no means generally results from an attempt at "scientific" agriculture, nor is the adoption of a special industry by any means generally successful. Failure in either of these directions is disheartening and discouraging to those who are watching his example. There are many well-tried improvements upon the old methods of our fathers which are universally adopted, especially in the direction of the use of better implements and more judicious care in the application of manure. But the average agricultural newspaper, while doing great good, has naturally led enthusiastic men to see a chance for ameliorating their condition by the adoption of processes which are not suited to their circumstances, or which they themselves are not qualified to carry out. It is this that has led to the outcry — much more

prevalent a generation ago than now — against "book farming." On the whole, whatever may have been the influences of agricultural writers upon the fortune of their early converts, they have vastly modified and improved all modern farm work, and have greatly benefited the more recent farmer.

The conditions of the industry are hard, chiefly because the business of farming is a laborious one and one in which an enormous population is working, with dogged industry, for a moderate reward. However enterprising and intelligent a farmer may be, when he goes to market to sell his crops he finds himself in active competition with men who are working for their bare subsistence.

Much is said about the competition of the farmers of the rich West as a serious obstacle to success at the East. This is the case only in so far as the Eastern farmer attempts to compete with the Western in the production of crops which will bear storage and long transportation. As a business proposition, it seems clear that this drawback is to be overcome only by the cultivation at the East of such products as it is not within the power of Western competition to supply, or only such as our situation and the good quality of our land will enable us to produce at low cost. Milk, fresh butter, and hay are the three most promising staples for which so large a demand exists as to furnish employment for the whole farming population. Hay from its bulk does not bear a very long transportation. Milk will always bring a higher price when produced near to the point where it is to be consumed. Butter making is not an especially profitable industry if we depend upon the average grocery-store demand, but it is possible for any farmer at the East, who will take the trouble to make and to retain a good reputation for his dairy, to secure a price enough higher than that of the regular market to constitute a good margin of profit.

So far as relief in Eastern farming is to be achieved with no material change in the character of life and work, it must apparently be sought in this direction.

In his relation to Eastern civilization, past, present, and prospective, it may fairly be questioned whether the influence of the Eastern farmer is increased since the general introduction of railroads, and we are justified in looking with some anxiety to the relative position which he is to hold hereafter.

There are well-known influences at work which are not promising. The desire of the sons and daughters of the farmer to obtain some other means of livelihood, and the too frequent yielding to this temptation on the part of the more intelligent of these young persons, is the most obvious danger to the future of the industry.

Much has been said of the dignity and independence which come of the ownership of land, but it is possible that this influence has been overestimated, and that our ideas of it have been derived more or less from our European traditions. Perhaps, after all, we ought to and do attach the most importance to that which is the most rare. In England, where the ownership of land carries with it a certain social dignity, and where the mere possession of money has a less marked influence in this direction, there is no doubt that the title-deeds to broad acres constitute a certain sort of patent of nobility. In this country, where land is plenty and cheap and where large fortunes are rare, a farmer gets consideration less for the amount of land that he himself owns than for the sum total of the mortgages which he holds upon his neighbors' land. That is to say, it is better to be rich in money than in land, and instances are comparatively rare, even among those who are cultivating their ancestral acres, where the farm would not be gladly sold for a sum of which the income would secure a better and easier mode of life. The farm is not regarded with especial affection; it is mainly regarded — along with its stock and tools — as an instrument for making money.

The American farmer is distinguished from the English farmer chiefly by having his capital invested in the land which he cultivates, rather than in the tools and live stock and working capital need-

ed to carry on his business. As a general rule the farmer's whole fortune is invested in his land. Often his land is mortgaged and he has little loose money with which to improve his system of work. The necessity for making a living and paying interest, without sufficient capital for the best management, makes the life of the farmer too often a grinding one. If he is skillful and industrious and prudent, he may hope with certainty to free himself from debt and to accumulate a respectable support for his old age.

When we consider any class of working people, as a class, this is perhaps all that we can hope for under any circumstances. The unhelpful thing about it all is that while farmers work less hard than their fathers did, and while they get a better return for their work, the surroundings of their life have not improved as have those of men engaged in other industries, so that although actually much better off than their ancestors were, they are relatively less well off in the more attractive conditions of other classes of workmen; and this deficiency is driving away the children on whom they ought to depend for assistance and for succession.

In the abstract, farming is a dignified occupation, and in proportion as it borrows aid from science it becomes more dignified. So far as the casual observer can see, it combines more of what is desirable than does any other pursuit. While it promises no brilliant reward, it insures a steady, reliable, and sufficient return for the capital and labor invested in it. It promises a sure provision for old age, and it secures the wholesome pride that comes of the ownership of visible property. Indeed, look at it and argue about it as we may, it is not easy to see why it is not the best occupation for a wholesome and intelligent man.

Those who know the condition of the art intimately, and who have studied the influences of its work and its life upon those who are engaged in it, recognize serious drawbacks which must in some way be removed unless it is to fall away still more from its original character, and

is to be given over to German and Irish immigrants who, during one or two generations, will be contented with what it has to offer. It is difficult even to theorize as to the means of relief, if farming must be considered, first of all, as a means for obtaining a livelihood and for making money; and no effort to improve the situation of the farmer will be successful which does not keep this prime necessity always in view. It is easy to see how the condition of any farmer's family might be improved by a large additional income, but there is no obvious source from which this increase is to be drawn, nor will he adopt any scheme that will endanger the income that he now receives.

If we could convert the farmer into a chemist and physiologist, and give him the satisfaction that comes of controlling the combinations of physical and chemical materials according to laws which he understands, and of securing his results with scientific accuracy, we should accomplish our purpose, for no man with such scientific knowledge—realizing its relation to his daily work—could fail of an enthusiastic fondness for his profession. But the worst of it is that all efforts in this direction have generally ended in producing a “smatterer” whose theories are baffled by constant disappointment and whose worldly prosperity is lessened by his mistaken experiments.

Successful farming implies, first of all, steady and dogged hard work, coupled with prudent and watchful skill. When the hopes of enthusiastic agricultural reformers are considered with the cold eye of practical common sense, they must inevitably be condemned to disappointment. In so far as they constitute an incentive towards improvement, they work great good, but the success of the future is to be attained too often through the distressing failure of the present. The art is an experimental one, and the temptations to extend experiments are enticing. Unfortunately, novel processes depend for their success upon contingencies which are likely to be disregarded at the outset, and however much any improvement may be destined to prosper

after its application shall have been practically tested and modified, it is altogether likely that its first introduction will result in failure. The mere money losses coming of these failures is not so serious, but the discouragement and disappointment that they entail exert the gravest influence where what is chiefly needed is the encouragement of success.

It is something to know the direction that improving effort should take, and it seems to be generally conceded that what American agriculture needs, at the East and at the West, but especially at the East, is *an improvement in the character of its personnel*. There is everywhere ample opportunity for the profitable and successful introduction of modified processes and of new industries. There is, too, hardly an instance where the processes and industries now pursued are not susceptible of great improvement of detail. There are few farms so well managed and so successful that if given into the hands of a better, more intelligent, and more enterprising farmer, they would not produce better results. The father is working according to his light, and is directing his work by such intelligence as his natural capacity and his training have given him. His brighter son, with more natural intelligence, with a better education, and less trammelled by traditions and prejudices, might so modify the same industry as to make it more certain, more profitable, and in every way more satisfactory.

The change that is now taking place, especially in New England, is toward the greater economy of living, and the harder work and closer management of business that comes with immigrant proprietorship, and this element is by no means to be depended upon for the improvement of our farming. It may result in a more money-making agriculture, but it will supplant our best political element by the introduction of what has thus far seemed to be one of the worst.

Look at the question as we will, it is difficult to see how else than by improving the race of American farmers we are to accomplish any result whose good effect will be radical and lasting. This

brings us around to that threadbare subject of the vague discussion of agricultural writers: How to keep the boys on the farm.

The devices recommended for accomplishing this result have thus far failed of their object. The average farmer boy is not a sentimentalist, and he is not likely to be moved by the sort of talk so often lavished upon him. To use a vulgarity, he has "an extremely level head." He fails to realize the attraction and the dignity which are implied by what he is told of the nobleness of his father's calling, of the purifying and elevating influences of a daily intercourse with nature. He is not to be caught with this sort of chaff. His cultivation has not been of that æsthetic character that he has an especial drawing toward nobleness, or purity, or elevation. Nature, as he knows it, shows at times an unattractive side, and he fails to recognize precisely what is meant by Mother Earth as a source of dignity. To him Mother Earth is an exacting parent, calling for constant and regular toil, and whipping him on day by day with weeds to be hoed, dry gardens to be watered, snow-drifts to be shoveled, and an almost endless round of embarrassments to be overcome. As for the purity and simplicity of the farmer's life, he knows very much better than to pin his faith to it. To him the farmer's house is too often a place where the mother is overworked, tired, wearied with constant annoyance, and made peevish and fretful. The conversation of hired men and young neighbors and brothers is not marked by a refined delicacy and simplicity, — as he understands these terms. At the end of all our preaching he will say, at least to himself, that this is probably the sort of talk that we consider appropriate to the occasion, but that if we knew what he knows about farming, we would see how little effect it is likely to have. If he sought our motive in saying it, he would conclude that we were interested in keeping up the supply of farm labor, and that so far as *he* was concerned, since he must work for a living, he would work at some other industry if he could get a

chance, and leave those who were less fortunate to work on the farm.

The more sentimental and more influential considerations governing in this matter were very well set forth by Dr. Holland in a paper on *Farm Life in New England*, published in these pages some twenty years ago. While acknowledging the frequency of bright exceptions to the rule, he does not hesitate to set it down as a rule that the life described is in every way a hateful one, where every member of the family, from father to child, is driven by the lash of stern necessity, and where many conditions which are requisite in the life of all other classes of the same wealth are comparatively rare; where the expectant mother of the child is worked without stint to her last day, while the mother of the colt is relieved from all hard toil and treated with consideration throughout the last months of her time; where, in short, whether from interest or from a mistaken idea of necessity, hard work, long hours, poor food, and dismal surroundings are the rule of the farmer's household.

Since that time, there have been noticeable modifications, involving the introduction of more or less tastefulness, because of the cheap literature and cheap music of these later days. But much as these have done to affect the individual characters of the younger members of the family, they have only aggravated the evil, so far as farm work is concerned, by creating a desire, born of knowledge, for the pleasanter manner of life which the town has to offer. The young girls whom one now sees about railway stations in the most distant part of the country are dressed after the instructions of Harper's Bazar and Peterson's Magazine, and they know more than their older sisters did of the difference between their own life and that of their city cousins. They are certainly not to be blamed if they long for some vocation in which they can more freely indulge their growing ideas of luxury, and gratify their growing desire for better dress and more interesting companionship.

All that has here been said is seriously true and important. The circum-

stances described are so generally prevalent as to constitute, with constant minor variations, an almost universal rule. Where we are to look for relief is the most serious problem. Relief must be found, or the character of our farming class must assuredly degenerate. In one way or another we must change, in a radical degree, the conditions of the farmer's life. We can perfectly understand why it should be distasteful to any young person of ordinary ambition or intelligence, and we know from the constant flocking of farmers' sons and daughters to even the least attractive employments of the town or village that this distaste is everywhere a controlling one.

It is easy to say that the farmer's life must be made more cheerful, attractive, and refined, and less arduous, but it is by no means easy to see how the improvement is to be brought about. The cardinal defect is the loneliness and dullness of the isolated farm-house. Intelligent and educated young women, brought up among the pleasantest surroundings, marry young farmers, and undertake their new life with the determination that, in their case at least, the more obvious social requirements shall be met. During the earlier years after marriage they adhere to their resolution, and are regular in attendance at the church and public lecture, and they keep up, so far as possible, social intercourse with their neighbors. But as time goes on, as the family increases, as toil begins to tell on health and strength and energy, they drop out, little by little, from the habit of going abroad, until often for weeks together they never exchange a look or thought with any human being outside of their own households. Aside from the overworked members of their own families, their companionship is confined to hired men who smell of the stable, and to hired girls with whom they are yoked in the daily round of household duties.

Having given much consideration to the subject, I have come to believe that the agriculture of continental Europe is far more wisely arranged than ours, for there, almost as a universal rule, isolated farm life is unknown. The reward of

the cultivator is less, and his labor is at least as great. The people are of a very much lower order, and are lacking in the cultivated intelligence which distinguishes so many of our own farming class. Women and even young girls perform rude labor in the field and in the stable, and those aspirations which are born of a universal diffusion of periodical literature are almost unknown. At the same time, when the hard and long day's work is over, there comes to all the inexpressible relief and delight of the active, social intercourse of the village, where the tillers of the country for a mile around have gathered together their homes and their herds, and where the most intimate social life prevails. Observation even indicates that the habit of out-of-door labor has had no injurious effect upon the women of these villages. The "nut-brown maid" grows too fast into the wrinkled-brown woman, but better a sunburnt and weather-beaten cheek than that pallor that comes of anthracite and in-door toil. Better the broad back and stout limb of the peasant mother than the hollow chest and wasted energy of the American farmer's wife.

I by no means intend to say that our own farming class is not far superior to the peasantry of Europe, but I do believe that if a good system of village life for farmers could be adopted here under the modifying influences of the more refined and intelligent American character, we should have gained a most important step in advance. We have in New England many villages almost exclusively of farmers, — villages where the old-time settlers gathered together for defense against the Indians, and for the protection of houses and stock and store from river floods. These villages are as different as it is possible to conceive from the ordinary European cluster of unattractive cottages, lining both sides of a street, which is filled for one half of its width with manure heaps. It may be naturally assumed that any adaptation of the village-system among us would be governed by the same refining influences which have made our few existing

agricultural villages so beautiful and attractive.

That which most distinguishes American people is the general spread of education among them, but it is, after all, an education which soon reaches its limit, and, so far as the district school of a sparsely settled country neighborhood is concerned, it goes little beyond the simplest rudiments. An inexperienced young miss holds school for not more than one half the year in an unattractive and inconvenient room, in which are gathered together most of the boys and girls of the school-going age from all the farms about. The books and other appliances of instruction are inadequate. There is no grading of the pupils, and the frequent change of teachers prevents the possibility of experienced instructions. Even in the meanest peasant village of Germany, — a village always prolific in children, — an inexorable law compels all between the ages of five and fourteen to attend regularly the teaching of a master, an officer of the state, who has generally adopted his profession for life, and who adds to a certain specified degree of capability the advantages of long experience.

No thoughtful person can fail to be convinced, after a due consideration of the argument in its favor, that if the social influences inseparable from village life could be secured to the American farmer, the greatest drawback of his life would be done away with. It remains, unfortunately, a serious question how far such a radical change is practicable. There is little doubt that the family would naturally drift into some more costly style of living, and the necessity for hauling to a distant home all the crops of the fields, and of hauling out the manure made at the homestead, would add somewhat to the expenses of the business. In the case of the individual farmer now cultivating land upon which he lives, it is not unlikely that he would find a certain pecuniary disadvantage in the change. But as a broad question of the future benefit of our agriculture, it must be conceded that whatever will tend to make the occupation more at-

tractive cannot fail, by enlisting the services of more intelligent minds, to insure its very decided improvement. As the case now stands, the farmer's son will become a clerk or a mechanic rather than remain a farmer, because clerks and mechanics live in communities where there is more to interest the mind and where, too, the opportunities for enjoyment and amusement are greater. The farmer's daughter will marry the clerk or the mechanic rather than a farmer, because she knows the life of a farmer's wife to be a life of dullness and dearth, while she believes that the wife of the clerk or mechanic will be condemned to less arduous labor and will have much more agreeable surroundings. I have no means of judging what may have been the experience in Deerfield, Massachusetts, for instance, but I am confident that many a mechanic's daughter, and indeed many young women of much higher position in life, would consider her lot a fortunate one in becoming the wife of a farmer whose homestead lay on the beautiful street of this old village.

All that is here said is to a certain extent mere theory, but the subject is one that has not thus far met any practical solution, and in which, therefore, nothing except theorizing is possible. The broad fact is that the farming class in this country is degenerating by the withdrawal of its best blood, and still more serious injury is being done to it by the introduction of the lower class of foreigners. It may well be doubted whether it is possible so to modify the manner of life of the isolated farm-house as to make it materially more attractive to American boys and girls. All that can be done is to rob it of its isolation by withdrawing its people and placing them under better conditions of life. In a word, the only way that seems to offer to keep the boys on the farm is to move everybody off of the farm, bringing them together into snug little communities, where they may secure, without abandoning the manifest advantages of their occupation, the greater social interest and stimulus which they now hope to enjoy by going into other callings whose

natural advantages are less. That such a course as this would restore the farmer to his former position as a leading element in Eastern civilization cannot be questioned. That he will retain even the relative influence that he exercises to-day, unless some radical change is made, is at least very doubtful.

In considering the questions here suggested, we must never lose sight of the fact that the controlling element is economy. The farmer exists because he is needed. The world demands the products that he produces, and the world must needs pay him a living compensation for them. No change will be possible which disregards this, and all who know the present circumstances which control the reward of the farming class know that these circumstances would be inadequate to maintain him in a life of greater ease while calling for greater expense. This gives the added embarrassment that we must not only change the mode of life, but must also increase the ratio of profit, if this is possible. This is possible only through a reduction of the area cultivated, the cultivation of this reduced area in a more thorough and profitable way, and the turning of farming industry into channels better adapted to securing a profitable return.

To discuss a modification of the whole system of farming would involve far more detail than is possible in this paper, since we must include the consideration of features which would change with changing locality. But by way of illustration we may take the previously supposed case of a farmer owning one hundred acres of land and milking a dozen cows, selling the milk as before in the distant town. Assume that he and his neighbors within a radius of about a mile are living in a central village, from which his land is one mile distant. During the working season, say from the middle of April until late in October, he must with his teams and assistants spend the whole day on the land. The cows are milked and all stable-work done before breakfast, and some one drives them out to pasture. The men remain afield until an hour before sunset; they must be content with a

cold dinner, as is the usual custom with mechanics and laborers. The cows are driven home in time for the evening milking, and are put into the barn-yard at night with green fodder brought home by the returning teams. After the "chores" are done, and a hearty and substantial supper is eaten, — the principal meal of the day, — all hands will be too weary for much enjoyment of the evening, but not so weary that they will not appreciate the difference between the lounging places of a village and the former dullness at the farm. Other farmers in the neighborhood will, many of them, also be milk producers, and as the stables are near together they will naturally coöperate, sending their milk to market with a single team, employing the services of a single man in the place of five or six men and teams heretofore needed to market the same milk. I have recently received an account of this sort of coöperation, where the cost of selling was reduced to a fraction over eight cents for each hundred quarts.

This arrangement will have the still further benefit of allowing the farmer to remain at home and attend to his more important work, leaving the detail of marketing to be done by a person especially qualified for it and therefore able to do it more cheaply than he could do it in person. During the working season there will be enough rainy weather to allow the work of the stable, the barn-yard, and the wood shed to be properly attended to. There will, of course, be sudden showers and occasional storms and other inconveniences which will make the farmer regret at times that he lives at such a distance from his field work, but he will find more than compensation in the advantages that come naturally from living in a village. For his wife and children the improvement will be absolute, and it will be no slight argument in favor of the change that both in-doors and out-of-doors a better class of servant will be available, because of the better life that can be offered. It will be easier to secure the services of laborers who are married and who live in their own houses, and so avoid the serious annoyance to

the household that attends the boarding of hired men.

To make this radical change in any farming neighborhood as at present constituted would be impracticable. It would probably take a generation to convince the farmers of a community of its advantages; it would cost too much, even if not entirely impracticable, to move the house and stables to the central point; and it would involve such a change of habits of labor and of living as must necessarily be the work of time. However, if the principle commends itself to the leading men of the neighborhood, and especially to young men about to marry, the nucleus of a village may be established, and sooner or later the present or the coming generation will find a way to come into the fold.

If we assume that by this or some other means the more intelligent of the young men are induced to remain farmers, it is interesting to consider in what way their greater intelligence is to be made to tell on their work so as to secure the necessary improvement. It would not be unreasonable to suppose that young men of the class we have in mind, those who now seek occupations which afford a better field for their intelligence, and who seek them because of their intelligence, would establish such centres of discussion and interest in improved farming as would not only displace the worthless gossip now so common at the country store, but would awaken a real enthusiasm in better processes and systems.

Not only would there be this tendency toward improvement, but where farmers are close neighbors and are able to conduct their interests in such a way as to help each other, there would naturally grow up some sort of coöperative business. By the establishment of a butter factory or cheese factory, or by the common ownership of a milk route, or where tobacco is grown the undertaking of its manufacture as an employment for winter, or the raising of honey or of poultry, or the establishment of some valuable breed of live stock with a reputation for excellence that will cause it to be sought

for from abroad, or by some other combination, they would secure profitable business.

Of course all the farmers in New England cannot within the next ten years move into villages, but what is suggested is that the farmers of some one community should try the experiment. Their success might induce others to follow the example, and, little by little, in proportion to the promise of a good result, more and more would seek the advantages which the system would offer, so that sooner or later the benefits which are now experienced in village life in Europe might be felt here in the higher degree which greater intelligence and greater freedom would be sure to produce.

While advancing these suggestions, with much confidence in their practical value, I would by no means confine the outlook for Eastern farming to this single road to success. Coöperative industry may be largely adopted among farmers living at some distance from each other. The cheese factory has become an institution. The better quality of the product when made in large quantities, and the better price that its quality and the improved system for marketing have secured, constitute a very decided success in our agriculture. Butter factories are coming into vogue with a promise of equally good results.

A very good substitute for the coöperative management of a milk route is in very general adoption throughout New England, where some single farmer who devotes himself chiefly to selling milk buys the product of his neighbors' dairies for a certain fixed price, taking upon himself the labor, the risk, and the profit of marketing. The coöperative breeding of live stock cannot as yet be said to have become well established, but its possibilities of success are considerable. A community can afford to buy and keep a thorough-bred horse, or bull, or boar, or buck, which would cost far too much for the means of a single owner, and thus gradually give to the stock of the whole neighborhood a superiority that will secure it a wide-spread reputation and insure good prices. Let us keep always in

view the important principle of making two blades of grass grow where but one grew before; but let us remit no effort which may tend to make one blade worth what two were worth before.

Incidentally, there may be combinations to secure good outlet drainage for tracts of land belonging to different owners, and later, a provision for the general irrigation of these lands. It is not to be hoped that, either as a whole or in its details, agricultural improvement is to be advanced with anything like a rush. Farmers are generally "conservative" in the worst sense of the term. They have during the past generation adopted many improvements and modifications in the methods of their work, the mere suggestion of which would have been scouted by their fathers; but they are themselves as ready as their fathers were to scout any new suggestion, and it is only by iteration and reiteration that the shorter steps of tentative experiment can be urged upon their acceptance.

In reviewing what is written above, the thought arises that the one impression that it will surely produce will be that its writer fails to appreciate the bet-

ter influences that cluster around the better class of farmers' homes. Such an inference would be quite unjust. Knowing as I do the intrinsic worth and the charming qualities of very many of these households, I appeal to the best of the thoughtful men and women whom they include, to confirm my statement that they find many elements of their life to be pinching and hard, and that however admirable they may now be, they would be in no way injured but in many ways improved by more frequent intercourse with their equals, and especially with their betters.

That the picture I have sketched of the average farmer's family is not overdrawn, I appeal to every country clergyman and physician to bear witness. The truths suggested are patent to all. They are set forth in no spirit of hypercriticism and with no other view than to help to ameliorate the condition of those to whom they refer. Knowing the farmer more intimately than does the average editor or orator, I am confident that my estimate of his character and of his life will strike him as being more just, if not more honest.

George E. Waring, Jr.

CROOMBE.

My friend Prew had a genius for putting himself at a disadvantage. He did not do it clumsily and because he could not help it, but chose his drawbacks as if by an intuition that they were in some way good for him. They often proved so; and, at least, if they did not benefit *him*, they did not fail to be of profit to some one else. It was characteristic of him that he should have isolated himself in that little Jersey village whither he went to practice medicine. The old name of this village was English Neighborhood. As it sat there on the hill-side facing the wide, wistful salt-marshes, it seemed to

be waiting to grow up, like a child who longs to be of some importance.

This semblance was not deceptive, for the village dreamed much of its future, and cherished hopes of a vast prosperity. Measured in a straight line across the Weehawken hills, the distance to New York was only three or four miles: what, then, more natural than that the inhabitants of the great city should some day pour across the river in large numbers, select this very village from among the hundred others that environ the island, and settle there, bringing with them wealth and grandeur? But as yet the

place remained a small, languid settlement, with only one marked distinction, — a large shed-like building guarded by an inclosure hard by on the salty plain, and devoted to the making of nitro-glycerine.

Not satisfied with fixing his home in this particular spot, and inviting the tyranny of circumstance, Prew subjected himself to still another tyranny: he hired a man to attend to his horse. The man's name was Joe Croombe. He was a small, shrunken creature, with thin hair; his face tanned the color of undressed leather, and his mouth curbed by a withered iron-gray mustache. The doctor, returning from his visits, on the first evening of Croombe's engagement, found him stretched on the sofa of the consulting room, — a dilapidated, indolent figure clad in a faded, flapping vest instead of a coat, and finished off by a pair of vast boots so fully illustrating the varieties of Jersey mud that they would have been of value to any geological museum. Croombe kept his recumbent position and entered suavely into conversation with his employer: first concerning patients, and then in praise of the neighborhood and the splendid views to be had from the heights along the Hudson. Prew was taken by surprise, and let him ramble on. He did not want to injure the man's feelings by thrusting a quadruped into the conversation. But while he revolved how he should come to the point, Croombe, growing more expansive as he talked, brought his bubble of dignity to a condition where it could be pricked. Having strayed at large, for a while, on the subject of real estate: "Me and my family," he said, casually, "owns a piece of land up at Closter. That's the way to git rich, doc'. Bought it for twenty dollars an acre, and now it's wuth two hundred and seventy."

Prew was not startled by the enormous advance. He had already learned how illusory were land sales and the prices of land in that region. But he so far affected belief as to ask why Croombe did not at once enrich himself by selling out.

"We ain't in no hurry," said the

other, shaking his small head slowly. "We ain't in no hurry."

"Perhaps not being in a hurry is the usual thing, then, in your family," said Prew. "You don't seem to be so to-night, but *I* am in a hurry, and I rather think my horse is. Suppose you go and see."

"That's so!" exclaimed Croombe, jumping up from the couch. "Glad you reminded me, doc'. I pretty near let it slip. If ever you find me forgettin' any little thing like that, I'd be real obliged if you'd mention it."

This was like the key-note of Croombe's conception as to his relation with his employer. He never lost sight of the inspiring idea that he was one American gentleman who had consented for a season to take care of another American gentleman's horse, and to render such other services as his genial fancy might suggest; the fact of a casual transfer of money from the latter to the former gentleman's pocket being rather obstructive than otherwise to pleasant intercourse between them. Prew felt a liberal, forgiving interest in watching Croombe's method of balancing their mutual obligations on this principle. But the precautions which his servant took were sometimes highly inconvenient. One day, for example, he disappeared from the face of the earth, could not be found at his own home, and explained next morning that he had been cleaning a well belonging to a house at some distance. On this occasion he confuted criticism by replying with a touch of indignation: "Why, well-cleaning was always one of my trades!" It turned out that he had also been a bar-tender, an expressman, a carpenter, a soldier; and he evidently thought that his contract with the doctor covered a right to resume any one of his former occupations at will; so that grooming and gardening for Prew should not unfit him for carrying out his other duties to the human race. For a time Prew received these eccentricities with a benign amusement. He even seemed to think that there was a peculiar providence in Croombe's having found a person so easy-going, to exhibit his foibles

to. For the man had errands in so many other directions than the doctor's, and exhibited such constant industry in doing jobs for almost any one else, that Prew was at liberty to attend to his horse himself, a great part of the time. It was difficult, however, to reconcile some of Croombe's absences with his favorite theory of their being the result of his previous occupations. He had indeed been a shad-fisher and the cook of a mackerel-boat; but this did not seem a sufficient warrant for rambling away to the Hudson and relieving the shad-nets there of a basket of fish without letting the owner know of his considerate action. The foraging habits of his military life might partly excuse this, and might also account for his taking a day off, now and then, to follow the sedgy creeks of the Hackensack, fishing and shooting. But Prew could discover nothing in his past career which gave any color of reason to Croombe's passion for haunting auctions. Other pastimes to which he was given were equally irrational. Yet Prew bore all patiently, until Croombe one day proposed to drop a week out of what he still imaginatively called his engagement with the doctor, — the time to be used in driving a wagon-load of nitro-glycerine from the neighboring factory to a place in Connecticut.

"Nitro-glycerine!" Prew echoed, aghast.

"Yes," said the other, deprecatingly, "that was one of my regular trades."

He brought out with emphasis the word "regular." But Prew absolutely withheld his consent, and hinted that it would be well for Croombe to add one more to his list of "regular" occupations by coming to the house more consecutively.

With a grieved air, Croombe gave up his plan. Then matters went on for a while just as before; the doctor still pardoning Croombe's eagerness to do chores for other people, because he knew how pressing his poverty was. But little by little he became aware that Croombe seldom took any money for these services. He now perceived that his man was indulging himself in the luxury of giving

away much time and labor miscellaneously, merely in order to feel that he was not enslaved to any one person. He commented to him on this discovery, placing before him the situation: that he, Prew, was supporting Croombe for the benefit of the community at large. "I don't call it supporting," said his servant, with pride. "If I chose, I *could* have pay for all that outside work."

One day Croombe invited the doctor to see his wife; not in a strictly social way, for medical advice was needed. But as he had no intention of paying for either advice or medicine, the invitation was in the nature of a hospitable act. Anything, of course, which the doctor could do for his wife would be regarded as a personal favor to himself; and between gentlemen on the same level this tacit understanding was enough. But he took the further precaution of making light of the malady. "My opinion is," he complained, "she works herself up into this chills and fever just by nagging at me to send our little gal to school."

"But your child has the fever, too."

"Yes."

"Then, if you think it all comes from her not going to school, why not try sending her?"

For the first time since Prew had known him, Croombe looked ashamed of himself. His wife, — who had once been pretty, and even now in her old saffron gown possessed a dim and troubled beauty, — his pallid, ailing wife turned to Prew and said warmly: "I know I had n't ought to urge it on him so, though it's nature to me. Poor Joe! You see he has all he can do, now, to get along."

Croombe drew down the straightforward visor of his cap, so as to shelter his eyes, and thrust his hands gloomily into his trousers pockets. He turned away and looked out of the window of the small, shaky hovel, as if the aspect of the interior had suddenly pained him beyond endurance. Just then, the wife, who after her utterance on Croombe's behalf had fallen to brooding again, spoke out almost querulously. "I *do* think, anyhow," she said, "you might have spared to build that piazza 'side

of the house, and put the money into schoolin'."

Croombe, still gazing out of the window, plucked up courage at this, and answered with some bitterness: "How many times have I told you I could n't have got anything for the lumber? You know how I picked it up, odd bits."

Prew remembered the pile of old lumber which had accumulated slowly beside the shanty, till there was enough to build the erratic, tottering little balcony with. He detected a hidden virtue in Croombe's gratuitous jobs of house-repairing for the neighbors.

"Besides," continued the father, "don't Etta play house under that balcony, and scold about her doll not goin' to school, till you'd think she was a regular grown woman with a good-for-nothin' of a husband?" Before any reply could be made, Croombe gave a shout. "Here comes Etta, now!" he exclaimed. "And she's goin' to play on her balcony."

The next moment a gay, prancing child with light hair and dark eyes, running down the hill-side against which the shanty feebly supported itself, appeared, laughing, upon the balcony, and gazed in through the window at her withered papa. Prew had never seen his man happy before. The little girl quickly darted around the house and came in. There was something wonderfully breezy in all the movements of her agile, tiny form. An odor of fresh grass hung about her; her eyes had a dark gleam like that of the water in the creeks; and her fair hair and lively face seemed to have drawn to themselves the brighter parts of the sunlight, leaving some other quality of it to stain her father's cheeks that leathery brown.

"You see, doc', she's like me," said Croombe, unconscious of the startling contrast between them. "She loves the hills and the woods; she don't want to be cooped up. Say, Etta, how would you like goin' to school?"

"My doll must go to school," answered Etta, with authority, indicating her own superior exemption.

"And what will *you* do?" asked Prew.

"I'll have a great big house like the

works on the meadows, and live there when I'm rich."

Croombe glanced over at the doctor with a knowing air. "I'm holdin' on to that land at Closter, you know. I ain't in no hurry."

"But your doll," said Prew to Etta, "will know more than you, if you don't go to school."

The child hesitated now in that half-pleased, partly frightened way that children have when they suspect that something too clever for them has been said. Prew pressed the question: "Don't you really want to go?"

Little Etta gazed embarrassed at some wild flowers she had brought in her hand; then she eyed her mother, who in an absent, brooding way was awaiting the issue. At last she carried her mother the flowers. "Papa," she said, "likes me to get the flowers for mamma; but mamma wants me to go to school. Shall I go with you? Yes, with *you*, — I will." She appeared to think the doctor would take her at once, in his buggy.

Croombe was crest-fallen. But "Not to-day," said Prew.

The next morning Croombe came and examined with much interest a certain decayed gate-post at the doctor's, in which a swarm of bees had housed themselves. "Curious," he remarked, dreamily, "there seems to be quite some bees there: 't ain't very large, *too*." And he devoted the day to hiving the bees, for Prew's benefit. This was understood as a full confession that he had had the worst of it in the discussion as to Etta. The confession was strengthened by his being on hand a great deal, after that, when he was not needed, and even appearing frequently when he was. He soon relapsed into his shiftless ways; but Prew would not dismiss him. He thought of the ailing wife and the wild, pretty daughter.

In Etta he saw a type of the neglected village itself. Perched like it on the hill-side, she dreamed — also like the village — of growing up, getting rich, being important in the world. Many improvements in the village, which might have helped it to gain its desires, were

deferred: similarly, the education that Etta needed was replaced with empty expectations. Prew tried to enforce upon her father the mistake he was making. But Croombe would not yield so far as to send her to school. That, he fancied, might hurt his independence; and his independence, he appeared to think, was the best dowry he could give her. He could conceive of no better way to benefit Etta than to wait for good fortune, proudly. If improvement was to come, he had faith in its coming suddenly, or by some more dignified pursuit than currying a horse.

But one day Prew made a great discovery: Croombe's land at Closter turned out to be nearly worthless. It was a small lot, mainly swamp, and its total value was the sum which Croombe had adroitly made to appear as the price of each acre. Even that value was an imaginary one. Armed with this information, Prew again tried to move his man. He offered to buy the land at its assumed worth. Croombe refused: nevertheless, he felt the force of the attack. The very next day he resigned his place with Prew, and said he had found a vacancy at the glycerine works. It was in vain that the doctor tried to dissuade him from this perilous business.

"'T ain't a hundredth part as bad as Chickamauga battle-ground," said Croombe; "and the wages is high. I think," he added, without dropping his air of severe self-respect, "I think my wife's fever 'll git better, now."

Prew saw that the danger steadied his lax and desultory nature; possibly it was essential to the man's success. Most of his pursuits had been dangerous. We soon accustomed ourselves to this idea, and used to laugh at the likeness between Croombe and the material he worked in; both so mild, even languid, yet capable of a change that filled them with exceptional force.

Led by my interest in Croombe, I one day visited the works. How still and harmless seemed the long "converting-room"! There, in long troughs, stood rows of stone pitchers containing nitric acid and surrounded by ice-cold water.

Above them were ranged glass jars full of glycerine that trickled drop by drop into the acid, and a light current of air impelled by steam fanned the mixture. This simple process changed the healing oil into a glittering liquid charged with sudden death and the terrors of earthquakes. Two men paced up and down, silent, watchful as serpents, their movements quick as those of fine steel. If but a few drops of the oil flowed too fast into the acid — fire! If the soft air-current should waver for an instant — fire! The men counted the drops with keen eyes, and stirred the fuming fluid with short tubes of glass; always pacing to and fro, wary, quiet, as if they were keepers of some caged wild beast. How still and peaceful seemed the room, how punctiliously clean the floor was kept! It was flooded every day, I found, to carry off chance drops which, stepped upon, would have hurled the watchers beyond human reach, and left the factory a splintered ruin.

What had happened? Had there been an explosion? A roaring sound shook the air around me, and filled my ears with strange hummings. That was the noise of the train I had just left. But there I stood, looking over the marshes amazed. Where the nitro-glycerine works had once been remained now merely a gaunt heap of charred and scattered timbers. It seemed as if the explosion had just happened. I knew that was impossible, yet I hurried to Prew's house with something of the illusion hanging about me. He was not in.

"When did it happen?" I asked the servant. She did not understand. "The explosion," I added, impatiently. "Over there."

"Oh, that was last autumn."

Then I explained that I had been away all winter, and had not heard of it. Hastening away I turned down a lane near Prew's that led to the marshes, and near the railroad I found an old shrewd man spading in a field. He was unwholesomely glad to find some one to whom the story of the disaster was new. He had something to say about cans of "com-

pound glycerin," and carboys of acid, and a load going out by canal-boat. No one knew just how it began. "First it went off inside, and then outside, and it blew those six men—well, you could n't find anything of 'em afterward, so 's to reco'nize 'em. We found three fingers, and in another place two or three"—

"Never mind that," I interposed, to his surprise. "Were the men all killed?"

"Every one. As I say, you could n't find the pieces, so 's to count up six fair and square, but they was all there. What was left of 'em, you could put it all into a dinner-can."

"Horrible!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he repeated, "you could just put it all in a dinner-can,—one of the men's dinner-cans." This allusion, no doubt, struck him as exceedingly apt; and he felt encouraged to go on with an account so grotesquely hideous that I suspected he was drawing on his fancy.

"Did you have a funeral?" I asked, suddenly.

But here the shrewd old man's memory or else his imagination failed him. "I don't remember," he said, mysteriously, "whether we had a funeral or not."

After a pause I asked if he had known Joe Croombe. "Yes, I did," he answered. "He was a good fellow, Joe; it hurt me, I tell you, to have him took off that way." He spoke with the force of real regret, and went on to say how he had been sitting in the store when Joe stopped in on his way to the works. "Well, he had n't been gone long when we heard suthin' go off, and the doors flew open, and windows—my!—they was smashed all around here. 'Hit him ag'in!' says I. I thought it was a cannon. I had n't more 'n got the words out, when it went off ag'in. Then I heard a woman crying; she come running out. It was Joe's wife. 'My husband's dead!' says she. She come running out, crying, 'My husband's dead!' And his little gal," he continued in an awe-struck voice, "when *she* heard it up at the

school-house, she stopped right in her lesson with her hand at her heart, and she said, 'My father's dead!' That was before any one told her." He stopped, with his hand on his spade, staring out at the ruin-heap; then he maundered on through many repetitious details. "Jacob Wheeler was twenty rods away with a cart and team; both the horses was knocked flat, and he—why, he did n't know whether he jumped or was thrown out. Jury tried to censure *him*. I was on the jury, and I said: 'Do you want to censure that poor fella because he got knocked flat and was n't killed? A little more and he *would* have been killed, and then how'd you have felt if you'd censured him?'"

The feeble old logician's garrulity made it appear as if he were trying to hobble away from the whole dreary subject. He had told all he knew, and I feared that to stay would tempt him to put an undue tax on his fancy. I moved away, but I could not turn my eyes from the ruin. Close by me was a field where the daisies were spreading their white, flat petals; beyond lay the rough, tawny marsh, burnt black in spots and overhung by a haze, against which some willows were blotted like pale yellow lights. There was a wild charm in the scene, yet it was indescribably mournful. Its dumbness seemed to reflect the unsatisfied longing which I felt to see Croombe once more in his old state,—well, happy, and worthless. Was I unreasonable? Did I overrate the man, now that he was dead, or had we valued him too slightly while he lived? As humanity constantly misestimates its greatest, so it blunders in measuring its least. In this case we had been content to assign to Croombe the part of a rough comedian; he had suddenly become the centre of a tragedy. Nature for a time had tolerated our levity; but she now showed that there was something in this frail life which we had not calculated upon. Croombe gone, the void which he left was filled with a mysterious, contradictory sacredness.

George Parsons Lathrop.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

How much of my young heart, O Spain,
Went out to thee in days of yore!
What dreams romantic filled my brain,
And summoned back to life again
The Paladins of Charlemain,
The Cid Campeador!

And shapes more shadowy than these,
In the dim twilight half revealed:
Phœnician galleys on the seas,
The Roman camps like hives of bees,
The Goth uplifting from his knees
Pelayo on his shield:

It was these memories perchance,
From annals of remotest eld,
That lent the colors of romance
To every trivial circumstance,
And changed the form and countenance
Of all that I beheld.

Old towns, whose history lies hid
In monkish chronicle or rhyme, —
Burgos, the birthplace of the Cid,
Zamora and Valladolid,
Toledo, built and walled amid
The wars of Wamba's time;

The long, straight line of the highway,
The distant town that seems so near,
The peasants in the fields, that stay
Their toil to cross themselves and pray,
When from the belfry at midday
The Angelus they hear;

The crosses in the mountain pass,
Mules gay with tassels, the loud din
Of muleteers, the tethered ass
That crops the dusty wayside grass,
And cavaliers with spurs of brass
Alighting at the inn;

White hamlets hidden in fields of wheat,
White cities slumbering by the sea,
White sunshine flooding square and street,
Dark mountain-ranges, at whose feet

The river-beds are dry with heat,
All was a dream to me.

Yet something sombre and severe
O'er the enchanted landscape reigned;
A terror in the atmosphere
As if King Philip listened near,
Or Torquemada, the austere,
His ghostly sway maintained.

The softer Andalusian skies
Dispelled the sadness and the gloom;
There Cadiz by the seaside lies,
And Seville's orange-orchards rise,
Making the land a paradise
Of beauty and of bloom.

There Córdoba is hidden among
The palm, the olive, and the vine;
Gem of the South, by poets sung,
And in whose Mosque Almanzor hung
As lamps the bells that once had rung
At Compostella's shrine.

But over all the rest supreme,
The star of stars, the cynosure,
The artist's and the poet's theme,
The young man's vision, the old man's dream, —
Granada by its winding stream,
The city of the Moor!

And there the Alhambra still recalls
Aladdin's palace of delight:
Allah il Allah! through its halls
Whispers the fountain as it falls;
The Darro darts beneath its walls,
The hills with snow are white.

Ah yes, the hills are white with snow,
And cold with blasts that bite and freeze;
But in the happy vale below
The orange and pomegranate grow,
And wafts of air toss to and fro
The blossoming almond-trees.

The Vega cleft by the Xenil,
The fascination and allure
Of the sweet landscape chain the will.
The traveller lingers on the hill,
His parted lips are breathing still
The last sigh of the Moor.

How like a ruin overgrown
 With flowers that hide the rents of time
 Stands now the Past that I have known;
 Castles in Spain, not built of stone,
 But of white summer cloud, and blown
 Into this little mist of rhyme!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE WAGNER MUSIC-DRAMA.

WHETHER we admit or not the first dogma of the Wagner creed, that the individual arts have in past times reached their highest possible degree of development, and that the highest art-work of the future is to consist in a union of the arts, we must all agree that the occasion on which this doctrine was first brought to a fair trial at Bayreuth last summer, in full accordance with the ideal of its author, is to be regarded as the most important musical event in this age of festivals, if not in all the history of music.

It was evident that if the Bayreuth Festival should fail, it could not be because the composer did not have his own way in everything. The choice of the city for the performance of his stage-play, the situation, architecture, and internal arrangements of the theatre, the selection of the vocal and instrumental artists from the best that the German stage affords, and the supervision at the rehearsals of the whole performance, down to the smallest details, were all subject to his own will and control; and when we consider the character of the audience that had gathered from all quarters of the globe, from Egypt and St. Petersburg to New York and San Francisco, — Germany, America, England, France, Russia, and Italy being represented in the order given, — an audience headed by two emperors and one king, a whole host of dukes and grand dukes, about one hundred *capellmeisters*, and as many critics and authors,

the list of *literati* and artists including such names as Mosenthal, Frenzel, Bodenstedt, Menzel, Leubach, Joseph and Nicolas Rubinstein, Marianne Brandt, Anna Mehlig, and so on, *ad libitum*, we must admit the truth of the remark of Hanslick, that this time the mountain had to go to the prophet.

Of the difficulties which stood in the way of the Bayreuth Festival we can form some idea from the fact that in 1862 Wagner had given up all hope of surviving the performance of his Tetralogy, as he tells us in the preface to the first edition of the poems of the Ring. Many were the hostile factors that had to be overcome, for he appeared in the character of a reformer; and next to religion art is the domain of human interests in which proposed reforms and innovations are most vigorously opposed and resented. To bring these reforms before the eyes of the public under the most favorable circumstances possible, or, in other words, to show the difference between the old opera and the new music-drama, may be regarded as the principal object of the Bayreuth Festival of last year. In consideration also of the incomplete manner in which Wagner's works had previously been brought on the stage, and of the defective style of their performance, it was desirable that of his *chef-d'œuvre*, at least, there should be a series of *model performances*. Not to speak of America and England, where Lohengrin and Tannhäuser are

simply reduced to farces by the Italian version of the text, in Germany, even, the almost universal faults of operatic performances are the defective articulation of the words by the singers, the barbaric cutting down and altering of the score by unconscientious capellmeisters, and the neglect of artistic and logical dramatic acting by the vocalist, who addresses his songs to the audience instead of endeavoring to keep up the illusions of the play. It was in these points that Bayreuth performances contrasted so favorably with ordinary performances. A special notice was put up behind the scenes, among other things requesting the vocalists never to address the public.

The festival of last year was not meant to be an isolated phenomenon in the history of music, but the first of a series of festivals, to recur at intervals of one or more years. Bayreuth is to become the Olympia of modern dramatic art, the rendezvous of the first artists in the country, who are to unite in the performance of works of art of sufficient originality and merit to justify their production in such a manner. The style of execution is to receive special attention, and thus a tradition of style will be gradually brought about, which cannot fail to react favorably on the theatres represented. It is admitted that the German stage was corrupted by the opera; it can now be regenerated through the influence of the music-drama: thus the national theatre at Bayreuth will become a sort of musical university for advanced pupils, with the great composers as teachers, and the lovers of music of all nations as an audience at the annual public recitals. In details of dramatic action much improvement was made; at the rehearsals Wagner paid particular attention to this point, and was constantly active on the stage, showing by example how this or that ought to be done.

The rehearsals covered the space of three months, and, without counting frequent repetitions of individual scenes and passages, embraced twelve performances of the whole Ring,—a tremendous task for the vocalists and musicians; and it was a subject of general

surprise that, with the exception of the case of Unger as Siegfried, scarcely any traces of fatigue were noticeable in the last series of performances. The enthusiasm for the work and cause must account for this. The genuine interest which all the distinguished performers took in the Tetralogy, apart from all selfish considerations, is something unique in the history of the stage. It led them to volunteer their services freely, and to sacrifice their whole summer vacation; and some of them compromised their dignity as soloists so far as to sing in the chorus of men, in the *Götterdämmerung*. The wild chorus of the Walküren owed much of its magical effect to the voices of the *prime donne* who took part in it behind the scenes. The members of the orchestra, almost all soloists, consented to give up all individuality and chance of being personally noticed, by burying themselves in the "mystic abyss," out of sight of the audience.

About the Wagner theatre, or *Bühnenfestspielhaus*, as it is officially called, so much has been written that I will not enter into a detailed description of it. If the expression be allowed, Wagner may be said to have a genius for originality. To attain that naturalness and perfect illusion which are necessary for the full enjoyment of a work of art, he introduced in his theatre a number of new and striking devices. Unanimous was the approval of the arrangement just referred to, by which the movements of the orchestra were made invisible; the advantages resulting from it were that it greatly aided the illusion, that the vocalists were not overpowered or "degraded into an inferior position," that the objection "too much brass" was done away with, and that the instruments blended much better with one another, while each one retained its individuality. Emperor William himself requested to be shown into the mystic abyss where "his court musicians had to sweat;" for the locality has the one disadvantage of being insufferably hot, so hot that some of the musicians have sworn they will not come another year unless arrangements are made for the in-

roduction of fresh air without a draught. A trumpet signal, consisting of a prominent "motive" of the drama for the evening, announces that the performance is to begin; a second signal, within, signifies that the seats must be taken at once, and simultaneously all the lights are turned down to prevent reading of text-books and scores, so that full attention is secured for the scenic impressions and dramatic actions which, Wagner insists, are as essential factors in the music-drama as the libretto and the music itself. The seats, arranged as in a segment of the Greek amphitheatre, are of almost equal excellence for seeing and hearing, and very commodious, so that when the curtain is divided in the middle, "as by invisible hands," and the scene is revealed, there is nothing to remind one of one's material existence, or of the fact that one is in a theatre. The illusion is complete. One more praiseworthy arrangement I will mention. The performances began at four in the afternoon, and after the trumpet signal five minutes' grace was allowed; then the twelve doors were closed against all, beyond appeal, so that the hearer might without disturbance enjoy the orchestral preludes so magnificently played, and so important as exponents of the prevailing sentiment of the coming act. On the first Walküre night, poor Rothschild arrived too late, either because he had found the price of a carriage beyond his means, or because he had been delayed by investing in the luxury of a ham sandwich; all his wealth failed to procure him admission to the first act of the Walküre.

It is well known that Wagner, finding the old German Nibelungenlied insufficient for his purpose, gathered the material for the first three dramas of his Tetralogy from the Edda, a collection of Northern myths; the fourth drama, *Götterdämmerung* only, is based upon the Nibelungenlied. In skillfully tracing the lost connecting thread of the confused mass of legends, and uniting them into a continuous dramatic narrative, filling up lacunæ from his own imagination, and embellishing the whole with poetic fan-

cies, he rendered a service to German mythology which the great German philologists have not been slow in acknowledging. The thread upon which the innumerable incidents of the plot of the *Ring des Nibelungen* are strung is, very briefly, as follows: the gold, the Rhine gold, originally rested on the bed of the Rhine, guarded by three water nymphs, the Rhine daughters. Three races, the gods, the giants, and the Nibelungen, contended for the possession of it, and through it for the mastery of the world. The Nibelungen were a race of dwarfs who dwelt in Nibelheim, in subterranean caves; they wrought in precious metals and amassed wonderful treasures. One of them, Alberich, obtained the gold, and made it into a ring, by means of which he became master of his race and of their inestimable treasures, the chief of which was the *Tarnhelm*, or magic helmet, which conferred upon its possessor the power of transforming himself into any shape he pleased. Wotan, king of the gods, made a contract with two giants, Fasolt and Fafner, that they should build a citadel from which the gods could safely rule the world, promising them as a reward Freia, the goddess of youth and beauty. But after the castle was finished, Wotan refused to give up Freia. The giants demanded the Nibelungen treasures as a substitute; these Wotan obtained from Alberich by strategy, and gave them to the giants. Fafner, in the shape of an immense dragon, henceforth guarded these treasures, including the ring and the *Tarnhelm*. Before Alberich parted with the ring, he laid a curse upon it: it should bring death to whomsoever should acquire it.

Then the gods took up their abode in their new citadel; but, having obtained their power through deceit, peace could not be insured until the crime should be expiated. The ring must be restored to its rightful owners, the Rhine daughters. But the gods could not take it from Fafner, since their contract with him was inviolable; this could be done only by one endowed with free will, who would take the fault upon himself and do penance for it. The gods saw the capacity

of such a free will in man, and they educated a race of mortals from which should spring one who would atone for their crime. At length the hero was born, Siegfried, who was to overcome the dragon and regain the ring. Born and brought up in the forest, he was wondrously strong and courageous, and easily slew the dragon and took possession of the treasure, the ring, and the Tarnhelm. After this transaction he was directed to go to a distant mountain, on the summit of which slept a beautiful maiden. This was Brünnhilde, one of the nine Walküren; they were daughters of Wotan, and their duty was to watch over conflicts, and convey the fallen heroes to Walhalla, the abode of the gods. Brünnhilde, for an act of disobedience to her father, had been shorn of her divinity, and doomed to marry a mortal. She was surrounded by fire, but Siegfried, who knew not the meaning of fear, penetrated the flames, awakened her, and the two plighted their troth; he placed the ring upon her finger, then left her on the rocky height, and went forth to seek new adventures. In the course of his travels, Siegfried came to the court of Gunther, king of the Gibichungen, on the banks of the Rhine. Gudrune, sister of Gunther, being enamored of Siegfried, gave him a love potion, which caused him to love her and forget Brünnhilde.

Gunther promised his sister to Siegfried on condition that the latter would aid him to gain Brünnhilde, of whose charms he had heard. Siegfried, by means of his Tarnhelm, assumed the form of Gunther, presented himself to Brünnhilde, forced the ring from her, and compelled her to go to the court of the Gibichungen. Hagen, a half-brother of Gunther and natural son of Alberich, knew the story of the ring, and determined to restore it to his father. Brünnhilde, enraged at Siegfried's desertion of her, thirsting for vengeance, confided to Hagen that he was vulnerable in the back. At a hunting-party, the next day, Hagen watched his opportunity and stabbed Siegfried, mortally wounding him. The corpse was carried to the hall

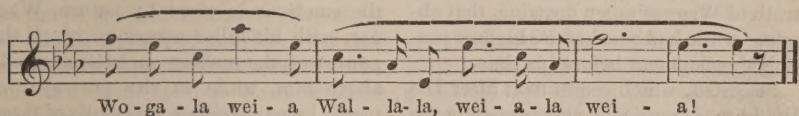
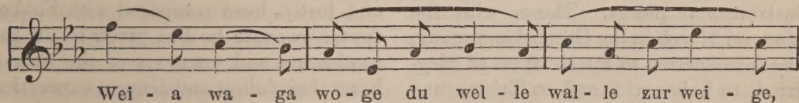
of the Gibichungen, and then Brünnhilde, having heard about the love potion and its effects, declared herself to be Siegfried's true wife. She caused a funeral pyre to be erected for him, and set fire to it herself; then, after restoring the ring to the Rhine daughters, she mounted her horse and rushed into the flames. Immediately the waters of the Rhine overflowed and rose to the very hall. The Rhine daughters came to the surface of the waves, seized Hagen, who tried to snatch the ring from them, and dragged him down into the deep.

That these poems abound in situations of unparalleled dramatic interest, no one need be told who has ever heard one of Wagner's music-dramas. His genius shows itself to fullest advantage in slowly developing a highly tragic climax, and in illustrating it with that passionate, energetic music which carries our feelings along like a mighty storm-wind. Another prominent characteristic of the poems under consideration is what a German would call their *Anschaulichkeit*; that is, the scenes and events are brought before the eyes in a direct, intuitive manner, almost without the aid, it seems, of abstract words and concepts. In general there is an uninterrupted flow of action which makes them well adapted to the stage. It is true that this very characteristic excludes and forbids similes and figures and the general poetic embellishments. But it must be remembered that these poems were not written as pure literary products. They are like a beautiful body to which only the added music supplies the real poetic soul, and only in connection with the music should they be judged. The poetic characterization of the *dramatis personæ* is for the most part excellent; but here, too, the poetry is greatly aided by the music, the main characterization being left to the orchestra, which with all its modern resources, the manifold combinations of strings, wood, and brass, can indicate shades of character and emotion much more perfectly than the human voice alone.

There is a poetic innovation in the Ring des Nibelungen, on which a vast amount of German sarcasm had been

expended previous to the Bayreuth performance. I mean the alliterative verse, which no one has ever used to such an extent as Wagner has in his Tetralogy, and in *Tristan und Isolde*. There are some passages where the alliteration is labored, and striving after it gives rise to a violence against the most natural way of expressing a thought; but generally the substitution of alliteration for the customary rhyme must be regarded as one of the great improvements introduced by Wagner on the operatic stage. Rhyme is useless in song, as it is not noticed by the ear, whereas by making several words in a line begin with the same consonant or vowel, Wagner has imparted to his verse something of the charm and flow of the Italian. One of the best instances of the charm of alliterative verse occurs in the introductory drama, *Rheingold*. It opens with a strangely impressive orchestral prelude, which

begins with a colossal organ-point on E-flat, extending over nearly one hundred and fifty bars. First the bass is heard alone, then one after another the 'celli and other instruments come in, splitting the chord into its component harmonic intervals, always in a six-eighth wave-like motion, suggesting the waters of a river. The hearer is fairly intoxicated by the strange, never-heard sound-colors, if I may use the expression. Suddenly the chord changes to the subdominant; the curtain divides and shows us in faint twilight the three Rhine daughters in long blue robes, swimming about some rocks under the surface of the Rhine, gliding up and down, to and fro, with a free and easy movement. Their song opens with the following beautiful melody, to these words, which excited so much merriment in certain quarters that the Nibelungen music had come to be briefly called *Wagalawea* music.



Rheingold is a drama in one act, and continues for more than two hours and a half without interruption. All this time the eyes and ears of the spectator are in constant demand, and for nerves unused to such incessant activity the effort is too great, and fatigue ensues. It would be too great for all were it not for the constant change of scene, and the rapidity with which the most extraordinary actions follow each other. The frolicking of the Rhine maidens in the water, their flirtation with Alberich the dwarf prince, the final rape of the gold, the scene between Wotan and Fricka, who scolds her husband for selling the goddess Freia to the two giants for the castle Walhalla, the appearance of the giants to claim their prey, the intervention of the gods Donner and Froh; the adventures of Wotan and Loge in the sub-

terranean home of the dwarfs, where Alberich transforms himself into a monstrous snake and a toad successively, to show the power of his Tarnhelm or magic helmet; then the return of the gods, the ransom of Freia with the gold taken from the dwarf, and their final march across the Rhine on the rainbow bridge, while the laments of the Rhine daughters for their lost gold are heard below, to the sound of eight harps, — all these actions with their details and minor incidents are of such an absorbing nature, that at the first hearing one is apt to overlook a great portion of the music, and is afterwards inclined to ask if Wagner did not make a mistake in complicating the action of the drama so much as to endanger the music's losing its share of the spectator's attention. But this is the case only at the first hearing, and

only in Rheingold, which is musically far inferior to the other dramas.

After Rheingold comes *Die Walküre*, in which we are introduced to a wild chief named Hunding, his wife Sieglinde, and her brother Siegmund; also to the nine Walküren maidens, who carry on their steeds to Walhalla the heroes who fall in battle. They are maidens in warlike attire, with spear and helmet, and their song is of a wild character, and peculiarly impressive and characteristic. *Die Walküre* is the one of the four dramas which is perhaps destined soonest to attain popularity. This may be due partly to the fact that it contains several orchestral pieces well adapted to the concert stage, which have been frequently given to the public here and in America. Such are the Ride of the Walküren, Wotan's Farewell, Magic Fire Scene, and the Introduction to the third act, which are of great interest as purely instrumental pieces. These, with the Funeral March in the *Götterdämmerung*, the Introduction to the third act of Siegfried, to Lohengrin, and to Tristan und Isolde, raise serious doubts as to the truth of Wagner's own doctrine, that absolute music had reached its highest possible development before his time.

Siegfried, which comes next after *Die Walküre*, is musically and poetically the finest of the four dramas. It made the deepest impression of all, and made the most proselytes to the cause; its undisputed success marks a peculiar triumph of Wagner's theories, since it shares with Tristan und Isolde the honor of being the purest embodiment of his ideal. There is in Siegfried nothing approaching polyphonic song. At no time are there more than two persons on the stage, and in the first two acts not a woman is seen, although for a short time the song of the bird (sung by Lili Lehman) is heard from the tree tops.

A court pianist of some repute — entirely blind and therefore obliged at Bayreuth to concentrate all his attention on the music — told me that, however much music one has heard before, in listening to Siegfried one feels as if it were the first time that one hears real music, such

as Nature herself would make if she ever made music in our sense of the word. And indeed this is the feeling with which one leaves the theatre after each act of Siegfried. It is a rare revelation of the powers of human genius. One of the most important characteristics of Wagner's music is here brought into full light. When we make a general comparison of English and German poetry, we find that the best of the English has man for its central object; it is the poetry of man; whereas the greater part and the best of German poetry is the poetry of nature. But while we find in the music of Germany much of this poetry of nature reflected in her Folksongs, and in the lyric songs of Schubert, Franz, and other composers, on the dramatic stage, with few exceptions, this *Waturgefühl* had not been developed to any extent before Wagner's operas, particularly the *Ring des Nibelungen*, appeared. Beethoven has often, and justly, been compared with Shakespeare, because he has given to all the sentiments and emotions of the human heart their fullest and deepest expression in his music. But as an interpreter of the emotions inspired by nature, Wagner, with his fuller command of all the powers of the modern orchestra, stands above him, while in the portrayal of purely human feelings, especially of those that are sad, he is scarcely inferior to the composer of the *Sonata Pathétique*.

I will mention some of the scenes which the *Ring des Nibelungen* offers in such abundance to the music for illustration or interpretation. First, we are taken into the fairy-land under the waters of the Rhine, and are made to feel most vividly the poetry of the situation; then we are taken to the subterranean home of the dwarfs, which is lighted solely by the precious metals, or by the fire of Mime's smithy in which Siegfried forges his infallible sword. Anon we are on some

... "most steep fantastic pinnacle,
The fretwork of some earthquake, where the clouds
Pause to repose themselves in passing by."

Again we find ourselves on the banks of the romantic Rhine, bordered by wild rocks and inhabited by nymphs of the

Loreley type. In the first scene of Rheingold and the beginning of act second of the *Götterdämmerung* the orchestra renders most beautifully the feelings inspired by a gorgeous sunrise, which is also in scenic respects a perfect triumph of stage-mechanism. We are transported to the forest; we hear the sighing of the pines, the rustling of the leaves, and the sweet chirping of the birds. This entire scene, in which the violins are used so exquisitely to produce a dreamy forest feeling, evinces how well Wagner understands the use of this instrument, though he first showed how brass instruments can be used to best advantage in an orchestra. The judicious use of wind, wood, and brass gives to Wagnerian music a peculiar richness and emotional warmth, and it adds a powerful under-current which seems to supply bones and sinews to the music. In this department Wagner has enriched the art of music more than any other composer. The reintroduction of several antiquated instruments in the Nibelungen orchestra is of importance when viewed from this stand-point. In looking over the vast number of musical instruments used in the Middle Ages, but unknown now except as curiosities, in the Germanic museum of Nürnberg, one wonders what strange tones and effects may not be hidden in them, and whether one of the chief directions of musical development in the future is not to consist in the restitution of some more of these instruments, or in the invention of new ones.

Götterdämmerung, the last of the four dramas, may be briefly characterized as dramatically the most developed and perfect part of the Tetralogy. The mythological element is least prominent in it, and we are chiefly among human beings. King Gunther, his sister Gudrune, and his half-brother Hagen are the new characters. It seems that in this drama Wagner has for the moment returned to some of the old forms of musical expression; for in the second act is introduced an eight-part chorus of Hagen's soldiers, which is a masterpiece of its kind; then there is a duet between Siegfried and Brünnhilde, a trio of the Rhine daugh-

ters, and something resembling a short ballet, in reality a wedding procession. In introducing these forms, Wagner did not by any means become untrue to his ideal. Here the dramatic situation naturally demands them, and he at once resorts to them; he objects to the introduction of choruses, etc., only when they interrupt the dramatic action. The *Götterdämmerung* is of extreme length, the score being almost twice as long as that of Rheingold; it was not finished until 1873, and is his latest product.

Among the many differences between the ordinary opera libretto and the text to Wagner's music-dramas, not the least is this, that in the latter the details of the scenery and action are minutely described. In reading the poems of the Ring, one often pauses at these descriptions, and wonders how such scenes can possibly be represented on the stage of any theatre. Much was demanded at Bayreuth, but uncommon means stood at the disposal of the machinist and stage manager. Two small steam-engines were in use, colored and uncolored steam being a conspicuous—in Rheingold rather too conspicuous—feature of the scenery. Electric lights of all colors were in constant demand, and other applicable discoveries of modern science were not overlooked. The immense size of the stage, which is larger than the auditorium, was also a great advantage. And yet, as a whole, the *mise en scène* was far less of a success than the musical and dramatic representation. In Rheingold, the transition from one scene to another, from the banks of the Rhine to the subterranean Nibelheim, and *vice versâ*, so ingeniously plotted, was, through fault of the workmen, accomplished in a very unsatisfactory manner; and the metamorphosis of Alberich into a dragon might have been effected with more dexterity. The rainbow was not exactly of the form of those we ordinarily see, and there were some short-comings in the citadel of Walhalla. The scenic representation of the Ride of the Walküre was a perfect farce. A series of figures, intended to represent maidens on horseback, each with a fallen hero on her saddle, were

by means of a magic lantern made to pass across the storm clouds, but the execution was jerky, and without the aid of the text-book it would have been difficult to conjecture whether a given figure was meant for a "camel" or a "weasel." In Siegfried, the dragon deformed itself very clumsily in its fight with the hero, and the conduct of the bear, which is brought in by the latter to terrify Mime, showed that the sight of an actual bruin is a rarity in Germany. Finally, the end of the last scene in *Götterdämmerung* was a complete failure and spoiled the effect of the magnificent music which concludes the drama. Brünnhilde did not mount her horse and dash into the burning funeral pyre of Siegfried, as the text gave us to expect she would, but she simply led her horse behind the scenes, whereupon the flames lighted up behind them; and the inflated green canvas creeping toward the front of the stage was very far from representing the overflowing waters of the Rhine. These were the most serious defects in the performance, and most of them occurred only in the first series of

representations, the second and third series being in all respects superior to the first.

Out of place as such short-comings were in "model performances," they by no means seriously interfered with the enjoyment of the stage-play, and, without taking into consideration the faultless music and almost faultless acting, were far outweighed by the many extraordinary beauties and original features of the scenery. It was not the usual decorative scenery of operas, but mostly landscape of a wild, romantic character. At a fourth and fifth hearing of the *Tetralogy*, when the music and acting no longer required my undivided attention, I often found myself unconsciously studying the details of the scenery, just as one studies a real landscape, and the memory of those scenes is as vivid as the memory of similar scenes witnessed on the Rhine or the Columbia River. The phenomena of weather, — clouds, thunder, and lightning, even if once or twice the thunder came before the lightning, — were a wonderful success, and in many cases, literally speaking, not inferior to nature.

Henry T. Finck.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

If it were not that it is almost too unpleasant to talk about, M. Émile Zola's new novel, *L'Assommoir*, might provoke a controversy that would not be without its interest. M. Émile Zola is a realist as no man was ever a realist before, — as no man has ever ventured to be. He is known as having already published several novels in which the doctrines of extreme realism received a tolerably unshrinking application; but as compared with his present performance, even the story entitled *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon*, which describes the love affairs of a prime minister in a stable, savors of ignoble compromise and concession. The programme of *L'Assommoir* is to call a

spade a spade — and something worse. M. Zola, who is a radical in politics as well as in literature, began to publish his story a year ago, day by day, in one of the extreme republican newspapers of Paris; but, as the violent democrats in France have usually been, in their literary tastes, real Rosa - Matildas — this was part of the peculiar ghastliness of the great Revolution — the serial was interrupted by vehement protests from the subscribers, who found it, as the French say when they desire to emulate — or to satirize — English sensibilities, too "shoking." It was then transferred to the pages of a less sensitive periodical, and was so effectually advertised by the

scandal it had created that, on its republication in a volume, no less than four editions were demanded in a single day. Seriously speaking, and apart from scandal, the great ability of the book would make it noticeable. Pronounce it as disgusting as one may, it is impossible to deny that it is an extraordinarily stout piece of work. As regards controversy, it will have been effectually answered only when novelists of the opposite school produce something as solid, as closely wrought, and, in the French phrase, as *travaillé*. A dozen volumes of modern *marivaudage* by M. Victor Cherbuliez will be no answer to it, for they will only beg the question. M. Zola has at any rate the merit of not begging the question. If realism is good, he says, it is good all the way through; only when it is superficial—then only—can you charge it with a vice. *L'Assommoir* is a story of the people, of the most miserable class in the Parisian population; the heroine is a washer-woman and the hero—in so far as there is a hero—is a roof-mender. The cheerful theme of the tale is the downward course of this humble couple, their *dégringolade*, through one stage of suffering and depravation to another, and finally their utter ruin, shame, and extinction. M. Zola evidently knows his theme; he has studied the “dangerous classes” intimately and he goes by book. He would claim for his work, I suppose, a high philological value. He has mastered the vocabulary and phraseology of the social stratum that he analyzes, and as these people have something very like a complete dialect of their own, the achievement is a real *tour de force*. This dialect is extremely foul and obscene, but the author does not spare us a syllable. He prints an immense number of words of which it is safe to say that they have never before, under any circumstances, seen themselves in the garish light of print, and which, as we meet them on the page, seem to blush for their sponsor, in default of his blushing for them. In addition to this he describes certain things—objects, sensations, odors, nameless abominations—which have hitherto been unhonored

and unsung, but with which he appears to have closely familiarized himself. For instance, his heroine being a washer-woman, he paints the portrait of the dirty linen that passes through her hands—depicts its aspect, its emanations, its general presence—with a completeness that leaves nothing to be desired. Speaking perfectly dispassionately, it may be said that you read *L'Assommoir* holding your nose, and that to get to the end of it is a real victory over physical nausea. It might seem that a book of which one is obliged to speak in these terms is not a book to allude to at all; but, for various reasons, the case against *L'Assommoir* is not so simple as that. The talent and power of the book are very great, much greater than those of which M. Zola has hitherto given evidence, and the energy with which the author follows the straight line he has laid down for himself is highly respectable. To know so supremely well what one wants to do is in itself a great force. That M. Zola should want to do just what he does do is at once very surprising and very natural. It is surprising in the artist, as such, as we usually consider him, for we always suppose the artist to be a man of delicacy. But it is natural in M. Zola, individually considered, because it is his privilege to strike as a mind in which the absence of delicacy is altogether phenomenal and abnormal. When we talk about delicacy, we begin to speak a different language from his own. This is the great difficulty with *L'Assommoir*, and not the fact that the author prints a greater or smaller number of dirty words. Life unfortunately contains a very dirty element, and in describing life we must make our account with it. But when M. Zola deals with foul things it is from the foul point of view; we seem to see him sitting in the midst of them; “objective” as he is, with regard to them he is more “subjective” still. He does not, as the French say, dominate the situation. The presence in such a mind as M. Zola's of a literary sense so extraordinary, so masterly, is a very singular phenomenon, and one which seems to prove the commonness, among French-

men, of the literary sense. In no other race, certainly, would it be likely to sprout in such a soil. The great fault of M. Zola and the school to which he belongs is the failing to feel that delicacy is a positive factor in a real work of art. It is with delicacy in art as it is with generosity in life: these qualities are not obligatory, they are only complementary. If you urge a man to be generous he is free to remind you of the adage which commands him to be just. In the same way if you urge a novelist to be delicate he may inform you that his duty is to be accurate. Nevertheless you feel that generosity sets the stamp upon an honorable life, and delicacy gives its last expression to even the most realistic novel.

—A visit to Washington lately gave me an outside and an inside view of the capital. It is ten years or more since I had been there, and some of the contrasts in the aspect of the city came to me freshly. The same half-holiday look was there; the people in the avenue had the appearance of expecting a procession to pass in half an hour, and civilization and barbarism seemed on the most intimate terms of neighborliness. I joined the army of loiterers and took on, I have no doubt, the general semblance of concealing some deep design beneath my innocent exterior. We all of us bore the air of conspirators, and walked through the corridors as if we had matches in our pockets and full information as to the situation of the several trains below. I felt a strong disposition to wink at every other disreputable-looking man on the premises. Every one surely must have noticed the singular effect produced by a community of tide-waiters.

The novelty of this could not last, and I needed but to pass into one or two streets to recover the decorous idea of domestic and social life. A glimpse that I had of an interior taken with a sudden passage from the rotunda at the capitol into the quiet retreat of the library, with its wonderful outlook from alcoved recesses off upon Virginia hills and skies, set me to thinking and asking questions, which confirmed my previous notion that

a man of letters, having a movable home, could scarcely do a wiser thing than encamp in Washington during the congressional season. Here, for instance, is the congressional library, rich in materials for American history, and placed freely at every one's disposal; here are the galleries of the two houses, from which one may watch debates seldom devoid of interest, and carrying numberless hints to the spectator which the printed reports never mention; here is the supreme court, with the opportunity which it offers for hearing great legal encounters; and here are the several departments and government institutions, full of instruction and suggestion for the student. Within a brief compass one may get epitomes of the national life, so that the city is almost as compact as the International Exhibition, and with more vital display.

Yet the strongest claim which Washington has upon the interest of the man of letters is undoubtedly in the society which it affords. Society in America has been so disintegrated by the powerful demands of business and professional pursuits, that nowhere except in Washington is there kept alive that idea of society which regards conversation and free exchange of thought as a priceless substitute for books. Here one finds that of which he has read or perhaps met in foreign capitals, a community of educated, well-bred people, whose business it is to be sociable, and who can really help one to facts and ideas, always upon sound principles of exchange. Subjects, in investigating which one may spend weeks at the library, blindly groping his way, will be illuminated by an hour's conversation with the secretary of a legation, and a foreign tour may be taken at a dinner party.

The orderly arrangement of material products at an international fair gives a comparison with the representation of foreign thought at the capital. An educated American after reading Mr. Ticknor's life is filled with a sense of regret that the world of intelligent society should be so remote from his neighborhood. Let him spend a few weeks in Washington,

with as definite a right to society as Mr. Ticknor had, and he will discover that he need not cross the water to stock his journal with records of conversation and scene that may have conspicuous place in the light reading of his children or grandchildren. I am not, myself, very movable, but just as America, when it comes to the point of a decision, is vastly more interesting to me than Europe, so I would rather pass a winter in Washington, if I had my choice, than in London, and I believe that as an American student I should gather a more abundant return.

—Speaking of cults and Turgenev (I adopt the simplest permissible spelling), the people I know who follow Turgenev as a cult are of the best taste. There are some who would not only place him in the front rank, but even at the head, of modern fiction. I am a respecter of legitimate authority, and it pains me not to be able to agree with them; but when you cannot agree, how can you? I cannot persuade myself, after a good deal of effort, that Turgenev is better than a number of his contemporaries in each of the leading countries, including our own. He is brilliant in passages, but unequal. The best modern work is characterized by a symmetry, an air of reflectiveness, a close covering of every point, a through-and-through fineness of texture which he seems to me to lack. His people appear sketchy, his plots a little loose-jointed, and the whole effect slightly chaotic, although many of these people are boldly and truthfully delineated, and the plots abound in elements of dramatic power. A story of his gives me the feeling of an unfinished frieze, on which here and there charming figures, especially those of his women, are painted in cool grays, blues, and whites, like the work of a French master, while between them occur long intervals of harsh tints and unformed shapes.

Not to go further into the intricacy of comparisons with rivals more nearly at his own level, if the people of Turgenev be contrasted with the consistent development and thorough finish of those of Thackeray, their want of completeness

is seen. He even appears to change their characters and destinations as they are carried along in defiance of logic. Thus in *Fathers and Sons*, Nicholas Kirsanof, whose hair is represented as having turned prematurely white, early in the book, through grief for a beloved wife, is shown living cheerfully soon after with a pretty peasant girl. His brother, a kind of Russian Major Pendennis, who has retired from a brilliant position in the world and become a recluse for a somewhat similar reason, is in love with this same pretty peasant, Fenitchka. He even fights a duel about her with Bazarof. Bazarof, the central figure of the book, is supposed at the same time to be devoured by a hopeless passion for Madame Odintsof, of which, as a sort of stoic philosopher, he is ashamed; but the occasion of the duel is his being discovered kissing Fenitchka. Arcadi is in love with Madame Odintsof too, but on the whole loves her sister better. Madame Odintsof loves Bazarof — although she had concealed it — so generously that when he is dying, of malignant typhus, she goes to him, careless of the disease, and kisses him on the forehead. Then, in the next chapter, she marries “an intelligent lawyer with a well-developed practical turn of mind.”

The transitions in *Smoke*, especially the final one, are much more startling. Litvinof is jilted by a lady whom he dearly loves, in order that she may make a more advantageous marriage. She meets him long after, when he has quite recovered from his disappointment and is about to marry a young girl of a sweet and confiding nature. She entangles him, wrecks his happiness completely, and then again abandons him. If the story had paused here, one would have been overcome with a profound feeling of melancholy, as at the conclusion of Hamlet or some other hopeless tragedy. The conception was a powerful one. But what does Turgenev do? Why he embarks the hero on a railroad train, and puts in his mouth this pretty enough but trifling reflection: “The train was moving against the wind. Clouds of smoke, now light, now dark, rolled by the win-

dow. Litvinof watched the clouds. 'Smoke, smoke,' he kept repeating, and suddenly all the past seemed like smoke to him." In the next chapter he marries the other woman, who obligingly takes up with him again.

I do not like this arbitrary business. It may be more true than we usually admit. Life is unfortunately very fickle; but should it not be the care of the novelist to introduce characters capable of more fixity in their emotions, more statuesque, if one might say so? Nothing is more natural than to fall in love a little with each successive pretty woman, but these trifling passions hardly constitute material for literature of a high order, and there is no pathos in their disappointment. There is no call, in books, at least, to have the fact of human mutability so persistently forced upon us. We might be left when the emotion of the moment was supreme to please ourselves with the illusion that it would last. At any rate if this is not done, nobody can be blamed for not yielding his sympathy at the points where it suits the author's whim to demand it. For my part, having seen elsewhere so much of his theory, and the easy way in which his people get over their troubles, I refuse, at the end of *Liza*, to bewail with Lavretsky, who appears to be really left in the lurch. "Since life is such an easily adjustable matter," I say, "why does not Lavretsky console himself with another wife, or a mistress, like the rest of them?"

One would say that Turgenev had seen the absurdity of winding up a book in the old-fashioned conventional way, and abandoned it, but had forgotten to put anything in its place. To summarize the above complaint, he makes characters which are inconsistent with themselves, and he fritters away the fullest benefit of a telling situation.

If I were to touch upon two more points in which he is not only not great but positively disagreeable, they would be, first, something which I can account for only by calling it a distorted sense of humor; secondly, his satire upon his own countrymen, especially in *Smoke*, which

is nothing less than brutal. The first consists in the practice of giving to his minor characters, generally those of the best disposition, some repulsive physical trait. Ptoughine, who has a pathetic history as a rejected but ever constant lover, has little black teeth and a nose like a potato. Bazarof's father also has little black teeth. His mother has a prejudice against cold water. Bambaef, who has a faithful heart, has at the same time cheeks and nose "with a soft look as though they had been well boiled." Kharlof, the Lear of the steppe, is a horrible, thick-necked, grisly man pervaded by a strong odor. In the same book is another well-meaning personage with a long face like a horse, covered with yellowish down and moist with fine drops of sweat even in the coldest weather.

Turgenev's satire upon Russia is savage and unrelieved. "Such is the fate of Russia," he says; "the best of her subjects are uncomfortable associates." Again, "Time flies nowhere so fast as in Russia, but we are told it flies still faster in prison." Among his noblemen there is not, he says, "a sincere word, one worthy thought. What perfect ignorance they displayed of everything true and noble!" His students and young radicals fare no better. The picture is mean and coarse in every part. All this has an appearance of epigram and brilliancy, but I cannot see that it is anything more than an appearance. Such bitterness is not called for, upon his own presentation of the facts. If there can be one such sensible and high-minded character in each book as Litvinof and Lavretsky, there must be others in Russia. There must have been some spark of generosity and elevated purpose among his young agitators, however misguided. It is not the spirit of a great mind to launch sweeping aspersions upon classes whose circumstances are not, after all, of their own making, and to avoid every friendly suggestion of a remedy for evils detected.

I am of opinion that Turgenev is saved by a number of exquisite details, natural single figures, touches of insight, and bits of picturesque description. If he de-

pended upon the conception of his plots, their purpose, or his manner of telling a story, I do not think he would have a cult, and certain ones of us would not be called upon to be harassed with the doubt whether we are not perversely doing injustice to the greatest writer of the age.

—Is there anything quite so good, in this somewhat flavorless world, as real Yankee talk (I don't mean the dialect) when you "get it good"? I should be very sorry for anything that made some people whom I recently met any wiser, better, or more cultivated; they were so precious for the parlance which was part of their present condition. They got into the cars at Brighton, an old woman and a middle-aged one; both of that eminently respectable but desolately narrow-minded class which does so prevail in New England. They were friends, but met accidentally in the train, both being bound to Boston on a shopping excursion. One sat in the seat with me, the other just behind me, so that they talked literally into my right ear, and I could not escape a word they said. The dialogue ran as follows:—

"Why, Mis' Kettell, you don't say you're here! Goin' in shoppin'? So be I. Is n't it amazin' to think Thanks-givin' 's so near come round ag'in? It don't seem anywheres near a year, does it?"

"Well, no, it don't. Do you put eggs in your squash pies?"

"Why, yes; don't you?"

"Well, no; I use crackers. Eggs are so dear. I think crackers most as good" (timidly).

"Well, I never ate a squash pie yet with crackers in it but what I could taste 'em. Where do you get your raisins? To Newman's?"

"What d's he ask? He used to be dear. We hain't traded there much for a year."

"Thirty cents for them I got; I thought they was cheap. Mis' Allen went to Boston yesterday. I expect she went in to look at cloaks. Jordan & Marsh opened yesterday."

"No, she's goin' to wear her shawl

ag'in this winter. It's pretty thick, you know, an' big, an' you can always put somethin' under. 'Tain't such a shawl's I should ever have bought, though."

"No, 't ain't a warm-lookin' shawl, an she hain't got the figger for a shawl, either; but I expect Mr. Allen he's pretty close with her. What do you think of this stuff?" (showing a little pattern of gray serge.)

"Well, it's a nice color, but seems to me it's a little-slazy."

"Well" (with a deep sigh), "I'm afraid 't is, but I don't want to give over quarter of a dollar a yard, 'n' this was the best I could get for that, in this color, 'n' I'd set my heart on havin' gray. How dreadful your eye does look, Mis' Kettell! Ain't you a doin' anythin' for it?"

The elder woman's right eye was badly inflamed, and alarmingly unpleasant in appearance.

"Well, no, I hain't done much. It's pestered me most to death for three weeks. I did try an alum curd. I heard that was good for sore eyes, but it did n't do me a mite of good. If it ain't better in a week, I told Mr. Kettell this mornin' I should go to a doctor."

"A week! I should think so. Why, your eye 'll run out, if you ain't careful. Why don't you try milk 'n' merlasses. That's real good. The merlasses is kind o' sticky, but it's real cleansin', and the milk is healin'."

"You don't say so. I never heard of it. I'll try it, certain, for I do hate a doctor's bill worse 'n' anything in this world, and so does Mr. Kettell. Did you go to the funeral, yesterday?"

"No. I was dreadful disappointed, but I could n't get through my bakin'. They say there was a great crowd; 'n' folks a pretendin' to be her relations that wa' n't never heard of before."

"Why, she did n't leave much, did she?"

"Well, no; Mr. Gunn, he says after he's paid himself for her board all these years, 'n' her tombstone's put up, 'n' her husband's (there hain't never been so much 's a stick or a stone set to his grave), there won't be anything left to

speak of; if there is, I think the Gunns oughter have it, don't you? They've took care of her so long."

"Hm—I don't know about that, either; 't wan't any more 'n their dooty."

"Well, I suppose not, if you look at it that way."

Here the train stopped; the two women gathered up their bundles: Mrs. Kettell wiped her poor old eye, and as she went stumbling out, I heard her say to her friend, "What was 't you said you gave for raisins to Newman's?"

—Every man and woman who like myself proposes to write the coming American novel rejoiced in the announcement, a month or two ago, that the duello of ancient and honorable origin was to be revived. Good society, after an interregnum of shameful peace, resolved in this country to go back to the "thirty-six commandments" of the Code Galway. Authoritative letters from London, lately published, assure us that the resolve "was approved there in the highest classes." There is no redress now for wounded honor or bruised backs among sensitive and refined young men except an appeal to the sword. Consider the opportunities opened to such of us as are fiction-mongers! We have had to paint on a flat canvas heretofore. Wall Street catastrophes, the rise and fall of stocks and parties,—these were our tragedies, our conflicts of passion; our novels were like Flemish market-places. Did I wish to depict Alonzo tormented by the Erinys, I had to make him a defaulting cashier or a swindling cornerer in sugar. Was Imogene to reveal the depths of womanly fidelity, I had to make her a sales-lady at three dollars per week. Now, dice, a woman, a challenge, a lonely moor, small swords, death, remorse! Every novel-writer, as I did, seized on a fresh sheet and prepared his bloodiest, blackest dyes. The harvest of incident promised to be abundant. We knew that the public, like Bob Acres, would find that valor was catching. The talk of these modern young fire-eaters would act upon it as the trumpet to the war-horse. "The thunder of valor would sour the milk of human kindness in our breasts."

When good society legalized pistols and swords, what dramatic possibilities might we not hope for from the lower classes where passion is less controlled? At last there was a chance of introducing a proper *chiaro-oscuro* in American life, a dark background to the everlasting shop! We might hope for a return of that dramatic epoch in Dublin society when the first question asked by a lady of her suitor was, "Have you blazed?" and the second, "Leveled how many?" We gloated over ancient picturesque records; as, for instance, of the great combat between Cormac O'Connor and Teige O'Connor, who hewed at each other with broadswords in the castle of Dublin, the archbishops, nobles, and ladies of rank in full dress looking on. Presently Mr. T. O'Connor succeeded in cutting the head of Mr. C. O'Connor clean off, and laid it in the genteelest manner at the feet of the chief-justice. Perhaps it was too much to hope for such first-class material as this; but we might reasonably anticipate tragedy, and a good deal of it. The public is a rational public; it can appreciate the common sense which prompts an injured man to wash out his dishonor in the blood of his enemy. The thing may not be lawful, it may not be Christian, but it has a show of justice in it. The *lex talionis* has its roots pretty deep in every man's nature. If the old bloody duel or any other good thing in the past can be dug up with Dr. Schliemann's old copper for the benefit of literature and art, this amiable public would cry, Let us dig them up, in Heaven's name!

But as a novel-writer I protest against any tawdry shams. When my Alonzo says that his wounded honor requires a chance to kill or be killed, he must mean what he says. Am I to take him post-haste to Jersey or Canada, followed by a pack of noisy reporters, merely to pop off a pistol, nobody knows how, nobody knows where, and not as much blood drawn as if he had been comfortably vaccinated? A fight where nobody means to be hurt or to hurt is no more the duel of our hot-blooded ancestors than Mercurio's yellow hose, standing empty on

the stage, would represent that foolish but courageous gentleman. We had enough of these bloodless duellos before the war. The fire-eaters were known as the longest-lived men in Richmond. I will not have Alonzo made ridiculous. If good society is to give us the duel again, I, for one, call, like Sim Tappertit, for gore, human gore, and plenty of it!

— As a wandering and wondering pilgrim to Philadelphia, I tried to keep an impartial eye on all that I could well *take in*, but must confess to feeling slightly aggrieved toward the close of the late Centennial Exhibition on noting that only one or two pictures in the almost exclusively Boston room in the Annex had been honored with placards of approval. Consolation, however, was within easy reach. I had only to step into the adjoining rooms and look again at some of those from which the badges of judgment so lavishly displayed themselves. Involuntarily I recalled an absurd story told me by a Boston artist. He said that when the metropolitan judges came on to our "village" to assist in determining which pictures should be accepted for representation, they finally capped all argument upon the subject by shutting their eyes and *feeling* along the canvases for the *smoothest*. And as I looked about me I could half believe it.

On the other hand, not caring to fit every wish within the measure of *intense Boston*, I found I could desire far more variety than our too limited display afforded. Artistic cliqueism, the trying to do like somebody else, was too apparent. It was not encouraging to note how little effort the artists had made to swing outside their respective circles; and the inclosed area was so small! But the show as a whole tended to confirm what any close observer of the exhibitions of each season must have heretofore noted, namely, that Boston has far more *quality* in art than she has largeness of composition or variety in style or subject. Landscapists, so far, outnumber all others; and how few even among these attempt anything large! Inness does, and, in a measure, Cole, but the majority of Bos-

ton artists seem to show a tacit sneer for large pictures, which is not easily accounted for, since size—other things being equal—certainly denotes added power. The small luminous landscape with a Corot sky seems to be the Boston favorite at present; but is the strong tendency to accent New England landscapes with French skies a safe one, and how long can it be followed without producing satiety? The bloom of this ethereal treatment is not caught and imprisoned by indifferent hands. The celebrated Frenchman who has been so largely copied is said to have got up at a certain hour each morning to seize upon just that light; he did not have as variable skies to choose from as have our artists, of whom it could be wished that they would confine themselves as strictly to native things as he did.

Outsiders have remarked in some of our later story-tellers a strong tendency to repeat one another, along with a very limited range of vision; and surely New England pictorial art is in far more danger of running into a similar groove, as it is naturally more limited in focus. Boston may well laugh at the old-time niggling, the smoothly finished, highly polished surfaces and tense lines of the New York painters, but one was also forced to respect the vast and bold landscape outlook, or the largely modeled and filled-in historical groups that lined the walls at Philadelphia. Their pioneering ambition and daring imagination might well serve as a spur to Boston art, while Boston could with entire safety spare them many a hint that they must yet assimilate in order to produce really artistic pictures. She could lend them some of her finer fancy and later-day suggestiveness of treatment, thus mellowing the hardness of line and making it less obvious where the first began and the last ended. The thing of beauty that is a joy forever, forever defies the eye to catch its salient points; but the big American canvases did nothing of this sort. Whoever goes through the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, or any of the New York art repositories, must notice how little their artists of to-day have veered from the

method of those who first wielded the brush among them. But for all Boston may not have improved upon one or two of her old artists, and despite her limit in quantity, her every artist worth mentioning can show something *en rapport* with modern tendencies, with the desire to grapple with nature's moods at first-hand and throw in as much ideal grace as one knows how.

— There is one difficulty in novels (coming from the fact in real life) which is generally evaded, ignored, jumped over, or denied by writers according to their manner, but which yet stubbornly exists. This difficulty is inconstancy. We all, writers and readers alike, want to believe in one only and great love; for it is a beautiful idea. But the trouble is that hardly any one lives up to it. For example, in Mercy Philbrick's *Choice* the heroine is introduced to us as "heart-broken;" a "grief that she had not been able to rise above" is mentioned, — a "grief that nobody could bear up under," and the like. She was married at eighteen, and her husband died suddenly a few days after the marriage; a tragedy indeed! Observe that nowhere is anything said against this man, no hint given that she had been inveigled into marriage without love; on the contrary she is represented as having loved him, and as being in a heart-broken condition when the story opens. Now look. In one year from the time of her husband's death, she — having already had a friendship with Harley Allen of which it is said "they loved each other too much to ever love less; they might have loved more" — meets Stephen White, and in four weeks' time, during which interval she sees him, mind you, but twice, once for a few formal moments on the evening of her arrival, and the second time by a chance meeting in the street, she nevertheless has him "very much in her thoughts," and is mistaking other men for him at a distance," a fact which the author dwells upon (and rightfully) as full of meaning. The very first time he calls upon her, it is said that her soul had "been slowly growing into the feeling which made it seem not really foreign

or unnatural to her" that he should tell her, "Your face is the very loveliest I have ever seen in my life." After he goes, she sinks into "a vague happiness," a "dreamy sense of joy." She has seen him now just four times. The next day when they meet by chance, "a flush of undisguised and honest gladness" spreads over her cheeks, and the second day after she is represented as actually crying with disappointment because he fails to meet her. He appears, sees her tears, and, naturally, no one is surprised, after such a demonstration on her part, when he immediately calls her "darling," and everything is settled. It is of course only a sudden falling in love, and very well and beautifully described. Still, — the thought *will* arise, and the question *will* ask itself, — what has become of that broken-heartedness of hers? And where is now the memory of that dead husband? One wonders why Mercy Philbrick was introduced as a widow, to begin with; and why the author made an exception to the usual way of escaping this very difficulty, which is to take a young girl as heroine and a first love.

— Have any of our naturalists or artists written of the harmony between the prevailing tints of New England vegetation at different times of the year and of the insect-world at the same seasons? Take, for example, our common butterflies, which nature has been at such pains to adorn; these show a shifting panorama of form and color, from early spring to the time of frost. First, in the sombre, leafless woods, come the various dusky-wings, brown and black, skipping softly in and out among the gray rocks and over the dry leaves and the dark pools of melting snow. Hard upon these, in the time of early violets, and frequenting the spots most loved by them, follow the little azure and blue butterflies. Then, as the spring fairly bursts upon us with its fresh and varied hues, come crowds of queenly swallow-tails, lustrous with metallic gleam, or striped and belted with gay colors; and the banded and spotted purples that court the quiet forest-road and the brink of the mountain brook;

the soft, white butterflies that look too pure for earth, less retiring than the last, float about our gardens — alas! on sad intent; while the brisk little tawny and black skippers everywhere bustle and whisk about. Summer, with its blazing sun and diversified blossoms, brings us the hot-looking coppers and all that dappled band of Fritillaries and angle-wings blocked in red and black above, and often variegated with odd dashes and spots of burning silver or with peacock eyes beneath; how they crowd about the spreading thistle blossoms or on the many-flowered umbels of the milkweed, and fan themselves with content at their sweet lot! As autumn approaches and the leaves grow dull, the grain ripens in the meadows and the pastures parch with drought, then come the satyrs or meadow-browns, lazily dancing by the roadside and over the thickets which skirt the fields. In the time of golden-rods and yellow and blue asters, the great throng of yellow and orange butterflies appears; some of these are with us throughout the season, companions of the buttercup, the dandelion, and the rudbeckia; but now they swarm, flitting busily in zigzag courses over upland pasture and lowland meadow, by marsh and brook, in field and fen, crowding around the open flowers, or dancing in pairs in mid-air.

— Curious investigators might find it worth while to discover what becomes of all the final g's which are dropped in New England. Do they make their way up the rivers with the shad in the spring? One finds them in superabundance in Northern New Hampshire, where they avenge themselves for the cruel curtailing they met with in Massachusetts by attaching themselves to words to which they do not belong. Witness the universal "mounting" for "mountain," and "chicking" for "chicken," in the White Mountain vernacular.

— The reticence of our compilers and literary editors concerning the late civil war produces incidentally some bad as well as many good results. In the former class, I reckon the almost complete oblivion which seems to have settled upon

even so recent and meritorious a writer as Henry Howard Brownell. In the city where I live, which contains one or two of the best libraries of the whole country, I have been able to discover thus far but a single copy of his poems, and that was found (the worse for neglect rather than use) at a second-hand bookstore. Not only the general reading public, but even experienced librarians seem to have entirely lost sight and memory of him.

If you turn to the compilation of an elder poet, Whittier, you will find Brownell represented by a few verses on the burial of a sailor, which have little merit beyond their simplicity and a certain rather commonplace pathos; while Bryant, in his similar collection, inserts a few comic rhymes from the same pen. But where are his strenuous and strident war lyrics? Nothing is more certain than that the Bay Fight, the River Fight, the Eagle of Corinth, and two or three of the accompanying pieces, in spite of many faults, constitute by far the finest and strongest body of battle poetry which this hemisphere has yet given to the world. If people have foregone reading them and thinking about them it is time they were reminded. We must not bury the poems with the poet. In spite of a certain barrenness of imagery and a tendency to repetition, his lurid poetry presents the flaming, grimy grandeur of a sea-fight at close quarters as it has seldom, if ever, been presented before. There is tremendous vigor and intensity in such lines as these:—

"How they leaped, the tongues of flame,
From the cannon's fiery lip!
How the broadsides, deck and frame,
Shook the great ship!"

The percussive consonants and quick vowels of the final short verse (beginning and ending as it does with sudden smites) following the large open syllables of the longer verses seem to me to mimic admirably the recurrent jarring shock of the recoil.

Southern readers will find something to pass over in the fury of the poet's partisanship; and all will probably be disposed to do some skipping when they reach the homilies which he has tacked

on to several of his finest lyrics. But he has made some absolutely new additions to our stock of poetical beauties: for instance, the "lovely cannon clouds" that are so finely described in one of his shorter poems. The "huge crackling cradle of the pit" (that is, fire ship) and the close embrace of the Hartford therewith (whose "great guns below never silenced their thunder") is at least one unique feature of the River Fight. Brownell brought into effective play a whole vocabulary of terms heretofore denied to poetic use; in fact, there is hardly anything which goes to make up a ship that is not found (seemingly at home) in his verse. He has also given a new dress and a peculiarly modernized development to certain stock poetic ideas, which make them almost his own. The burial of the dragon's teeth and their peculiar resurrection,—well, we had heard of it before; but when did that direful crop ever "spindle to spear and lance" and "bayonets all ablaze, uprearing in dreadful rows" as in his poem on the Forlorn Hope of Fort Wagner?

The Eagle of Corinth I think, on the whole, the best land battle-piece produced by the civil war, and finely characteristic of the supposed narrator, a manly, rough soldier.

Brownell's humorous poetry is not worse than most great men perpetrate when they ignore the example of Shakespeare, who wisely put most of his funny things into prose. The author's earlier poems are well polished and have some light graces, but give little promise of the lurid storminess of his later work.

—I am reminded, in reading the statement of the author of two novels, in the Contributors' Club for March, of a remark of Hokusai, the Japanese artist, that "it is more easy to draw things that no one has seen, than to represent things that every one sees;" for it seems to me that there is a bit of philosophy in this that explains many a modern novel's failure. What I would interpret Hokusai to mean, in our present case, is that it is much easier to write a successful story, the persons and circumstances of which are not contemporaneously within either

writer's or reader's acquaintance, than it is to write one in which both the characters and their situations are matters of present familiarity.

For this there are two reasons: the one is that when a novel is "of the day," as some publishers like to announce, it must present in a definite light persons and things about which there are inevitably the most divergent opinions. Go into any fashionable parlor in a large city on the night of a reception, and institute inquiries about Miss Here and Mr. There, and see what different verdicts will be given. How can a novelist, writing of the society of to-day, and picking his characters from this society, hope to pass half a dozen critics with a favorable judgment? Indeed, will he not be the more likely to run counter to charges of snob, toady, and ignoramus, the nearer he comes to a true delineation of men and women (and their acts) who so differ in their estimate of one another?

A still more serious difficulty which the novel "of to-day" has to contend with is that we do not get the most satisfactory kind of enjoyment from stories treating of things and persons with which we have personal acquaintance. A strictly local story may excite much temporary interest among a small circle of readers, who like to see the name of their town in print, and think they recognize some of their acquaintances under the names of the fiction. But this is exceptional. Scott's success was in a large measure due to the vividness of the pictures which he drew of times which had passed, with the majority of people, out of definite memory. Thackeray would have had a poor chance with readers and critics if enlightened society in England had been confined to the palaces of the nobility; and I do not doubt that the inhabitants of the London prisons and slums would have found much to sneer at, could they have read the descriptions of Dickens which, to us who know nothing practically about what he wrote, seem so wonderful.

—I wish that it were a possible thing for one to take lessons in impromptu

speaking. All my life I have felt hanging over me the awful probability of being called upon to make a downright impromptu speech. I mean called on and no mistake; I do not mean any of those occasions when one can rise amid one's intimates, smiling as felicitously as possible and armed with the usual non-committal sentence, five words or so long. I mean some solemn moment when I shall perhaps have received, at the end of a ceremonious dinner, so painfully direct an appeal to what might be called oratorical decency that acknowledgment of a pronounced character will become something whose deliberate neglect would rank as unpardonable. In that case what should I do? Should I rise upon shaking limbs and stammer forth platitudes, as I have seen wretched beings do before? But if I did not do this, what course would be left me except that of remaining ignominiously torpid within my chair, or of flying in agitation from the room? Of course I would choose to meet disgrace in its first terrible form. That I could get through more than two sentences with anything like common respect for syntax is extremely doubtful; but I am certain that as the clammy effects of my great embarrassment slowly increased I should lose all consciousness that any verb has ever agreed with its nominative in number and person. It is all very well to say that the peculiar circumstances of these occasions exert a sort of inspiring influence. With a majority of favored mortals this may be true; but I do not mind saying (in these anonymous confessions) that it would be impossible for me publicly to thank a person who had saved my life under conditions of the most unselfish heroism. It is hardly a consolation for me to reflect that I am no worse than my betters in this respect. How distressing it is to see some fine intellect pitted against a crowd of merciless after-dinner listeners who, although often charitable enough in their applause, still are forced to meet absolute imbecility with the tremendous scorn of silence! What wildly make-shift sentences I have sometimes made issue from scholarly lips! All this is very sad, and seems to

me wholly wrong. It is well enough to recommend debating-clubs, but my own experience of such institutions has always shown me a clique of orators who were "born so" entertaining a clique of listeners who were not. The traditional difficulties overcome by young Demosthenes are at least encouraging. But Demosthenes probably had an exceedingly bad youthful stutter and no nerves of the slightest importance. I am afraid that if I should address Neptune with a mouthful of pebbles once a week for many years, I should still meet my Appointed Hour in the most cowardly fashion.

— The verses which I mentioned were these:—

ENDLESS AND EVANESCENT.

The sun that like a flaming dart is
Upon an August afternoon
At Venice makes the Belle Arti's
Cool corridors a grateful boon.
There are the master-works of Titian,
The saints of Tintoret are there;
The Assumption—it escapes me which one—
Hangs opposite the central stair.

Hues like mosaics of Murano,
The feats of war, the joys of peace,
The grace of Cima Conegliano,
The majesty of Veronese:
And yet to these, however catching,
It is not most my thoughts incline,
But to the lady that was sketching,
In the long gallery, Number IX.

Her study was of John Bellini's
Madonna's sweet and serious pose;
The ground, a banner, golden-green is
As every heedful traveler knows.
Her face was rapt with that devotion
That glorious art should e'er evoke,
And also, as it seemed, a notion
As though her back were almost broke.

Her young and shapely form was boddiced
In some soft, gray, well-fitting suit;
Below the hem there showed the modest
Small instep of a buttoned boot.
A shading hat with loop and feather,
Pushed careless backward, crowned her hair,
And fresco, sketch, and cast together
Seemed paltry as I wandered there.

Such was the charming face and figure
Bent flower-like o'er its comely toil;
It made the Belle Arti meagre—
That flesh and blood 'gainst dust and oil,
That round and real and breathing present
Against the thin and scaling past.
Ah, give me yon dear Evanescent,
And take the sterile works that last!

— An interesting point of comparison between Virgil, the Earl of Surrey, and

Morris is the number of lines and words respectively used by the original author and by his translators. In the second book of the *Æneid*, Virgil uses 804 lines and 5018 words; Morris uses 804 lines and 8856 words; Surrey uses 967 lines and 7979 words. As to number of lines in general, Morris follows Virgil closely throughout the twelve books, except that in the ninth book he has 817 lines and Virgil 818, and in the tenth book he has 909 lines and Virgil 908. In the second book—Surrey translated only the second and the fourth—Morris has 163 fewer lines than Surrey, but has 877 more words. Virgil has 2961 fewer words than Surrey, and 3838 fewer than Morris. But Morris's lines are longer than either Virgil's or Surrey's; Virgil's lines contain from thirteen to seventeen syllables, and Morris's usually contain only fourteen; yet English is so much more monosyllabic than Latin that very often where Virgil has a trissyllabic word Morris has three words. Moreover, hundreds of Morris's words are no doubt solely used because of the metre he adopts, and because he, except as stated above, follows Virgil as to the number of lines in the several books. It would seem, then, that had Morris made the effort, the number of words used by him need not have been much in excess of the number used by Virgil; which shows that English, despite its comparatively flexionless monosyllabic condition, is capable of very remarkable condensation of expression.

—The talk was of Culture, and one who seemed actually to have been thinking about it said some things that I remember, somewhat as follows: The devotion to culture, or rather the recognition of it by this name, is a matter of comparatively recent growth; self-education is no novelty, but now that it is called by a new name it is supposed to have acquired greater efficacy. Culture nowadays is held to be a sort of democratic road to learning and mental vigor, to be something ennobling and capable of making the most ordinary person interesting. It has become a fetich worshiped by a rapidly increasing clique, which exhausts its originality in finding

authorities to follow, and employs its languid energy in following these closely without a murmur of insubordination. The pass-words of its followers are sweetness and light; their main object the accumulation not so much of knowledge as of information on very diverse subjects; their method of work consists in following pretty rigidly the commands of the accepted text-books which most truly preach the code. This, exaggerated by a wrath which considers itself righteous, is the black view of an element in civilization which only needs repression and direction to make good even its own pretensions.

It is not difficult to understand the origin of culture, which should be defined before its faults are dwelt on. The multiplicity of subjects which underlie a thorough education is so great, and has so largely increased within the last century, that there are but few people who do not leave whole fields of study absolutely untouched. Some intelligent persons, who, too, have been educated at vast expense, are ignorant of the principle of, say, the common pump; very few have any definite comprehension of the way in which telegraphic messages are sent; many have as slight a knowledge of the botany of even familiar plants as of the anatomy of their own watches. These gaps of ignorance—and the list is capable of enlargement and modification—may or may not be filled in the ordinary course of life; a stray volume of an encyclopædia upon a steamer may make the difference between satisfactory knowledge of some subject or lamentable want of it; a chance acquaintance may explain what one has always regarded as a dark mystery, but such crumbs of aid are too uncertain. At the best they are mere pieces of luck. Culture, it strikes me, is all that part of education which is not special. Every man has his own branch of work, and then he cultivates himself; but if any given man, the president of a bank, for example, is anxious to know whether Chaucer was a general or a poet,—to take an impossible case,—or, for a more recent example, what Schliemann has been doing at Troy, it is culture that

undertakes to supply these deficiencies. It puts in a brief and attractive form "the fairy tales of science and the long result of time." No man likes to avow openly his ignorance of what to others is as familiar as the alphabet, and hence in his false shame he flies to compendiums, or to critical essays, or to magazine articles which extract and preserve the most savory parts of books for general consumption. With the want comes the supply. Readers desire simple, clear, and accurate statements of what is to them obscure or unknown, and not having the patience or the time to work out the whole matter for themselves, they have to confide in the work of others who have been over the ground and know it well. Now the opinion of an expert on his own subject is of great value, and there is no surer sign of the lack of cultivation than a desire uniformly to set up independent, casual, ignorant judgments as valuable because sincere. They may be valuable, but if they are it will be from some other cause. However this may be, — and it will bear discussion later, — culture may be said to have its origin in the desire of the public to enjoy the benefit of the work of experts. This also defines its aim. In striving to make a man's education complete, it tends to save him from sinking into ruts where he would lose consciousness of even the existence of anything differing from his own pursuits. It enlarges the ground whereon men of the most diverse feelings and occupations can meet in common. It helps to keep burning an interest in or possibly devotion to things which run great danger of being forgotten, for above its sordid pedagogic duties one of its surest claims for admiration consists in its being almost the only tie between the every-day world and that of which we get visions through poetry and the fine arts.

— Mr. Longfellow's sonnet on Eliot's Oak, in the March Atlantic, deserves over-setting into Massachussee. Last evening I made a nearly literal translation, and I herewith send you a copy.

J. H. T.

UN-NOOTIMIS ELIOT.

[Uk-ketohomaonk kehche-ketohomwaenin Longfellow, kah yeuyu qushkinnunum en Massachussee unnootowaonganit.]

Keen nukkoné Nootimis! piogue muttanonganog-kottash koneepogquash mishontooash,
Nashpe penoowontowáe wadtauatonquussuonqash
nish woh mo wohtamugish,
Onatuh kehtahhane-tukkoog mahshontowahet-
tit keechippam moosompsquehtu,
Asuh onatuh oowadtauatonquussuonk muttäänuk-
keg missinninnuog:
Monchanatamwe iánantowaongane aninnuomoadtu-
onk kuttaihe,
Kah nishnoh howan nootam nehenwonche wut-
tinnontowaonk ketohkaän.
Neen, ketohkaän, nunnootam unnontowaonk ne
wanne howan noh kuhkotomwehteadt,
Wuttinnontowaonk wutohtimoin ne wanhit, kah
ne ogge pämsheau matokqsut nòadt.
Onatuh Abraham wunnonkquáe apit agwe nooti-
messit ut Mamre
Netatup ELIOT mat-wahhéae Apostle ut Indiansut
appeap
Agwe kutonk auotomut nòadt kesukodtut, kah
wessukhum
"Wunneetupanatamwe Up-Biblum God," en pe-
noowontowaonganit, ne mohtsheau,
Kah [nahren] wananittamun nashpe wame quet
webe keen.

Literally translated: —

Thou ancient oak! thy ten thousand leaves speak
loud
With strange voices which cannot be understood,
As sea waves sounding on the pebbles of the beach,
Or as the voices of a multitude of people.
A wondrous gift of speech in divers tongues is
thine,
And every one hears his own language when thou
speakest.
I, when thou speakest, hear a language that no
one can teach,
The language of a nation that is lost, and that
passed away like a cloud, long ago.
As Abraham at even-tide sat under the oaks of
Mamre,
So Eliot, the unknown Apostle to the Indians, sat
Under thy shade, in days of old, and wrote
God's holy Bible in a strange language that hath
died
And is [almost] forgotten by all save only thee.

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE bad end to which persons who misbehaved toward Harriet Martineau pretty surely came, whether they wronged, or slighted, or even decidedly disagreed with her, ought to be a warning to any reviewer intending censure of her autobiography.¹ Her willful enemies and her erring friends were, by her account, alike subject to very cataclysmal retributions: they fell into bad habits, they suffered public shame, they brought political and social ruin upon themselves; at the best they quarreled with each other. Of this remarkable woman, who ended her days in a rapture of atheism, and who in the closing pages of her autobiography resents the notion that the Almighty may have been privately supplying Christian consolations to her, it was the curious privilege to be as destructive to those who wished or spoke her ill as if she had been a saint. Nevertheless, in spite of the awful warning conveyed by these facts, it is not easy to resist the temptation to pronounce her autobiography a hard-hearted book. When you have made all the explanations and allowances and reservations and exceptions, it seems still that.

It is abundantly entertaining. It is full of the most interesting gossip about all sorts of important people and events, and as a study of character it is fascinating. There is Miss Martineau's character as she saw it: the just person, eccentric, disagreeable if you will, but devoted to all high objects, singularly free from low motives, emancipated from every superstition, and able to pronounce with disinterestedness and impartiality upon whatever or whomever concerned her; and then there is Miss Martineau's character as the reader learns to know it, which is not necessarily the same thing. The story of her childhood, with its nervous fears, its unhappy misconceptions, its sickness, and its impending trial through life-long deafness, is very pathetic, and will appeal to every one's sympathy through those subtly noted facts of common childish experience which both literature and after-life too generally ignore. One cannot read this part of the book without greater tenderness for the young lives given into the keeping of care-

burdened men and women who, oftener from forgetfulness of their own childhood than from indifference, slight their claims upon the utmost kindness and the closest attentiveness; children remaining so long helplessly inarticulate regarding the things which make or unmake their happiness. Harriet Martineau was a morbidly gloomy and sensitive child, brooding over supposed neglect, intensely desirous to be loved and noticed and encouraged; and in her own family, especially in her mother and sisters, she seems to have found till too late to prevent indelible effects in character little of the compassionate intelligence which she needed. If her representations wrong them, the Martineaus have only her to blame for the impression which the world will certainly have that several of them were unpleasant people, as unwise often as they were unpleasant. By her showing they were opinionated, critical, severe persons. As English Unitarians they had the narrowness along with the sturdy courage and independence of the adherents of every small sect, and they seem to have tranquilly despised most people who did not agree with them. They had no social meanness, yet in after-life, when fame began to overwhelm Miss Martineau with social flattery, her mother, then living with her in London, had so little wisdom as to be angrily jealous of these attentions. Others of her family quarreled with her because, after lying bedridden for five years, she chose to believe that she had been cured by mesmerism. This is the report which Miss Martineau herself gives of her kindred, to whom, nevertheless, she seems to have been devotedly attached and submissive in most things. Doubtless they could give a very different account of themselves and of her; and so doubtless could the other Saint Bartholomews and Marsyases in whom her pages abound. We may hesitate to accept any of these Spagnoletto studies as perfectly faithful portraits; their cruelty discredits not them alone, but the praises of such persons as she calls entirely good and wise. She is in fact another curious instance of the complete divorce in the same person of the intellectual and affectional qualities; and she seems generally to have judged from her liking rather than liked from her judgment. Perhaps that is as good a way as

¹ *Harriet Martineau's Autobiography.* By MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN. In two volumes. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

the other; at any rate it is the way of most women, whether they are writers on political economy or not. In spite of it she was during the active years of her life a force in the world, as men of strong mind and purpose are forces; but it is hard to understand in our day how a brilliant literary and social success should have been achieved by a series of little novelettes illustrating the science of political economy. Yet these tales gave Miss Martineau high standing in the great London world, made her a lion against her will, first won her fame throughout Europe, and then procured her the higher distinction of exclusion from the dominions of despots who had precipitately admired her writings without waiting to see what liberal ideas she might develop. No doubt, she was fortunate in her moment; the principles which she advocated in her tales were those of the whigs, then at the pinnacle of social and political eminence, and she triumphed with that party, though never quite trusting or approving it. But however much or little her success was bound up in that of the dominant party, her success was certainly very great, and it was unselfishly achieved. To its brilliancy, its universality, we owe the most interesting chapter of her autobiography, in which, with some preliminary passages on lionism, she records her impressions and recollections of nearly all the famous English men and women of her day. We must send the reader to the book for a due sense of the richness of this record, and also for a sense of the severity of her judgments upon people she disliked or condemned. In one respect, at least, every generous reader's sympathies must be with her: her literary and social success implied none of the personal degradation which generally goes with it. If the world wanted her, it must take her on her own terms; she would not be lionized, she would not be "taken up," she refused to make any of the accustomed sacrifices to snobbishness. How much resolution this needed in a society like that of the English is perhaps beyond our full appreciation; but some notion of it may be gained from the opposite example of Thackeray, who, while always railing at snobs, lived and died in the odor of snobbery. Miss Martineau laments this voluntary subjection of the "aristocracy of nature to the aristocracy of accident," but for herself she could have no shame and no regrets: apparently she met no one but upon the grounds of an absolute social equality. One must thoroughly like in her another principle upon which she acted

at this time and always: as her sole defense against scurrilous criticism she steadily refused the acquaintance of such men as assailed her,—of Lockhart for an indecent attack in the *Quarterly*, of Moore for a low lampoon, of the *Sterlings* for mendacious articles in the *Times*. It is a curious comment upon the moral callousness induced by a habit of criticism that none of her outrageous reviewers seemed to think it unmanly to seek her acquaintance; and it is not comfortable to human nature to read the unblushing confession to Miss Martineau of even so amiable a wit as Sydney Smith that the early Edinburgh reviewers were purposely and studiously cruel, and that he and one of his collaborators had spent hours one night looking over their criticism of a vegetarian who had presumed to write a book, to see if there were not yet some "chink left in it through which they could inject another drop of verjuice to eat into his bones." Criticism is still brutal enough, but it is not so bad as this, by a vast advance towards common humanity.

It was from the very height of her success in London that Miss Martineau turned to America, where she spent the greater part of the two years preceding the autumn of 1836. All that relates to this sojourn is of course intensely interesting, but the time is past when it could be very instructive; since Miss Martineau's day we have learned to be our own severest censors, and many of us have come to see ourselves as others see us, if not worse. She was indeed one of our most intelligent and liberal critics, and she remained to the day of her death one of our most steadfast friends. At one time, to be sure, about the end of Pierce's term, she really began to despair of us (as she very well might), and to question whether the founders of the republic had not thrust more greatness upon us than we could bear; but this doubt passed away with the war. It is curious, amidst the storm of abuse with which her book was received by the people who were then supposed to be American critics, to find her fondly recalling American scenes and experiences, and declaring that none of her English friends can compare with such and such of her American friends. She came to us at a time when the first great impulse given to American life and polity was still felt, and when our statesmanship was illustrated by such men as Clay, Calhoun, and Webster. Yet she had the clear eyes to see that the moral and regenerating force was then nascent in a few

despised and persecuted people, who believed that slavery should be destroyed because slavery was wholly and indefensibly wrong. She never lacked courage, and she did not hesitate to declare herself an abolitionist. That was a very pitiful and contemptible time for the whole nation, and American society and the American press turned upon the woman they had been idolizing with a rage which remains our wonder and our shame. It is really an incredible spectacle, as we look back upon it: a great people morally standing on their heads and furious with a plain-spoken foreigner who prefers to identify herself morally with the persons among them whom she finds standing on their feet. She likes many of the inverted: they are charming people with a thousand good qualities, and have done her no end of handsome kindnesses; they are cultivated, they are refined, many of them are men of genius; but after all they cannot make black white, nor a lie the truth, nor the most atrocious wrong conceivable against humanity a beneficence too sacred to be questioned. This was Miss Martineau's position in regard to slavery and its defenders and apologists; and the American people, having now assumed the same position with all the rest of the civilized world, may well hang with shame the heads upon which they formerly stood. The case may be explained, but never can be justified: the Americans of thirty years ago were so corrupted by the fear and favor of slavery, that all our latter disgrace through venal legislation and administrative peculation is comparatively honorable and glorious. At least no one has contended that bribery and place-hunting and self-seeking in politics are right, and we did contend by millions that slavery, the blackest political crime, was right. The demoralization which must follow from such an abominable pretense as this was not more than duly manifest in our insensate treatment of all who were a conscience against it. Miss Martineau was not merely "dropped" by good society, but was almost hooted from our shores by the mob, of which good society was then a part. We need not dwell upon that disgraceful business; it was as bad as it could be.

In the five years' sickness by which on her return from America she paid the penalty of overwork, Miss Martineau's mind began gradually to undergo a change in respect to religion, and she regards herself as having at that time virtually though not consciously relinquished Unitarianism. Calvinism

she felt to be a logical system, but she could not believe it; the only other logical system was in her opinion atheism, which she embraced after a certain time, and in which she rested tranquil for some thirty years and until her death. The greater part of this time she passed at Ambleside, in the Lake district, where she had built a cottage, and where she lived perfectly content, remote from London and all its intellectual and social joys. To this period belong, however, her travels in the East, her visit to Ireland, her sojourn in Birmingham, and other episodic absences from home. The disease which had imprisoned her for five years in a sick-room at Tynemouth had been declared incurable by the best medical authority, but she recovered from it through mesmerism, and never relaxed her belief in what she had held to be the fact. For this obstinacy she was renounced by some members of her family (including her mother), and persecuted by the enemies of the so-called science which restored her to health. Her account of all this is more entertaining than the story of her growing atheism, which had another odd family consequence: her brother, the Rev. James Martineau, felt it his duty to review her *Atkinson Letters* — the book in which she denied Christianity — and to denounce his sister for her new opinions. She herself makes only vague and forgiving allusions to this incident; it is in Mrs. Chapman's *Memorials* that one gets a distinct statement of the fact.

If her allusions to her brother's antagonism are forgiving, he alone of all her antagonists is pardoned. All others, of whatever sex or condition, dead or alive, are treated with the unsparing rigor of one who always knew she was right. No poor little country neighborhood nobody, who ever looked away from Miss Martineau at Ambleside, is too obscure to be punished in her pitiless autobiography; on the other hand it must be owned to her honor that no one was too great in letters, society, or politics for her justice. She is a monumentally unforgiving woman; but she is no coward and no truckler; and in reading her life, while you revolt from her hard resentments, you must honor her immense courage. Apparently she exaggerated many of the slights and injuries done her; at least some of the stories she tells of her persecutions for mesmerism's sake are too gross for acceptance; but if her hardness were merely for those whom she believes to have meant her harm, it would not be so bad. It does not stop with

them, however. Except the few persons and opinions whom she takes into favor, hardly any one mentioned escapes censure more or less unsparing; and in some cases the censure is narrow-minded and brutal. For example, writing about the year 1850, she thinks it a pity that Mazzini has not been allowed to perish in his hopeless cause; she survived the unification of Italy ten years, but no after-word records her sense of his service to that end or of the injustice of her earlier aspiration in his behalf. Broadly stated, she was incapable of tolerating means and ideas with which she did not agree. This fact must invalidate her praise as well as her censure. Sometimes, indeed, the people she lauds for their greatness and wisdom are allowed to illustrate the contrary by speaking for themselves, as in the case of Mr. Atkinson, who does not approve himself, in his letters given in the autobiography, the sage who was promised.

Upon the whole we think that most readers will leave Miss Martineau's autobiography with an impression of her extreme narrow-mindedness; narrow-mindedness not being at all a bad thing for the world at large, but a great pity for its victim. It cramps will and opinion into a slender channel, but increases their force and effectiveness; it is useful in getting the world on, but it is very disagreeable otherwise. We are willing to take it for the good it does us, but we excuse ourselves from liking our benefactor. In Miss Martineau's case, it often incapacitated her from revising her opinions. Apparently, mesmerism never ceased to be for her the promising science which it ceased to be for everybody else thirty years ago; yet having gone thus far, she stopped, and would not admit that spiritualism, not more recondite and obscure in its operation, had any claims upon her attention. Her narrow-mindedness, as we have hinted, made her judge everything and every one from herself; and too often by their personal relation to her, though she was eminently unselfish. But this again is only saying that she was a woman. Certainly such *charm* as her autobiography has is from its intense womanliness; and the sex and its champions may well take courage from the fact that a woman so powerful in the promotion of great public interests was as nervously womanish as the most refined and accomplished lady-invalid who ever shrieked at a mouse. It is both amusing and pathetic to read of her early struggles to get

her political economy tales published; how she toiled till midnight writing them, and then cried till morning over her hard failure to find a publisher for them. In other things she was not womanish, however womanly. She had no personal vanity, and the scorn she heaps upon coquettes of both sexes — especially literary coquettes — is delicious.

She came in mature years to despise much of her early work, and she always recognized how low a rank it must have in imaginative writing; yet she lays down as a fact verified from her own experience that no one could create a plot, but must necessarily draw the design of fiction from actual life. She was indeed not a poet at all, and knew it; yet her self-confidence is so great that she does not hesitate to assume as true of all fiction what is so absurdly untrue of all but one class of it; and her habits of composition — never copying or revising — she pronounces the best. Her book abounds in evidence of her inability to look beyond herself for psychological facts, which curiously contrasts with the generosity and nobility of her sympathies. Every good cause had her good wishes, and if possible her good deeds; her life at Ambleside, where her judgments seemed to grow daily sharper and severer, was full of benevolence to all about her. Delightful as she found her seclusion — she says that she remembers no evening of those which she had so keenly enjoyed during her London life as charming as her quiet evenings at Ambleside — it doubtless did much to narrow and harden her personal judgments; the autobiography written in that seclusion is infinitely harsher than the earlier London diary (given by Mrs. Chapman in the *Memorials*) in which she recorded her impressions of people. Yet whenever anything largely or deeply concerning the race appealed to her it met an heroically cordial response; one of the last great acts of her great life was to take a lion's share in the movement for the repeal of the atrocious Contagious Diseases act.

Miss Martineau's autobiography closes many years before her death, which in writing its last pages she constantly expected, and occupies the whole of the first volume and a quarter of the second; the rest is devoted to what Mrs. Chapman calls *Memorials* — letters, diaries, conversations, etc. — relating to her. These are arranged in chapters, somewhat too Emersonianly entitled, and prefaced each with an expansive quotation of poetry or philosophy. The

effect after the stern simplicity of the autobiography is curious, and one cannot help wishing with all one's heart that Mrs. Chapman had been a little less Orphic. Her name is associated with the history of the antislavery cause, to which she so nobly lent herself in its hour of need, and it would be neither generous nor just to judge her by these chapters, in which she must almost necessarily write with a fervency which is not favorable to good literature, while it does honor to her loyal friendship and her heart. They are of course interesting and they are not wanting in perception and judgment; but the simple truth is that they are out of taste.

— This volume ¹ is a translation of seven-teen out of twenty-two literary fragments, ranging in date from 1837 to 1876, but most of them quite recent, collected and given to the world by the great French novelist three years before she passed away. The American edition is prefaced by a reprint of an excellent biographical and critical article which appeared in *The New York Tribune* at the time of her death; and the translation, although somewhat stiff and labored at first, gains in elegance as it goes on, and presents, perhaps, as fair a reflection as we may hope to see in a foreign tongue of the author's distinguished and inimitable prose.

With two striking exceptions, by much the most interesting fragments in the *Impressions et Souvenirs* are those in which Madame Dudevant records her feelings—they can hardly be called her views—about the political situation of France from 1871 to 1876. Dejection, humility, patience under deserved chastisement, a sickening apprehension bravely controlled, a trembling hope conscientiously cherished,—this is what we read everywhere between the writer's always earnest, yet sometimes abrupt and inconsequent lines. Listen to a few sentences taken almost at random: "They say that I am not suited to the present times; that I must suffer from the change that has taken place within the last ten years in the progress of ideas. What does not one suffer in the contemplation of reality? But we should never yield to a fruitless sorrow. Reflection, after laying us low, ought to raise us again. . . . And every joy which is exclusively our own is incomplete. There is no true happiness of a small number. The happiness of all is necessary, as a corollary to our domestic hap-

piness. It is essential, too, for the security of existence. Ah well,—the security of the future! That future is dark." "This was all foreseen. I foresaw it as well as any one else. I beheld the storm rising. I looked on like all others who gave their earnest attention at the evident approach of the cataclysm. Is it any consolation to us when we see the patient writhing that we understand the nature of the disease? No, no; we cannot isolate ourselves, we cannot break the bonds of consanguinity, we cannot curse or despise our race. The people, you say, the people! That is you, and I, beyond denial. There are not two races. The distinction of class only proves the illusiveness of relative inequalities." . . . "I do not inquire where are my friends and where my enemies. They remain wherever the storm has thrown them. Those who have deserved my affection, yet cannot see with my eyes, I hold none the less dear. The inconsiderate blame of those who forsake me does not make me consider them my enemies. All friendship unjustly withdrawn remains intact in the heart that has not deserved such an outrage. That heart is above self-love. It can wait for the revival of justice and affection." . . . "This wounded being, pale and bleeding, which is called France, still holds in its shriveled hands a skirt of the starry coat of the future, whilst thou [Germany] enfoldest thyself in a sullied flag. Past greatness holds no place in the history of man. It is all over with kings who impose upon the people. It is all over with the people imposed upon if they consent to their degradation. This is why we are so ill, and why my heart is broken. It is not with a feeling of contempt that I behold our misery. I am unwilling to believe that this holy country, this cherished nation, whose every chord, harmonious or discordant, I feel vibrate within myself; for whose good qualities, and defects even, I have an affection; whose responsibilities, good or bad, I consent to accept rather than extricate myself through disdain,—I am unwilling to believe that my country and my nation are death-struck. I feel it in my hours of deep dejection, but I love,—so I live. Frenchmen, let us love one another, or we are lost! Let us ask no one what he was, or what he wished yesterday. Then every one was mistaken. Let us find out what we wish to-day."

We have alluded to two chapters in this volume which possess a more personal interest than the rest. They are the seventh (of

¹ *Impressions and Reminiscences*. By GEORGE SAND. Boston: William F. Gill & Co. 1876.

the translation),—entitled *Spiritual Belief*,—and the last. In the former, the writer rises on the night of the first great frost, in the dreary autumn of 1871, kindles a fire and sits down beside it, and looks back steadfastly along the erratic line of her spiritual experience. With a certain lowly and solemn candor she reviews her faultful, tempestuous life, and at the end of her vigil she is at peace. She searches—to use her own figure—for the chain which bound her childhood to her God, and, loosely as it hung, widely as it dragged in after time, she finds it unbroken, feels it drawing still. We will not sever from its connection the nobly devout ascription with which this chapter ends. The seventeenth, entitled *Between Two Clouds*, describes, as she alone could describe, a winter day in the woods with the son and the grandchildren who loved her so devotedly and made her last days, after all, so simply happy.

There may be those, constitutionally intolerant of what is rather vaguely called the French spirit, who will succeed in reading unmoved Madame Dudevant's broken lamentations over the agony of France. But it seems impossible that the severest censor of her life and opinions can receive the more intimate confidences of her last book, can follow her searching self-examination, or recognize the wonderful sanity and sweetness of her domestic side, and not catch beside her recent grave the echo of an ancient, but never reversed, and not irrelevant verdict,—*quia multum amavit*.

—In his two volumes¹ Mr. Horne has published a number of the letters of Mrs. Browning, which will be found interesting by the numerous admirers of that lady's poems, as well as by the student of English literature during this century. The letters are by no means masterpieces of epistolary art; the greater number are written with the most rapid pen and on matters of business,—literary business, it is true, but yet business for all that; while the most interesting ones are those composed entirely or in good part about trifling matters, the news of the day, or things of really general concern. But there are many treating of important questions, while all show well her intelligence shining through her unattractive methods of expression, and her lofty character in its full generosity and quick enthusiasm. The work she was concerned

in together with Mr. Horne was of various kinds. At one time she was translating *Queen Annelida and False Arcite* and the *Complaint of Annelida* in the now rare *Chaucer Modernized*, with Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, and Robert Bell, as well as Mr. Horne, for her fellow-workers; at another time she was helping Mr. Horne in the composition of his *New Spirit of the Age*, a series of critical essays on contemporary authors. How much she contributed to this was hitherto not even conjectured. The paper on William Wordsworth and Leigh Hunt was in good part, and that on Walter Savage Landor wholly, written by Miss Barrett, and she was of continual service with regard to others of the men criticised. Her letters at this time are full of suggestions and hints, which are still true to-day and will be for a long time. Here, for instance, are some interesting remarks on Barry Cornwall: "His lyrical poems are most exquisite,—like an embodied music. In the melodies of words he is learned, and in the causes of tears not uninstructed. . . . His fault is felt only in a continuous reading, when we become aware of a certain sameness, a one-tonedness, which is not the tone of a trumpet. It is a more effeminate instrument. In my own private opinion, Barry Cornwall has done a good deal with all his genius, and perhaps as a consequence of his genius, to emasculate the poetry of the passing age. To talk of 'fair things' when he had to speak of women, and of 'laughing flowers' when his business was with a full-blown daisy [dame, or dairymaid] is the fashion of his school. His care has not been to use the most expressive, but the prettiest word. His muse has held her Pandemonium too much in the cavity of his ear. Still, that this arises from a too exquisite sense of beauty as a *means* as well as an object is evident." This is good criticism, and there are many passages in the letters of no less importance. We have moreover Mrs. Browning's part of the correspondence concerning a projected dramatic poem to be written by Mr. Horne and herself, which never saw the light. The other letters are on miscellaneous matters, but all are well worth reading.

In addition to this good service he has done in the way of literary history, Mr. Horne adds a number of his reminiscences of different men well known to fame; the

¹ *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*. Addressed to Richard Hengist Horne, author of *Orion*, Gregory VII., *Cosmo de Medici*, etc. With Comments. VOL. XXXIX.—NO. 235.

ments on Contemporaries. Edited by S. R. TOWNSEND MAYER. Two volumes. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1877.

account of the theatrical performances before the Queen, in which Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Horne, and others took part for the benefit of the Guild of Literature and Art, being very full and amusing.

— Travelers who write are sometimes terribly encumbered by the notion that they must be profound. Mr. Benjamin Robbins Curtis is refreshingly free from that mistake, and has accordingly succeeded in writing a graphic, easily read account of his journey around the world,¹ which also contains a very fair proportion of information. Mr. Curtis is a Harvard graduate, and it is a little amusing to see how keenly he kept himself on the lookout for other Harvard graduates and Massachusetts men generally, even in regions the most unlikely to yield products so rare. His good faith also leads him to impart various reflections which an enemy might colorably fasten upon as trite; and his "dottings" in Rome, Paris, and London are so slight as to leave that part of the route almost a veritable air line. But the desirable thing in a book of travel is a new point of view; and Mr. Curtis's simplicity and straightforwardness, his very inexperience even, constitute a kind of originality. He never wearies his reader. The book is well illustrated with heliotypes, and has already deservedly passed to a third edition.

— In an ingenuous preface which enables us to apprehend the stand-point from which he desires that his labors may be viewed, Professor von Holst tells us that among foreign authors there is but one whom, to some extent, he can consider as a predecessor, namely, De Tocqueville. His translators also express a confidence that Professor von Holst's volume² will excite a degree of interest not inferior to that produced by the Democracy in America. But the books of the two authors are very different; except that each is the work of an intelligent and careful foreign observer after an actual visit to the United States, there is little reason for comparing them. M. de Tocqueville wrote to describe the political and social life of the United States for readers whom he assumed to be wholly ignorant of the institutions of the country, and to whom, accordingly, it was necessary to explain everything, and especially the complex

organization of the state and national governments blended in one system, and the diversities arising from original distinctions of character in different parts of the country. Professor von Holst, on the contrary, appears to assume that his readers are already acquainted with De Tocqueville's book, or have otherwise become possessed of the kind of information it contains; and also that they have learned the succession of the presidents and the principal events in the political history of the country; he proceeds at once to review this history with a freedom of criticism for which his independent position gives him an admirable opportunity. He has carefully explored the sources of information, and manifests an intimate knowledge of the original authorities. The particular distinction which he claims for his work is the "sobriety of mind" with which it is written. He tells us that while some European critics have been of opinion that his judgment of the American system of government and its working is an almost unqualified condemnation, "he claims to feel" with our people, and declares that he first arrived at the understanding of the proper manner of treating the subject when he became conscious that the United States furnish "only an act of the one great drama, the history of Western civilization;" "the players in it, the principal ones as well as the great mass, neither demi-gods nor devils, but *men*, struggling under many short-comings, but with great energy, their way onward, not with startling leaps, but advancing step by step, just as all the rest of the great nations of the earth have had to do."

We should find it difficult to make a statement of the author's position better than this, if we made one at once concise and clear. The careful reader will see, however, that even this position leaves blank some deficiencies, from the author's own account of his manner of dealing with his subjects. Such a reader would foresee some of the blemishes of the book, which are to be regretted in a philosophical history. With a holy horror, satisfactory and amusing at once, of "doctrinaires" and "doctrinairism," — which leads to some admirable illustrations of the folly of the spread-eagle rhapsodies of the Columbia school of the beginning of the last century, — and with

¹ *Dottings Round the Circle*. By BENJAMIN ROBBINS CURTIS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

² *The Constitutional and Political History of the*

United States. By DR. H. VON HOLST, Professor at the University of Freiburg. Translated from the German by JOHN J. LALOR and ALFRED B. MARON 1750-1833. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. 1876.

an acknowledgment on paper, all along, that it was better to do what you could, even if that were imperfect, than to aim at the perfect, where the perfect was impossible, Professor von Holst has, at the bottom of his soul, a contempt for the cowardice which in any event accepted a constitution or law for the immediate emergency, in preference to elaborating one from the original principles of political and social economy. It is really curious that what we call "Anglo-Saxon common sense" or "Anglo-Saxon practicality" should be a commodity so little known among Germans, who might be supposed to sympathize with Angles or with Saxons, that even in those unusual instances, like this, where a German scholar understands what these habits are, he understands them as a demi-god understands disease, or as a saint understands sin. Professor von Holst tries hard to approve of make-shifts, but in his heart he derides them.

For our own uses, however, the book is all the more valuable because the critic is strict, and perhaps we may say unloving. There is quite honey enough in De Tocqueville and in Laboulaye to make them palatable; there is so much that the few medicines which they administer are quite too much diluted. The real student of our history, who wants to learn from the past how to avoid the follies and dangers of the future, will learn more from Professor von Holst than from both of them.

It must be confessed that the make-shift habit, as we have ventured to call it, has so impressed itself on the minds of our people that we have only too few students who want to learn from the past how to avoid the follies and dangers of the future. No question was ever better argued than the tariff question was, in the years between 1820 and 1833. But the reader of our newspapers to-day would hardly know that the question of protection had then been carefully argued on its principles. So the Nebraska discussion of 1850 was a repetition, even to the jokes and satires, of the Missouri discussion of 1820. But a new generation was unconscious of this, and went into it as if there were no history and no one had trodden on these hot embers before. This habit will diminish the number of readers of Professor von Holst's book. But those who will read will find by far the most intelligent guide which we have yet had to the history of the politics of the nation.

If John Quincy Adams had spent most of his life in America instead of living in Eu-

rope for the first half of it, this remark would not be true. For, with all his personal prejudices, his diary, from the year 1817 to the period of his death, is a better guide to our political history than could have been hoped for. But the first volumes of his diary, with one short exception, relate largely to European affairs. Through most of the struggles recorded in this volume Professor von Holst could have no help from the diary, and the later volumes of it were published too late to serve him in this edition.

The history does not follow slavishly the order of time. The subject is divided, after the introduction, into Nullification, The Embargo, The Slavery Question, The Economic Contrast between Free and Slave States, and The Panama Congress. This volume is confined to State Sovereignty and Slavery, and does not come down later than 1833. No praise can be too loud for the diligence and accuracy with which the author has collected his authorities. He is specially careful and pitiless where statesmen have tried to "cover their tracks," or where their biographers have done so for them. The most diligent of our home students and the old statesmen of keenest memory will, as we believe, find new revelations here, due to the German assiduity and to some rare system of study which lets no authority slip unnoticed. In fact, these powers are specially necessary to the man who seeks to elucidate American history, for our own people, as we have said, are careless about it. The journal which "keeps up the record" is thrown by as dull. The statesman who is "careful about his record" is set down as an old fogey. Indeed, as one reads the newspapers, he is every day reminded of that lazy reporter who, as a speech went by, unnoticed by his pencil, in a financial debate, yawned and asked his neighbor, "Who is this Hamilton that he is talking about?" All this results in the greatest difficulty even in finding the materials for history. If a bold son or grandson publishes his ancestors' papers, people are slow to buy, and there lie unused no small collection of materials of the first value. Thus the Rufus King papers are still unpublished. The Jefferson letters have been published only in the interest of party. The older newspapers were edited quite as much to conceal as to disclose the truth, which may be said, perhaps, of the partisan newspapers of all times. Professor von Holst's success in working out the

springs of movement in the midst of such difficulties is remarkable.

Readers in Europe should remember what to readers in America is a thing of course, that as the author's plan contemplates only the political history of the "United-States," the political history of the *separate States* will not be found in this volume. Readers in America, therefore, will not look here for the most essential and fundamental parts of our political history. But readers in Europe will, and will not find them. Still, no words can ever explain to readers in Europe why these things are not there; nor will wild horses drag them from their search. The truth remains, however, that to the government of the *United-States* ("United-States" with a hyphen, not "states which are united") is intrusted but a small part of the policy or politics of this country. Professor von Holst regrets this; all writers from the Old World regret it. None the less is it true, and all Americans rejoice that it is true.

For instance, the great question of the relations of the church to the state, the critical question of all European politics to-day, from England to Constantinople, is here not a matter of federal but of state politics. The relation of the state to pauperism, which upset the French government in 1848 and may upset it again, is a matter not of federal but of state politics. The relation of individual work to the work of corporations, the most difficult social question of to-day, is a state matter, and does not come into federal politics. All the adjustment of suffrage has been completely changed since the Revolution. Suffrage was then based on property in any State. It is now given to all tax-paying men in every State. Not a word of this change will be found in the history of the federal government. These are but a few illustrations which show what no students in the Old World can be made to understand, that most of the questions of social order which are really central and essential do not with us legitimately come into the purview of a book on national politics.

Almost any German writer to-day writes under the glamour and in the enthusiasm of the new German union. It is natural, therefore, that such a writer should do as Professor von Holst does: should exaggerate the importance of national politics, and forget the day-by-day, matter-of-fact, essential, and life-giving business of the political growth of the several States.

— Wenderholme¹ is, we believe, Mr. Hamerton's first story for adults, and it is a strange mixture of ability and absurdity. It is constructed in the loosest possible manner, but the characterization is very good, and some of the conversations are excellent. It professes to be a study of Yorkshire life and character, but the representative natives who talk dialect, the middle-class mill owners, like the Ogdens, who develop into millionaires in the course of the story, are not half as well depicted as the people of gentler breeding, the poverty-stricken Pringleys at the parsonage, with their patrician sympathies and their cruelly outraged tastes, and Colonel Stanburne, the commander of the militia, and his high-born wife, Lady Helena. These last are admirable. Colonel Stanburne is that very rare personage in fiction, a living *gentleman*—manly, kind-hearted, unintellectual, thorough-bred, lavish—lapsing into pecuniary ruin more through courtesy to others than indulgence to himself. His wife is a high-spirited creature, a great deal more clever, conscious, and cautious than he, wiser, but not so sweet-natured, an exceedingly real woman, both in her pitiless anger at the discovery of her husband's folly and her sudden and deep repentance for her severity. The story of the quarrel and reconciliation of these two, and that of the death at Avignon of Philip Stanburne's young lady-love and the subsequent tender friendship between the lover and the father, are the most powerful and pathetic episodes in the book, although the author signally fails in his attempt to invest Philip Stanburne with a gloomy and romantic charm. The account of Isaac Ogden's intemperance and of his drunken abuse of little Jacob is a great deal too realistic and distressing. These personages are named somewhat at hap-hazard, but so it is that they come and go in the pages of Mr. Hamerton's novel. The book has no plot whatever; and furthermore the author has a quite singular incapacity for telling what is called a *straight story*, one that shall be consistent and credible in little things. His narrative is like a sewing-machine that skips stitches. For example, we are told how old Mrs. Ogden went to call at the Pringley parsonage, had a severe fall on the threshold, and was taken up insensible. The case was alarming enough for the Pringleys to send off not only for a doctor but for

¹ *Wenderholme: A Story of Lancashire and Yorkshire*. By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON. Boston. Roberts Brothers. 1876.

Mrs. Ogden's sons, who lived at a considerable distance and were not acquainted at the parsonage. Yet the very same afternoon and in the very next paragraph we have them all, including the old lady to whom the accident befell, sitting around a hilarious tea-table and full of voluble admiration at the quantity and quality of Mrs. Prigley's silver plate. At the crisis of the story—if it have a crisis—Wenderholme Hall, the seat of Colonel Stanburne, takes fire, and the circumstances are fully and conscientiously recorded in four chapters entitled respectively, *Fireworks, More Fireworks, The Fire, and The Progress of the Fire*. The occasion is a great *fête*. The Hall is crowded with guests. Colonel Stanburne and a friend, rambling in the rear of the house, observe that it is burning, and without giving any alarm proceed directly to the nursery where the colonel's only child is presumed to be asleep. This was perhaps natural. But when they find the room in flames and the ceiling already fallen in, and are compelled to retrace their steps, it seems as if they might at least have given the other occupants of the house a hint of their danger. Not they! A suitable time had not yet arrived. Colonel Stanburne went instead to the drawing-room and politely requested some diamonded dowagers to move, mounted upon their sofa and took down his daughter's portrait, and then proceeded, still entirely mum, to search for an eligible place to deposit it among the out-buildings. He cannot satisfy himself however, short of his mother's cottage, which stands at some distance in the park. One can understand why Madam Stanburne, who was elderly, may have preferred her quiet parlor to the scene of revelry at the Hall proper; but it does seem inhospitable in the colonel's wife, Lady Helena, to have been sitting there, nonchalantly watching the slumbers of her child, who is safe, of course; for all Mr. Hamerton's catastrophes end thus,—as one should say "Boo!" from behind a door.

But the feature of the book which is really most remarkable is the extraordinary deliberation and diffuseness of Mr. Hamerton's style. Hear about Mr. Prigley's worn-out shirts: "By a most unfortunate coincidence, Mr. Prigley discovered about the same time that his shirts, although apparently very sound and handsome shirts indeed, had become *deplorably weak in the tissue*, for if, in dressing himself in a hurry, his hand did not just happen to hit the

orifice of the sleeve, it passed through the fabric of the shirt itself, and that with so little difficulty that he was *scarcely aware of any impediment*, while if once the hem were severed, *the immediate consequence was a rent more than a foot long!*" (The italics are ours.) And here is a careful description of a smile: "Mrs. Ogden might have gone very far into family matters if her son had not perceived, or imagined that he perceived something like a smile on Colonel Stanburne's face. In point of fact, the colonel did not precisely smile, *but there was a general relaxation of the muscles of his physiognomy from their first expression of severity, betraying a tendency to humor.*" In order, however, perfectly to appreciate this leisurely manner, the reader should turn back to the preface (since no one ever read the preface to a novel first), where he will learn that Mr. Hamerton, when he projected this his first novel, held a conversation with a London publisher, who told him that the taste of the English public required a novel to be three volumes long, and he adds: "The practical consequence of this was that, when the present volume was written, commercial reasons prevailed, as they unhappily so often do prevail, over artistic ones, and the book was made far longer than, as a work of art, it ought to have been. The present edition, *though greatly abridged*, is not by any means, from the author's point of view, a mutilated edition. On the contrary it rather resembles a building of moderate dimensions from which excrescences have been removed. The architect has been careful to preserve everything essential, and equally careful to take away everything which had been added merely for the sake of size."

The present four hundred and thirty pages are therefore a concentrated extract prepared expressly for the American market. Our surprise that so affluent, so æsthetic, and so independent a gentleman, as we are assured by the earnest reiteration of all the newspapers that Mr. Hamerton is, should ever have been influenced by secondary and sordid motives is lost in our vain endeavor to imagine what the book can have been in its first unpruned luxuriance.

Enough has been said, we think, to advise the reader that in Wenderholme he will find both entertainment and exasperation. But we do not think that the fame of Mr. Hamerton's first novel is likely to eclipse that of the truly charming and suggestive, though sometimes tedious volumes

of reflection and description which we are accustomed to receive from his pen.

— It is doubtless possible that a dull book should be written about Greece, but on the other hand there is so much that is fascinating and little known in the subject that any one who really describes what he sees in that country is pretty sure to have an interested audience. Mr. Mahaffy is a good Greek scholar, and he has the gift of writing clearly and pleasantly, so that his book¹ is entertaining reading. He not only gives an account of the country in its present condition, he also shows what was its state in the past, making entertaining comparisons between the different periods. What he saw with his own eyes in his trip made in the spring of 1875 he puts before his reader very agreeably. His remarks about modern Greek society are clever and perhaps to a considerable extent true. His illustrations from ancient Greek literature are generally of value; though it is no doubt in matters of geography that he is most nearly accurate. What is disappointing in the book is the abundance of petty errors and of unwise comment. Thus, in speaking of the decorations of old Greek tombs, he at some length compares the feeling they show with that of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, as if the analogy could ever be anything but fanciful, or of the slightest use to the student. Mr. Mahaffy sniffs at "the exceeding dryness and minute detail" of a great number of German books on Greek arts and antiquities, but surely anything is better than his superficial discussion of "world-problems;" and his sneer comes with very bad grace from a man who speaks of the "rich and sensuous beauty" of the *Dying Gladiator*, while two pages further on he says of *Praxiteles* that he "did not disguise the use of very unworthy human models to produce his famous, or perhaps infamous, ideal which is best known in the *Venus de Medici*, but more perfectly represented in the *Venus of the Capitol*." It is certainly something new in art criticism to go back of the merits of a statue to blame the morals or manners of the sculptor's models.

In another part of the book Mr. Mahaffy discusses the absence of landscape-painting in ancient Greece, which would be more in place if this branch of art were not of so re-

cent appearance. It is hardly profitable to spend much time wondering why the Greeks were not in every respect like ourselves, nor is it necessary to apologize for the points in which they differ from us. But in *Social Life in Ancient Greece* he showed how harshly it was possible to judge a different civilization, and in this volume he shows the same great intolerance of those faults which we think are not ours. Thus, apropos of the battle of Marathon, he makes the bold statement that the courage of the Greeks was not "of the first order," but all his testimony shows only that they were not thoroughly drilled according to our notions. It is hard to understand how that battle could have been fought, and much more won, by men of little courage. It certainly requires a good deal of that quality to make such a statement.

As the reader will see, Mr. Mahaffy's book is one of uneven merit. So far as his rambles are concerned, he is entertaining and instructive; it is his studies that he should have taken in hand before giving the world the result of so much crude thinking and careless observation. More care would have saved him from numberless errors, another one of which was saying that Keats's *Ode on a Grecian Urn* was written about a Greek vase. The reader who seeks only a book of travels will be pleased; any one else will be grievously disappointed.

— The present volume² contains the substance of a series of lectures delivered in 1875-76 by Mr. Birks as *Knightsbridge Professor at Cambridge, England*. Professor Birks tells us plainly in his preface that he believes the principles of Mr. Spencer and his school to be "radically unsound, full of logical inconsistency and contradiction, and flatly opposed to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity and even the very existence of moral science." But the reader with whose instincts and wishes such a conclusion is already in harmony must not suppose that he is about to be led by any short or flowery path to its intelligent acceptance. The whole treatise is so closely reasoned, even to the analysis of those problems in dynamics by which the earlier and later theories of the universe are alike illustrated, that it is only by dint of unremitting attention to many complex and

¹ *Rambles and Studies in Ancient Greece*. By J. P. MAHAFFY. Author of *Prolegomena to Ancient History*, *Social Life in Greece*, etc. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

² *Modern Physical Fatalism and the Doctrines*

of Evolution: including an Examination of Mr. Herbert Spencer's First Principles. By THOMAS RAWSON BIRKS, M. A. Professor of Moral Philosophy, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

laborious trains of argument that one may hold himself fairly entitled to the encouraging result of Professor Birks's inquiry. It may be permitted, however, to attempt, in a brief abstract, giving some idea of the Cambridge doctor's conclusions and the scope of his reasoning.

He first addresses himself to that doctrine of the unknowable which Herbert Spencer states thus: "The widest, deepest, and most certain of all intuitions is that the power which the universe manifests to us is wholly inscrutable." This doctrine he declares to be the logical result of the well-known views of Sir William Hamilton and Dean Mansel about the inconceivable character of the divine morality, and for its refutation he frankly avails himself of the lucid and forcible arguments of Mr. Mill in the first volume of his *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*. Professor Birks takes pains to tell us that he deeply regrets some expressions used by Mr. Mill in this part of his work, — referring probably to the latter's Promethean defiance of a God who could sentence him to hell for not believing in the identity of divine and human morality. Yet it is undoubtedly by virtue of that one gallant heart-throb, however strangely it breaks the continuity of a dispassionate logic, that Mr. Mill's argument remains fresh in the memory of all readers and can never be cited in vain.

Proceeding in Chapter II. to discuss Ultimate Ideas in Physics, Professor Birks clearly shows Mr. Spencer's inconsistency in resting his whole elaborate scheme of natural philosophy on those very final notions of space, time, matter, motion, and force, which he had previously shown to be equally inconceivable with "the power which the universe manifests," in other words with ultimate ideas in theology. Chapters III. and IV. are devoted to the Relativity of Knowledge, the doctrine that we can know nothing of things in themselves, but only the effect which they produce upon us, — the modifications of our own consciousness. Hamilton, Spencer, and Mill all hold this doctrine in some shape, although "the two first," our author affirms, "mitigate the original fault by admissions opposed to their common premises, but agreeing with truth and common sense; while Mr. Mill, more logically consistent, is thereby led by his false premise still deeper into error."

Against these and all other idealists, of whatever name or degree, he calmly sets up the homely proposition, so unfashion-

able in modern philosophy, that we do really "perceive, see, touch, hear, taste outward material objects, the things themselves. A sensible impression is an effect which suggests and proves at once, a real thing without us, a real cause." Knowledge is not, as the dualists affirm, twofold, made up of the sense of an ego and a non-ego, — a self-perceiving, and a something perceived; but knowledge is one thing, and consciousness is another, a subsequent and a consequent thing. "*As he grows* he gathers much, and learns the use of *I* and *me*." The difference is that between *scire* and *conscire*. "Our knowledge of mind is later in order of time than our knowledge of matter, but when once reached, it is the result of a larger and fuller induction. The certainty comes later, but once attained is more full and complete. And the double reality of matter and mind points upward to the Supreme Reality, the God of the spirits of all flesh, who," adds Professor Birks, without a thought apparently of Matthew Arnold, "is also the author and *architect* of the material universe."

Having thus disposed of the negative principle of physical fatalism, namely, that theology must be discarded as an unreal and impossible science, he addresses himself to its two most important positive tenets: that physics is the sole science, and material phenomena the only field of thought in which knowledge is attainable; and that psychology and all social, political, and moral philosophy are only branches of physics. Under the first head he institutes patient inquiry into the grounds of the doctrines universally accepted by the modern fatalists or materialists, of the indestructibility of matter, the continuity of motion, the conservation of force, and the interchangeability of force and motion. Nowhere, perhaps, is he more fascinating and satisfactory than where he exposes the fallacy of the arguments whereby the Spencerians assume to prove the indestructibility of matter. "Matter as knowable is declared to be not the unseen reality, but the sensible appearance or phenomenal matter alone. Phenomenal matter it appears from daily and hourly experience appears and disappears, perishes and is new-created continually. Yet we are told that the indestructibility of matter has become one of the commonplaces of science. The cloud vanishes, the star sets, the drop evaporates, the ship melts into the yeast of waves, the candle is burnt away. The substance may last in another

form, but the phenomenon or appearance is gone. . . . Now by the theory, of matter the Nounmenon we know nothing, and therefore cannot know that it is indestructible. Of matter the Phenomenon we may know much, and one main thing is that it both may be and continually is destroyed. For an appearance is destroyed and perishes when it ceases to appear." As a matter of fact, he says a little farther on, "it is in the region of the nounmenon and not the phenomenon, of the falsely called unknowable and not of the falsely called sole-knowable, of things and not sensations, of atoms and not surfaces, of localized forces and not of outward appearances, in that very region which the theory hands over to nescience and eternal darkness, that the chief discoveries of modern physics have their native home. The progress of astronomy was halting and slow so long as the mind was confined to the phenomena or to the simple registering of the heavenly motions. It was when Newton passed from contemplation of the motions to that of the forces by which they are caused and the laws of *their* variation, that the greatest step of advance was made in the progress of physical science which has ever occurred from the beginning of time."

Equally summary, and perhaps a trifle less respectful, is our author's treatment of the doctrines of the persistence of force and the continuity of motion as expounded in Mr. Spencer's *First Principles*. "They resolve themselves," he affirms, after twenty pages of minute discussion, "into a paradox of this amazing kind. The power which the universe manifests is utterly inscrutable. To suppose that we can know anything concerning it, or fitly ascribe to it personality, will, goodness, wisdom, is one of the countless impieties of the pious. But this we may know concerning it: that it is truly represented by a finite straight line of definite length, which is made up of as many parts as there are pairs of atoms in the universe, and of which every part varies perpetually by laws mainly unknown to us, while the finite length of the total remains the same forevermore. The golden calf was a respectable idol compared with this philosophical substitute for the true and supreme reality." At the close of the chapter on the Transformation of Force and Motion, while admitting a probable view of the atomic forces in actual operation which agrees with the general conception of the nebular theory, he earnestly declares this view to be "wholly opposed to the doctrine of a fixed

amount either of potential energy or of collective motion, and to the singular hypotheses of a series of alternate evolutions and dissolutions, reaching onward through all eternity."

The chapter on the Laws of Attraction and Repulsion closes Professor Birks's discussion of physics as constituting the only field of thought whose knowledge is attainable. Here he briefly reviews the various hypotheses which have been proposed since the days of Newton with a view to supplement the law of universal gravitation by others which shall in like manner bring into order the immense accumulation of recently discovered facts in physics. Of such hypotheses he distinguishes twelve, including one of his own proposed in a treatise on Matter and Ether. All of these, he says, "fulfill at least the first condition of a physical theory, and admit of being theoretically unfolded so that the results of this development may be compared with those of actual experiment." But the doctrine laid down by Mr. Spencer in the *First Principles* he characterizes as "a physical theory composed simply of abstract metaphysical terms that may be applied indifferently to a thousand varying hypotheses;" one which is "not only vague but self-contradictory," and instead of traveling beyond Newton's great discovery, leads backward into a region of "mere nebulosity and confusion."

The remaining chapters of Professor Birks's discussion — on Choice and Will in Physical Laws, on Evolution, on Heterogeneity, on Force and Life, and on Natural Selection — may be summed up as containing a most energetic and effective protest against the view that psychology is a branch of physics, and mind a function of matter, and that the material universe can possibly contain any inherent power of differentiation and development. He shows how the element of choice or will if denied to a designing and overruling power reappears in those very fluctuating forms of matter by which the modern fatalist seeks to replace the conception of such a power. It cannot be abolished. "If there be two kinds of physical substance, matter and ether, there must be three laws at least to determine their mutual action. . . . But if one of these were necessary, it would exclude the two others. Necessity, like the Turk, admits no rival near the throne. Each atom would have to choose not only whether it should be born, and whether it should be matter or ether, but which of these different laws of

force it should forever obey. . . . The notion that each atom fixed for itself at some time or other its own place, or that it was fixed for it by some other atom of more commanding genius, is certainly a pseud-idea, and really unthinkable. In the weighty words of Newton, 'Blind necessity, which is certainly the same always and everywhere, could produce no variety of things.'"

The arguments which Professor Birks employs against the Spencerian theory of differentiation, and the Darwinian hypothesis of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, are more familiar if not more forcible than the greater part of his metaphysical reasoning. His temper is everywhere excellent, and his style perfectly adapted to the gravity and general abstruseness of his subject. It is compact and clear, only at the rarest intervals rising even into appropriate eloquence or lapsing into enlivening sarcasm. And his reader, whether convinced by him or no, must needs allow that not only by profound sympathy with the reverent and orderly spirit of the great physical philosopher, but by a thorough mastery of the most difficult details of his subject, he is justified in adopting and emphasizing the noble words of Sir Isaac Newton:—

"The main business of natural philosophy is to argue from phenomena without feigning hypotheses, and to deduce causes from effects till we come to the very first cause which is certainly not mechanical. And not only to resolve the mechanism of the world, but chiefly to resolve these and such-like questions. What is there in space almost empty of matter? And whence is it that the sun and planets gravitate to each other without dense matter between them? Whence is it that nature doeth nothing in vain? And whence arises all that order and beauty which are in the world? . . . How come the bodies of animals to be contrived with so much art, and for what ends were their several parts? Was the eye contrived without skill in optics and the ear without a knowledge of sounds? How do the motions of the body follow from the will, and whence are the instincts of animals? . . . And these things being rightly dispatched, does it not appear from the phenomena that there is a Being, incorporeal, living, intelligent, omnipresent, who, in infinite space, as it were in his sensori-

um, sees the things intimately in themselves and thoroughly perceives them, and comprehends them wholly by their immediate presence to himself? And though every true step in this philosophy brings us not immediately to the knowledge of the first cause, yet it brings us nearer to it, and on that account it is to be highly valued."

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

Critics often institute a comparison between Balzac and Shakespeare in respect of the great number and variety of characters which both authors have inspired with life in their writings. To some readers the resemblance may seem to be a bit of injustice to the English poet; since, however, at the best it expresses no real relation between the two writers, but merely the extent of certain persons' admiration for the novelist, even those who set Shakespeare infinitely above every man who ever put pen to paper have no cause for wrath. But yet, whether the comparison is a reasonable one or not, there is one singular point of likeness between the two men, and that is the little information we have about the lives of both. Until this correspondence appeared,² almost the only thing known about Balzac was that he was a tremendous worker, that he wrote in a white dressing-gown, and believed firmly in the reality of his imaginings; and similar disconnected things which only aroused a curiosity that there was no way of satisfying. He was the contemporary of many men still living, and yet there is more known of a large number of inferior men of eminence who lived two hundred years ago than there is of him. This fact shows us how possible it is for a man to elude the observation of his companions, even when they admire him, and may explain to some extent our ignorance of Shakespeare.

It is not likely that more will ever be told us about Balzac than we can now gather from the material open to us, and this correspondence offers perhaps the fullest light on his life, insufficient though it be in some respects. The letters, which are arranged in chronological order, begin with those he wrote from Paris to his sister Laure, afterwards Madame Surville. He had gone to the metropolis to try to make his fortune

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

² *Correspondance de H. de Balzac. 1819-1850.* Two vols. Paris: Lévy. 1877.

with his pen, having evidently wrung a reluctant consent to this step from his parents, who wanted to establish him in some surer occupation. To make the failure less conspicuous in case he should not succeed, it was given out that he had gone to make a visit to some relatives in another town. He had no intention of failing, however, and the youth of twenty plunged into various kinds of literary work, his plans filling these early letters. He seems to have set his heart especially on a play, *Cromwell*, which never saw the light. For some time he found the mere struggle for existence severe, for he had but a small allowance from home, and he earned almost nothing although he wrote incessantly. In order to fill his purse he tried other devices: he undertook to edit a series of French classics, of which only Molière and La Fontaine appeared; and then he tried his hand at publishing, but his ill success was complete, and his failure, coupled with similar losses a few years later, left him burdened with heavy debts for the rest of his life. The books that he published must have been few in number, for copies are now mentioned by their owners as curiosities, and their owners say they bear on their title-page the name of Honoré Balzac as publisher, without the *de*, for assuming which *particule* without any right beyond his own wishes, Balzac was abused by Sainte-Beuve in a celebrated article. From about 1830 until the end of his life we find these debts referred to in almost every letter. They swallowed up his earnings and drove him to continual desperate work. Just at the last he seems to have seen his way clear before him, but his strength had all been wasted in the fierce struggle for independence, and he has but a brief moment, with shattered health, to rest from work before he dies.

These letters are interesting reading, but they do not attract us by that charm which is generally so great in the letters of men of genius, by that abundance of easy writing which so closely resembles informal talk. They were not written with the intention of merely entertaining the person who should receive them; on the contrary, they are almost without exception what it is easy to imagine would be the letters of a man who held a pen in his hand often for eighteen hours a day, and who only wrote anything in addition when he had something very urgent to say, and was anxious to say it in the speediest way. He makes only brief references to contemporary liter-

ature; he throws no light on his own methods of composition, except so far as he states how many hours he is obliged to sit at his desk in order to get his task finished; but this task might have been engraving of the most ordinary kind, or tracing through tissue-paper, so far as these letters are concerned. At times he rejoices in some work done; he has a glow of pride at the excellence of one or another of his books, but it is of the simplest kind, as if he had no time to do more than mention his satisfaction. What these letters, in spite of their brevity, show of Balzac's character is, on the whole, agreeable. He seems honest, to have had a manly detestation of the condition of dependence upon others, and to have had many simple tastes. He frequently sighed for a quiet family life; while his whole nature was of a sort that yearned for wealth and luxury, he denied himself continually in order to clear himself honorably of his heavy load of debt. His style of writing was often as cumbersome in his letters as in his novels, his humor as ponderous as a mill wheel, especially in his early letters to his sister, who had done him a kindness by correcting him; but again at times the reader comes across really charming sentences, full of delightful simplicity and feeling. Here is one of the few references to contemporary literature; it is from a letter to his admirer and follower, Charles de Bernard: "The Germans have no more an exclusive right to the moon than we have to the sun, or than the Scotch have to the Ossianic mists. Who can boast that he is an inventor? I did not really draw my inspiration from Hoffman [as Bernard had charged in a criticism of the *Peau de Chagrin*], whom I had never read until I had thought out my work; but there is something more serious in this charge. We lack patriotism, and we destroy our nationality and our literary supremacy by demolishing one another. Have the English ever said that Parisina was Racine's *Phèdre*, and do they go throwing at one another's heads foreign literatures in order to crush their own? No. Let us imitate them." The remainder of this letter shows a characteristic side of Balzac; he says: "This, sir, is not a personal question, because I hope that the second edition of my book will teach the public the immensity, the novelty of the enterprise, under the weight of which I shall, perhaps, succumb, or which I shall ill perform, it may be, but which I venture to undertake." Another letter, written at about

the same time, 1831, contains this: "As for writing, I cannot do it; my fatigue is too great. You do not know how much I owed in 1828. I had only my pen to live by and a hundred and twenty thousand francs to pay. In a few months I shall have paid everything, . . . but for six months yet I have to endure all the horrors of poverty; but I see my way through them. I have sought no one's aid, I have not stretched out my hand for a single farthing; I have hidden my sorrows and my wounds. . . . I have still six arduous months to endure, which are all the harder because, if Napoleon grew weary of war, I can confess that the contest with misfortune begins to tire me." Subsequent letters contain mention of even greater difficulties. At one time, to avoid legal complications, he writes to a friend asking if he may take refuge at his house, and that his presence there may be kept a secret; more than once he hid under a false name. But his spirit is always unbroken, he utters almost no complaint. It is seldom, if ever, that he breaks out more warmly than in a letter written in October, 1836,—the year of his second failure,—to Madame Hanska, the lady he married just before his death, when completely broken down by overwork: "What a long and sad adieu I have bidden to those lost years which have disappeared forever? They gave me neither complete happiness nor utter wretchedness. They made me live, frozen on one side, burned on the other; and now I feel myself kept alive by nothing except a sense of duty. I entered into this garret, where I now am, with the certainty that I should die of overwork.

For more than a month, now, I get up at midnight and go to bed at six in the evening, and have dieted myself most rigidly with the smallest amount necessary to sustain life, in order that my brain may not be weakened by the process of digestion. . . . That you may know how far my courage goes, I must tell you that I wrote *Le Secret des Ruggieri* in a single night. Think of that when you read it; *La Vielle Fille* in three nights. *La Perle Brisée* was done in a few hours of moral and physical anguish; it is my Brienne, my Champaubert, my Montmirail. . . . What kills me is correcting. The first part of *L'Enfant Maudit* cost me more than many volumes; I wanted to raise the first part to the height of *La Perle Brisée*, and to make out of it a sort of little poem of melancholy with which no fault could be found; that took a dozen nights. . . . I am obliged to surpass my-

self in the midst of protests, of business troubles, of the most cruel money complications, and in the completest solitude, void of all consolation."

Surely it is only a very remarkable man who could undertake and carry through so desperate a struggle with fate as this; the physical strength alone that it required was something enormous. It is no wonder that writing for fifteen or eighteen hours a day at last told on him and broke him down in really the prime of intellectual life. When he saw his way out of his money difficulties he put the superfluous energy which could be spared from writing into collecting bric-a-brac. These last letters, written at about the time of his marriage with Madame Hanska, are more touching than any. They are full of the most exact details about his future hours, with occasional reference to his wretched health, but there are passages to be found which go further than this. He writes, for instance, as follows to Madame Carraud, who had for many years been a good friend of his. The passage loses infinitely in the translation: "I shall not speak to you of your letter; it gave me as much admiration as sorrow. That is all I can say; but it has secured for you a sincere friend in the person of my wife, to whom for a long time I have confided everything, and who for a long time has known you through the greatness of your soul, which I had told her of, and by my gratitude for the treasures of your hospitality to me. I have drawn you so well, and your letter has so well completed your portrait, that you are an old acquaintance of hers. So with one assent, with the same feeling, we offer you a pleasant little room in our house at Paris in order that you may regard it as especially your own. And what shall I say? You are the only person to whom we make this offer, and you ought to accept or you would deserve misfortune; for, remember, I visited you with the *sainte bonhomie de l'amitié* when you were happy and prosperous and I was battling with every wind, with high equinoctial tides, over head and ears in debt! I have sweet and tender stores of gratitude. . . . Come from time to time to see us, to breathe the air, the art, the elegance of Paris, to meet interesting people, and to find two hearts that love you: one because you were so kind and gentle a friend, the other because you have been that for me. You will be happy for a few days every three months. You will come oftener if you wish, but you will come, that is agreed.

"I did the same thing long since. I used to get new strength for the struggle at Saint-Cyr, at Angoulême, at Trapele; I had there the sight of what I wanted. You will know how pleasant that is; you will learn for yourself what you have been, without knowing it, to me, a wearied, unappreciated man, toiling for so long in physical and moral misery. When I think of what you are, how you struggle with adversity, I, who have so often had to contend with that rude enemy, will tell you that I am ashamed of my good fortune when I think how unhappy you are; but we are both above these pettinesses of the heart. We can tell one another that good and bad fortune are but *façons d'être* in which great souls feel keenly that they are living; for the one requires as much philosophy as the other; and that ill fortune with good friends is perhaps more endurable than envied good fortune." The whole letter—and there is still more earnest gratitude in it—breathes the genuine kindness of a kind man who does not forget his old friends, and its place would hardly be in a publisher's collection if it were not that any means of learning about Balzac can be justly used since the material is so scanty. This letter, dated March 17, 1850, was written just three months before Balzac's death, and it is the last which contains any traces of his good health in it. Those that follow forebode the speedy end.

In conclusion it is but right to say that most readers will be disappointed if they expect to find very much about Balzac or his life in this correspondence. The letters are often too urgent business notes to throw side light on anything else, but again

those written to Madame Hanska especially, and to this same Madame Carraud, show well how kind and hearty a man he was, and they serve to make even sadder the already sad story of his life. Literature, it is true, seems from these letters as if it were with him almost a manual trade, but it was an honorable sense of duty that made it this, and not his pleasure. Had he been less unlucky he might perhaps have written as well without the terrible spur that was forever urging him on, and his life could hardly have failed to be a more joyous one; but it is not to be forgotten that his ill luck was not his own choice, though it may have been the natural result of his sanguine disposition. But alongside of his zeal in his work there are great sides of his character, his true manliness and his tenderness, which frequently inspire the letters, and make them most valuable revelations of the attractive character of one of the greatest of modern men. It would be hard to find a more touching picture than that which these volumes give us of a man full of affection, balked of all enjoyment of it just at the time it seemed to be smiling upon him. He makes no conscious dissection of himself or of his manner of work, but he shows clearly how lofty was the nature which observed the world and recorded its observations in his great series of novels. Whatever faults may mar them, he was better than they were, and it was by no means in respect of genius alone that he was a rare man. It is another example of the great difference between a man's genius and his character: one is what the man is, the other is the demon which possesses him.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: The Theory of Art, and Some Objections to Utilitarianism. By Guy D. Daly, M. D.

Authors' Publishing Company, New York: Christian Conception and Experience. By Rev. William I. Gill, A. M.

Catalogue of Charities conducted by Women, as reported to the Woman's Centennial Executive Committee of the United States International Exhibition. 1876.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Early and Late Papers hitherto uncollected. By William Makepeace Thackeray.—Lorley and Reinhard. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles T. Brooks.—Ancient Spanish Ballads. Historical and Romantic. Translated by J. G. Lockhart. With a Biographical Notice. New Edition.—Russia. By D. Mackenzie Wallace, M. A., Member of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society.

Hurd and Houghton, New York: Essays in Ancient History and Antiquities. By Thomas De

Quincey.—Alexander Hamilton. A Historical Study. By the Honorable George Shea.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: Demosthenes. By the Rev. W. J. Brodribb, M. A.

Loring, Boston: The Man who was not a Colonel. By a High Private.—My Lady-Help, and what she taught me. By Mrs. Warren.

Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., London: The Policy of England in Relation to India and the East; or, Alexandria, Ispahan, Herat. By J. A. Partridge.

James R. Osgood & Co., Boston: History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America. By Henry Wilson. Vol. III.

Porter & Coates, Philadelphia: The History of England from the Commencement of the XIXth Century to the Crimean War. By Harriet Martineau. Four vols.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: Ben Milner's Wooling. By Holme Lee.

A. Williams & Co., Boston: Taxation in Massachusetts. By William Minot, Jr.

ART.

THE picture which Mr. Duveneck has recently sent home from Munich affords fresh and striking evidence of his very remarkable skill in the technical part of his profession, and abundantly confirms the impression of power conveyed by the few heads and unfinished sketches previously shown by him in Boston. There is the same ability to represent, without apparent effort and by what appear on examination to be very inadequate means, the outward appearance of any natural object whatsoever. Every touch or sweep of a brush full charged with color has evidently been placed once for all in exactly the right place, never afterward to be disturbed. There is no sign of hesitation or vacillation; everything seems (though of course it only seems) to have been done at once, and the whole picture finished, or rather carried as far as the artist chose to carry it, at one sitting.

In one respect, at least, the present painting shows progress. Though larger and fuller, that is, representing a greater number of objects than any of his previous attempts, it is more uniformly finished or carried out: there are no portions left incomplete or scarcely begun, as was the case in some of the best of such works of his as we have hitherto seen, — notably in the boy whistling, which promised so much, and the sketched portrait of a woman with a fan. The artist seems to be more sure of himself, to have more confidence in his methods of working. This, indeed, may not be altogether an advantage. The whole art of painting by no means consists, as we trust Mr. Duveneck will one day discover for himself, in a thorough mastery of processes.

The color, too, is better in this picture: there is less use of black to get depth of tone. Mr. Duveneck has, however, already shown us that he can imitate at pleasure the ruddy carnations of Rubens and the silvery tones of Velasquez; and he may now have been making only another imitative experiment, inspired by the present mania for Oriental subjects, treated more or less after the fashion set by Regnault and Fortuny. We have yet to wait in order to see what will be Mr. Duveneck's own style and color.

The painting to which has been given the title of *The Turkish Page* is a large canvas about five feet in width by about three and

a half in height. Nearly in the centre of the composition a boy wearing a Turkish fez is seated upon a leopard's skin spread upon a pavement of white and black marble. He has a shawl or scarf wound about his waist, but all the upper part of his body, including his arms, which are frightfully thin, is wholly nude. His legs, stretched out straight before him, are concealed by a bit of tawny-colored velvet which is spread over them, from beneath which his naked feet protrude, with their soles turned almost directly toward the spectator. He leans his back against a wall behind him, upon which is hung a large coarse rug, of Oriental design; but he partly supports himself upon his left hand, which rests on the floor beside him, while his right hand grasps the rim of a brass basin which lies in his lap, and upon whose edge, immediately over the boy's hand, is perched a white cockatoo, with outstretched wings. In the basin are a lemon and bunches of grapes, some of which, detached from the clusters, have rolled upon the floor. The boy's chin is sunk upon his breast; his eyes, hidden by the half-closed lids and long eyelashes, seem to be listlessly following the movements of the bird. On the boy's left a tall vessel of unpolished copper, somewhat resembling a coffee-pot, rising out of a broad dish or platter, also of copper, stands on the marble floor. A strong light, not sunshine, entering from the left front, pervades the whole scene.

The picture we have attempted to describe appears to have no story to tell, or if it have one it fails to tell it. It has, properly speaking, no local color, no locality. The boy is quite as much Jewish as Turkish; with the exception of his fez, his costume, so far as we can see it, is not that of a Turkish page, while his white arms and sunburnt hands show that this is not his usual dress; what he wears on his nether limbs is carefully concealed by the square yard of velvet spread over his knees. We cannot make out what he is doing: he has plainly no concern with the copper vessel beside him, which, covered as it is with dust, has evidently been long disused. Whether he is feeding the cockatoo, or allowing him to steal his own frugal dinner, are alike matters of doubt. We are at a loss to interpret the expression on the boy's face: whether as sullenness, or simple

vacuity, or weariness of his constrained position, the latter seeming the most probable.

There is something annoying and even exasperating in this uncertainty in which we are left in regard to the meaning of the scene before us, which, added to the boy's painful emaciation and the uninteresting, if not positively disagreeable character of his face, detracts greatly from the pleasure we might otherwise have in the technical qualities of the painting. It is not necessary that a picture should tell a story or relate an incident; it need not be either historical or anecdotal; but if it does attempt narration it should at least speak coherently and intelligibly.

It is unfair, however, to criticise as a picture what is evidently only an academic study. The boy is plainly a model costumed for the occasion and surrounded by such easily arranged accessories as serve to give a hint of local color. The art schools of Munich, we are told, are very liberally furnished with appliances of the sort adapted to every age and country.

Mr. Duveneck still professes to be only a student; and we see no reason as yet to fear that he will disappoint the hopes of those who would gladly hail him as a master. He is yet preoccupied with the material side of art; and the chief satisfaction he derives from its study and practice at present is, we are inclined to think, the delight of triumphing over technical difficulties. And yet, great as are his abilities in this direction, the result is not altogether satisfactory. The difficulties are got over rather than fairly vanquished. The bare facts of form and color are too briefly and succinctly stated; we are given an inventory rather than a description, prose rather than poetry. There is little evidence that the painter was moved by any beauty or charm in the objects he represents; all, with scarcely an exception, are rendered by the same summary and expeditious sweep of the brush; there is no caressing of outlines and but little distinction of textures; all is hard, almost vitreous; there is a want of aerial perspective, of atmosphere. Still, we think we see evidences in this painting that Mr. Duveneck is beginning to be aware that, even in the mere technicalities of painting, higher pleasures than the most rapid and effective execution can ever give are reserved for the patient worker. The boy's red fez and

the white and rose colored plumage of the bird are admirable studies; and we cannot but fancy that they were painted more lovingly, with a more lively appreciation of their intrinsic beauty, than most other parts of the canvas; less as a difficult than as a delightful task.

We should also say that the picture is well placed in the canvas, and the various objects well and effectively grouped.

We shall await with interest the appearance of fresh works from Mr. Duveneck's easel, hoping to see in them, side by side with that firm hold upon nature which we trust he will never relax, a little more of that imagination which is able to cast a halo of beauty around the most trite and trivial objects, and without whose aid the most perfect combinations of form and color become uninteresting and commonplace. He has nearly, if not quite, mastered the painter's language; we trust he will soon show us that he has something to say in that language which is worth the saying.

—The two volumes of the *Art at Home* Series already published are rather attractive little books, exhibiting outwardly something of that affectation of quaintness which is perhaps too often a characteristic of the sort of art of which they treat. They are handsomely reprinted from the original English edition of Macmillan & Co., of London, and a commendable degree of care has been taken in printing the illustrations as well as the letterpress.

The introductory volume, *A Plea for Art in the House*,¹ is from the pen of Mr. W. J. Loftie, who also furnishes a preface for the second volume. It consists for the most part of a defense of the practice of making collections of bric-a-brac, chiefly upon the ground of what the author calls its "prudence," that is to say, because there is money to be made by it. This point is illustrated by an abundance of anecdotes which at the same time serve to show the risks run by those who engage in the business without some previous knowledge of the wares in which they propose to deal. Some help is given towards the acquisition of such needful information; and for further enlightenment the reader is constantly referred to those great repositories of what the French call "objects of art and of curiosity," the British and South Kensington museums.

We have not as yet in America any such
als. By W. J. LOFTIE, B. A., F. S. A., Author of
In and Out of London. Philadelphia: Porter and
Coates.

¹ *A Plea for Art in the House, with Special Reference to the Economy of collecting Works of Art, and the Importance of Taste in Education and Mor-*

vast collections with which to compare our little private hoards and findings, though a beginning is being made in our Boston Art Museum. It may also be objected by American readers that the field for collectors is a very narrow one in a new country like ours. But if the field be narrow it is not altogether barren. A visit to the Historical Museum recently opened at the Old South, or to the spacious warerooms of some of our dealers in old furniture, will show what sort of collections and how large may be made even when confined to objects of native production, or to such as were brought from England in the days when our fathers claimed to be Englishmen.

The chief advantage which Mr. Loftie holds out as an inducement to engage in the business of collecting does not appeal to a very high order of motives; but the business itself, though useful and often necessary, is not one that holds a very high rank among the pursuits more or less connected with the arts. The collector is in fact a sort of artistic jackal. It is not at all necessary that he should be an artist or that he should have the least artistic taste or perception. He needs only to be a connoisseur, a person who knows all *about* an art though he may know nothing of art itself. The two kinds of knowledge are, however, often mistaken for each other, much to the prejudice of the interests of true art, as has been well pointed out by Mr. Hamerton in his admirable book, *Etching and Etchers*.

In his concluding chapter Mr. Loftie discourses of Art and Morals, and endeavors to show that the cultivation of taste may be not only a moral but even a religious duty. Whether to live always in an artistic atmosphere, in houses architecturally irreproachable, surrounded only by rare and beautiful objects, is conducive to our moral health, at least to the extent sometimes claimed, may well be doubted.

In an artistic point of view, the best result to be hoped for from the increased attention given of late to the industrial, including the household arts, is the development of an improved taste in the consumers of the products of those arts. This, it may be hoped, will compel in turn a corresponding improvement on the part of producers or manufacturers, and so, finally, bring about the disappearance of that positive ugliness which now seems to be the inevitable concomitant of cheapness. Whether this improved taste is to be a benefit or otherwise to individuals or to the community will de-

pend upon the use to which it is put. It is at least worth remembering that whenever the arts have condescended to become the mere servants of luxury and ostentation, they have at once begun to decline.

The second volume of the series treats of House Decoration,¹ a subject on which the authors should be competent to write understandingly, as these two ladies have for some years followed with success, in London, the business of practical house decorators.

"It is middle-class people specially"—say the Misses Garrett in their introduction—"who require the aid of a cultivated and yet not extravagant decorator, who may help them to blend the fittings of their now incongruous rooms into a pleasant and harmonious habitation," and it was for middle-class English people, accordingly, that their book was written.

After drawing a dismal picture of the actual condition of the class of houses which they propose to reform, the authors proceed to give a somewhat detailed account of the changes they would recommend in entrance halls, dining-rooms, drawing-rooms and bedrooms; these changes being for the most part in accordance with the so-called Queen Anne style, of which the Misses Garrett are decided, though not "rabid" partisans.

This style seems to be the fashion of the day in England, where for interior decoration and furniture, at least, its lighter and more delicate proportions bid fair to displace the severe simplicity and general heaviness of the styles indifferently known as Gothic, Mediaeval, or Early English. In its revived form the Queen Anne style has as yet scarcely been introduced into this country; but ancient and original examples of a very similar if not absolutely the same style may be found in our old mansion houses of the last generation. At all events we must all have seen chimney-pieces in our old New England houses more or less resembling those represented in the frontispiece and on page 46 of the Misses Garrett's book, while the tall eight-day clocks and the straight-backed, claw-footed chairs which figure in several of the illustrations have a very familiar air. Their improvements, especially as shown in the illustrations, will not, we think, command unreserved approval. We seem to detect in them some lingering traces of peculiarly English forms of bad taste, which the application of a partial remedy,

¹ *Suggestions for House Decoration in Painting, Wood-Work, and Furniture.* By RHODA and AGNES GARRETT. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates.

limited in accordance with the avowed intention of the authors by considerations of cost, has not entirely obliterated. It is a serious drawback to the usefulness of the book in this country that it is so obviously adapted to the latitude of London. Whatever may be our own short-comings in the matter of household taste, it is very evident, from the

perusal of this little volume, that whether greater or less, they are not precisely the same with those of our transatlantic cousins. It consequently happens that much of its excellent advice is inapplicable to any condition of things existing here, and much of it wholly unintelligible to American readers.

EDUCATION.

THE following letter, intended for publication in *The Atlantic* for April, came to hand too late to be printed in that number:—

DEDHAM, *March 1, 1877.*

TO THE EDITOR OF *THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY*:—

SIR,—I apprehend that the readers of the letter of Mr. Thomas Davidson in your last issue may be misled by it, most undesignedly on his part, into thinking that the sub-committee on classics were more fully in agreement with his views as to the study of Greek at Harvard, contained in his article of last January, than was actually the case. The sub-committee listened with interest to that paper as embodying the ideas of an experienced teacher, sincerely desirous of the advancement of classical learning, as to the best method of promoting it. They were entirely willing,—they may even have thought it desirable,—that Mr. Davidson should bring his paper to the notice of the Overseers or of the public in such way as he might think best; but I am confident that they had no idea of adopting it as their own, in either its original or its modified form, or of indorsing the statements of fact on which his recommendations were based. Its weight with those who might take an interest in the subject was left to depend on its own merits and on the character of its author as a scholar and an instructor.

I think Mr. Davidson in error in supposing that the committee of the Overseers to

visit the university adopted the “main suggestions” of his paper and embodied them in the portion of their report relating to the classics. One of the chief recommendations in that report which accorded with the ideas of Mr. Davidson’s article,—that relating to distinct literary and linguistic courses in the classics,—was not made there for the first time, but may be found in several previous reports of that committee. The important suggestion of the report that candidates for admission should be required to read any author, not exceptionally difficult, at sight, instead of being examined in prescribed books, was entirely independent of anything contained in Mr. Davidson’s article. This change was, moreover, in discussion among the classical teachers of the university, and considered favorably by them, before they knew of the opinion of the committee or of Mr. Davidson on the subject.

Mr. Davidson’s plan of teaching Greek literature by lectures and through translations to students who are either unable or unwilling to pursue it in the original tongue is *mentioned*, but not recommended, by the committee in their report. One of the most material suggestions of Mr. Davidson’s article, namely, that Greek should not be required of candidates for admission and that it should be discontinued as an enforced study during the college course, was not accepted by either the sub-committee or the general committee. EDMUND QUINCY,

Chairman of sub-committee on classics.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION. II. <i>Edward H. Knight</i>	645	THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB	738
THE FIRST FAN. <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	659	An Overrated Book. — Mr. James's Method in Fic- tion. — Why Authors should sketch. — Hawthorne's Chemistry. — Triteness of Situations in Fiction. — The Lost R's. — Ourselves as a Lively Gaul beheld us. — The Novelist's Attitude. — <i>Æsthetic Vagabonds</i> . — Farm-Villages. — A Criticism of the Massachusetts Ver- sion of Eliot's Oak.	
WA-HA-TOY-A; OR, BEFORE THE GRADERS. <i>H. H.</i>	662	A DREAM. Words by <i>W. W. Story</i> . Music by <i>F. Boott</i>	750
PEACH-BLOSSOM. <i>Bayard Taylor</i>	668	RECENT LITERATURE	752
SOUTH CAROLINA SOCIETY. <i>A South Caro- linian</i>	670	Charles Kingsley's Life and Letters. — Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall). — Dodge's The Plains of the Great West. — Wallace's Russia. — Miss Jewett's Deephaven. — Schuyler's Turkistan. — <i>French and German</i> : Count de Gobineau's <i>Nouvelles Asiatiques</i> . Zola's <i>L'Assommoir</i> . — Publications Received.	
ROSE DANIELS. <i>Marian Douglas</i>	684	ART	764
THE MAY-POLE OF MERRYMOUNT. II. The Arrest. <i>Charles Francis Adams, Jr.</i>	686	The Recent Exhibitions of Paintings by Mr. W. A. Gay, Mr. Hamilton Wilde, and Mr. W. E. Norton.	
THE WARD OF THE THREE GUARDIANS. <i>A. G. Browne, Jr.</i>	697	EDUCATION	767
COMPANIONS. <i>R. H. Stoddard</i>	717	A New Laboratory for Women in Boston.	
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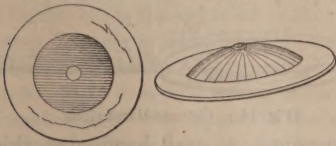
VOL. XXXIX.—JUNE, 1877.—No. CCXXXVI.

CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL
EXHIBITION.

II.

HITHERTO we have principally considered instruments of wood, bone, gourds, pebbles, shells, terra cotta, and the miscellaneous matters that are strung for necklaces and wristlets, — sea-shells, nutshells, hoofs and teeth of animals. As a relief to the tedium of these savage crudities we sketched the really interesting wood harmonicon, but must now turn again to the rude and noisy, giving our attention to the jingling and clashing instruments of metal, — cymbals, castanets, gongs, bells, — after which the topic of drums will conclude this branch of our subject.

Our cymbals came from China, and the Centennial exhibit of such instruments affords nothing specially new or interest-



(Fig. 12.) Cymbals.

ing. It is the superiority of the Chinese alloy which has given the Orient this predominance, for the idea was by no means a new one in Europe when Chinese wares commenced to be known in the Mediterranean countries.

Cymbals were used in ancient Egypt, Assyria, Palestine, Etruria, Greece, and Rome. They were particularly devoted by the Greeks to the worship of Cybele, Bacchus, and Juno. It may be reasonably assumed that they had their origin in the heroic dances such as those of the Persians in the time of Cyrus and Cambyses, when the movements were performed to the music of the flute, the actors dashing their crescent-shaped shields together, falling on one knee and rising. The Corybantian dance of Crete and Phrygia, and the Pyrrhic dance, were performed to the jarring music of clashing weapons.

Cymbals, triangles, trumpets, and drums are the instrumental accompaniment in the Buddhist temples of Ladak. The crescendo is accompanied by the roar of enormous trumpets stretched along the floor, the performers on which are in an adjoining room. Trumpets are to be considered with wind instruments in a subsequent article.

(Fig. 13.) Cymbals.
Chinese Exhibit.

The *loud-sounding* and the *high-sounding* cymbals of Psalm cv. 5 were probably the clashing cymbals and rattling castanets. The latter were shown at the Centennial, but there was no great display. They do not differ substantially from one

form of rattles, except in some of the more elegant shapes common among the Mediterranean nations and by them carried to the Americas, North and South. When made of metal they may be considered miniature cymbals, both valves being carried in one hand.

The suspended metallic bar beaten by an iron bâton is another inflection of the same idea; the quality of its tone depends on its material, its pitch upon its size and proportions. When bent to a three-sided shape it is called a *triangle*, from its figure; and as the ends are not united and it is suspended from one of the whole angles, its respective portions on each side of the string differ in length and consequently in tone. In Oriental countries, where din is the object, the hammering on the triangles is kept up as industriously as the pounding on the drums and the blowing on the clarinets.

For instance, loud noise, which seems to enter into all the ideas of grandeur among a barbarous people, was never omitted in the train of the Singhalese monarch. His progress was always attended by a number of performers on various instruments, such as *tam-tams*, drums of various kinds and sizes, shrill and squalling clarinets, pipes, flageolets, bagpipes, and pieces of brass and iron jingled by way of triangles. These were all sounded and clashed at once, without time or harmony, and accompanied by the cracking of long whip-lashes. The Siamese, more tasteful, use triangles in sets; this carries us back again to the pien-king, already considered.

Another jingler is an instrument more common formerly than now, but which was never wide-spread, geographically speaking. The ancient *sistrum* of Egypt, so common in museums, was unfortunately not in the Egyptian exhibit at the Centennial. It had a loop-shaped head with a number of loose wires, which were shaken to make a jingling noise. It was exported from Egypt to Greece, and used especially in the ceremonies of the worship of Cybele. Under the name of *sanasil* it is still used by the Christian priests of Abyssinia.

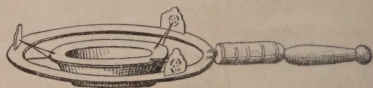
The Zambesi rattle of twenty-five de-

grees farther south, instead of wires on a loop-shaped head, consists of rings on a bar. This is certainly more musical than the buffalo horns beaten with sticks, used by the Bawe of the Zambesi as an accompaniment to the marimba.

We now come to the gong. This is a Malayan word, and the home of the instrument is around the China Sea and in the Malay archipelago. It may be called a tambourine-shaped resonant bell, being a thin bronze disk with an upturned edge forming a rim. Its composition is copper 78, tin 22, and it requires peculiar treatment in the manufacture, both in the hammering and the annealing. The tempering is the inverse of that adopted for iron. The bronze is of such proportions as to be naturally brittle when cast. It is heated to a cherry red, clamped between iron disks, and plunged into water till cool. It will then bear the hammer.

As was said of the cymbal, the Eastern gong was no new thing in Europe when reintroduced from China, but it was of much better material and made more noise. The *æs thermarum* of the Roman bath was a suspended gong struck to notify the bathers when hot water was ready. It was sometimes shaped like a plate with a raised rim (gong), and sometimes like a flat bell having a protuberant dome-shaped centre (cymbal).

The Chinese use gongs on occasions of ceremony, either religious or state, and they are supposed to yield a little more noise per pound of metal than any other



(Fig. 14.) Chinese Hand-Gong.

instrument. A small hand-gong which answers as a bell is saucer-shaped, five inches in diameter, in a ring of seven inches with a handle.

The variety of gongs in Japan is very great; the assortment at the Centennial was not large. The people of Zipango were too busy with *bric-à-brac* to assemble much material interesting to the machinist or ethnologist. There is hardly

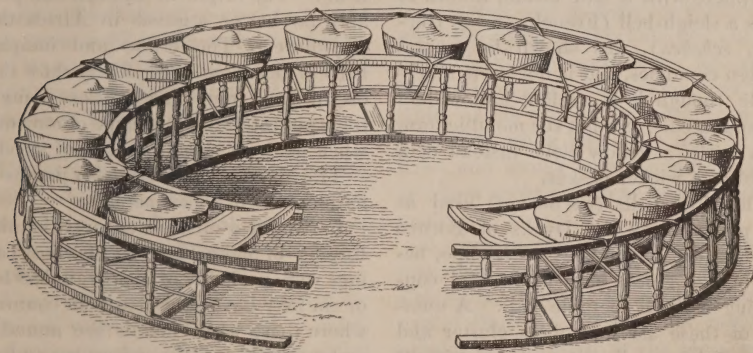
a size, shape, mode of hanging, or assembling in clusters that is not to be found there.

The Malay, Javanese, and Dyak gong is thick, with a broad rim, and gives a muffled sound of deep tone, very different from the clanging noise of the Chinese.

The gong is perhaps the most powerful and musical of all monotonous instruments. It is a favorite in Java, and is there used in various forms: suspended in horizontal position, singly (the *kenong* or *ketuk*), in pairs, in sets of from ten to fourteen (the *bonang* or *kromo*); suspended by the edge, singly (*kumpul*) or in pairs (gong). In all these cases the gongs are beaten with mallets covered

with cloth or elastic gum. The two suspended gongs of a pair differ from each other by one note usually, but have been noticed tuned in thirds. Those in sets are tuned to a scale, and in the larger instruments contain two octaves. The gongs are from five to fifteen inches in diameter. These instruments are not played singly, but harmonize with the instrument on which the air is played. This is usually the *rebab* or two-stringed fiddle, which is known from the Mediterranean to the Banda Sea, and by its Persian name over a large portion of that area.

One traveler states that the *bonang* of Java is tuned to the diatonic scale, and



(Fig. 15.) Circle of Gongs. Siamese Exhibit.

it is probably true, though not what we should have supposed from what is generally known of their scale, which is usually the pentatonic.

The circle of gongs of the Siamese (Figure 15) is there known as the *râung-wong* (*bonang* of Java and Borneo), and consists of sixteen brass gongs arranged in a nearly complete ellipse around the female player who squats in the centre and strikes them with two mallets. The gongs are suspended on raw-hide strings which pass through their turned-over flanges and are secured to the frame so that the metal shall not touch the wood. They are tuned to the pentatonic scale, the sixth from the prime forming its octave, running regularly from one end of the series to the other, and vary in diameter from five inches at the treble

end to seven inches at the bass. They are tuned by attaching balls of wax to them beneath, and are struck by mallets on the central boss.

The Burmese collection of gongs (*kye-zoup*), like the Siamese, has them arranged in graduated sizes in a bamboo frame: eighteen in a set so far as noticed. In Ava also is found a similar circle of upright drums.

In Nulilant, one of the Spice Islands, near Amboina, the gongs are suspended in a frame of *gaba-gaba*, the dried mid-rib stalk of palm leaves. The small brass gong of Ceylon is suspended by a handle of coir fibre.

From metal to wood again; and yet what else but a gong are we to call the suspended plates of hard wood used in China on which to beat time? The

wooden gong is used in that country to mark the intervals of religious services in temples; and a hollowed block of wood is struck with a piece of bamboo by the Chinese watchman to give an alarm. On it also the watchman beats the hours, the night being divided into five watches, beginning at seven P. M.

The African wooden gong used by the Niam-niams and Monbuttoos will be described when speaking of drums; also the similar instrument of the Fijians.

No great variety of bells coming within the purview of the present article was shown at the Centennial Exhibition.

The small bell, consisting of a hollow slit sphere with a ball inside, known to us as a sleigh-bell (French, *grelot*; German, *schellen*), was shown by several foreign countries, and is not particularly crude though it is ancient and widely disseminated. It is but the metallic form of a rattle, a hollow globe instead of a gourd or a wicker basket.

The little bells (*garunongs*) used as ear pendants by the Dyaks of Borneo are like the hawk bells of Europe, being bronze globes with a slit, and containing a small metallic ball. A number of these are worn in a cluster and make a pleasant jingling accompaniment to the dance.

The *maraoeh* of the Copts in Egypt is a disk which has a number of bells around its edges, and is attached to a long handle. It is used in religious ceremonies. The Japanese instrument (*so-ezoew*) consists of a number of these tiny bells attached to a handle. The religious use of bells is very ancient. The bells on the edge of Moses' robe, the eighty little bronze bells with iron tongues found by Layard at Nimroud, and the bells of ancient Egypt now in European and American museums, testify how old the instrument is. It is used habitually throughout the lands which own Lahsa as their religious centre, and, with many other ceremonies, paraphernalia, and practices, the rosary, asceticism, penance, shaven crowns, etc., some here and some there, has been adopted into the Christian church from Archangel to

Abyssinia and from the Caspian to the sea of Atlantis.

The jingling accompaniment of bells on the horses of the Assyrians, as shown in the sculptures, is probably a reminiscence or remainder of their former nomadic life. The "bells on the horses" are referred to by the prophet Zechariah. Bells on horses, cattle, sheep, and dogs are yet used, to prevent the straying of the animals, in Germany, Switzerland, Nubia, South Africa, and in America. The Niam-niams have bells of iron and of wood. The former are made of sheet-iron bent into a form much like our own cow bells; the wooden bell is for the dog, and is attached to a strap round the neck. The origin of the bell can probably be better studied in Africa than elsewhere. The crude and incipient bells of that continent clearly show their origin from nuts and rattles, some of them yet retaining the shape of nuts even when made of sheet metal or of wood.

The Makalolo minstrel also jingles his native bells of sheet metal.

Casting is a much later invention than forging of metal, and the earliest castings were probably of copper, unless lead or tin may have preceded it in countries where these white metals are abundant and accessible. The references to *brass* in the scripture translation should generally be rendered *bronze*; brass is a much later alloy, and an accidental one originally. The bells mentioned in Leviticus were doubtless of bronze; the people had but just left Egypt, where that alloy was common.

The native bronze bells of Peru and Mexico, made before the conquest, are cored castings of considerable merit. The Tezeucans had some kind of sonorous metallic object, gong or bell, which was struck by a mallet, and gave the summons to prayer. The Peruvians had copper hand-bells, and also the spherical horse bells called by them *yotl*. Bells were hung in the palaces of the old Singhalese kings, and bell-metal is among the gifts recorded on the rock of Pollanua, A. D. 1187.

The ancient bell of China had nine nipples or small protuberances, repre-

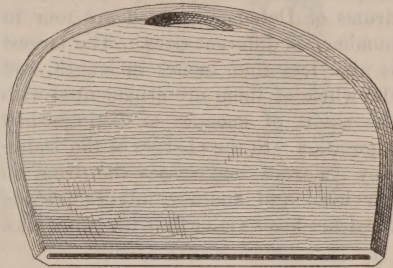
senting the nine provinces of the Celestial Flowery Kingdom, each of which was supposed to contribute. The ancient bells were sometimes round, with a continuous rim, and sometimes quadrangular or flattened, and with the rim deeply scalloped on both sides. Chinese bells have no clappers, but are struck by a muffled hammer. They say "strike" the bell, not "ring" it. Their bells are struck by hand to announce the hours, as they have no striking clocks.

The Chinese idea of suspending metallic plates in a row from a frame, the plates being tuned to give a regular succession of tones, has been already referred to. It is but a step to the instrument in which bells are similarly arranged. Carillons of attuned bells have long been used in Burmah and China. One was shown to Lord Macartney, in Peking, and they have since become very common in Europe and America.

Drums were in great force at the Exhibition, especially from Asia and Africa. The taste of the American savage does not run so much to drums as that of the African.

The great signal and alarm drum of the principal court of the Niam-niam chief, at the head waters of the Nile, is called the *manyunjee*, and is a hollowed trunk of wood mounted on feet. The same is used by the Monbuttoos, a little farther south, on the Welle River, a tributary, it is supposed of the Congo. This canoe-shaped gong has sides of unequal thickness, and gives out a different note according to the side on which it is struck; thus signals for war, hunting, or a festival are given, and, being repeated by the drums of a district, an assemblage is collected at short notice. None of the largest drums from Central Africa were shown at the Exhibition; but one of a different construction and more portable was brought by Colonel Long, of the Egyptian army, from an expedition into Darfoor, and was sent to Philadelphia. It is known as a *clincufu*, and is shown in Figure 16. It is thirty by twenty-four inches in size and made of a carefully hollowed slab of light, sonorous wood.

It approximates a semicircular shape, is flat, and has a handle on top to carry it by. It may be compared to a flattened wooden bell. Its greatest thickness is



(Fig. 16.) Niam-Niam Wooden Signal Drum. Egyptian Exhibit.

four inches, and it becomes thinner toward the mouth. It is hollowed out of a solid block, the wood being left about half an inch thick, the opening one inch wide. It is carried by a belt from the neck, but when beaten is held in one hand and struck with a padded mallet, as a bass accompaniment to other instruments.

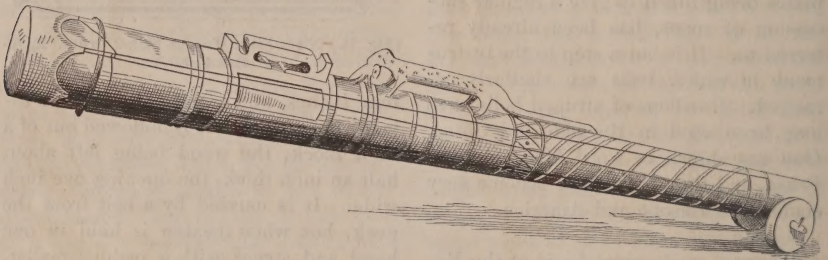
A drum of similar construction to the *manyunjee* is made in the Fiji Islands of Polynesia, one hundred and fifty degrees east of Darfoor. The race of cannibals inhabiting this group is the most ingenious of the whole Polynesian archipelago. Their wooden drum is made from a hollowed log of hard and resonant wood. That observed by the writer was heavy and of a dark color, almost like rosewood. It was five feet long and trough-shaped, the wood near the ends being left unhewn so as to stiffen the sides. The wood at the sides was two inches thick, and the opening was ten inches across and forty-eight inches long. A large bamboo is sometimes used for this purpose, the natural septum of the stalk being allowed to remain, and the length of the drum being the distance between the joints. The New Zealanders have also a suspended sonorous log, six feet long and two feet thick, with a deep groove in it. It is beaten with hard wood mallets.

Passing to Western Africa we find the drum in full feather, but assuming

the more usual type, a membrane of skin upon a wooden body. The drums in this fearful country are for different purposes: ceremony, war, amusement. The largest of all are, perhaps, the death drums of Dahomey, which are four in number, of different sizes. The largest is nine feet four inches in length, and the whole of them are ornamented with the skulls of enemies of distinguished reputation. In the charges of the Dahomey Amazons, one carries the drum on her head and another follows beating the drum-head violently with two sticks.

The idea of putting the skull of an enemy on a drum is that he shall tremble in terror whenever it is beaten.

The Angola drum, shown at Figure 17, and which was a part of the Portuguese colonies exhibit in the Agricultural Building at the Centennial, had been kindly shorn of its ornamental skulls before being sent across the Atlantic. One in the British Museum has yet its girdle of human jaw-bones. Figure 17 apparently belongs to what a learned casuist called "the long and thin sheep-headed tom-tom party." This drum is five feet



(Fig. 17.) Fetich Drum of Western Africa. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

long, is hollowed out of one log of wood, and is painted black all over, excepting the leopard with its prey in its mouth, — a common fetich of the natives. It is about eight inches in diameter at its larger end, and tapers down to about three inches at the smaller end, which rests on two wheels. The carved figures are of one piece with the remainder of the body. The goat-skins over both ends are tied together and made tight with raw-hidestrings. The handle by which it is drawn is in front of the fetich, and the instrument is dragged along the ground at the left of the drummer, while he beats upon it vigorously with a stick in his right hand.



(Fig. 18.) Fetich Drum of Angola. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

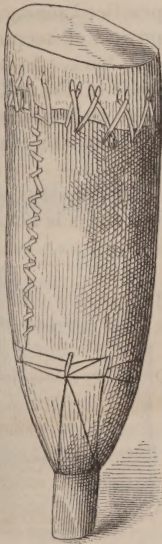
in Figure 18, is carved from a single block of light-colored wood; it is about twenty-two inches high, and has a parchment cover secured by wooden pins, the membrane being evidently placed on while wet and then secured. It is perhaps not too much to assume that the animal is a grotesque imitation of the hippopotamus. The Ashantee fetich drum used in the sacrifice of human beings at the annual "customs" of Dahomey, is similarly carved. The antelope furnishes the ordinary drum skin of Africa, but for powerful "fetich" snake or crocodile skin is used.

One fan drum was noticed to have been made of an elephant's ear!

The problem of drum-making in tropical and semi-tropical countries, the materials at hand being very similar, is a simple one to state: given a block of wood naturally or artificially hollowed, or a gourd with a slice off the side; how to stretch a skin tightly over the opening so as to give a musical sound when struck? A number of illustrations of different methods of securing the membrane to the barrel or calabash were furnished at the Centennial and will be given.

A drum of Angola, used standing upon the ground and beaten with the hands, is shown in Figure 19. The hollowed wooden body is covered in part with calf-skin, and has a goat-skin parchment head secured with strings. The parchment head is laced to the calf-skin, and the latter is tied to the contracted portion of the body.

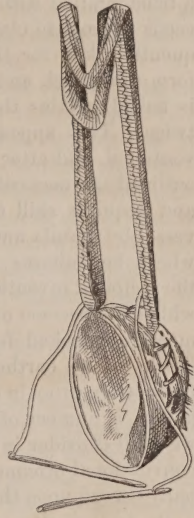
The drum of the Bongos of the Upper Nile is made from a section of a stem of the tamarind-tree hollowed into a cylinder; it is larger at one end than the other to give a difference of note when struck at the respective ends. The ends are covered with two pieces of goat-skin stripped of the hair and tightly strained and laced with thongs. A fire is invariably kept burning at their



(Fig. 19.) Hand Drum of Angola. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

pent. The open end of the cylinder is held against the breast and the head tapped with the fingers.

Crossing westward from Zanzibar nearly to the other side of Africa, only about three thousand miles, we find a drum made like that from Darfoor. The one pictured in Figure 21, however, is from one of the English dependencies, and was shown in the exhibit from the Gold Coast of Guinea. The specimen belongs to the British Museum. It has a hollow wooden body and a goat-skin head, fastened by rawhide strings to blocks upon the back, and tightened with wedges driven



(Fig. 21.) Drum and Neck Band. Gold Coast Exhibit.

under the strings. The head of the drum is nine inches in diameter, and the drumsticks are of rawhide. The neck band is of native manufacture, and is woven cotton stuff, subsequently dyed with a blue bar-and-diamond pattern and sewed up into a roll.

A standing drum of the Gold Coast is shown in Figure 22. It is made of a



(Fig. 22.) Standing Drum. Gold Coast Exhibit.

block of wood hollowed out; the shape and carving are very interesting as showing the succession of inventions and persistence of ideas. It is evidently an imitation of basket work. In a future art-



(Fig. 20.) Kettle-Drum of Darfoor. Egyptian Exhibit.

nightly festivals to dry the skin when it is relaxed by the dews and restore the tone.

The kettle-drum of the same region is shown in Figure 20. It is suspended by a leathern thong around the neck. The parchment head has strings of rawhide which are fastened at the back of the wooden body and stretched by cross-strings. Like most of the small drums of its class it is beaten with the fingers. The hand drum of Zanzibar is a hollow cylinder of wood, twelve inches in diameter and fifteen inches long, the single head covered with the dry skin of a ser-

icle we shall be enabled to adduce instances from exhibits at the Centennial to illustrate the fact that wicker work preceded pottery and wooden ware. When a tribe familiar with basket-making proceeds to mold in clay, the basket is frequently taken for the mold in which to form the vessel, and the latter, when it is baked, retains the impression of the twigs. This appearance becomes conventional, and after the clay molder has outlived the necessity for a basket mold and acquires skill enough to mold the vessel by spatula and hand, or to use the wheel, he imitates the basket work of the incipient invention because that style, which has become one of ornamentation merely, is looked for to add grace and finish to the earthenware. So also of the wooden drum in question (Figure 22) and of a number of Kafir vessels which we shall consider in a future article, the conventional ornamentation must be actually carved upon the vessel in obedience to the taste of the people, although probably they may have long outlived any remembrance of the old process by which the peculiar appearance was originally given.

The hollowed wooden body of the drum (Figure 22) is covered with a snake-skin head four inches in diameter. The drum is eight inches high, and is apparently intended to be held between the knees in playing. It is vase-shaped, and from its shoulders rise five pegs to which the hoop of the head is stretched by grass or bark strings. The drum-



(Fig. 23.) Drumstick with Parchment Pad. Gold Coast Exhibit.

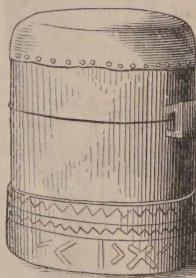
stick (Figure 23) belongs to this drum and is of peculiar form. The pad is a piece of parchment stretched over the hollowed end of the stick.

The membranes of all the drums mentioned are of rawhide or parchment, leather being almost unknown in Africa, besides which its sonorous power is much inferior to the untanned hide. Madagas-

car, so famous for fat cattle, has not had the art of tanning for more than about fifty years, and the various soft processes of tawing and rubbing with grease and brains are far more widely known and practiced among savage nations than any process of steeping in infusions of astringent bark. In Madagascar the drum is made of the hollow trunk of a tree covered with untanned ox-hide, the ends being drawn together by thongs of the same material.

The mode of straining the drum-head by thongs is not, however, by any means

universal, the practice of pegging or riveting the skin to the body being very generally known. Figure 24 is a hand drum of Angola on the western coast of Africa, and Fig-



(Fig. 24.) Hand Drum of Angola. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

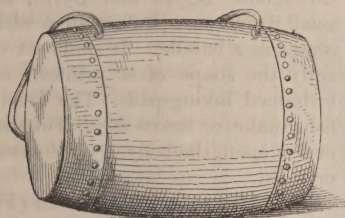
Malaysia. The Angola drum has a wooden body with a goat-skin head fastened by wooden pins; it is made tight by securing it while stretched and wet, and its tone must depend upon the hygrometric condition of the atmosphere. That may be supposed to matter little as it makes a noise, and it can be dried by the fire to tighten it.

The Balonda tribe, inhabiting a country north of Angola and Congo, on the west coast, have a similar method. The drum body is neatly carved from a trunk of a tree and the antelope skin is pegged on. One curious additional feature is found in the Balonda drum, namely, a square hole in the side, closed with a piece of spider's web taken from the egg case of a certain species of arachnidæ.

The Karagooes of the far interior of Africa, a little south of the equator, make a drum four feet long and one foot in diameter, covered with ichneumon skin. It is slung from the shoulders and played by the fingers. The drums for

new-moon occasions and war alarms are much larger.

The Malay drum, *klaung-käak* (Figure 25), shown in the Siamese exhibit,



(Fig. 25.) Malay Drum. *Klaung-Käak*. Siamese Exhibit.

has two heads, each twenty-four inches in diameter, which are strained over the ends and secured with rivets.

It is certain, from the bas-reliefs uncovered by Layard, that the heads of the Assyrian drums were secured to the bodies by rivets. They had, however, but one head and were beaten by the hands, in these particulars resembling existing forms in Asia. Their shapes were cylindrical and conoidal; they were carried in front of the person, head upward.

China showed a large variety of small drums and tam-tams, the mode of securing the heads being by rivets. They were from six to fifteen inches in diameter, and the heads in some cases bore no relation to the size of the body; in some instances the portion of head concerned in the vibration was not over two inches in diameter, and the sound was almost as sharp as that produced by rapping two ordinary lead-pencils together. The larger one of the two shown in Figure



(Fig. 26.) Chinese Tam-Tams.

26 has two pig-skin heads on a wooden body, on which the heads are shrunk and tacked. The smaller one has an almost solid body and but a single head, which gives the sharp sound referred to.

One curious feature is noticeable in the drum of the South African bushman. The instrument is known as the

water-drum, and consists of a wooden bowl with a skin tightly stretched over it; a little water is previously poured into the bowl to keep the skin damp. It is beaten by one finger and kept at a proper pitch by the thumb and fore-finger of the left hand.

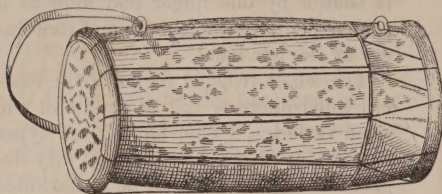
The whole tropical region of the eastern hemisphere is full of drums of the same varieties. The similarity of types over a belt of one hundred and fifty degrees of longitude would be remarkable but that the problem is, as has been said, really not a complicated one, the choice of material being somewhat uniform and the conditions of efficiency really simple.

While there are few drums in Asia or Malaysia as large as some of the African instruments, the smaller kinds may be said to extend from Senegal to Papua. The kinds used in India and Ceylon may be taken as a sample and will be stated *seriatim*, those of these countries being selected because they have codified the subject and given distinct names to those of different classes. The drums of uncodified Africa may be readily remitted to the same groups, so far as they are referable to Asiatic types.

The drums of India are various in shape and material, — cylinders, cones, bowls, spindles, plates. Those of Ceylon may be said to be large, small, kettles, cylinders, long, narrow, bulging, hour-glass-shaped. That most of these forms are not new is clearly proved by the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Indian monuments. The bas-reliefs of the Sanchi tope at Bhilsa, in Central India (A. D. 17), show drums of cylindrical shape to be suspended horizontally and beaten at both ends (Figure 27), suspended obliquely and beaten at one end (Figure 28), and kettle-drums to be played with sticks (Figure 29). These illustrations are from Siam, the Gold Coast of Africa, and from Hindostan, respectively.

The drum suspended from the neck and beaten by the hands at both ends is known in India as the *dhak*; in Ceylon as the *verri* or *verrigodea*; in Siam as the *ta-pohn*. The illustration (Figure 27) is of the latter. It has a wooden body

with parchment heads; the latter usually has hoops which are strained with rattan strings. The ta-pohn is two feet long, and is slung by a couple of staples and

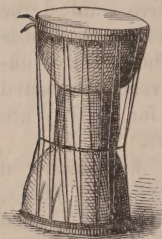


(Fig. 27.) Sling Drum, Ta-Pohn. Siamese Exhibit.

a strap from the neck of the performer, who plays upon it with both hands.

The drum made of jack-wood and deer-skin and beaten with a stick at one end and a hand at the other is the *doula* or *dælle* of Ceylon. A similarly played instrument, but with a body of earthenware, is the *kara* of India.

The drum held in the left hand and beaten with the right is the *ou-dælle* of Ceylon, and is commonly called the *arm-drum* by travelers in Africa, as it is often carried under the left arm while beaten by the right hand. Figure 28 illustrates one from the Gold Coast of Africa. It is made from a solid block of wood hollowed out. The skin heads are connected by stretching strings that are tightened by a band tied around the waist of the drum, which is shown as standing on the ground and in position as used.



(Fig. 28.) African Arm-Drum. Gold Coast Exhibit.

The small kettle-drums used in pairs are frequently of earthenware in India, and called *tikara*, the *tam-tam* or *tam-aton* of Ceylon. The Indian kettle-drum is shown in Figure 29. It has a wooden body and parchment head, with hoops and straps.



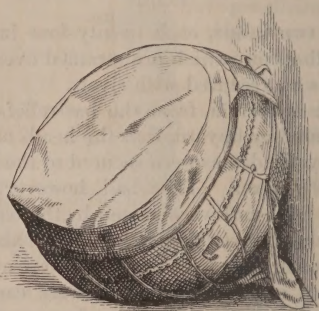
(Fig. 29.) Kettle-Drum, Tikara. Hindostan Exhibit.

The Javanese drums are standing (*ketipung*) or prone (*kendang*), and are played with the hands and fingers only.

One drum of Siam is a baked earthen vessel, open at one end and covered with sheep-skin at the other.

The Arabian *darabooka*, also used throughout Egypt and Syria, is a small drum on a hollow stem which serves as a handle. It is almost exactly the shape of a printer's old-fashioned inking-pad. The head is fish, snake, or lizard skin. The small end is open, the body of earthenware or wood.

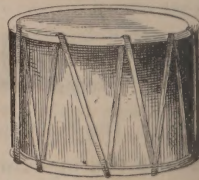
The African calabash drum (Figure 30) is made upon a gourd of the largest size, being about twenty inches in di-



(Fig. 30.) African Calabash Drum. Gold Coast Exhibit.

ameter; the goat-skin is stretched with rawhide strings passing to a ring at the back. It is very sonorous and is played with sticks of stiff hide, probably from the rhinoceros. The hide of this pachyderm is used for whips and shields, and a number of the former were exhibited by the Orange Free State.

The most interesting drums exhibited by Egypt were those from the Upper Nile, the country recently penetrated by the troops of the Khedive, under Sir Samuel Baker, Colonel Long, and others. That shown in Figure 31 is one of her own, cruder than those used at head-quarters, no doubt, where French models are adopted. The Egyptian drums are of several kinds, as might be expected: tam-tams, tambourines, kettle-drums, and cylindrical, with one or with two heads. The sizes



(Fig. 31.) Egyptian Drum.

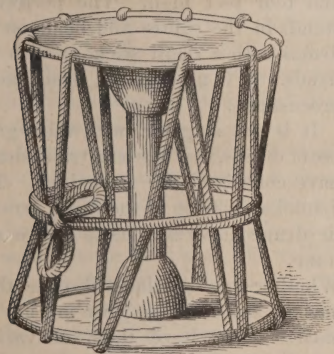
exhibited were from eight to thirty inches in diameter. The kettle-drums have copper bowls.

The *klaung*, or standing drum of Siam (Figure 32), has heads fastened to hoops which are strained by cords that draw them toward each other. The hoops project beyond the face so as to rest upon the ground when either head is down and preserve the parchment head from contact with the soil. They are about twelve inches in diameter and thirty inches in length. The heads being of different diameters give different tones.

Somewhat the same construction is shown in the Japanese drum (Figure 33), but in the latter the central post against whose



(Fig. 32.) Standing Drum, Klaung. Siamese Exhibit.

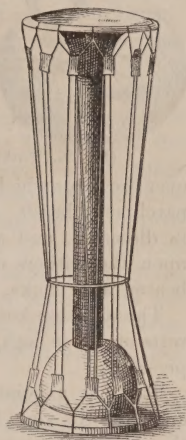


(Fig. 33.) Japanese Drum.

ends the parchment heads are strained bears a very small proportion diametrically to the size of the heads themselves. The drum is shown standing, but is intended to be slung by a belt from the neck. The heads are strained by cords which pass around both hoops, and are tightened by a circumferential band. As the ends of the posts are of different sizes the heads give different tones, the extent of surface of the respective parchments concerned in the vibration vary-

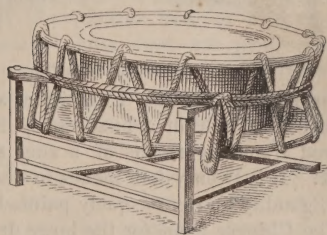
ing. The two are assumed to have equal tension, as they are tied together.

The Chinese standing drum shown in the Mineral Annex of the Main Building has the same general features as the Japanese drum just noticed, but its proportions are different. It is about three feet high, so as to be convenient for a standing player. The body is of wood handsomely japanned, and the heads are of pig-skin. The skin at either end is stretched over a hoop which extends outside of the body of the drum, and is held by cords connecting the heads. The skin is stretched and the tone raised by a cincture tied around the cords, and also by *knots*, in the manner usual with our own drums.



(Fig. 34.) Standing Drum. Chinese Exhibit.

The Japanese table drum (*tsutsumi*, "a drum beaten with sticks") is fifteen

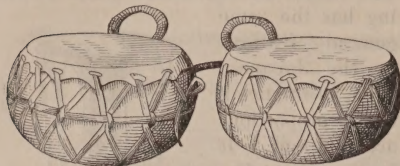


(Fig. 35.) Table Drum, Tsutsumi. Japanese Exhibit.

inches in diameter and suspended from three arms on a stand. It has two parchment heads, a lacquered body, and the heads are strained with crimson cords. Either side may be turned up.

Kettle-drums in pairs were shown at the Exhibition, from Turkey and Tunis. The Turkish drums have copper bowls, and the parchment heads are strained by rawhide thongs to rings at the back. They are tied together so as to be thrown across the withers of a horse.

The kettle-drums of Tunis (Figure 37) have also metallic bowls which are hidden by a calf-skin covering sewed on

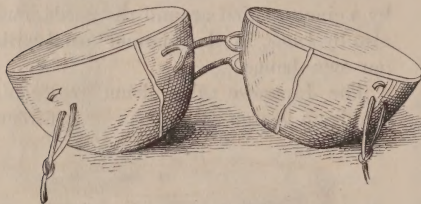


(Fig. 36.) Turkish Kettle-Drums.

over the cords which strain the goat-skin-parchment heads. They are ten inches in diameter, and are intended to rest upon the withers of a horse and to be beaten with sticks.

The Chinese kettle-drum is of wood, rests on three legs, and is covered with pig-skin.

There is a point at which the drum ends and the gong begins, or conversely; the Japanese seem to have discovered it. Figure 38 shows a gong mounted on a barrel shaped body, or it is a drum with a metallic head. It was the most gor-



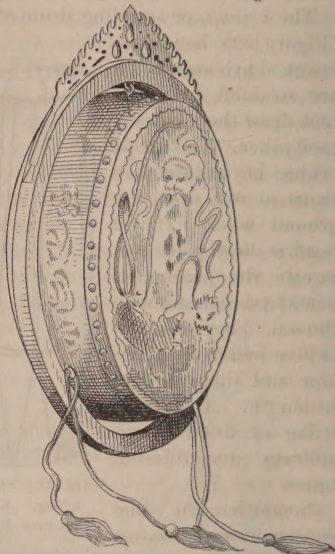
(Fig. 37.) Tam-Tams from Tunis.

geous of its class at the Exhibition, and is suspended within a handsomely lacquered frame by means of a ring and hook. It is twenty-four inches in diameter, gaudily and grotesquely painted.

The Chinese name for the large drum elevated on a frame so as to be struck overhand by drumsticks is *kin-kou*; the latter portion of the compound word means simply "drum."

We have had occasion previously to notice several instruments in which pieces or parts, each one giving its own distinct and unalterable sound, were associated to form an instrument with a regular succession of tones. These are gongs, and harmonicons of wood, stone, metal, and glass. Drums are similarly arranged in sizes. The Burmese have a collection

of oblong drums (*boundaw*) varying in size and suspended perpendicularly in a wooden frame by leathern strings. The



(Fig. 38.) Gong Drum. Japanese Exhibit.

frame is circular, five feet in diameter and four feet high. The performer stands in the centre and beats on the drums with a small stick or with the hands. It is used in full band and in processions.

It is not singular, with their great use of drums, that African tribes should have conceived the same idea. The Latookas, a tribe of the Nile, arrange their drums in sizes so as to play a sort of tune.

Whether the Tahitians also use their drums in the same way we are not informed. They have them of various sizes, all cylindrical, and long in proportion to their diameter. They are beaten with the fingers only.

The New Zealanders, of all Polynesia, have no drums as the word is generally understood, that is, no drums of membrane. They have, however, the suspended wooden cylinder before referred to; it is not exactly cylindrical, but has a deep groove, making a sort of trough, which is suspended mouth downward and horizontally by cords of the New Zealand flax (*phormium tenax*). It is beaten with a hard wood mallet by a man who squats

upon a scaffold beneath it, and is sounded at night within the *pah*, or stockaded village, as a sort of watchman's alarm, to inform the villagers that he is awake and to notify prowling enemies that the guard is set. As the drum, so to call it, is made of a log six feet long and two feet thick, and the man is not sparing of his blows, it may be heard for several miles.

The only musical instrument of the Andamaner is a large red wooden board, supposed by Mouat to be a shield till he observed a captive native of the island standing on one foot and using the other as a drumstick upon the wooden gong, accompanying it with a howl. The *gins* (Australian women) beat time with the palms of their hands upon kangaroo skins doubled up into balls.

A much more recondite form of wooden drum, called *tchou*, is made in China. It is shaped like a flaring square box, the open side upward. It is made of a sonorous coniferous wood and stands on feet. The mallet, or tongue, is on a vertical post inside and is swung back and forth by the hand, which is introduced through a hole in the side of the box. It is really an inverted wooden bell, and forms a connecting link between the wooden gongs of the Niam-niams, Fijians, and Maori and the true bell.

In China a hollowed block of wood is struck, by the watchman with a piece of bamboo to give an alarm or announce the hours, by the priests in the temple to mark the intervals of the religious services, and by musicians to beat time.

At the risk of furnishing the advocates of the settlement of America from Asia with another argument, it may be mentioned that the Mexican *teponaztli* was a wooden drum like those of Africa and Polynesia, — with a difference, — and was used in religious observances like the Asiatic gong just mentioned. It differed in this, that, instead of a mere hollowing of the log, a sound board was left on the upper side, and this having two slits longitudinally and one across, two vibratory tongues were left, of unequal length and giving out two distinct tones as they were beaten respectively. The appearance of the slits was a much-elongated

letter H laid flat, **II**. This was a great refinement upon the mere pounding on a log hollowed naturally or artificially; the bottom of the log had a large square opening. These instruments were made of various sizes, small enough to be suspended from the neck, and large and powerful enough to be heard at a distance of three miles. An instrument of this kind has been noticed lately by a traveler in the Tierra Templada of the Cordilleras. That mere wooden gongs should be found in distant places where good timber is abundant is not surprising. Hollow logs are to be found in all woods, and the people must have perforce noticed that a shell of sound wood was sonorous when struck, and that some kinds gave a more ringing and musical tone than others.

While speaking of Mexico it may be said that the ordinary drum of the Aztecs was cylindrical and had a deer-skin head, which was tightened by cords and knots as usual with us. It was beaten with the fingers. Bernal Diaz ascended the Teocalli in company with Cortez and relates that he saw the drums covered with the skins of great serpents. It does not exactly appear whether in the widespread use of snake-skin for this purpose there is merely the peculiarly good quality of the ophidian hide, or whether the "fetich" idea does not predominate. Serpent worship is all but universal in certain stages of civilization, and serpent myths are to be met with, as one may say, at every step.

Oviedo states that the Indians in Cuba had drums with human-skin tympani. Now and then this has occurred, and among tribes who preserve portions of their enemies it should seem to be about as convenient a method as any. The savage seems to appreciate the idea of thumping the skin of his foe after having eaten his flesh, perhaps, and of blowing into a flute made of his femur, and of using the phalanx bones of his hands as a rattle, or the extreme joints of his fingers and toes with nails attached as a necklace, as in the Cape of Good Hope exhibit at the Centennial.

The word "drum" does not occur in

the authorized version of the Bible, but the Hebrew *toph* was the name of a small drum or tambourine, probably like the Arab *darabooka*, the *derbekkeh* of modern Syria. Fortunately we are not left in doubt as to the musical instruments of ancient Egypt and Assyria, for the monuments show them clearly, at least those of the drum class. Some of the wind and stringed instruments are not so clearly defined. With the pictures of the drums before us, or in our minds, we have only to turn our eyes to modern Syria, Egypt, India, Ceylon, or Java to find the precise counterparts of the instruments of thirty centuries since. Even the Hebrew name *toph* seems to have survived in the *doff* of the Arabs, a small hand drum of probably similar character.

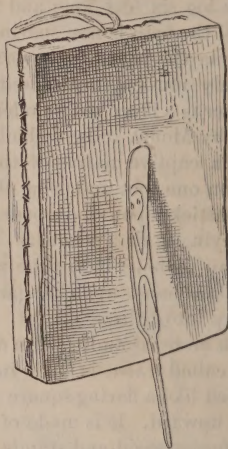
As no classification is absolute, we find it difficult at times to say where a drum ends and a tambourine begins, or perhaps it should be stated conversely, as the tambourine is the simpler and more primitive instrument.

The American Indians are far behind the Asiatics and Africans in their drums and tam-tams. Figure 39 is a drum of the Hoopah Indians of California. It has a square frame over which are stretched two dog or wolf skins divested of their hair and sewed together on the edge of the frame. It is the accompaniment of their dances and of the powwows of their medicine men. The stick does not belong to this actual drum, but is one made by the Kolosh Indians of Alaska.

It is used, however, in a similar manner.

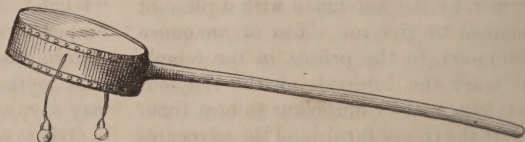
What are popularly called drums in the descriptions of the North American ceremonial and war dances are properly tambourines, having narrow hoops of relatively large diameter and but a single head. The latter are made of such material as may be readily obtained: of antelope skin in temperate climes, of dog-skin farther north. The best sounding instrument with which the author is acquainted is a tambourine of the Unaleet Eskimo of Norton Sound; the head of this is made from the intestine of a white

whale. Like many others of its class it has a handle projecting outward from the hoop. The drum of the Yucca Indians of Sonora is a buffalo-calf skin stretched in a wooden hoop and tightened by cords. It has but one head.



(Fig. 39.) Hoopah Drum. Smithsonian Exhibit.

The rattle drum of China and elsewhere is a toy used in many parts of the Orient and in fact nearer home. It is shown in Figure 40. Being held in the hand it is so rotated that the little balls swing outward and then strike the heads as the direction of motion is changed. A similar one from Soudan in Africa



(Fig. 40.) Rattle Drum. Chinese Exhibit.

was shown in the Egyptian exhibit; it had glass beads at the ends of the cords. The Japanese rattle drum has a duplicate barrel, one upon the other, so that the heads face in four directions. Each has its pendant balls; the sound thereby is doubled, which is just so much gained.

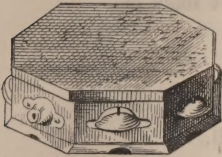
Tambourines were in force at the Centennial, from the African desert, the various countries of the Mediterranean, and from India. The same idea seems to obtain generally. The East Indian, however, has no little jingles; the Turkish has one circle of them, the Tunisian, two.

There are great differences of size, the Turkish and Tunisian being nine inches in diameter, the Hindoo double that size.



(Fig. 41.) Tambourine. Tunis Exhibit.

The Chinese tambourines are of various sizes and forms, the one shown being



(Fig. 42.) Tambourine.
Chinese Exhibit.

an octagon eight inches in diameter, with jingling plates in seven of its sides. The cover is snake-skin.

In the Barbary States a square tambourine (*doff* or *deff*) is employed. A parchment of sheep-skin is distended

on a square frame and four gut cords are stretched over the inside and increase the vibration.

From Miriam to Sambo the instrument has held its way among peoples that care mainly for rhythmical beats, for much sound irrespective of quality, for an adjunct to the dance rather than an accompaniment to the song. Some idea of the kind of music Nebuchadnezzar engaged, to give the signal for all to fall down and worship his golden image, may be formed from the Assyrian monuments. It could not have been as loud as the African taste, for the drums were small, and it is to be presumed that the tambourines, trumpets, bells, sistra, and cymbals were not allowed utterly to drown the various stringed instruments, — the harps, lyres, guitars, and dulcimers, — which formed so large a part of the band.

Edward H. Knight.

THE FIRST FAN.

READ AT A MEETING OF THE BOSTON BRIC-À-BRAC CLUB, FEBRUARY 21, 1877.

WHEN rose the cry, "Great Pan is dead!"
And Jove's high palace closed its portal,
The fallen gods, before they fled,
Sold out their frippery to a mortal.

"To whom?" you ask. I ask of you.
The answer hardly needs suggestion;
Of course it was the Wandering Jew, —
How could you put me such a question?

A purple robe, a little worn,
The Thunderer deigned himself to offer;
The bearded wanderer laughed in scorn, —
You know he always was a scoffer.

"Vile shillins! 't is a monstrous price;
Say two and six, and further talk shun."
"Take it," cried Jove; "we can't be nice, —
'T would fetch twice that at Leonard's auction."

The ice was broken; up they came,
All sharp for bargains, god and goddess,

Each ready with the price to name
For robe or head-dress, scarf or bodice.

First Juno, out of temper, too, —
Her queenly forehead somewhat cloudy;
Then Pallas in her stockings blue,
Imposing, but a little dowdy.

The scowling queen of heaven unrolled
Before the Jew a threadbare turban:
“Three shillings.” “One. ’T will suit some old
Terrific feminine suburban.”

But as for Pallas, — how to tell
In seemly phrase a fact so shocking?
She pointed, — pray excuse me, — well,
She pointed to her azure stocking.

And if the honest truth were told,
Its heel confessed the need of darning;
“Gods!” low-bred Vulcan cried, “behold!
There! that’s what comes of too much larning!”

Pale Proserpine came groping round,
Her pupils dreadfully dilated
With too much living underground, —
A residence quite overrated;

“This kerchief’s what you want, I know, —
Don’t cheat poor Venus of her cestus, —
You’ll find it handy when you go
To — you know where; it’s pure asbestos.”

Then Phœbus of the silver bow,
And Hebe, dimpled as a baby,
And Dian with the breast of snow,
Chaser and chased — and caught, it may be:

One took the quiver from her back,
One held the cap he spent the night in,
And one a bit of *bric-à-brac*,
Such as the gods themselves delight in.

Then Mars, the foe of human kind,
Strode up and showed his suit of armor;
So none at last was left behind
Save Venus, the celestial charmer.

Poor Venus! What had she to sell?
For all she looked so fresh and jaunty,
Her wardrobe, as I blush to tell,
Already seemed but quite too scanty.

Her gems were sold, her sandals gone, —
She always would be rash and flighty, —
Her winter garments all in pawn,
Alas for charming Aphrodite!

The lady of a thousand loves,
The darling of the old religion,
Had only left of all the doves
That drew her car one fan-tailed pigeon.

How oft upon her finger-tips
He perched, afraid of Cupid's arrow,
Or kissed her on the rose-bud lips,
Like Roman Lesbia's loving sparrow!

"My bird, I want your train," she cried;
"Come, don't let's have a fuss about it;
I'll make it beauty's pet and pride,
And you'll be better off without it.

"So vulgar! Have you noticed, pray,
An earthly belle or dashing bride walk,
And how her flounces track her way,
Like slimy serpents on the sidewalk?

"A lover's heart it quickly cools;
In mine it kindles up enough rage
To wring their necks. How can such fools
Ask men to vote for woman suffrage?"

The goddess spoke, and gently stripped
Her bird of every caudal feather;
A strand of gold-bright hair she clipped,
And bound the glossy plumes together,

And lo, the Fan! for beauty's hand,
The lovely queen of beauty made it;
The price she named was hard to stand,
But Venus smiled: the Hebrew paid it.

Jove, Juno, Venus, where are you?
Mars, Mercury, Phœbus, Neptune, Saturn?
But o'er the world the Wandering Jew
Has borne the Fan's celestial pattern.

So everywhere we find the Fan, —
In lonely isles of the Pacific,
In farthest China and Japan, —
Wherever suns are sudorific.

Nay, even the oily Esquimaux
In summer court its cooling breezes, —

In fact in every clime 't is so,
No matter if it fries or freezes.

And since from Aphrodite's dove
The pattern of the fan was given,
No wonder that it breathes of love
And wafts the perfumed gales of heaven!

Before this new Pandora's gift
In slavery woman's tyrant kept her,
But now he kneels her glove to lift, —
The fan is mightier than the sceptre.

The tap it gives how arch and sly!
The breath it wakes how fresh and grateful!
Behind its shield how soft the sigh!
The whispered tale of shame how fateful!

Its empire shadows every throne
And every shore that man is tost on;
It rules the lords of every zone,
Nay, even the bluest blood of Boston!

But every one that swings to-night,
Of fairest shape, from farthest region,
May trace its pedigree aright
To Aphrodite's fan-tailed pigeon.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

WA-HA-TOY-A; OR, BEFORE THE GRADERS.

LOOKING to the southwest from the high bluffs lying east of the town of Colorado Springs, we see two pale blue pyramids outlined against the sky. They are so distinct and so sharp pointed that if it were Egypt instead of Colorado one would not doubt their being chiseled pyramids of stone; and when told that they are mountains more than a hundred miles away, one has a vague sense of disappointment. They look at once more defined and more evanescent than is the wont of mountains; on a hazy day they are marked only by a slightly deepened color; a little more haze, and they are gone, melting sometimes out of sight

even under your eyes, like a mirage on the horizon. From the delicacy and softness of tint of these peaks, combined with their sharp-cut pyramidal outline, they have an inexpressible beauty as seen from the bluffs of which I speak; they enhance and crown the whole view, so much so that when people come home from the drive on the bluffs, the first question heard is always, "Were the Spanish Peaks in sight?"

Who called them, or why he called them the Spanish Peaks, I cannot learn; perhaps in old Castile there are peaks of the same soft tint and sharp outline; but the Indians named them better, Wa-ha-

toy-a, which being turned into English is the Twin Sisters, or, as some say, the Twin Breasts.

Gradually, as month after month one gazes on these beautiful far-off peaks, they take deep hold on the imagination. They seem to be the citadel gates of some fairer realm, into which we more and more yearn to look; and when the day comes on which we set out for the journey to their base, it is as if we were bound for some one of the El Dorados of our youth.

Starting from Colorado Springs to seek them, one must go by rail forty-five miles southward to Pueblo, and thence fifty miles, still by rail, farther south to Cucharas. It should be on an early June day. Then the mountain tops will be white with snow, the cotton-woods along the creeks and the young grass on the foot-hills will be of a tender green, the dome of sky will be vivid blue, and the radiant air will shimmer, spite of its coolness.

Set down at Cucharas at sunset, one feels tempted to run after the little narrow-gauge train as it puffs away into the wilderness and cry, "Hold! hold! It was a mistake. I will not remain." The whole town itself seems a mistake, an accident: a handful of log-cabins and wooden shanties in two straggling lines, as if a caravan of daguerreotype saloons had been forced to halt for a rest; plains to north, east, south of them, — bare, barren, shelterless plains, with only the cactus and low bunch-grass to show that the sandy soil holds in it an element of life. It must be indeed a resolute soul which could content itself with the outlook at Cucharas.

It was twilight before we succeeded in finding the springless wagon and the un-mated horses which were to take us six miles west to the town of Walsenburg, six miles nearer to the great Twin Sisters. The plains looked vaster with each deepening shadow; the grim, gaunt cactus stalks looked more and more fierce and unfriendly; of a deep purple, almost black, in the southwest, rose *Wa-ha-toy-a*, no longer soft of tint and luring, but a dark and frowning barrier.

"How like old skeletons these cactus plants look!" I exclaimed. "They are uncanny with their fleshless legs and arms and elbows."

"Heard of the Penitentes, I suppose?" replied our driver with seeming irrelevance.

"No," said we, wondering. "What are they?"

"Well, these cactuses are what they whip themselves with. I've seen 'em with the blood streaming down their backs."

It was a fearful tale to hear in the twilight, as we jolted along over the road, we and our driver apparently the only living creatures in the region. On our left hand ran the little Cucharas creek, a dusky line of trees marking its course; beyond the creek rose here and there low bluffs and plateaus with Mexican houses upon them, — houses built of mud, small, square, flat-roofed, not more than six or seven feet high. Surely the native Mexican must be first cousin to the mud-sparrow! He has improved on his cousin's style of architecture in only one particular, and to that he has been driven in self-defense. He sometimes joins his houses together in a hollow square, and puts all the windows and doors on the inside. When Indians attack mud-sparrows' nests, I dare say the mud-sparrows will do the same thing and leave off having front doors. On our left the dusky, winding lines of trees and the dark, silent hills crowned with the mud plazas; on our right the great, gray wilderness; in front the queer, nasal old voice almost chanting rather than telling the tale of the Penitentes, — what an hour it was!

It seems that there still exists among the Roman Catholic Mexicans of Southern Colorado an order like the old order of the Flagellants. Every spring, in Easter week, several of the young men belonging to this order inflict on themselves dreadful tortures in public. The congregations to which they belong gather about them, follow them from house to house and spot to spot, and kneel down around them, singing and praying and continually exciting their frenzy to a

higher pitch. Sometimes they have also drums and fifes, adding a melancholy and discordant music to the harrowing spectacle. The priests ostensibly disapprove of these proceedings, and never appear in public with the Penitentes. But the impression among outsiders is very strong that they do secretly countenance and stimulate them, thinking that the excitement tends to strengthen the hold of the church on the people's minds. It is incredible that such superstitions can still be alive and in force in our country. Some of the tortures these poor creatures undergo are almost too terrible to tell. One of the most common is to make in the small of the back an arrow-shaped incision; then fastening into each end of a long scarf the prickly cactus stems, they scourge themselves with them, throwing the scarf ends first over one shoulder, then over the other, each time hitting the bleeding wound. The leaves of the yucca or "soap weed" are pounded into a pulp and made into a sort of sponge, acrid and inflaming; a man, carries this along in a pail of water, and every now and then wets the wound with it to increase the pain and the flowing of the blood. Almost naked, lashing themselves in this way, they run wildly over the plains. Their blood drops on the ground at every step. A fanatical ecstasy possesses them; they seem to feel no fatigue; for three days and two nights they have been known to keep it up without rest.

Others bind the thick lobes of the prickly pear under their arms and on the soles of their feet, and then run for miles, swinging their arms and stamping their feet violently on the ground. To one who knows what suffering there is from even one of these tiny little spines imbedded in the flesh, it seems past belief that a man could voluntarily endure such pain.

Others lie on the thresholds of the churches, and every person who enters the church is asked to step with his full weight on their bodies.

Others carry about heavy wooden crosses, so heavy that a man can hardly lift them. Some crawl on their hands and knees, dragging the cross. Crowds

of women accompany them, singing and shouting. When the penitent throws himself on the ground, they lay the cross on his breast and fall on their knees around him and pray; then they rise up, place the cross on his back again, and take up the dreadful journey. Now and then the band will enter a house and eat a little food, which in all good Catholic houses is kept ready for them. After a short rest, the leader gives a signal, and they set out again.

Last spring, in the eighteen hundred and seventy-sixth year of our merciful Lord, four of these young men died from the effects of their tortures. One of them, after running for three days under the cactus scourge, lay all Easter night naked upon the threshold of a church. Easter morning he was found there dead. What a comfort in the thought that the old prayer can never cease to ascend, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The twilight had deepened into night before the tale drew to a close, and it was with a sense of grief and horror, almost as if we had been transported to the very hill of Calvary, that we drove into the little Mexican town of Walsenburg, which lies in the Cucharas meadows only a few miles from the base of Wa-ha-toy-a.

From the tragedy we had been hearing to the cheerful low comedy of Sporleder's Hotel was a grateful change. A mud-walled, rafter-roofed, rambling but very comfortable old place was Sporleder's. From the porch you stepped at once into the "office," and through the office you came and went to your bedroom, and to the dining-room by a mysterious dim-lighted passage-way or through somebody's else still dimmer-lighted and more mysterious bedroom. The office was a bedroom, too; it held three beds, a wooden settle, — which was no doubt a bed also, though by day it held saddles and hunting gear of all sorts, — a desk, and a three-cornered fire-place built out, in the picturesque Mexican fashion, chimney and all into the room. They look as if children might have built them for play, these Mexican fire-places, but they

draw well and are wonderfully picturesque. The mud-walled bedroom was not damp: its one little window looked into a high Jefferson currant bush, and a cross-draught was established by the accident of a tiny opening at the eaves on the left-hand side of the room, just above the edge of the white-cotton ceiling which was nailed on the rafters. Through this little hole moonlight twinkled all night, and daylight twinkled in the morning long before the sun had pierced through the Jefferson currant bush. The beds were clean and not very hard. The food was wholesome. One might easily fare worse in many a pretentious house. The landlord looked as if he had belonged to the childhood of Hans Christian Andersen. He was an old German tailor; he wore an ancient blue dress-coat and a long black-velvet waistcoat, and did the honors of his clean little mud house with an old-fashioned and pathetic courtesy of manner. He had evidently seen much sorrow in the strange vicissitudes of life which had brought him to be an inn-keeper in Colorado.

Walsenburg is an old Mexican town. There are perhaps fifty houses in it, and more than half of these are the true Mexican mud huts, — mud floor, mud wall, mud roof; if there had been any way of baking mud till you could see through it, they would have had mud windows as well. As there was not, they compromised on windows, and have but one to a room, and many rooms without a window at all. These houses are not as uncomfortable as one would suppose, and by no means as ugly. The baked mud is of a good color, and the gaudy Roman Catholic prints and effigies and shrines with which the walls are often adorned stand out well on the rich brown. The mud floors are hard and for the most part clean and smooth. Gay blankets and shawls are thrown down upon them in the better class of houses; chairs are rare. The houses remind one more of bee-hives than of anything else, they do so swarm at their one small entrance; women and girls are there by dozens and scores, all wearing bright shawls thrown over their heads in an indescrib-

ably graceful way. Even toddlers of six and seven have their brilliant shawls thrown over their heads and trailing in the dust behind; I am not sure that they are not born in them. The little boys are not so much clothed; in fact, many of them are not clothed at all. The most irresistible one I saw wore a short white shirt reaching perhaps one third of the way to his knees; over this, for purposes of decoration, he had put a heavy woolen jacket much too big for him; thus arrayed he strutted up and down with as pompous an air as if he were a king in state robes; but the jacket was heavy; he could not endure it long; presently he shook one arm free of its sleeve, then the other, and then in a moment more dropped the garment in a crumpled pile on the ground, and with an exultant fling of his thin brown legs raced away, his shirt blowing back like a scanty wisp tied round his waist. His mother sat on the ground leaning against the wall of her house, nursing her baby and laughing till all her teeth showed like a row of white piano keys on her shining brown skin. I stopped and praised her baby; she spoke no English, but she understood the praise of the baby's eyes. By a gesture she summoned the hero of the shirt, said to him a single word, and in a second more he had sprung into the house, reappeared with a wooden chair, and placed it for me with a shy grace. Then he darted away sidewise, like a dragon-fly.

All the women's voices were low and sweet; their eyes were as dark and soft as the eyes of deer, and their unfailing courtesy was touching. An old woman one of the oldest in the town, took me over her house, from room to room, and stood by with a gratified smile while I looked eagerly at everything. The landlord's daughter, who had accompanied me, had mentioned to her that I was a stranger and had never before seen a Mexican town. When I took leave of her I said through my interpreter, "I am greatly obliged to you for showing me your house."

With rapid gestures and shrugs of the shoulders she poured forth sentence after

sentence, all the while looking into my face with smiles and taking my hand in hers.

"What does she say?" I asked.

"She says," replied my guide, "that her poor house is not worth looking at, and she is the one who is obliged that so beautiful a lady should enter it." And this was a poverty-stricken old woman in a single garment of tattered calico, living in a mud hut, without a chair or a bed!

Early the next morning we set out again to drive still farther west. Our errand was to find the engineer corps who were surveying the route across the mountains into the San Juan country. The brave little narrow-gauge railroad, the Denver and Rio Grande, which is pushing down toward the city of Mexico as fast as it can, is about to reach one hand over into the San Juan silver mines to fill its pockets as it goes along, and the engineers were somewhere in this region; just where, it was hard to learn.

"Over by Early's," said one.

"At the mouth of Middle Canyon," said another. Nobody knew positively.

At any rate there were the mountains; we could drive towards them on a venture. Wa-ha-toy-a in the south, the Greenhorn and Veta along the west, and beyond, the snowy, glistening tops of the main range; a grand sweep of mountain wall confronted us as we drove up the Cucharas valley. The Cucharas bottoms are chiefly taken up in Mexican farms: some small and carelessly tilled; others large and as well cultivated as the poor Mexican methods admit. The land is rich, and when the railroad opens up a market for its produce, these farms will become very valuable. We passed many Mexicans plowing in their sleepy, shambling fashion. One good-natured fellow showed us his plow, and only laughed at our raillery about its primitive fashion. It looked like the invention of some shipwrecked man, in a forgotten age. It was simply a long pole with a clumsy triangular wooden keel nailed on one end of it; on this was tied — yes, literally tied — a sort of iron tooth or prong. This scratched the earth lightly, perhaps two

or three inches deep, no more. This imbecile instrument was drawn by two oxen, and the man's only way of guiding them was by a rope tied to the near horn of the near ox.

Our road followed the river line closely. The banks were rich and green; thickets of cottonwoods and willows were just bursting into leaf; now and then we climbed up the bank and came out on fine plateaus, with broken table-lands, or "mesas," stretching away to the right and covered with piñon-trees. On these were herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, each tended by a Mexican herder. You would take this herder, as he lies on the ground, for a bundle of cast-off rags somebody had left behind; but as you drive past the rags flutter a little, a brown face appears slowly lifted, and a lazy gleam of curiosity shoots out from two shining black eyes. The rags are a man or a boy.

"Oh, how do they live?" I exclaimed.

"What poverty-stricken creatures!"

"Live!" replied the driver. "Give a Mexican five cents a day and he'll lie by and do nothing, he'll feel so rich. He'll squat on his heels and chew piñon nuts from morning till night. Last year they did have a hard time, though; the grasshoppers cleaned them out. They had nothing left to live on but *chili* [a fiery red pepper]. They had enough of that. Even the grasshoppers won't eat chili."

About ten miles from Walsenburg we came to a handful of frame houses scattered along the creek and conspicuous among the light-green cottonwood trees. Close on the bank shone out a new pine "meeting-house." "And Baptist, at that," said the driver, with a judiciously balanced inflection on the "at that," which might have left us amiable, whatever our predilections as to religions. This was a settlement of Georgians, — "all Baptists," — and at a great sacrifice they had built this meeting-house. Just beyond the Baptist meeting-house lies the farm of an old Virginian, a man of education and refinement, who for some inexplicable reason buried himself in this wilderness twenty-five years ago, when

it swarmed with Indians. He so feared that white men and civilization would find him out that, whenever it was necessary for him to go to some trading post, he went in and out of his hiding-place by different routes and with his horse's shoes reversed that he might not leave a trail which could be followed. There was one interval of eleven years, he told me, in which he did not see the face of a white woman. He still lives alone; a Mexican man with his wife are his only servants: but his ranch is a favorite rendezvous for travelers, and in a few weeks the whistle of the steam-engine will resound through his lands. So useless is it for a man to seek on this continent to flee civilization.

It grew no easier to find the whereabouts of the engineers. Everybody had seen them; nobody knew where they were. We were twenty miles from Walsenburg; noon was at hand; our guide had no farther device to suggest; Early's had been his last hope; we were at Early's now, and neither in the log-cabin nor in the "store" could any news be had of the engineers. Very reluctantly we were turning to retrace our twenty bootless miles, when with a low chuckle our driver exclaimed, "By jingoes, if that ain't luck! There they be now!"

There they were, to be sure, twelve of them, laughing, shouting, clattering down hill in a gay painted wagon, coming to Early's for their nooning. Keen-eyed, bronze-faced, alert-looking fellows they were; a painter might have delighted to paint them as, a few moments later, they had flung themselves on the ground in a picturesque circle. As bronzed, as blistered, as hungry, as alert as any of them was the young Frenchman who three months before had seen nothing in life severer than the *École Polytechnique*, or less polished than the saloons of Paris and Washington. It is a marvel how such men "take" to wild life in the Rocky Mountains. Perhaps it is only the highly civilized who can appreciate the delights of savagery. Certain it is that there are no men in Colorado who so enjoy living in tents or in shanties, doing their own cooking, raising their own

potatoes, and hunting their meat, as do the sons and nephews of dukes and earls.

Our road back to Walsenburg lay on plateaus which overlooked the river interval up which we had come. The land was less fertile than in the meadows, but the opens were grand and breezy, with exhilarating off-looks to the north and east. We crossed the wagon road which leads into the San Juan mining district, and saw creeping along in a yellow cloud of dust one of the caravans bound on the pilgrimage to that shrine of silver, — eleven white-topped wagons, with ten mules to each wagon; the mules walked so slowly that the line hardly seemed to advance; its motion looked at a distance like the undulating motion of a huge dark snake with white rings around its body. In a few weeks these white-topped wagons will have disappeared from the landscape, and in their stead will be seen the swift-vanishing smoke of steam-engines doing in ten hours the work for which the mules took ten days.

A few miles out of Walsenburg I saw on a bare hill to the right of our road a strange object which looked as if a vessel had been thrown up there ages ago, and had lain bleaching till her timbers had slowly fallen apart. I never saw cast up on any shore a ghastlier, more weather-beaten wreck than this seemed. I gazed at it with increasing perplexity, which our driver observed, and following the direction of my eyes exclaimed, "Oh, there they are! Those are the crosses the Penitentes carry at Easter. They keep 'em stacked up here on this hill, and there would n't a living creature dare so much as to touch one of them nor to go past them without crossing themselves." As we drove nearer, their semblance to a wrecked vessel lessened, but the symbolic significance of the likeness deepened; there were eleven of them, some of them nine or ten feet long; nine were lying on the ground, overlapping each other, with their gray bars stretching upward; the other two were planted firm and erect in the ground. The sight of them gave to the narrative of the Penitentes a reality and an intensity which nothing else could have done. The gaunt

and rigid arms seemed lifted in appeal, and their motionless silence seemed as pregnant with woe as a cry.

The sun was just sinking behind the snowy western peaks when we reached Walsenburg. We had arrived at an important moment in the history of the little town. The graders had just come; the railroad was about to begin. In lazy, sauntering groups the Mexicans were looking on: women with babies in their arms, barelegged, barefooted, their gaudy shawls close draped, — they looked like some odd sort of fowls with brilliant plumage close furled; men leaning in feigned nonchalance against fences here and there; ragged, half-naked boys and girls darting about from point to point, and peering with intensest curiosity at everything; there they all were. I doubt

if there were a Mexican left in the town. The meadow was all astir; wagons, horses, men, stacks of implements, tents, shanties going up like magic, — already the place looked like a little city. Just as we drove up, a man advanced from the crowd, dragging a plowshare. Nobody took any especial note of him. He bent himself sturdily to the handles of the plow, and in a moment more soft ridges of upturned earth and a line of rich dark brown marked a narrow furrow. Swiftly he walked westward, the slender, significant dark-brown furrow lengthening rod by rod as he walked. His shadow lengthened until it became a slenderer line than the furrow in the distance, and was lost at last in the great purple shadow of *Wah-toy-a*. The railroad was begun; the wilderness had surrendered.

H. H.

PEACH-BLOSSOM.

I.

NIGHTLY the hoar-frost freezes
 The young grass of the field,
 Nor yet have blander breezes
 The buds of the oak unsealed:
 Not yet pours out the pine
 His airy resinous wine;
 But over the southern slope,
 In the heat and hurry of hope,
 The wands of the peach-tree first
 Into rosy beauty burst:
 A breath, and the sweet buds open!
 A day, and the orchards bare,
 Like maids in haste to be fair,
 Lightly themselves adorn
 With a scarf the Spring at the door
 Has sportively flung before,
 Or a stranded cloud of the morn!

II.

What spirit of Persia cometh
 And saith to the buds, "Unclose!"
 Ere ever the first bee hummeth,
 Or woodland wild flower blows?

What prescient soul in the sod
Garlands each barren rod
With fringes of bloom that speak
Of the baby's tender breast,
And the boy's pure lip unpressed,
And the pink of the maiden's cheek?
The swift, keen Orient so
Prophesies as of old,
While the apple's blood is cold,
Remembering the snow.

III.

Afar, through the mellow hazes
Where the dreams of June are stayed,
The hills, in their vanishing mazes,
Carry the flush, and fade!
Southward they fall, and reach
To the bay and the ocean beach,
Where the soft, half-Syrian air
Blows from the Chesapeake's
Inlets and coves and creeks
On the fields of Delaware!
And the rosy lakes of flowers,
That here alone are ours,
Spread into seas that pour
Billow and spray of pink
Even to the blue wave's brink,
All down the Eastern Shore!

IV.

Pain, Doubt, and Death are over!
Who thinks, to-day, of toil?
The fields are certain of clover,
The gardens of wine and oil.
What though the sap of the North
Drowsily peereth forth
In the orchards, and still delays?
The peach and the poet know
Under the chill the glow,
And the token of golden days!

V.

What fool, to-day, would rather
In wintry memories dwell?
What miser reach to gather
The fruit these boughs foretell?
No, no!—the heart has room
For present joy alone,
Light shed and sweetness blown,
For odor and color and bloom!
As the earth in the shining sky,
Our lives in their own bliss lie;

Whatever is taught or told,
 However men moan and sigh,
 Love never shall grow cold,
 And Life shall never die!

Bayard Taylor.

SOUTH CAROLINA SOCIETY.

SOUTH CAROLINA was first successfully colonized in 1669, under the government of the lords proprietors. Afterwards colonists came over freely from England, France, and elsewhere. Those from England predominated, and were composed of two widely differing classes: first, Roundheads who wished to leave England — then passing through the corrupt era of the Restoration — and find a place where liberty of conscience was granted; and secondly, Cavaliers, impoverished by the Revolution, whom the king, for want of better means, had rewarded for their fidelity by grants of large tracts of land in the New World. Every religion was tolerated in South Carolina, but the Church of England was established as the state church. The sultry climate impaired the efficiency of white laborers. So, only a year or two after the first settlement, negro slaves were brought from the Barbadoes. They proved useful, and were at once imported so rapidly as soon to exceed the white population almost as two to one. Planting, with African labor, became the favorite occupation. Rice was naturalized and extensively cultivated.

The planters, who were chiefly the Cavalier immigrants, soon constituted a regular landed gentry. They resided on their estates, erected imposing mansions, kept fine dogs and horses, and hunted over their vast demesnes, on which game abounded, especially foxes and deer, in the true style of English noblemen and squires. The law of primogeniture was preserved for over a century. The fashions of England were imported for the

ladies, and the young men were sent over the water to pass through the English universities. Tea, coffee, chocolate, and delicious wines were kept on the tables, and every Sunday the ladies turned out in coaches driven four in hand, with the gentlemen galloping along outside on horseback, to hear their loved Anglican service read in the tasteful rural churches.

Such was the origin of the famous Palmetto aristocracy. Of course the planters were not noble by law (though it is a fact that under Locke's constitution several *bona fide* nobles were created with the title of landgrave), but socially and industrially they were a nobility, and politically they wielded such influence as to make them practical nobles. The rice planters were the aristocracy till after the Revolution. But after the invention of the cotton-gin, in 1793, the culture of cotton received a tremendous impulse, and it was ere long as much the staple of South Carolina as rice. So the aristocracy soon included as many cotton as rice planters.

There was also a landed nobility in colonial Virginia; and with this and that of South Carolina originated the *antebellum* aristocracy of the whole South, excepting, perhaps, Louisiana. But the Palmetto aristocracy undoubtedly set the type, — even the Virginians had to conform. For the old Southern aristocracy was characterized not only by the possession of lands but also of slaves; and "of the original thirteen States," says Bancroft, "South Carolina alone was from its cradle essentially a planting State

with slave labor. In Maryland, in Virginia, the custom of employing indented servants long prevailed; and the class of white laborers was always numerous, for nowhere in the United States is the climate more favorable to the Anglo-Saxon laborer than in Virginia. It was from the first observed that the climate of South Carolina was more congenial to the African than that 'of the more northern colonies;' and at once it became the great object of the emigrant 'to buy negro slaves, without which,' adds Wilson, 'a planter can never do any great matter.'"

Without detailing the development and spread of the system over the whole South, I propose to take it up as it existed in its prime just before the war, and describe its main features, together with those of the rest of Southern society.

The whites of the South, then, were divided into several distinct classes. There were, in general, the aristocracy, the respectable people, the working people, and the poor whites or sand-hillers. The aristocracy was founded on blood and wealth. A historical ancestry was indispensable; but if a "true blue" aristocrat became poor, though he would be turned down lower in his class, he would not be looked on as "degraded" to the class I have styled the respectable people. Culture would also gain a man influence among the aristocracy, but the lack of it would merely cause him to sink on the scale of his own circle, at the very foot of which he would still be immeasurably higher than a member of the respectable element. Pedigree, then, was essential. But the aristocrats were also powerfully distinguished in what I may call an industrial point of view. Some of them, from choice or from impoverishment, became lawyers, doctors, ministers, bankers, factors, wholesale merchants, railroad presidents. But the main body were slave-holding planters, — not *farmers*. These planters generally owned thousands of acres of land and hundreds of slaves. The census of 1860 shows that the average area of plantations in South Carolina was sixteen hundred acres. Some gentlemen owned four

thousand slaves, and few members of the aristocracy owned less than two hundred. The planters employed their time in the chase, in dissipation, in study, in visiting, in the duties of hospitality, or, as was usual, became public men. Their estates were managed by overseers, who directed the agricultural operations and managed the slaves through colored deputies called "drivers." The houses of the overseers were placed near the "negro quarters," villages consisting of from ten to fifty or a hundred cabins, of either one or two rooms, and generally grouped around or near one or more spacious barns and stables, with a cotton-gin or two run by mule power, and a great compass screw.

The respectable people were known from the classes below them by their wealth and culture, and often were distinguishable from the aristocrats only by their lack of ancestral distinction; that is, there were many large planters among them. But usually when agriculturalists their plantations were small and their slaves few in number, so that they were called farmers in contempt. The respectable people, however, were mainly the commercial classes of the community, — merchants, clerks, corporation men, etc. Members of the respectable class were sometimes received into the aristocracy, although until several generations had elapsed it would be half on sufferance; sometimes plebeian planters would climb up to such high social eminence in regions where there were no aristocrats that they would become aristocrats by prescription, while influential plebeian families after a few generations of wealth and leisure (especially if they produced any distinguished men) were slowly recognized by the aristocracy. Of course among the respectable people there were various subdivisions, produced by degrees of wealth, education, or distinction, and they were by no means so strongly discriminated from the class below them, the working people, as from the aristocracy. A working man often climbed into the respectable class, — far oftener than a respectable man into the aristocracy, — because descent was not a

qualification, while wealth and culture, which *were* the qualifications, were of course attainable by energy. But still there was a general distinction. The respectable people, relieved from manual drudgery by their slaves, and imitating the airs of the aristocrats, looked with more than usual contempt on working people. This working class included men who (as a rule) owned no slaves, and had to labor for a livelihood with their hands, — carpenters, mechanics, farmers who did their own work, etc.

The poor whites lived on the sand hills in pine forests, as a general thing, though many of them also dwelt in the flat-woods. They were squalid, lazy, and extremely ignorant, almost as much despised as the blacks. They formed the pauper population of the South.

The residences of the planters were easily discerned by their size, — rarely having less than ten apartments, — their spacious verandas, and the lawn or park in front with its long lines and stately avenues of venerable oaks. They were generally constructed of wood, and in their rear was a kitchen, a group of negro huts, and at some distance a barn and ample stables. I will refer later to some urban features in the lives of the rice planters.

"The Southerner of pure race," says M. Michael Chevalier, "is frank, hearty, open, cordial in his manners, noble in his sentiments, elevated in his notions; he is a worthy descendant of the English gentleman. Surrounded from infancy by his slaves, who relieve him from all personal exertion, he is rather indisposed to activity, and is even indolent. He is generous and profuse. . . . To him the practice of hospitality is at once a duty, a pleasure, and a happiness. Like the Eastern patriarchs or Homer's heroes, he spits an ox to regale the guest whom Providence sends him and an old friend recommends to his attention; and to moisten this solid repast, he offers madeira — of which he is as proud as of his horses — that has been twice to the East Indies and has been ripening full twenty years. He loves the institutions of his country, yet he shows with pride his

family plate, the arms on which, half effaced by time, attest his descent from the first colonists and prove that his ancestors were of a good family in England. When his mind has been cultivated by study, and a tour in Europe has polished his manners and refined his imagination, there is no place in the world in which he would not appear to advantage, no destiny too high for him to reach; he is one of those whom a man is glad to have as a companion and desires as a friend. Ardent and warm-hearted, he is of the block from which great orators are made. He is better able to command men than to conquer nature and subdue the soil. When he has a certain degree of the spirit of method, and, I will not say will (for he has enough of that), but of that active perseverance so common at the North, he has all the qualities needful to form a great statesman."

The question now comes up, Has the influence of the aristocracy been impaired by the war? It undoubtedly has. Their undisputed dominance before the war was owing to three causes: (1) their immense possessions; they owned at least one half if not more of the two great articles of Southern property, slaves, and land; (2) their lineage; and (3) their superior culture, social and intellectual.

Now the first cause was enough of itself to insure their ascendancy. They owned most of the property and paid most of the taxes; and as the property-holding class in the South were the voters (most Southern States used to restrict the suffrage to citizens owning a freehold of not less than fifty acres, and require members of the legislature to possess a freehold of five hundred acres and own ten negroes) there was never a necessity of asking the body of the people what to do. But the slave property of the aristocracy has utterly gone; and three fourths of their real estate have passed into the hands of plebeians or negroes, while the rest is depreciated in value. In fact, their distinction as slave-holders and as a landed gentry has ceased. They have been forced to work with brains and hands, and are industri-

ally reduced to the level of the other whites, of whom, apparently, they now form a part. So it would be impossible to say that they have not lost power.

Yet at this day, as of old, Southern aristocrats are our public men and statesmen, and the fire-eating policy has again prevailed all over the South.

The explanation is simple. While the industrial power of the aristocracy has been taken away, their ancestral distinction and their intelligence and social superiority to the mass of the whites have remained intact. They compose the highest circle of Southern society, which is looked up to and copied by all below, with how much awe words cannot tell. Then Southerners have a national character, well defined, of their own; and whatever individual possesses in their strongest form the traits constituting that character is sure to attract popular admiration and acquire influence. Now the aristocracy were largely instrumental in molding this national character of the South, and its members exhibit Southern traits in their intensest form. So they are revered by the people, and are the popular heroes and leaders. The names of aristocrats still appear as the honorary members or trustees of every association, as the managers of public balls and entertainments. If a lyceum, a college literary society, or a political club wish an address delivered, they select an aristocrat—often venerable and known to history—as orator, and their hall is crowded with eager listeners. If a new joint-stock company is started, its success is assured if some members of the aristocracy can be induced to accept nominal positions as directors. The insurance companies invariably select ex-Confederate generals for their state agents, and their lower agents, as well as those of the sewing-machine companies, are members of the aristocracy. Gentlemen of the old school abound among us, can be told from all others by their indescribable air of cultivation and distinction, and are worshiped by the people. The aristocracy regard themselves, and are acknowledged, as select and as deserving special consideration.

As far as poverty will permit them, they keep up their old customs and traditions.

Whenever an aristocrat is compelled to mingle with the respectable and working classes, they treat him with a respect which is positively amazing; there is a tacit understanding on both sides that he is among them but not of them, which, such is human nature, actually causes them to “boot-lick” or dance attendance all the harder. It is impossible to describe the fearful excitement produced when an aristocrat is hurt or killed in one of our numerous political fracasces. One of the chief reasons why the whites turned over to the straight-out policy during the last campaign was in consequence of the passionate appeals made them after the Hamburg massacre not to desert their old general, Butler, whether he had done right or wrong, and leave him to fight his battles alone with Governor Chamberlain, whose kitchen organ in Columbia was crying out for Butler’s arrest.

As a consequence, the old divisions of Southern society yet exist. The aristocracy is discriminated from the respectable people, the respectable people from the working class, though less strongly than of yore, and all from the sand-hillers.

Then again the commercial men of the South, the respectable people, perhaps have never had anything to do with politics. In old times they looked on politics with positive aversion as being something utterly unfitted for practical men, and so never mixed in political strife; for, as I explained in my paper on *Morals*, the old-time Southern politician had to be a “gentleman of honor” and a fiery orator. Now this is still the conception of a statesman in the South; that is, the popular ideal of a statesman is a man who is a polished gentleman, chivalric in his bearing, able to deliver eloquent addresses brimming with sharp denunciation and vehement exhortation, and who is ready to back up his words with the pistol. Our practical men, at least those old enough to lead, still dislike having anything to do with politics. They stay away from political conven-

tions or take back seats. They decline nominations to office, while the aristocrats, still all fire and all born orators, are the very ones on whom the people look as the embodiment of statesmen; and not only do they come forward as candidates for positions as if nobody had a right to oppose, — as a matter of course, — but the people look on their doing so as eminently proper, and are aghast, scarcely less aghast than the aristocrats, if some presumptuous plebeian ventures to set himself up against them. In short, their political ascendancy is yet looked on, and will long be looked on by the Southern whites as an unquestionable portion of the eternal fitness of things.

Then there remains their intellectual power. Fully one half — perhaps three fourths — of the educated men of the South (especially of the college-bred men) used to be aristocrats. Now when the aristocrats were forced to work after the war, to avoid starvation, they of course, as far as possible, selected brain work in preference to manual labor. They became lawyers, doctors, ministers, and teachers. Consequently over three fourths of the members of the learned professions in the South are aristocrats. Especially is the bar stocked with them, and lawyers generally have their way in politics. The colleges, too, ever since the war have been eager to get aristocrats into their professorships. General Lee was made president of a famous college in Virginia. The Hon. Robert W. Barnwell, ex-United States senator from this State and the friend of Jefferson Davis, was made the head of the old South Carolina College when revived before reconstruction. I could mention dozens of other instances. But as I have said, the aristocrats turned teachers, too, — teachers of the schools. Hundreds of impoverished ladies of the aristocracy also became teachers in boarding-schools and grammar-schools for girls. I hardly exaggerate when I say that the training of Southern youth is now confided to the old aristocracy. They impress their manners and opinions on their pupils, and the consequence is that the rising

generation of Southerners surpass their fathers in Southern bigotry and anti-Northism. I was actually about to omit mentioning that the press, with all its immense power, is also in the hands of the aristocracy; for of course the sanctum was as favorite a resort of impoverished aristocrats as school teaching, etc. I will merely instance the facts that the leading democratic daily of Charleston (the organ of Hampton, Butler, and the democratic central committee) is edited by Mr. R. Barnwell Rhett; and that the only democratic daily of Columbia is edited by Mr. C. P. Pelham, ex-professor in the college over which Preston and Barnwell have presided.

The aristocracy, then, are yet the public men of the South. But whereas they used to drive the people before them with the lash and pistol, as it were, they are now merely guides, trusted and followed, indeed, and likely to be so for a considerable time, but whom the people can refuse to follow if they choose. Until the recent campaign, for instance, the people of this State insisted on the selection of very straight paths.

The great body of the aristocracy, as I have observed, were ruined by the war, — some steeped in poverty to the very lips at once. Not a few sank under the blow into insanity. Others were seized with apathy and despair. They lived on, as best they were able, selling their lands and personal property as necessity pressed them. Others went manfully to work. Plenty of high-bred and haughty women, widowed by the recent strife, hesitated not to enter the field and superintend their laborers. Most gentlemen discharged their overseers and managed their own estates. Young scions of the aristocracy hired out to their more fortunate neighbors as overseers, or scrupled not to become clerks, teachers, or depot, express, insurance, and sewing-machine agents. The ladies advertised for boarders, became teachers or governesses, or took in sewing. Those families who were not immediately prostrated contrived, as I have said, to drag on for a while. They persisted in retaining their carriages, drivers, and outriders, in giving

stately family dinner-parties, in handing wine to visitors, in making formal visits. Gradually they descended. They became their own drivers, they opened their own gates. Their vehicles grew old and dingy. Their horses, at first kept solely for riding or driving, were worn out at the plow or sold; mules replaced them in the carriage. Their dinners were given at intervals few and far between. Their main solicitude became to avoid starvation. Many were compelled to do their own cooking. Most of them waited on themselves. The merchants, after crediting them until ruinous amounts were lost, demanded cash. Many were sold out for private debts. Their efforts to keep up appearances have been often truly pitiable.

Since the war the people of South Carolina have had many old home associations broken up. Hundreds of houses were burned during the war; almost as many have since been fired by incendiaries. Bankruptcy was the universal order after the cessation of hostilities. Many have been sold out for taxes. Three fourths of the whites have had to change either their homes or their locality. This has caused much mental suffering. The negroes also have been incessantly moving. The great majority left their old owners. They are very troublesome servants to keep, so that they rarely remain anchored long in any one vicinage. Indeed, this leads me to say that one of the chief grievances of white ladies since the war has been the way in which house servants who leave them and hire to others gossip about them or slander them to their new employers. In old times, as every family had certain favorite old house servants who were never sold and always stayed with their owners, this annoying gossip was an unknown thing.

The negroes generally took the family names of their owners on being set free; though a third or more of them, whose owners had been cruel, adopted the name of some former white master noted for kindness, or picked up names anywhere. They often bear distinguished names, and in police items one reads of Arthur Middleton being put in the guard-house

for drunkenness, or Drayton Bull, Grimké Legaré, or Preston Laurens committed for petit larceny.

The carpet-baggers have been severely ostracized, socially, by the whites. The scalawags also, as the native white republicans are styled, have incurred the same treatment. The whites have insulted them and had nothing whatever to do with them, unless in the way of business or when there was an axe to grind. The same remarks will apply to the treatment of Northerners up to a year or so ago. But since then these last have met with far more attention, owing to political reasons, though the most superficial observer can detect that cordiality is by no means reëstablished. By Northerners I mean those who are not carpet-baggers; visitors, immigrants, or travelers.

The negroes generally still address the whites as Massa, Master, Boss, and Miss or Missis (for Mrs.), although, of course, all who are in politics or have money, together with not a few of the more insolent of the common mass, have dropped these titles for Mr. and Mrs. The main body of the colored people are inclined to be very respectful to the whites they know or are hired to. Occasionally a pert maid or man servant will address their employers as Mr. and Mrs. instead of Master and Miss, but the whites are very jealous of such innovations; I have known several nurses discharged because they refused to prefix Master to the names of the children. The whites call the negroes by their Christian names, except the elderly ones, who are called uncle or daddy, aunty or mauma. The negroes have commenced pretty generally to Mr., Mrs., and Miss each other. They are excessively fond of titles. Brother and Sister are also very ordinary appellations among them, and were made fashionable, I believe, by the Union League. It is esteemed disreputable among the whites to Mr. a negro, though of course it is frequently done when a white man has a bill to lobby through the legislature or other favor to request. The same remark will apply to touching the hat. As there are very few negroes (and these chiefly office holders) who are

entitled to such rights by possessing such means and power as to raise them to the class of gentlemen, the difficulty rarely arises. The whites have many contrivances to avoid the use of such salutations. They will call a negro "Senator Smith," or "Sheriff Smith," or "Colonel Smith" to escape addressing him as "Mr. Smith." The papers have habitually avoided mistering negroes, but do it occasionally for obvious political effect.

Whites will ride on the same seats in cars with blacks if the latter are traveling in the capacity of servants, nurses, etc. But they would die before doing the same if the latter were traveling as equals. The negroes, however, are permitted to, and frequently do ride in first-class railway and in street railway cars. This liberty at first encountered much opposition from the railroad conductors and white passengers, and led to several fights, expulsions, and lawsuits. But it is now so common as hardly to provoke remark, although if a negro enters a car in which all the other travelers are white the latter, if they do nothing else, yet plainly evince aversion, and, if practicable, a wide space is left around such intruders. It is not often, though, that any of the blacks besides the politicians enter first-class conveyances on account of poverty; second-class tickets are purchased.

It is not thought wrong for a white baby to be suckled by its colored nurse. White children are always brought up with negro children as playmates. When the whites finish a meal, the colored servants remove the things to the kitchen and there eat from the same crockery the whites have just used. Yet, though all these familiarities—the most intimate imaginable—are not considered out of the way, the formal recognition of social equality is a thing as impossible as the production of the machine of perpetual motion; it is utterly, unutterably abhorrent to the Southern mind.

I do not believe that there are in the State a half dozen married couples with the wife white and the husband black or colored; but there are three or four in-

stances in every county of colored women or negroes married to white men. So strong is the sentiment among the whites against such unions that few are, like Geoffrey Hunter, bold enough to wed with a Toinette. It condemns them to bitter hatred and irrevocable social ostracism among their own race. They generally have no resource but to associate with the colored people and become negroes in all but color.

The negroes are freely admitted to the theatres in Columbia, and to other exhibitions, lectures, etc.; but a wide berth is given them by the white audience if the hall be not crowded. In Charleston and the country towns they have not thus far attended or secured entrance to such places. But to shows under canvas, such as circuses, magic-lantern exhibitions, and so on, they are invariably allowed admission. In Columbia they are also served at the bars, soda-water fountains, and ice-cream soloons, but not generally elsewhere. From the hotels they are invariably excluded. In Columbia, Charleston, and the larger towns, they have their own boarding-houses; especially in the first place, where there are many officials, legislators, etc.

A white church in an up-country town wished to dispose of its lecture room in which the Sunday-school had been held. The county educational officials (some of whom were colored) bought it for a state school-house. It remained unused, however, for several months. About six weeks after its sale the white ladies in town proposed to give a concert. The lecture room was the only suitable hall in the village. Accordingly, the gentleman who was acting as their agent proposed to hire it for the occasion, after making a long explanation to them about its not having been used as yet by the radicals. But on hearing of this, one of the most prominent of the ladies instantly declined to have anything further to do with an entertainment which was to be given in a building owned by negroes. The concert was abandoned.

A widow in Marlborough, in destitute circumstances, desiring to send her son to Harvard, wrote to the president, and

through his kindness obtained favorable terms for tuition, etc. She was very grateful and in high spirits. At the last moment, however, a misgiving struck her. She dispatched another epistle, telling the president that she was so much obliged to him, and so forth, but that she had heard that negroes were in Harvard as students; and concluded by inquiring if it were true. The president sent a cold but courteous reply in the affirmative. The young man has never entered Harvard.

A very light mulatto, through a misapprehension, secured a night's lodging at a hotel in Chesterfield. The white guests forthwith departed. But on proper explanations being made by the proprietor, his patronage slowly revived.

The negroes (and by this term I mean both blacks and mulattoes) have among themselves social rank and aristocracy outrageously severe and strictly discriminated. This was the case even before the war, as Mrs. Stowe has noticed in her famous novel. These distinctions are local, so that no generalization could be made of the various classes. But the gradations are founded principally on official station, position in the church, possession of money or real estate, former ownership, and city birth. Those who have been trained up "genteelly" in white families of the highest respectability, as waiting men, maids, drivers, and so on, of course pride themselves not a little on their polished deportment; and those who are able to work on their own account (for instance, to rent land and to farm, to keep a smithy or to be carpenters) hold themselves considerably above such as have to hire out as laborers.

The whites are, like all other Americans, fond of military titles. The negroes, with their customary propensity to imitation, have become eager to procure commissions in the national guard, and to call each other captain and colonel and major.

In his family the colored man is tyrannical to the last degree. His wife generally cooks for him, and both, together with the children, hire out during the

day. In order to prepare dinner no work is done from twelve o'clock to two. The negroes of the wealthier sort naturally imitate all the social customs of the whites, paying homage to the ladies, preventing the females from working, sending the children to school, living in fine houses, employing servants, supporting a good table, and keeping carriages and horses. The lower classes of negroes also copy, as far as they can, the habits of the whites. All are desirous of sending their children to the public schools, and contrive at intervals to do so, but the lack of means prevents a regular attendance, — the children must work. The whites have a violent prejudice, nay, hatred, against these laudable efforts at civilization, and take every opportunity to insult such negroes as make them. "Your wife and children had better be at work in the field," is a remark frequently heard. Of course, however, there is excuse for this feeling of the whites. The airs which the negroes assume often interfere with their efficiency as laborers, and give them a demeanor insolent and presumptuous; and to such novelties the whites are not yet accustomed.

The negro rarely possesses any home attachments. He is continually on the wing, as I have before remarked; and as he can with facility ingratiate himself among strangers of his own color, he would not be disconcerted were he as quickly transported from one State to another as Aladdin's wife or as Nouredin in the Thousand and One Nights.

The Southern gentleman yet displays much of his old chivalry of sentiment and behavior. Women are worshiped in the South by lovers and sons and gentleman-acquaintances, and they will prove in the end the chief obstacles to reconciliation with the North, as they are very conservative. Every young man is afraid, if he associates with a Yankee or a republican, that his sweetheart will cut him, or his mother and sisters look grieved. The Southern lady, as a Northern authoress has recently observed, is usually far more helpless and fragile than her Northern sister. She is never al-

lowed to do a thing if a gentleman is with her. Socially and politically, the state, of women in the South is much less advanced than in the North. Nor is there much prospect of an amelioration. The idea of females voting or speaking in public is extremely distasteful to Southern whites, and even more so to the women than to the men. Southerners traveling in the North, and seeing ladies participate in public meetings, come back disgusted. A female lecturer from the North spoke in Charleston winter before last, but only a few rowdies went to hear her. The negro females are very roughly handled by the males, and colored children are treated by both their fathers and mothers in a way that would make Pestalozzi, Froebel, and Herbert Spencer shudder.

The negroes used to be kept, as I have said, in cabins clustered together near the residence of their owner or his overseer. Since their liberation they have shown quite a tendency to desert these relics of their former subjection. Many of the "negro quarters," indeed, on isolated and *very* rural plantations are yet inhabited, but a large number all over the country are tenantless and going to ruin. Still more have been pulled down. A negro will buy a small lot of ground and erect on it a hut, the materials of which he has acquired by purchasing a cabin in a desolate "quarter" and pulling it down. They generally contrive to buy all their lots in one vicinity, and that just outside the borders of a town or village; so that every Southern town — at least this is the case in South Carolina — is divided into two sections: the main town, populated principally by whites, and containing the finest structures; and the "free town" (which the whites often dub "*Liberia*"), consisting chiefly of wretched log-cabins with wooden shutters, mud chimneys, and but one room. Of course most white families of affluence have in their yards inferior houses for the colored servants. Many maids even sleep in their employers' houses, although in such cases they are never assigned to a separate apartment (an attic, etc.) with beds, but pass the

night on a pallet spread on the floor of their young mistress's chamber.

The food of the negroes is coarse and barbarously prepared, where they live apart from the whites. Their dwellings, as I have observed, have usually but one room, in which they sleep, cook, eat, sit, and receive company. Their culinary utensils, in most cases, consist simply of a large iron pot, an oven, and a few tin pans, all of which, most likely, have been previously well worn and thrown aside in the kitchens of the whites. Sometimes they own a spider, and generally a coffee pot and mill, which, as before, have been broken to use in the "buckra's house." They eat either directly out of the cooking instruments, or employ tin pans and cups, and (when they can afford it) thick-grained crockery painted with red flowers. They use their fingers or pocket-knives, steel forks, pewter spoons, and a worn-out table-knife or two. Their food rarely includes more than hominy, corn-bread, rank fat bacon sides, coffee, and cheap molasses for breakfast. The coffee is without milk and sweetened by molasses. At dinner they have corn-bread, rice, — if thrifty, — pork "sides," and vegetables slimy with grease. At supper the same articles appear as at breakfast, minus the meat. On Sundays a plate of wheat bread, either biscuits or hoe-cake, is prepared for breakfast as a luxury, and what is left is warmed over for dinner and supper; and the coffee is rendered more palatable by a modicum of exceedingly coarse brown sugar. The gardens of the negroes contain only a few species of plants: sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes more rarely, peas, beans, water-melons, and collards, the last altogether preponderating. A family that can afford it keeps a pig impounded during the year, fattening it to kill at Christmas. But the negroes have yielded another proof of Macaulay's assertion that in every human being there is a tendency to ameliorate his condition. They are ambitious to increase the comforts of life, as well as to give leisure to their females and education to their children. Many of them have invested their earnings in a cow,

and most of them rear fowls. But side by side with this tendency may often be descried the fatal disposition that has been the curse of Ireland: the desire, if I may so put it, to burrow in a hole. They will buy an acre or two, build a cottage, move in, and live in sloth and filthiness on what they can raise on their half-cultivated lot.

All the above remarks will apply with but few variations to the condition of the sand-hill whites, most of whom are inveterate beggars.

Since the war many ladies, both among the aristocrats and the respectable class, have been obliged to do their own cooking. In fact, one is esteemed fortunate to be able to employ a cook. The kitchens used to be detached from the dwelling-houses, and after being cooked the meals were brought across the yard to the dining-room. But this plan has fallen into desuetude, the ladies, not liking to bring dishes across the yard, cooking in some apartment of the dwelling-house. Stoves have come into universal use, something which was not the case when there were plenty of negroes to bend over the fire. Most ladies, too, have to be their own house-maids, sweeping out, dusting, and making the beds. The boys cut the wood, and the girls assist their mother. With such families, as a consequence, hospitality has been below par. When company arrives, the lady of the house is taken entirely aback. She is usually altogether prevented from sitting in the parlor, as she has either to cook or to set the table. Even if servants are employed she has to oversee them, as negroes never do anything without being told. The fare is nearly always homely and (owing to the unskillfulness of the amateur lady cook or the ignorance and coarseness of the negro cook) badly prepared. The crockery is not only cracked and old, but is odd. I used to ask—until I learned better—the lady of the house, when dining out, to pass me her plate (as of course families very generally wait on themselves) so that I could help her to some dish before me. “Oh, no,” she would answer; “I won’t trouble you; just hand me the dish, and I will

help myself.” Chance sometimes revealed the motive of her obstinacy. All the plates had been given to the guests and to the family (some of the latter, perhaps, taking soup-plates), while, concealed behind the tea-service, she was eating from a saucer. When one course (if, as is exceedingly infrequent, there is more than one) is finished, some member of the family, one of the boys, usually, will arise, clear the table, and put on the dessert.

Not only stoves but sewing-machines and other household utensils are much more common than before the war. The whites, having to do their own work, are clamorous for conveniences in which they would not indulge their slaves. It is proper to remark, however, that the negroes are usually rather too uncivilized to be trusted with labor-saving machines requiring any delicacy of management. Negro seamstresses always (except a few who were reared and trained in cultivated families) perform coarse sewing, and the washer-women, I might as well remark, badly damage the clothes they work on, iron-rusting them, tearing them, breaking off buttons, and burning them brown; and as for starch!—Colored cooks, too, generally abuse stoves, suffering them to get clogged with soot, and to “burn out” in half the time they ought to last.

It was for a time a rarity to see a new buggy or carriage, or a decent horse, in the State. The horses were spoiled for driving or riding by plow service, and the only vehicles were those preserved throughout the war. The carriages of the best-off citizens were lumbering, shabby, old, *ante-bellum* coaches, drawn by either two mules or a mule (with a shaved tail) and a regular Rozinante. The harness would be patched, the whip worn down one half and turned into a handle for a leather lash. To a large extent this is yet the case, though at present many are able to keep a decent buggy; but new carriages are scarcely ever seen. In Columbia, however, the republican officials, white and colored, sport magnificent twenty-five-hundred-dollar turn-outs, with livery and blooded

stock. In fact, at one time, it was thought a sure sign of dishonesty, by the whites of that city, for a man to dash about in a fine carriage or landaulet.

The homes of the negroes are dens of filth, giving off an intolerable stench. They were formerly compelled to devote some attention to cleanliness by their masters, but neglect it, now they are free. Their beds are clotted with dirt. Their domestic habits and relations are extremely barbarous, unsettled, and immoral. In consequence of their bad food and unhygienic conduct they are usually diseased to a lamentable degree. "How do you do, this morning?" To such an inquiry a colored person will never reply, "First rate." The invariable response is, "Well, I'm rather poorly," "I'm not so well, this morning," "I'm sorter middling, sir," or "I'm jes' betwixt and between." The whites ridicule this as affectation, but really half of it is *not* put on. The rate of mortality among the negroes, both in cities and in the country, greatly exceeds that of the whites. Yet their constitutions must be wonderfully hardy to stand the strain they bear so well.

Dressing among the whites has been very plain. Threadbare garments, with holes at the elbows and shreds on the edges of the sleeves, have been quite common. Broadcloth has been so scarce as to excite a stare, and that, too, even in towns. Ladies thought themselves fortunate to get beyond calicoes. But for a year or so past a new era has been dawning. Broadcloth is often seen; ladies wear more costly outfits. The fashions of the North are, of course, imitated by the wealthy. Godey, Harper's Bazar, Demorest, Peterson, and Frank Leslie are very ordinarily subscribed to. The dress of the negroes is simply disgusting; their clothes are stiff with mingled grease and dirt. It is unpleasant to have one of them approach within ten feet of you. They keep a tin basin at home in which they sometimes wash. But it is more customary to see them performing their ablutions in the horse trough, wiping their faces on their sleeves. During the summer they bathe in creeks,

putting on their clothes while still wet. Their babies are kept in a horribly filthy condition.

The negro children in isolated places hardly ever wear more than a shirt, and it is not so startling a thing to see them playing about naked. Half the clothing of the negroes is begged from the whites, who give them cast-off garments nearly worn out. It is often impossible to discern the original piece of a coat or pair of pants, or its intended color, owing to the number of party-colored patches. They sometimes make suits out of gunny-bags. Their shoes are brogans or worn-out boots begged from the whites. The women wear turbans or go bare-headed. The negro men, as a general thing, did not wear hats before their emancipation. But they have since displayed quite a zeal to procure head wear, though not a few yet go uncovered. Negroes never bring their hats into white people's houses; they drop them on the steps or on the piazza or just inside the entry door, on the floor. They don't know (unless house-servants) how to knock at doors. They will wait at the front gate an hour, till some one comes out to them, or rattle the gate or beat on it—or perhaps on the front steps—with their sticks (they all carry sticks), but will never come up the steps and knock.

Yet, so contradictory is human nature, notwithstanding what has been said, the negro is essentially a dandy, loving fine dress and decorations above all things. The females, particularly, are excessively fond of colors, and delight to parade on Sundays in the cast-away habiliments of their mistresses. The legislators and others in their higher society are first-class swells. Among women of pure African extraction a white man can never discover one really beautiful, although the males are sometimes undoubtedly handsome. But among the mulattoes, and especially those the most of whose blood is white, there are occasionally to be observed females who can lay claim to unmistakable beauty, and whose color adds all the more to their loveliness from recalling associations of the East.

Tobacco is used by nearly every man

and boy in the South. Among the whites for a long time succeeding the war, pipes, being less expensive than cigars, were extensively in request. Cigars, though usually cheap ones, are now, however, in every-day use. The office-holding blacks are, of course, extensive consumers of such merchandise; indeed, they are about the only purchasers among us of the finest brands. The common negroes always beg the stumps of white men's cigars, and all their women smoke! The females among the sand-hillers also make use of the weed.

Every man, white or black, rich or poor, aristocrat or plebeian, keeps a gun or pistol. The whites are nearly always first-class marksmen. There is so much forest land in the State that a mile's walk from a city will conduct you to game, and of course those who live far from gay cities and the ways of men have much ampler facilities for hunting. Deer, though they are undoubtedly much thinned, are found in the river swamps; foxes are often encountered, and wild turkeys, birds, squirrels, raccoons, opossums, and rabbits abound. Sporting is, therefore, universally popular. The negroes, when first permitted the handling of fire-arms, were as inferior to the whites in sharp-shooting as the Mohican chief in Cooper's novel was to the Deerslayer. Practice, however, has improved them; and the only limit to that with them is the expense. Every Southerner is also ambitious to own blooded stock, horses, dogs, hounds, and game fowls; want of means, though, has seriously interfered with the gratification of such tastes. Horse-racing and, to a less degree, cock-fighting are popular to excess. The negroes in their humble way imitate; they all own dogs, and frequently plume themselves on their fine roosters. The white is invariably a good, usually a graceful rider, and is fond of the exercise. The negro loves nothing better than to be allowed to mount on horseback, and is always a good rider, rarely a graceful one. White ladies used to be famous for their equestrian accomplishments, but, owing to the inferiority of all the horses in the country, they now seldom ride.

Circuses appear in this State only during the fall and winter. The fondness for them is, of course, universal, but is most ardent among the negroes and poor whites. They took in so much money from the former, year before last, that the legislature passed a law requiring all circuses to pay a license fee of one hundred dollars for every day they exhibit. Photographers perambulate the country occasionally, and meet with extensive patronage, especially from the negroes. Magic-lantern shows under canvas, minstrel companies and jugglers also reap a rich harvest among the sand-hillers and colored people. At circuses there are always placed two series of seats on opposite sides of the tent: the whites occupy one of these, the negroes the other. The clown and other performers invariably, unless their duties take them round, stay on the side nearest the whites, facing pointedly towards them, and never vouchsafing the colored folks a glance; and at these latter the clown never fails to throw jest after jest. The minstrels, too, always have jokes to make on the negroes and the republican party.

There are no first-class theatres in the State, and only three or four of an inferior description in Columbia and Charleston. Nevertheless, at the latter place the audiences at classic performances are highly intelligent and critical. Indeed, I doubt if an actor has a harder ordeal to undergo anywhere else in the United States except at Boston. Charlestonians rarely manifest their enthusiasm, and even when the playing is keenly relished the artists see but little to indicate that such is the case.

Negroes predominate in the crowds at cheap shows, circuses, the courts of justice, hangings, and so on. In all such gatherings each race contrives, by a process of elective affinity, to congregate by itself. Executions are yet public, and are never attended, even in the remotest county seat, by less than six or seven thousand people. They are intensely demoralizing. When a negro, for instance, is to be hanged he usually has religious services in his cell daily for a week prior to the appointed time. These

are opened to the public, and are thronged by those of his own race. On the scaffold prayers are made, which extract groans of assent from the concourse, frenzied by the speech of the usually repentant and confessing criminal. Hymns are then sung to wild airs, the colored spectators joining. A dead silence then ensues; this is broken by the falling of the drop, and as the doomed man is launched into eternity a piercing and universal shriek arises, the wildest religious mania seizes on the crowd, they surge to and fro, sing, and raise the holy dance. The scene is often shocking above description.

A strong taste for traveling is growing up among the whites. Before the war this was by no means so prevalent, or, at least, so noticeable. There are several watering-places and mineral springs in the State, which are every year numerous visited. The custom of journeying North is being resumed as rapidly as poverty will permit. I believe this taste was created by the late civil contest, which, by taking thousands of men to a distance from their homes, gave them a love for adventure and for seeing strange places. The example of the aristocrats before the war was not such as to encourage this disposition in the lower orders of society. They were, as a rule, self-content, and averse to going abroad — unless for a formal trip to finish off their education — where they would have to mix with strangers. It was, perhaps, a natural result of slavery. The younger members of the working class proper among the whites, together with the sand-hillers, form a vast majority who have never been above ten miles from home nor seen a locomotive.

Social life in Charleston is very peculiar so far as relates to the highest circles of society. The private residences are usually large and, though old-fashioned, convenient. They have numerous latticed balconies and are environed with ample yards, provokingly walled, in which the orange and other delicious fruits are propagated, or which are filled with rare and choice flowers. The houses, thus situated, have a delightful

and indescribable air of retirement and comfort. They are owned mainly by wealthy planters on the neighboring sea-coast and islands. Each of these, also, has usually a large-sized residence on his plantation, and there and in Charleston he and his family reside during alternate portions of the year. There the rice planters keep up their old customs as far as possible and form a nucleus about which Southern aristocracy may yet be restored.

Every year the Masons, Grangers, and other organizations hold sessions of their grand bodies in Charleston or Columbia; at the latter place there is also an annual state fair. On these occasions, as well as other celebrations, the railroads reduce their fares one half, and thousands of visitors throng the cities. Gayeties of this nature were at a discount for several years after the war, but are now fast reviving. Public entertainments, concerts, tableaux, county fairs, balls, etc., not to mention private parties and dances, have become as common as in normal times. Amateur base-ball clubs have sprung up everywhere. Public match games between Nines from a distance, which lead to dinners and picnics, are frequent. These things indicate the healing of the late wounds.

As usual, the negroes imitate. They are literally crazy about traveling. The railroad officials are continually importuned by them to run extra trains, excursion trains, and so on, on all sorts of occasions: holidays, picnics, Sunday-school celebrations, church dedications, funerals of their prominent men, circuses, public executions. The fare is generally, on all such excursions, reduced to fifty cents for the round trip from any point passed. They attract whole counties of negroes, and it is delightful to witness their childish wonder and enjoyment and behavior on the cars. The colored youth, too, have begun organizing base-ball clubs, which often challenge each other to match games. And hops and parties, though of course of a pretty uncouth kind, are frequent among the younger blacks of both sexes.

Thanksgiving Day is not considered

or celebrated as a holiday by the whites, who keep on with their usual business. Slimly attended religious services are held, but no turkeys are killed. The negroes observe it to some extent in their churches and by picnics. Christmas is, however, indisputably the Southern holiday among all classes and conditions of men both white and colored. Easter and Good Friday were many years ago not very generally observed, except by the liturgical churches. They were esteemed too popish; now, however, they are rapidly increasing in favor with all denominations among the whites. The blacks, of course, know nothing about them. The whites altogether refrained from celebrating the Fourth of July up to the year before last, when, for the first time since the war, the military companies of Charleston and Columbia joined in Augusta, Georgia, with the similar bodies of that city in a commemoration of the day. But this year there was no attempt at all to observe it. The Centennial at Philadelphia awakened considerable interest in this State, from which it received many visitors. The negroes universally celebrate their emancipation on the Fourth of July instead of on the real anniversary.

It was a custom formerly to give the negroes several days of rest at Christmas time; and they still insist on the dispensation, which has become perpetual by prescription. The negro is a thorough believer in holidays, of which he takes a great number.

Excepting base-ball clubs the negroes have among themselves scarcely any social associations, if I may so term them, a fact which contrasts singularly with the zeal which they have evinced in connecting themselves with political and religious organizations. They have, perhaps, in the State about half a dozen local and languishing temperance societies. But the whites have rigorously shut them out from national orders like the Sons of Temperance, the Good Templars, the Knights of Pythias, the Odd Fellows, the Masons, and the Grangers. Nor have they had sufficient intelligence and energy to found such fraternities among

themselves. The only exception to this is a branch of the Masonic brotherhood, which has a few sickly subordinate lodges and a state lodge; for this a charter was obtained, I am informed, from the state lodge of Massachusetts. These colored Masons are not recognized by the white lodges or grand body of the State.

The various orders which I mentioned above are favorite institutions among the whites. The Patrons of Husbandry, in particular, have a very flourishing organization. There are frequent reunions held of the survivors of old Confederate brigades and regiments, at which sentiments are usually expressed not precisely loyal to the Union. Among the females the Ladies' Memorial Associations enjoy much popularity. These are local in character, I believe; when feasible, they give dinners, concerts, fairs, and other entertainments for the purpose of raising money to build a public monument to the memory of Confederate soldiers buried in the vicinity. Scores of these monuments have already been erected. Addresses the very reverse of friendly to the national government are delivered on these occasions, as well as on Memorial Days, when the whole white population of a town turns out in procession, headed by the Ladies' Memorial Association, and decorates the graves. Poems, too, are commonly recited, either specially written for the occasion by local bards unknown to fame, or such "old, old stories" as Collins' ode, "How sleep the brave."

There is also among the ladies an organization having for its object the construction of a monument to the memory of Calhoun. A year or so ago it was proposed to turn over the funds they had accumulated to the Ladies' Memorial Association, above described, to assist in the work of rearing monuments over the dead Confederates. The suggestion was approved by the newspapers, which said that were this "iron man" (as Miss Martineau called him) for a moment to awake he would sanction the idea. In Charleston there is also a "Home," founded by popular contribution, for the impoverished widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers. This charitable insti-

tution has undoubtedly rendered much needed and meritorious service.

The colored people of all tints are regarded as negroes by the whites, and these mixed bloods associate with those of pure African extraction on terms of perfect equality. I have never encountered any cases where a mulatto put on airs, or was the subject of jealousy to a black on account of his white blood.

My task is now done. But before closing I trust I shall be pardoned a little sentiment. The old plantation days are passed away, perhaps forever. My principles now lead me to abhor slavery and rejoice at its abolition. Yet sometimes, in the midst of the heat and toil of the struggle for existence, the thought involuntarily steals over me that we have seen better days. I think of the wild rides after the fox and the deer; of the lolling, the book, the delicious nap, on the balcony, in the summer-house, or on the rustic seat on the lawn; of the long sittings at meals, and the after-dinner cigar; of the polished groups in easy but vivacious conversation in the parlor; of the chivalric devotion to beautiful women; of the pleasant evening drives; of the visits to the plantation, with its long, broad expanse of waving green, dotted here and there with groups of industrious slaves; of the long rows of negro cabins with little pickaninnies playing about them; of the old well with its beam and pole for drawing, and of the women with pails of water on their heads; of the

wild old field airs ringing out from the cabins at night; of the "Christmas gif, Massa," breaking your slumbers on the holiday morn; of the gay devices for fooling the dignified old darkies on the first of April; of the faithful old nurse who brought you through infancy, under whose humble roof you delighted to partake of an occasional meal; of the flat-tering, foot-scraping, clownish, knowing rascal to whom you tossed a silver piece when he brought up your boots; of the little darkies who scrambled for the rind after you had eaten your water-melon on the piazza in the afternoon, — and, "as fond recollection presents them to view," I feel the intrusive swelling of the tear of regret. And so it is with every Southerner: tears rise in his heart and gather to his eyes as he thinks of the days that are no more. The Southerners of old used to be perhaps the happiest of men. There was nothing to disturb them, nothing to do, nothing they wished done that others were not at hand to do. Happiness was not only their being's end and aim, but its enjoyment their one occupation. Now the cares of life, the struggle for a living, weigh them down. It often strikes me, as I think of the intense enjoyment of the olden time, that perhaps just as the strongest force in physics is evolved from the greatest consumption of material, so it is ordained in human affairs that the most exquisite happiness shall be founded on the intensest misery of others.

A South Carolinian.

ROSE DANIELS.

FROM out the door Rose Daniels came:
The grass was crisp beneath her tread,
And, where had glowed the maple's flame,
A few sere leaves shook overhead;
The naked grape-vines, snake-like, hung
From the low roof to which they clung,

And one tall mallow's blackened stalk
Lay half across the narrow walk.
Her hand upon the gate she stayed,
Glanced all around, like one afraid,
Then turned her weary eyes and took
Of her old home a long, last look, —
At the low door-way, and the dead,
Vine net-work on the roof above;
"Here is the end of love," she said;
"The end of love!"

Ten years before (it almost seemed
That rosy time of hope and pride
Was something she had slept and dreamed)
She passed that gate a happy bride!
'T was May time then: the lilac flowers
The south wind shed in purple showers,
And, by the pathway, gemmed with dew,
The border pinks were budding new;
Above, the robin caroled loud;
A flower with honey-burdened breast,
That droops by its own sweetness bowed,
Her heart grew faint with joy opprest;
"No more," she cried, "I ask of bliss,
No more I crave of Heaven above;
All blessedness seems mine in this
Rich gift of love!"

Ten years! what changes they had brought!
Now, gazing on that cottage door,
Her saddened life's most cheering thought
Was, "I need cross it never more!"
For, dark with sorrow, wrong, and sin,
Her memories of the rooms within;
There harsh reproaches, cruel sneers,
Had mocked her unavailing tears;
Low taunts had flushed her cheek with shame,
Or stung her till her wrath grew bold,
Till in her heart love's flickering flame
At last had died, and left it cold.
"And whom," she questioned, "can I trust?
None seem my haunting doubts above;
I've proved Hope false, and found, in dust,
The end of love."

With trembling hand she shut the gate,
Drew close her faded shawl, and fast,
Like one who is afraid to wait,
Down the long hill-side way she passed;
But when the short turn of the road
The white stones of the graveyard showed,

A sudden light shone o'er her face,
 So quiet seemed that resting-place;
 For, 'neath its frozen grasses slept,
 In dreamless peace, the little child
 Above whose cradle she had wept,
 And o'er whose coffin she had smiled;
 For, "God be thanked," she whispered low,
 "My precious one is safe above;
 It never will be hers to know
 The end of love!"

Marian Douglas.

THE MAY-POLE OF MERRYMOUNT.

II.

THE ARREST.

HAD Thomas Morton contented himself during his residence in New England with the sports of the field, or with making observations on the habits and usages of the Indians, he might probably have lived and died at Ma-re Mount. At least such neighbors as he then had in the quiet Plymouth settlement would hardly have disturbed him, and the other straggling planters would have had no disposition to do so. He might, also, to the very end have persisted in observing his favorite anniversary, even though he had erected a new May-pole, gay with garlands and ribbons, every recurring spring. Unfortunately for him, however, he was not there for that purpose. He had a keen eye for a bargain as well as for nature and enjoyment. He was there to trade with the Indians, and trade with them he would and did after a fashion consistent neither with the well-being of the savages nor with the safety of the infant settlements. The two things the savages most coveted were spirits and guns, — fire-water and fire-arms. For these, then as now, they would give anything they possessed. The trade in fire-arms had been forbidden by royal proclamation issued by King James in 1622;

the less dangerous "liquor traffic," as it is now called, was scandalous, but not yet under the ban of law. Morton, however, cared little either for law or morals, and the savages flocked to him as to their natural ally. He probably treated them well; at any rate, though he denied that he was in the custom of giving them liquor, he unquestionably invited them to participate in his revels, and employed them to hunt and fowl for him, putting guns into their hands and instructing them in their use. They showed themselves apt pupils, also; for not only were they swift of foot, but they were remarkably quick of sight and thoroughly familiar with the haunts and habits of all descriptions of game. Learning thus how to use guns, the savages became eager to possess them. A petty and illicit trade in fire-arms had long been carried on by the adventurers and fishermen who trucked for furs along the coast, but it had never taken any regular shape or, indeed, assumed formidable proportions. Now, however, it seemed as though Morton was about to reduce it to a system. In cheap exchange for his surplus weapons there poured into the store-room at Merrymount a profusion of furs of the bear and the otter, the marten and the beaver, together with those choicer deer-skins which the savages valued at three or four beaver-skins, and the robes of the

black wolf, one of which was looked upon as the equal of forty beavers, and as being a gift worthy of the acceptance of a prince.

For a time, trade at Merrymount was brisk, and the money of the adventurers was as recklessly spent as it was easily made. The profits of the peltry trade thus conducted were as large then as they were nearly two centuries later, when upon them the foundations of the largest private fortune in America were securely laid. Naturally, however, Morton soon found his available stock of spare fire-arms exhausted, and so he made haste to send to England for a new and larger supply. The reputation, such as it was, of his post was now established, and the masters of the vessels, of which an ever-increasing number, already amounting to fifty sail a year, frequented the coast, all looked into the bay for barter and refreshment. Things, indeed, went prosperously with the remnant of the vanished Wollaston's party, and those who had put their trust in its erratic leader doubtless looked forward to years of always larger accruing profits.

As might naturally have been expected, however, Morton's neighbors watched his proceedings with a disfavor which rapidly assumed the shape of deep alarm. At first they were merely scandalized at his antics and complained that his people, like Weston's before them, were destroying the trade in furs by their reckless modes of dealing. Nothing except fire-arms and ammunition possessed any attraction to the savages, and, in the strong language of Governor Bradford, "they became madd, as it were, after them, and would not stick to give any prise they could attaine too for them." Now, although the neighboring settlers were Puritans and Separatists, they were also poor men and shrewd dealers, eager to turn an honest penny in the way of trade, and they by no means fancied being driven out of the market in this wise. But more than this, they had come into New England to stay. They were not mere adventurers on the shore of a savage land, seeking, regardless of every ultimate consequence, at once to secure

whatever they could extract from it. They were here with their wives and their little children, living at best in feeble communities on the outskirts of the forest or, in the case of Morton's immediate neighbors, as solitary families or single individuals. To men thus situated the presence of such a reckless gang as Morton's was more than an annoyance; it was a menace. Accordingly, when Governor Bradford came to these events in his history he gave vent to an outburst of indignation and alarm which is in curious contrast with the usual moderation of his language. "O the horiblnes of this vilanie! how many both Dutch & English have been latly slaine by the Indians, thus furnished; and no remedie provided, nay, y^e evill more increased, and y^e blood of their brethren sould for gaine, as is to be feared; and in what danger all these colonies are in is too well known. Oh! that princes & parlements would take some timly order to prevente this mischeefe, and at length to suppress it, by some exemplerie punishmente upon some of these gaine thirstie murderers, (for they deserve no better title,) before their collonies in these parts be over throwne by these barbarous savages, thus armed with their owne weapons, by these evill instruments, and traytors to their neighbors and cuntrie." It is the commencement of a long refrain, — a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong, — which has gone up from the frontier for two centuries and a half, and which is heard as clearly through the reports of the war department of to-day as through the pages of the annalist of 1627.

The frightened planters now began to meet Indians prowling through the woods armed with guns. As yet they were only in search of game or furs, but to men living in absolute solitude on the verge of an infinite, unknown wilderness, even the poor survivors of the Massachusetts tribe were a cause for apprehension. It was impossible that in imagination at least conspiracies should not always be forming behind the inscrutable veil of the forest, which would be revealed only as they had been revealed on the terrible 22d of March in Virginia, when the war-

whoop had given the first intimation of danger. Five years had now elapsed since Pecksuot had vaunted his "pictured knife" in the face of Miles Standish at Wessagusset, and since Watawamat's ghastly head had scowled from the top of the Plymouth block-house. The terror occasioned by the nervous blow thus dealt them by the Puritan captain could not be expected to remain forever fresh in the minds of the savages. Though cowed, the leopard does not change his spots, nor the Indian his nature. Thus the planter's safety grew daily more precarious. The instinct of self-preservation told him clearly enough that such a condition of affairs could not be suffered to continue. But, on the other hand, the remedy was not very clear. If it came to a trial of strength, the master of Merrymount, even without his Indian allies, was more than a match for all the settlers about Boston bay combined. The number of his retainers as yet was small, but the place threatened to become a refuge for loose and disorderly characters, whether runaway servants of the planters or deserters from the fishing fleet. Thus it might before long be a question whether even the Plymouth colony was able to abate the growing nuisance. Under these circumstances the heads of the straggling plantations met together to confer. The wide-spread apprehension which had been excited by Morton's proceedings is clearly proven by the extent of territory from which those who joined in this action were brought together. What are now Portsmouth and Salem were represented, as well as Nantasket, Weymouth, Boston and Charlestown on Boston bay; yet these settlements altogether probably did not number fifty souls of all ages and both sexes. It was finally determined to invoke the assistance of the comparatively powerful Plymouth colony, which then may have numbered a population of some two hundred in all. Letters were accordingly prepared and sent in charge of a delegation to that place, the people of which upon full consideration of the reasons urged upon them and of the common danger decided to interfere.

Though the application very distinctly looked to the suppression of the Merrymount settlement, the Plymouth elders thought best not to have recourse to force at once. They were well enough aware that Morton was not a promising subject to labor with in the spirit, yet, knowing that their own standing with the authorities in England was not too strong, and being anxious above all things not to give King Charles's Council for New England any convenient handle against them, they wished to proceed deliberately and to exhaust every means of peaceable relief before going to extremities. A letter was accordingly dispatched to Morton, pointing out the perils to which his methods of dealing exposed the settlers, and admonishing him "in a friendly and neighborly way" to desist from such dangerous practices. The result of the interview between the Plymouth emissaries and the master of Merrymount was anything but satisfactory to the former. Morton carried matters with a high hand. He very distinctly told them that they were meddling in matters which did not belong to them, that the Plymouth colony had no jurisdiction over him or his plantation, and that he proposed to continue to deal with the Indians in any way he saw fit. The discomfited messengers returned with this reply, which was probably not unexpected, and the master of Merrymount pursued the uneven tenor of his ways. Then presently, as things did not improve but rather grew worse, the elders of Plymouth, following strictly the scriptural injunction, sent to him a second time "and bad him be better advised, and more temperate in his termes, for y^e countrie could not beare y^e injure he did; it was against their comone saftie, and against y^e king's proclamation. He answerd in high terms as before, and that y^e kings proclamation was no law; demanding what penaltie was upon it. It was answered, more then he could bear, his majesties displeasure. But insolently he persisted, and said y^e king was dead and his displeasure with him, & many y^e like things; and threatened withall that if any came to molest him, let them looke to them

selves, for he would prepare for them." This insolent defiance, also, he seems to have enforced with a liberal use of expletives which were probably far more familiar to the mouths and ears of the dwellers at Merrymount than to those of Plymouth. Then at last patience failed; they were a generation slow to wrath, but there was an end even to Plymouth long-suffering. They had plainly gone too far now to hesitate. Morton, "petie-fogger" that he was, might be correct in his law that King James's proclamation had died with him in 1625 and had not since been renewed by King Charles, and that, even had it been, it bore no penalty; but of this they must take the risk. If they hesitated now there was an end to all order in New England. Conscientious that he had browbeaten them, Morton's insolence would know no bounds. So it was at last resolved to send Captain Standish to Boston bay with a sufficient backing to insure Morton's speedy arrest. This conclusion was reached in the latter days of May or early in June, 1628. In obedience to orders Standish at once set sail, accompanied by a force of eight men. Whether a plot had been laid to assist him by entrapping Morton at Wessagusset does not appear; but in any event he found the man he sought at that place and there secured him. The moment he felt himself in custody the tone of the lately defiant Morton seems to have undergone a surprising change; for, assuming an air of virtuous astonishment, he innocently inquired why he was subjected to such violence. In reply he was reminded of the criminal acts to which his attention had been called, and he at once, with sublime impudence, requested to know who was the author of the complaint against him. Thereupon, when his custodians declined to furnish him with the desired information, he at once stood upon his rights as an Englishman, and, peremptorily refusing to answer any charges, demanded to be forthwith set at liberty. This view of the case naturally failed to recommend itself to Captain Standish, who prepared to remove his prisoner early the next morning to Plymouth. Meanwhile measures were

taken to secure him over night. Six men, as he himself asserts, were put on guard over him, and one even lay on the bed with him to render more impracticable any attempt at escape. Elated with the complete and speedy success which had crowned their expedition, his captors during the evening appear to have indulged in some grim festivities with their Wessagusset hosts and confederates, in which their prisoner felt little inclination to join. In consequence their slumbers would seem to have been of the soundest, for presently the wakeful Morton contrived to slip off the bed, and passed two doors without being detected. As he went out, however, the last or outer door shut to so violently as to waken his custodians. What is supposed to have ensued can only be told in the fugitive's own language: "The word which was given with an alarme, was, ô he's gon, he's gon, what shall wee doe, he's gon? the rest (halfe a sleepe) start up in a maze, and like rames, ran their heads one at another full butt in the darke. Their grand leader Capitaine Shrimp [Standish] tooke on most furiously, and tore his clothes for anger, to see the empty nest, and their bird gone. The rest were eager to have torne their haire from their heads, but it was so short, that it would give them no hold."

Morton was once more at liberty, nor in the night and so near the woods was it any easy matter to recapture him. In a direct line he was but a mile or two from his home, but the Monaticquot ran between him and it, and, as he had no means of crossing, it was necessary for him to take the longer road around, by the points where the river was fordable. This increased the distance to at least eight miles; but he was well acquainted with the path, and was moreover aided in finding it by the vivid lightning of a thunder-storm which illumined the night. He went resolved on forcible resistance. He reached his home before morning and at once set actively to work on his preparations. There was no time for idling; with the early day Standish and his party would cross

the Monatiquot in their boats, or come round through the bay, and a short walk across the upland would bring them upon him. Morton's entire force now consisted of but seven men beside himself, and, fortunately for Standish, five of these had at this particular time gone up into the interior in search of furs. His available garrison, therefore, was reduced to three, — himself and two others. Nothing daunted by this disparity of force, he and his followers got out all the guns they could find on hand, four in number, and made ready on the table an ample supply of powder and ball. Having then made fast the doors they very fortunately proceeded to defy their enemies over their cups. It would seem that, whatever resulted, they were determined that at least Merrymount should to the last be Merrymount. They had not long to wait. A friendly savage presently appeared, and gave warning that the pursuers had left Wesagusset and were already close at hand. They soon made their appearance, and, blissfully unconscious of the preparations which had been made to receive them, marched directly up to the fortified house, where Standish called for an immediate capitulation. The unfortunate Morton was now reduced to a reliance for his defense on his own unsupported arm, for the courage had clean oozed out of one of his men, while the other was hopelessly and helplessly drunk. Nevertheless, putting on a bold face, he met Standish's summons with a defiance, and, when the latter proceeded to force an entrance, he sallied bravely out, musket in hand, followed by his single staggering retainer. He even made as if he would fire on the Plymouth captain. The struggle was, however, as ludicrous as it was brief. Pushing aside the carbine, Standish advanced and seized Morton, who was himself probably none too sober, as subsequently his weapon was found so overcharged as to be half-full of powder and ball. Even while this was going on, Morton's reeling follower completed his superior's overthrow by running "his owne nose upon y^e pointe of a sword y^e one held before him as he entered y^e house."

This man's hurt, however, does not seem to have been a very severe one, as Governor Bradford goes on to add that "he lost but a little of his hott blood." The result of "this outrageous riot," as he termed it, was that Morton became again a prisoner, and this time with small prospect of escape. Indeed, he was forthwith carried to Plymouth; while, of his retainers at Merrymount, some of the worst were dispersed, while others less irreclaimable remained about the house and deserted May-pole in the expectation that their master would ultimately be released and return.

The expense of this first police effort on the part of the embryotic New England confederacy, including, of course, the expenses of Morton's imprisonment and subsequent passage to England, fell upon the Plymouth colony. The sum of £12 7s. was contributed by those who had participated in it, although Bradford asserts that this by no means made good its cost. Of the amount, £2 10s. only were forth-coming from Plymouth, whose people considered themselves least of all benefited by the abatement of the nuisance, while Conant and the others at Salem paid £1 10s.; William and Edward Hilton at Rye, N. H., paid, the first £2 10s. and the last £1; two planters at Weymouth, named Jeffrey and Burslem, paid £2; the widow of David Thomson, on Thomson's Island, 15s.; William Blackstone at Boston, 12s.; and those living at Nantasket, whose names have not come down to us, £1 10s. This contribution was, of course, a voluntary one and in no way a proportionate levy, but it is interesting as showing the situation and, in some respects, the relative means of all those who then lived in New England. Referring to Morton's subsequent return, Bradford complained that the money was spent to little purpose; but it would not so appear. Practically, as a result of this expenditure, the Wollaston settlement was broken up and an end was put to the open trade in firearms and ammunition. Whether that in furs revived on a more legitimate basis does not appear.

Shortly after Morton was brought to Plymouth a council was held to deliberate on his case, at which it was decided to send him a prisoner to England, with letters to those in authority setting forth the reasons why he had been arrested and asking to have criminal proceedings instituted against him. From Plymouth he was in the first place sent to the Isles of Shoals, where he was detained for a month, and then dispatched to his destination under charge of John Oldham, who was also bearer of the letters respecting his case. There are not many names more frequently mentioned than Oldham's in the early history of Plymouth; and, indeed, he was once expelled from that settlement with divers strange and ignominious ceremonies, of which Morton has himself left the following graphic account: "A lane of Muskietiers was made, and hee compelled in scorne to passe along betweene, & to receive a bob upon the bumme be every muskietier, and then a board a shallop, and so conveyed to Wessagus shoare, & staid at Massachussets." Perhaps, remembering this experience, Oldham may have felt a little friendly sympathy with his prisoner. Whether that was the cause of it or not, however, Bradford distinctly says that Morton "foold" him, and that consequently no proceedings whatever were had in the matter in England. So Morton escaped without even a rebuke. Nor was this all. In the summer of 1629, to their unspeakable disgust and astonishment, the magistrates of Plymouth saw the irrepressible Morton again landed in their settlement; and when they remonstrated that he had not yet answered the charges preferred against him, with consummate impudence he coolly replied "that hee did perceave they were willfull people, that would never be answered; and derided them for their practises and losse of laboure."

The most unaccountable thing of all about Morton's reappearance at Plymouth was that he had been brought back there by Isaac Allerton, the agent of the colony. Bradford very distinctly asserts that Allerton had received a bribe, but

whether this was the case or whether he too, like Oldham, had been "foold" by the cunning adventurer cannot now be ascertained. Certain it is that his course gave great offense at Plymouth; but none the less, in defiance of public opinion, he continued for some time to harbor Morton in his own house, employing him as a scribe. At last, however, the quondam Lord of Misrule was once more compelled to depart and to seek refuge in his old haunts. But, during his year of enforced absence, great changes had taken place in New England, — changes nearly affecting the plantation at Passonagessett. On the 6th of September, 1628, just three months after Morton's arrest by Miles Standish, John Endicott had landed at Naumkeag, and the colony of Massachusetts Bay, which included Merrymount within its limits, had come into existence. One of the earliest acts of the new magistrate had been to take order as to the condition of affairs at Mt. Wollaston. Shortly after his arrival he had gone over there with a few followers and effectually quenched the smoking flax; for, after sharply rebuking the lingering remnants of Morton's band for their profaneness, and admonishing them to look well to their future conduct, he had emphasized his remarks by hewing down the May-pole and by rechristening the spot as Mt. Dagon. In the selection of this name he exhibited, also, a characteristic familiarity with scriptural mythology; for Dagon was that sea idol of the Philistines upon whose day of solemn feast Samson had pulled down the pillars of Gaza's temple. So when Morton at last returned to what had been Merrymount, it was only to find the very name of the place obliterated, his house deserted, his followers dispersed, and his darling May-pole level with the ground beneath the flying leaves of autumn.

He was, however, a man of cheerful temperament, and he seems to have accommodated himself as best he might to his altered circumstances. But his trials were far from over. Indeed, it was absurd to suppose that a loose roysterer such as he — believing in nothing, jeering at everything — could long

live side by side with the austere, God-fearing Puritans who had now established themselves over against him at Salem. Under the circumstances of his past career had he been as pure as ice and as chaste as snow he would not have escaped calumny: but he was neither. He seems to have returned to Mt. Wollaston in the autumn of 1629, and by the summer of 1630 he was in serious trouble with Endicott. He refers to a General Court held in Salem, but of which we have no other record, and at which he says he was present. There Endicott submitted certain articles to the planters, which all of them were called upon to sign. Their tenor was "that in all causes, as well Ecclesiasticall, as Politicall, wee should follow the rule of Gods word." Morton states that he alone refused to sign without the proviso, "So as nothing be done contrary or repugnant to the Lawes of the Kingdome of England." He then refers to some provisions for the regulation of the peltry trade, to which also he refused his assent; and he intimates that an attempt was subsequently made to arrest him, which he frustrated by leaving his house and taking a temporary refuge in the woods. There seems to be little doubt that he proved himself a thorn in Endicott's side, in deriding whom, according to his own account, he passed much of his time. John Endicott, however, was not a man likely to be "derided" with impunity by such as Morton; and so, if they were not trumped up, which is more than probable, complaints began to come in against him from both the Indians and the English: it was alleged that he had stolen a canoe from the former; that he had fired a charge of shot into a party of them from across a river when they had delayed answering his call for them to come and ferry him over; that some years before he had murdered a man who had ventured money in his plantation; and so on. Accordingly under date of August 23, 1630, at the very first General Court held after the arrival of Governor Winthrop at Charlestown, it was "Ordered, that Morton of Mount Woolison should presently be sent for by

processe." Two weeks later, on September 7th, he was arraigned before the magistrates. In those days criminal proceedings were somewhat arbitrary in their character, and the principal part which would seem to have devolved on Morton upon this occasion was not to defend himself, but to receive, with as much philosophy as he might, the sentence which the court had already decided to be suitable to the nature of his offenses. It was in vain, therefore, that the gentleman of Clifford's Inn vehemently protested and entered his pleas to the jurisdiction of the tribunal; he was peremptorily silenced by cries from the assistants of "Hear the governor! Hear the governor!" And he did hear the governor with sensations which must have rendered him dumb with amazement as that dignitary proceeded to impose upon him the following swingeing sentence: "Ordered, that Thomas Morton of Mount Wolliston shall presently be set in the bilbowes, & after sent prisoner into England by the shipp called the Gifte, nowe returneing thither; that all his goods shall be seazed upon to defray the charge of his transportation, payement of his debts, and to give satisfaction to the Indians for a canoe hee unjustly tooke away from them; & that his house, after the goods are taken out, shall be burnt downe to the ground in sight of the Indians, for their satisfaction, for many wrongs hee hath done them from tyme to tyme."

Neither was this sentence a mere empty threat. The master of Merrymount, Sachem of Passonagessit as he loved to call himself, and Lord of Misrule as the Puritans called him, did indeed sit in the stocks, while the neighboring savages, "poore, silly lambes," came and looked at him with astonished eyes. Then his habitation at Merrymount was before his own eyes "burnt downe to the ground, and nothing did remaine, but the bare ashes as an embleme of their cruelty."

Morton's first arrest by the Plymouth authorities was almost unquestionably justifiable from every point of view. With his usual graceless impudence he subsequently asserted that the real ground of complaint was not that alleged, but

envy at the prosperity of his plantation and his gain in the beaver trade; nor yet that in chief, but most of all because he "was a man that indeavoured to advance the dignity of the Church of England; which they (on the contrary part) would labour to vilifie; with uncivile terms: en-veying against the sacred booke of common prayer, and mine host that used it in a laudable manner amongst his family, as a practise of piety." Yet he never denied that he was in the custom of selling fire-arms to the savages; and, indeed, he studiously ignored that particular charge. That he would have denied it quickly enough if he could is apparent from the distinctness with which he declares that he never was guilty of the other crime of selling spirits to them. In arresting and sending him to England for trial, therefore, the Plymouth magistrates showed great moderation and their usual conscientious desire to act strictly within the law. Had they been of another and more modern type of settler, they would no doubt have disposed of him in a far more summary manner. Even as it was, Morton asserts that Standish was beyond expression enraged at the moderation shown towards him, and threatened to put him to death with his own hand. This, however, may well be questioned. Meanwhile, the justice of his second arrest and consequent punishment by the General Court of Massachusetts Bay is not so obvious. For his misdeeds prior to their arrival he had been arraigned before the proper authorities, and they had not proceeded against him. Legally at liberty, he had voluntarily returned to Plymouth and had at least been tolerated there for a considerable length of time. When he returned, therefore, to his home, until he should have committed some new misdemeanors the grounds for his further prosecution are not apparent. The charges alleged against him were certainly not of a character to justify the extremely harsh sentence inflicted, for they amounted to nothing more than taking an Indian canoe, and a vague suggestion of other offenses. Had he continued the illicit trade in fire-arms after his return, or even kept up

his May-pole revels, we may feel very sure that due emphasis would have been given to the fact. Nothing of the sort was even intimated. Dudley says that he was punished that it might appear to the Indians and to the English that the magistrates meant to do justice impartially between them. If this was indeed the case, it would seem that in their eagerness for an example of doing justice impartially between races the magistrates were somewhat unmindful of impartial justice to individuals. It is true that both Dudley and Bradford also say that a warrant was received from the lord chief-justice of England for Morton's arrest to answer capitally for some more grave offense alleged to have been committed by him before he came to America. But, though this would unquestionably necessitate his being sent back to England, it hardly seems to warrant the confiscation in advance of conviction of all his goods and the burning of his house. These were high-handed acts of unmistakable oppression.

The probabilities in the case would seem to be that the Massachusetts magistrates had made up their minds in advance to drive the man out of the country. His presence at Mt. Wollaston was a standing menace to them in various ways. Apart from all illicit dealings which they may have apprehended between himself and the Indians, they seem to have regarded him with the same apprehension that they did the mysterious Sir Christopher Gardiner, and for the same reason. They suspected him of being an emissary of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, and interested in the efforts to invalidate their grant of the territory of Massachusetts Bay. Both Sir Christopher Gardiner and Thomas Morton were accordingly hunted out of New England, with and without law. That Gardiner was an agent of Gorges admits of no doubt. Up to the time of his second arrest there is, however, no evidence whatever that Morton was, though there is no doubt he afterwards became one. That he was an extremely undesirable character to have about an infant colony like that presided over by Endicott and Winthrop admits

of no dispute; and perhaps their severe treatment of him was justified by the exigencies of their position. But whether from this point of view justifiable or otherwise, it proved in the event a serious blunder. To have left him alone would have evinced in them a larger share of worldly wisdom. At most a mere nuisance at Mt. Wollaston, Morton rose to the dignity of a formidable enemy when driven away to Whitehall. In Massachusetts he was under Winthrop's eye and within reach of Endicott's hand; in London, as will presently be seen, he became the instrument of Gorges, and inspired the eager malignity of Laud. An end was indeed made of him in New England, and that quickly; but he could hardly be blamed for feeling a sense of wrong and injustice, or for nourishing against those who had despoiled him a bitter spirit of revenge. And this he passed the rest of his life vainly attempting to gratify.

The remainder of Morton's career may be disposed of in few words. The sun of Merrymount had forever set behind Governor Winthrop's bilboes. That portion of its master's sentence which provided for his transportation to England in the Gift proved more difficult of execution than those other portions of it which related to his exposure in the stocks or the destruction of his house. The master of the Gift wholly refused to carry him. Accordingly he remained a prisoner in Boston for nearly three months, until, towards the end of December, a passage was secured for him on the ship *Handmaid*. Upon his arrival in England he was thrown into Exeter jail. He could not, however, have remained there long, for the next year he was at liberty, and busily intriguing through Sir Ferdinando Gorges for the overthrow of the Massachusetts colony. A letter full of hope, which he wrote on the subject to Sir Christopher Gardiner, happened to pass through Governor Winthrop's hands, and was by him intercepted and opened without the smallest apparent scruple. Two years later he had developed into a truly formidable opponent, having in some way, doubtless through Gorges's influence, secured the ear of Archbishop

Laud. In conjunction with Sir Christopher Gardiner and Philip Ratcliff (who for some animadversions on the Salem church and the government was sentenced to be whipped, lose his ears, and be banished, to which Morton adds, to have his nose slit, his tongue bored through, his face branded, and to pay a fine of £40) Morton then petitioned the king in council to vacate the Massachusetts charter. The attack excited the gravest apprehensions among the friends of the colony, and the danger was warded off only through their most strenuous exertions.

A year later, in 1634, Morton believed that his hour of triumph and revenge had at last surely come. For his old enemies, the magistrates of the colony, the news was indeed sufficiently startling. In consequence of a fresh assault on the charter, a special commission had been created for the management of the colonies and the revocation of their charters, with Archbishop Laud at its head. Sir Ferdinando Gorges was to be sent out as governor-general. Under these circumstances the destruction of the colony seemed nearly impending. Morton could not control his elation. Having himself seen the new commission, which had passed the privy seal, upon the very day on which it was sent to the lord-keeper to have the great seal annexed to it, he was so indiscreet as to write in triumph to William Jeffrey, one of the old settlers under Robert Gorges at Wessagusset, boasting to him of what had been done and indulging in many threats against Governor Winthrop, whom he called "King Winthrop," and the gratification of "cropping" whose ears he stated had been granted in advance to his friend Ratcliffe. Unfortunately for him, however, "his very good gossip," as he familiarly called Jeffrey, — who, by the way, had been one of the contributors to the expense of his first arrest, — was not entirely in sympathy with him on the subject to which his letter related. Accordingly it was forthwith carried by him to Governor Winthrop, who, having read it, methodically filed it away as another rod in pickle, so to speak, for the un-

lucky Morton, as he found out ten years later.

At this time, however, Morton not only became a place-holder, but he had the keen satisfaction of gratifying his spite against one at least of the Plymouth magistrates. It fell out in this wise: Edward Winslow, being at the time in London as agent of the Plymouth colony, exerted himself strongly against Archbishop Laud's new commission. Morton, thereupon, maliciously prompted the archbishop to charge him with having performed the marriage service in America, he being a layman, and then testified that he had himself seen him do it. Of course Winslow's answer that he had acted as a magistrate wholly failed to satisfy the primate, and the Plymouth agent was thrown into the Fleet prison and kept there seventeen weeks.

The body known as the Council for New England had at this time succeeded by degrees in getting its affairs into a condition of inextricable snarl. As a short way out of the difficulty, and as part of the Gorges-Laud commission scheme, it resolved to resign its charter into the hands of the king, on condition that all the territory included within its domain should be granted back to the members of the council individually. In view of the fact that large tracts of this territory had already been alienated by the council to others who then occupied them, the scheme was one of bare-faced spoliation, thoroughly in keeping with the Star Chamber dynasty which King Charles was then systematizing in England. Twelve associates accordingly proceeded to a distribution of New England among themselves by lot, and for the completion of the business it only remained to pass the deeds and oust the present occupants. Thomas Morton was then "entertained to be solicitor for confirmation of the said deeds under the great seal, as also to prosecute suit at law for the repealing of the patent belonging to the Massachusetts company; and is to have for fee twenty shillings a term, and such further reward as those who are interested in the affairs of New England shall think him fit to deserve

upon the judgment given in the cause." Like all the others this new and most formidable attack on the charters failed; but it failed only from circumstances which have never been accounted for, and which Winthrop attributed to the immediate interposition of the Almighty. John Mason, of New Hampshire, the most energetic, persistent, and dangerous enemy the colonies had, died in London about this time; and the ship which was being built to bring over the new governor-general "in the very launching fell all in pieces, no man knew how." For the time being the charter was safe. Just at this juncture the long gathering civil trouble between king and Parliament assumed a definite shape in the ship-money issue, and from that time forward the attention of Charles and his primate was wholly absorbed in the increasing difficulties at home. New England was left to administer itself.

Morton's occupation was now gone, nor is it known where or how he lived during the next eight years. In 1637 his book, the *New English Canaan*, was printed in Holland, and in it he took such revenge as lay in his power upon his old persecutors, particularly Standish, Endicott, and Winthrop, who figure ludicrously enough under the names of Shrimp, Littleworth, and Temperwell. Endicott was, however, the object of his special animosity, and he thus contemptuously describes the state with which that sternest of Puritan magistrates sought to surround himself in primitive New England. After referring to him as "a great swelling fellow" who "crept over to Salem" he thus goes on: "To ad a Majesty (as hee thought) to his new assumed dignity, hee caused the Patent of the Massachussets (new brought into the Land) to be carried where hee went in his progresse to and froe, as an embleme of his authority: which the vulger people not acquainted with, thought it to be some instrument of Musick locked up in that covered case, and thought (for so some said) this man of littleworth had bin a fidler." . . . In connection with Endicott, too, the worthy Dr. Samuel Fuller of Plymouth, who went from there to

Salem to minister to the sick emigrants shortly after their first arrival, did not escape him. He accuses him roundly of quackery, and says, "yet hee did a great cure for Captaine Littleworth, hee cured him of a disease called a wife."

At last, in 1643, in the midst of the civil war and just as the scales trembled in the balance at Newbury before turning finally against King Charles, Thomas Morton once more found his way back to Plymouth. It was twenty-one years since he had first landed there "in the month of June, Anno Salutis: 1622," and he must now have been a man in the decline of life. He seems, however, still to have retained his sportsman's tastes, for we next come across him exciting the intense wrath of Miles Standish by fowling over his domain at Duxbury. Subsequently we find him again in trouble in Boston, where on the 9th of September, 1644, after the lecture, he was called before the court of assistants and charged with having made the complaints against the colony before the council in 1633. He denied the charge, claiming that he was called only as a witness to facts stated in an information filed by others. Then at last he was confronted with his letter to William Jeffrey; and there was Governor Winthrop—"King Winthrop," the "cropping" of whose ears was specially provided for in black and white under his own hand—sitting among the magistrates before him. Such evidence could not be gainsaid. In the early days of New England, and upon sound reasons of public policy also, to enter an appeal to the king was looked upon and treated as an aggravation of each original offense. To be summarily stripped of all one's possessions, see one's house burned down, and be banished by a colonial magistracy might not be pleasant, but at least it was final. Neither then nor subsequently did any sufferer do more than waste his time and remaining substance by seeking to carry his woes before the sovereign. Thus practically the magistrates of Massachusetts Bay exercised a somewhat singular jurisdiction. Not only did they settle what crime was and

define its limits, but they also both meted out adequate punishments therefor and saw them summarily inflicted. The law was locked up in their bosoms, and the bilboes were handy. A lively recollection of past experiences probably satisfied Morton on these points. He was enough of a lawyer to know that it was useless for him to kick against the pricks. For the time being, however, he was merely committed to jail, there to await the arrival of yet other evidence which was expected from England. As this did not come, after about a year of imprisonment he was again called before the court, and, after some discussion, fined one hundred pounds and set at liberty. The reason for which leniency Governor Winthrop thus explains with delightful *naïveté*: "He was a charge to the country, for he had nothing, and we thought not fit to inflict corporal punishment upon him, being old and crazy, but thought better to fine him and give him his liberty, as if it had been to procure his fine, but indeed to leave him opportunity to go out of the jurisdiction, as he did soon after." Broken down by years, imprisonment, and misfortune, the once roys-tering Thomas Morton left for the last time the province of Massachusetts Bay and sought refuge at Accomenticus, in Maine, where York now stands, and there about the year 1648 he died, old, poor, crazy, and despised.

Still, in Morton's case, also, the whirligig of time has not been without its revenges. It was Captain Miles Standish who in 1628 arrested him and destroyed his rising prosperity. There is probably no single legend connected with early New England history with which so many people are familiar as with Captain Miles Standish's vicarious courtship of the Puritan maiden who afterwards became Priscilla Alden:—

"Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla, . . .

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,

Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,

Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes over-running with laughter,

Said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'

Among the descendants of John and Priscilla Alden was a granddaughter, Hannah Bass, who in 1688 married one Joseph Adams, of Braintree, whose descendants at the close of another century became by marriage and inheritance the owners of Mt. Wollaston. There one

of them now resides close to where Morton's May-pole stood. It thus happens that while Miles Standish, with ignominious violence, expelled from his home the first master of Merrymount, the last master of Merrymount traces a descent from Miles Standish's successful rival.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

THE WARD OF THE THREE GUARDIANS.

I.

ON the afternoon of New Year's Day in 1858, the medley of troops, teamsters, and adventurers who composed what was called the Utah Expedition lay huddled in a dreary camp, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, in the shallow valley of Black's Fork, a few miles south of a little stone redoubt named Fort Bridger, which is still visible from the track of the Pacific railroad. They had marched from the frontier of Missouri in June, confident of entering the Salt Lake Valley before the first bleak storms of the autumn. But the Mormons rose in arms, fortified the canyons which were the avenues to their capital, harassed the army by burning wagon trains and stampeding the quartermaster's cattle, and finally arrested its march in this desolate spot, a hundred and fifty miles east of the Salt Lake, from which it was separated by the massive and snow-bound barrier of the Wasatch Mountains. Between bluffs three or four hundred feet high the river murmured down to the fort under a sheet of ice, and ran zig-zag along a strip of bottom-land half a mile wide, which was clad in unbroken snow save in the bends of the stream, where it was dotted with log-huts and tents, from whose chimneys a hundred thin ribbons of smoke floated quietly up into the sky. Among them rose a tall flag-staff, shaped from a mountain pine, on which a starred-and-striped ensign was flapping in the frosty air. A few

shivering willow bushes and cottonwoods, despoiled of foliage and charred by fires set by the Mormons, lined the edges of the fork, but no evergreens softened the glare of the landscape, and, besides the streamers of smoke, not a sign of life was visible, except on the flat tops of the bluffs where sentinels were pacing.

Inside of a wide-spreading hospital-tent, which was pitched near the centre of the camp and loomed conspicuously above its neighbors, there was a gathering, this dreary afternoon, whose gayety was in merry contrast with the savage and sombre scenery without. The officers had conspired with the only lady who was sharing the discomforts of the campaign—the wife of the lieutenant-colonel of one of the infantry regiments—to celebrate the day with the best approach Camp Scott could make to the New Year's usages of the Fifth Avenue. The lieutenant-colonel's wife was an older campaigner than most of the conspirators. In fever-hospitals at Vera Cruz, in tangled ambushes among the Everglades, and in all the perils of frontier service, she had followed her husband for twenty years, with a fortitude that rendered her ingenious in the expedients of military life. So in a hospitable chimney built of timber and clay at one end of the tent a huge fire was devouring half a cord of logs; the floor of the pavilion was laid with planks from dismantled wagons; and on a long table built of the same material, and covered with strips of gaudy calico provided by

the sutler for the Salt Lake market, there were the remnants of a feast, the masterpiece of which was a monstrous pie, secretly composed by the general's aide from dried apples and dough, with some hair oil that had been discovered among the sutler's stores. Butter for many a month had been a thing only of memory and of hope. So with lard. So also with all fresh fruits and vegetables. The wagon trains which the Mormons intercepted and burned two months before contained almost all the bacon that belonged to the army rations, and four thousand men were struggling to survive the winter of an Esquimaux without the aid of his usual diet. So familiar had the situation become that the disclosure of the composition of the pie crust caused not a qualm in the most delicate stripling who partook of it.

It was during the burst of laughter which greeted the revelation of the secret of the pastry that the general, tapping my shoulder, drew me aside into a corner of the tent, and startled me with the whisper, "Would you like to go to church on Easter in New York?" I think it must have been a minute before I replied; for something in his manner satisfied me that he was not joking, and set my fancy wandering off across a thousand miles of snowy desert, and then floating down the Missouri River, steaming across the land a thousand miles further, and arriving at Trinity Church on a sparkling morning of the early spring, when the yellow buds of the willows were swelling in the grave-yard, and a battalion of pretty girls, with dainty new bonnets, was pressing through the portal to the music of organ and orchestra and chanting children's voices.

Five days afterwards I had finished my preparations for the long and perilous winter journey to "the States." Half a dozen men, selected for my companions and escort, were sworn to secrecy as to even the fact of the adventure; and its purpose was only communicated to me in confidence, lest some accident might befall the dispatches which I was to bear. The situation was indeed serious. A private inspection of the commissary

stores had convinced the general that they were insufficient to subsist the army till military operations could be resumed against the Mormons; the dispatches contained an earnest appeal to General Scott to force a convoy of provisions through to the camp; and I was warned that the fortunes of the campaign would largely depend upon the safety and speed of my journey.

It was a dark and dismal evening when I raked the ashes over the embers of my camp fire, tied up the door of my tent, and crossed the ice at the bend of the creek to take supper with the general and get my last instructions. I was to set out before dawn the next morning, and, for fear of outlying parties of Mormons, instead of striking due east was to travel south along Green River to the mouth of Bitter Creek, follow that up as far as the snow would permit, and then journey northeast, by the compass, across the table-land towards the Wind River Mountains, till I should reach the Sweet-water and the Oregon trail that leads through the South Pass. At the general's table I found the famous old trapper, Jim Bridger, who had been summoned there to give me information about the route.

Bridger was a marvelous and interesting character. In physical appearance a counterpart of Cooper's Leatherstocking, he was unbent by age, without a morsel of superfluous flesh, and lithe and sinewy as a willow wand, with a skin as brown and wrinkled as parchment shriveled by heat. For almost fifty years he had trapped and hunted in these boundless western wilds, from the Red River of the North to the Staked Plains of Texas. He gazed upon the expanse of the Great Salt Lake a generation before Frémont trod the shore. Even as early as 1830, so he often asserted, he had seen the wonders of the Fire River Valley, a tale which we were fond of inciting him to tell, and to which we listened with a steadfast incredulity that reached its climax when the old man, after a description of the head waters of the Yellowstone as abounding in orange groves and crocodiles, insisted that the ground

spit fire at every step and spouted forth geysers three hundred feet high. Peace to his prevaricating soul! We know today that what we esteemed his most monstrous lie was seasoned with truth.

One of Bridger's aggressive traits was a fanatical faith that everything loveliest in the world was to be found somewhere between Kansas City on the one side and Sacramento on the other. The fascinating feature of the general's supper consisted of a course of beef sausages, which were manufactured by an ingenious machine that had just been constructed by a corporal who was detailed for duty as a carpenter. This machine was the envy and the despair of every inhabitant of the camp who had tasted of its products, for the daily diet at all the other mess-tables had now for many weeks consisted of steaks and joints from the tough cattle of the quartermaster's trains, which tasked the strongest jaws and the most resolute digestion. Bridger honestly regarded the device of this machine as worth in itself the whole cost and peril of the Utah Expedition. He would sit by the hour watching its operations with the immobile interest of an Indian. I doubt whether he ever had heard of the Jacquard loom, or of Erastus Bigelow's carpet-weaving machine; but, even if he had, he would have rated those inventions far inferior in genius and benevolence to Corporal Jenkins's sausage-mill. Accordingly this evening, when the table was cleared and we were gathered around the fire, Bridger, with a tin mug of apple-jack compounded of whisky and dried apples in one hand, and a pipe stuffed with Lynchburg tobacco in the other, waxed eloquent over the comforts of the camp.

"My last words to you, doctor," said he, addressing me by name, with an old German title which some of my acquaintances had discovered and imported to the camp, "are, remember these sassingers when you get to York city. You won't find their equal in the States, if you s'arch for it from Council Bluffs to Novy Scooshy. What more on airth can a man hanker for this winter, lieutenant?" he added, diverting his conversa-

tion to the general's aide, who also was sipping apple-jack in a corner of the fireplace.

Now the general's aide was a handsome young officer who was chafing visibly under the privations of the campaign, and more than once during the autumn had expressed a wish to be plastered with postage stamps and sent East in a mail-bag, if he could escape in no other way. "If you mean me, Uncle Jim," he said quickly, "I think it's an infernal shame for the United States to keep a fellow here for six months knee-deep in the snow, with no women in camp except the lieutenant-colonel's wife. I don't count for anything the six sergeants' wives who do washing. The sausages are pretty good, but for my part I want a little more female society."

"Female society is it you want?" replied Bridger; "why, man, there's some twenty thousand of it across the mountains, just one hundred and thirteen miles; and you'll be in the thick of it before June. Can't you wait till then?"

"But, Uncle Jim," returned the lieutenant, "I don't believe, from all I've heard about the folks in the valley, that it's the kind that I care for."

"You're a derved sight too proud for your business, young man," hotly responded Bridger. "I know that you're an eddicated cuss, but my natteral eye for a woman is as sharp as yours. For ten year and more, down yonder on the fork, I've seen every hand-cart train that forded Green River bound for the lake, and you're out in your reck'ning if you think you can't find as eddicated women in the valley as any you've got at home. Now, there's Sam Peckham's wives," continued the old man, while he filled his pipe; "there was sixteen of 'em when I last heard of Peckham, and the last time I saw 'em myself was three year ago, when I was over in the city a-bargaining of the old fort to Lew Robinson. We went up to Peckham's to sign the papers, and there was Jane Moore, — his fourth. I tell you, young man, that you'll s'arch far and long in York city for such a woman as she is."

"Who's Sam Peckham?" struck in

the quartermaster, joining our group by the fireside and stirring his mug with an iron spoon as he approached.

"Who's Sam Peckham?" responded Bridger, repeating the question. "Why, Captain John, I'd 'a' suspected you'd 'a' known more 'n that about the people over in the valley that you're going to do your trading with next summer, if you can get within bargaining distance of 'em. Sam — why, he's clear 'way up nigh the top of the whole Mormon pack. Not a picter card, but about a ten spot. He's one of the twelve apostles. You see Sam had a way of keeping in with the right and left bowers and the other picter cards, — I mean Brigham and Heber and the rest of the saints high in glory, — and he made a good thing out of it, and he's got about as many flocks of all kinds, two-legged or four-legged, as any of the fellers in the Old Testament that they like to preach about in the Mormon Tabernacle. He was their Perpetual 'Migratin Agent five year, more or less, shipping all the saints from England; and he kind of sot his brand on the purtiest there was, and when they got as far along as the top of the bench above the city, the whole lot of picter cards was there and picked 'em out from the hand-carts accordin' to the marks that the 'postle to the Gentiles had writ over aforehand. But Sam, — he was an old head! He'd got a kind of privit brand of his own, and he sent along only five marked with it, which all was saved up for him. But when he come back hisself he brought eleven more in a lump."

"Now, Jane Moore, as I was a-saying," continued the old man, addressing himself again to the young lieutenant, who sat drumming with his fingers on the bottom of the tin mug which he had emptied and turned upside down, "Jane was Sam's fourth, and was one of them that come ahead. I was there the day they crossed the fork. First there come some cows and twenty or thirty women a-wading across, and then there come a string of hand-carts, with pervisions and furniture and babies in 'em, and the men a-hauling and a-pushing of 'em, and then there come a wagon with two steers and

a piano and a looking-glass with a gold frame — as handsome a looking-glass as you'll find in any bar-room in St. Louis — and a sick woman in the bottom of the wagon along with the piano, and then there come Jane and Henerietta."

"I suppose that Henerietta," interrupted the lieutenant, adopting Bridger's superfluous syllable, "was Sammy's fifth."

"You're wrong there, lieutenant," said Uncle Jim, "as you'd found out soon if you had n't been so quick. Henerietta was the purtiest eight-year-old girl that ever I saw afoot with a hand-cart train; and Jane, she was over-young looking to be her mother. Well, they two stood atop of the bank, up in the greasewood, watching the wagon slant down the cut in the clay to the fork. But when the steers touched water they just shied off sideways, and the tongue it snapped short off, and the wagon slipped on the off-wheels and just tipped the whole load into the fork, — the piano and the sick woman and the looking-glass. The woman, she floated; and the looking-glass, it smashed; and we hooked the piano out chock full of water, and carried the whole of 'em up to the fort. It was hard to pull that looking-glass all the way from Ioway city and smash it just here almost in sight of the Promised Land."

Here Bridger paused for a moment, utterly absorbed in a silent calculation of the cost of the looking-glass and its transportation, and the total loss by the breakage, and I doubt whether he ever would have regained the thread of the story but for Captain John, who broke the pause by asking, "Whereabouts on the bank do you say that you left Jane and Henerietta standing four years ago, Uncle Jim? If they're still there, I'll send down to-morrow morning and fetch them up to camp. It's cold weather for an 'edicated' woman and girl to be out so long."

"That ain't fair, Captain John," said Bridger. "As soon as we'd picked the sick old woman out of the fork, we took her up to the fort, and she died there two days after. I observed that she took to the Christian scriptures, instead of Jo

Smith's Mormon Bible, for her dyin' consolations. She was a poor old creeter from Cornwall. Lots of 'em come from thereabouts. It's a mining country, as I've heerd, and I s'pose that the poor creeters who live in the burrows there think that everything that sunlight lays on must be as good as it is bright. If it wa' n't so, there would n't be so many of 'em trapped by such smooth-tongued fellers as Sam Peckham. We buried the old woman just behind the northeast corner of the fort, inside of that place that your artillery major has put up with a brass gun in it. He calls it a demi-lunette, but it looks to me like any other ornery stone-wall. I took Henerietta on to my old shoulders, with her purty little ankles hanging one down on each side, and carried her across the water on my back."

Just here the adjutant entered the tent with my bundles of dispatches, sealed, and securely bound with red tape. The last farewell was soon said, and I was wandering through the camp to warn my companions to be ready betimes in the morning.

Our party was in the saddle by starlight, before the first streak of dawn glimmered above the eastern bluff, and when Camp Scott awoke to another day of its monotonous life, we were ten miles away on the trail to Henry's Fork, where we were to select our horses and pack-mules from the herds which were pasturing there near the dragoons' camp. That evening a courier from Camp Scott brought down to me another package of dispatches, and a letter from the general's aide, the young lieutenant, which inclosed one of the neat little three-cornered notes in which the pass-words for the day were usually communicated to those who were entitled to them. Opening it, I read:—

HEADQUARTERS CAMP SCOTT, }
January 8, 1858.

Parole: *Jackson and New Orleans.*

Countersign: *Henerietta's ankles.*

The next morning we were far away on our bleak journey to the States,—a jour-

ney of a thousand miles through snow-drifts, in which we should find only two spots where there was a roof that sheltered a white man.

II.

It was near sunset on a bitter afternoon early in February, when we struck the Oregon trail. For two days we had not been able to collect fuel for a fire. The snow lay so deep on this part of the route across the dreary table-land that during the whole of the preceding week we were compelled to break the crust and trample a path ourselves, to make a passage for our animals, and we were fortunate to accomplish in this way five or six miles between sunrise and sunset. This day the thermometer had marked eighteen degrees below zero at noon. Every one of us was weary and on the verge of sickness, and several were frost-bitten. But there was spirit enough left to raise a hearty cheer when Jo Brooks, who led the trampling column and had just surmounted a swell in the table-land, pointed to some dark knolls in the distance and cried out, "The Sweetwater!"

We toiled with renewed courage long after the yellow streaks of sunset had faded into gray in the gloomy evening sky. The snow became thinner after the crest of the bluff was turned which bounded southward the bottom-lands of the stream, and soon we were able to mount and press forward with increasing speed. The outlines of the dark knolls grew more distinct in the dusk, and were recognizable as the cliffs on the other side of the river. At last we crossed the frozen ruts of the broad emigrant-road, but did not rest until we reached the river-side at a bend where the current was so swift that a strip a hundred feet long was free of ice,—a welcome sight to our eyes, for ever since we began to ascend Bitter Creek, more than a fortnight before, we had obtained water only by melting the snow.

After unpacking the mules and turning them loose to pick a difficult meal of

bunch-grass, the first care was to search for wild-sage bushes enough to make a fire for warmth and cooking. I remained by the pack-saddles while my companions dispersed on this business. The search was long, but one man after another brought his scanty tribute to the pile of brush, until the store was large enough to justify kindling part of it, and the first gleam of the blaze was greeted with shouts from the distant searchers.

Jo Brooks was the last to return to camp, and came loaded with an armful of boards, each three or four feet long and about a foot wide. My first thought was that he had happened upon a wagon which had been abandoned by the side of the trail; and I was just on the point of proposing that we should bring in the rest of the vehicle, when I recognized, by the light of the flame which sprang up as he cast one of the boards upon the smoking brush, the very different source from which he had obtained them. Something in my look compelled Jo to an apology, which he was quick to make, and which took the tone of a defense.

"When I helped bury the poor creetur, now three years ago, doctor," said he, "I never thought I'd have come to this. But somebody will suffer to-night, sir, after all the men have gone through these two days, unless this fire can be kept up till we get into marching order again, and I don't believe there's a single ghost among the whole of them as would grudge his wooden tombstone to keep a fellow from freezing. I never did the like of it but once before," Jo continued. "That was in the early spring of '52, ten miles the other side of Fort Laramie. Two of us had gone out still-hunting after buffalo, and were caught in a storm one afternoon, with the sleet driving right into our eyes so that we couldn't make a hundred yards an hour towards the fort; and we were soon out of our reckoning and quarreling about the points of the compass. It was near midnight when the storm held up, and it cleared off bitter cold. We were huddled in a gully, where we'd sought shelter below the top of the bluff, so that the body of the storm swept over our heads; but we were wet to the

skin, and our clothes were frozen stiff to our backs. Bob Hutchins was the first to crawl out, and then came back almighty quick, looking scared. Just up above us, on the edge of the bluff, he had run square on to two of those kind of four-post bedsteads, sir, that the Sioux bury their dead on. Bob was thinking of ghosts, but the only thing I could get to thinking of was fire-wood. It took a while for me to pry Bob's courage up to the mark, but I got him up to it at last, and in less than half an hour we had both of those four-posters down, and everything there was on top of them, and we burned the whole of it that night. If we'd been seen or known by any of the Ogalallays about the fort, the skin on our heads would n't have been worth insuring for ninety-nine and nine tenths per cent.; but two dead Injuns saved two live white men from freezing that night, and this 'ere lot of head-boards, sir, is going to help do the same by six more."

I brought the rest of the boards to the fire and examined them by the blaze. Some traces of red chalk were visible on one or two of them, but rain and snow in the three years had effaced all their meaning. Not a single word or figure was intelligible. While I made the examination, Jo discoursed to his companions about the burying-ground which he had robbed of this lumber.

"I thought I knew the place, boys," said he, "the moment we turned the swell of the ground and caught sight of the river; but I was n't dead certain of it, and if there's one thing more than another that I've learned in ten years' knocking round in these parts it is not to fire till I'm sure of my shot. It did n't seem to me, though, that there could be two bends in a hundred miles like this one; and so, while the rest of you were looking after the horses, I crossed the river on the ice, and, sure enough, there was the old ship-fever camp of 1854, where I was nurse. It was a Mormon hand-cart train. Somebody'd got ship-fever on the voyage, and it broke out bad among them before they got to Laramie. The major would n't let them stop at the fort, but sent the army doctor out to

them with a lot of medicine; and somehow, after a while they crawled along as far as here, when they had to haul over across the river and set up a regular hospital for six weeks and more. Two thirds of the poor devils died and were buried yonder, and there isn't one of those boards that I did n't see as wet with tears as if it had been rained on."

At dawn, the next day, Jo and I started from the camp to gather up the mules, leaving the rest of the men busy arranging the packs and cooking the morning meal. When we were out of ear-shot I said to him, "You have n't kept good faith with me, Jo Brooks. You know as well as I do that I would n't have trusted you on this journey if I had suspected that you ever were a Mormon."

"I never was a Mormon, sir," answered Jo. "What makes you think I was?"

"How did you happen to be traveling with a Mormon hand-cart train three years ago?" I replied.

"Bless your soul, sir," said Jo, "if that's what troubles you, I can make it clear enough in twenty words. You see I've been a good deal of a vagabond in my day, and in the spring of 1855 I was lying round loose in Saint Jo, ready for a job of any sort, and the job came along then in this fashion. There was a lady at the hotel, who had been there some days, waiting for another lady to come up the river. She came at last — this other lady — the whole way from New Orleans, alone except for a little girl there was with her. These two women were bound for Salt Lake, and Bob Hutchins was there to take them out, — the same fellow I told you of last night, sir. Bob was a sneaking kind of Mormon; that is to say, he was a hot one in the valley, and cooled off and made believe Gentile at the forts or down in the States. He hired me to help, and we started out, — the two ladies, and Bob and I, and the little girl with us. The women and the girl rode in a four-mule wagon, with a piano and a big looking-glass, and tied themselves up of nights; and Bob and I, we drove on the front seat by day and slept outside by night

on buffalo skins. We'd passed Laramie, say thirty miles, when we caught up with the sick hand-cart train; and the two women did what the major and the folks at the fort had n't the stuff in them to do. They just went in among those poor devils as if they'd been their own flesh and blood; and what was more, they put Bob and me to nursing, too. Bob was scared of the fever, — he always was a coward, — and the second night he cleared out and took the four mules along with him, and hide nor hair of that fellow has been seen in these parts since. While we were lying here, a party of Mormons from the valley came along, going East, and the ladies paid me off, and one of them turned about and went back with the missionaries. But I stood by the camp till what was left of the hand-cart people got a-going again, and then I bargained with some Oregon emigrants, that were passing, for a yoke of steers to pull the wagon with the other lady and the girl. I saw them all off on the way to the valley, and then I doubled back to Fort Kearney and hired myself out to the sutler there for that winter."

"Yes," said I, "I know all about that. The little girl's name was Henrietta, and the name of the woman that went on with her was Jane Moore, and the other woman's name was — what was her name, Jo?"

"It was an uncommon name, sir," said Jo, looking almost as frightened as Bob Hutchins when they burned the Indian mummies. "How did you know about all this, sir?"

"I shan't tell you, Jo," said I; "but do you pledge me your word of honor that you never were a Mormon?"

"I do, sir," replied Jo.

III.

Six months later, a brilliant evening in July, I was sitting with Peter Dotson, the United States marshal, upon the veranda of my little adobe cottage in Salt Lake City. I went to church in New York on Easter, and saw the pretty girls and new spring bonnets; returned to the

camp in May, across green plains and torrents laughing in the sunshine, where so little while ago there stretched dreary wastes laced by ice-bound rivers; and entered the Mormon capital in June, a few days after the peace commissioners who carried President Buchanan's pardon to Brigham and Heber and the rest of Uncle Jim Bridger's "pictor-cards" and "ten spots," Sam Peckham included.

As we rode through Echo Canyon we inspected with curiosity the rude embankments which the saints threw up against the approach of the army. Then we crossed the Weber River, traversed a chain of romantic gorges, climbed a steep pass of the Wasatch range, and at last began the descent into the valley of the Salt Lake. All along the slope of the mountain the path was lined with rose-bushes in full bloom, with clusters of columbines, and with party-colored tufts of wild flowers drooping under the weight of rain-drops. A dense mist sprinkled the hill-sides, so that we did not obtain our first view of the beautiful city until we emerged from Emigration Canyon. Then the sky was clear overhead, and the sun was burning away the clouds from all the summits of the western mountains. But they still clung to the peaks which bound the valley on the southeast, and there they almost covered the snow on the crests of the range. At our feet lay the deserted Mormon capital, embowered in foliage. The line of the Great Salt Lake glittered on the western horizon.

The transition from the misty gloom of the mountain gorge was so sudden that the whole party uttered a cry of delight. We spurred our ponies over the slope, those of the company who had lived in the city pointing out the prominent buildings as we galloped along, — the tinned cupola of the City Hall, the Mansion and Lion House of Brigham Young, the structures in Temple Square, and the arsenal. Adown the valley, on each side of the great southern road, lay broad fields of grain to which the showers had imparted a lively green. Through the plain we could trace the windings of

the Jordan by the glitter of the sunlight on its bends. As at last we clattered through the city, not a soul was visible except a group of half-naked Indian boys paddling in one of the rivulets which flowed along the gutters. The night of our arrival, Dotson, who was an old settler and had been "run off" by the Mormons in 1856, took quiet possession of his house, which consisted of one bedroom, a kitchen, and a pantry, and gave accommodation there and in the yard to the civil officers of the territory, for three or four weeks, until the Mormons returned to the deserted city and Brigham gave permission to the saints to let us lodgings. During this time I inhabited a huge covered wagon, one of the well-known "arks of the plains," which I wheeled into the yard. I used to climb into it at night on a short ladder, which I pulled up after me; and truly there were such attractions in that mediæval style of life that I quitted the old ark with a good deal of regret, to take quarters just across the broad street, in Elder Josiah Baxter's one-story adobe, of which I secured a lease at an exorbitant rent for six months.

The respect which the army showed for all the possible rights of property of the Mormons was one of the most remarkable instances of good discipline I ever have witnessed. A fortnight elapsed after our arrival before it reached the city. Meanwhile a few hundred Mormons — all men — had come up from their great camp on the western shore of Lake Utah, where the population, withdrawn from their settlements, to the number of nearly thirty-five thousand souls, had overflowed the little town of Provo, and been squalidly lodged ever since the early spring in board shanties, wigwams, log-huts, bowers of willow branches covered with wagon-sheets, and even in holes dug into the hill-sides. The day the troops marched across the town these few hundred men forsook all the public places and watched sullenly, through chinks in barricaded windows, the passage of the blue columns which poured along the lonely streets from morn till sunset. Yet under such circumstances of

opportunity and provocation not a single instance of trespass upon a house or a garden-plot could be recorded against a soldier, or even against any one of the thousands of teamsters or camp followers. The army pitched its tents that night on the banks of the Jordan, below the city, and a few days afterwards moved quietly southward to a permanent camp more than thirty miles away, leaving the twenty-one Gentiles who were crowded into Pete Dotson's little house and yard alone among the Mormon inhabitants, who immediately began to return to the city by thousands. Their trains usually came up the valley from Provo by daylight, and were driven into town after sunset; and from the airy lodgings which I occupied in Dotson's yard, I could hear, night after night, from dusk to dawn, the incessant tapping of hammers as the boards with which almost every door and window had been covered were torn away. Elder Josiah Baxter, Dotson's neighbor, arrived among the earliest, and I at once engaged the "refusal" of his cottage, which was conditioned upon his obtaining the consent of Brigham to let it to a sinner like myself. We conducted the negotiations in his cellar under circumstances of extreme dampness and secrecy, and Brigham ratified the bargain, probably after devout consideration of the fact that the rate of rent amounted to a bare-faced spoliation of the Gentile tenant.

On this balmy summer evening, then, Pete Dotson and I were sitting upon the veranda, smoking our pipes. Elder Baxter and the two aged Mrs. Baxters were hoeing in the garden (which he had reserved to himself in the lease), and crooning the melodies of their faith while they toiled in the moonlight. The elder was of a morose turn of mind, and yet so practical withal that he was well aware of the relation of rhythm to manual labor. I had observed his method with the Mrs. Baxters before this evening. They would start work to slow metre. His favorite hymn, to begin with, I remember opened with a stanza alluding rather pointedly to our invasion of the Territory, which ran, —

"The trials of the present day
Require the saints to watch and pray,
That they may keep the narrow way
To the celestial glory."

The elder "deaconed" off the first three verses, and both of the Mrs. Baxters united with him in the fourth. They would hoe down, say, two rows to this dismal tune, and then the elder would strike up something a little more lively:

"A church without a prophet is not the church for me:

It has no head to lead it; in it I would not be.
But I've a church not made by man,
Cut in the hills by Brigham's hand:
A church with gifts and blessings;
Oh, that 's the church for me!"

and both Mrs. Baxters would thereupon fervently repeat, —

"Oh, that 's the church for me!"

The elder's climax was reached in a sacred ditty entitled *The Bridegroom's Supper*:—

"There's a feast of fat things for the righteous preparing,

That the good of this world all the saints may be sharing;

For the harvest is ripe, and the reapers have learned

To gather the wheat that the tares may be burned.

Chorus. Come to the supper, come to the supper,
Come to the supper of the great bridegroom."

I think they always had themselves in mind as the wheat, and their Gentile tenant as the tares. During this chorus both Mrs. Baxters would hoe spasmodically, while the elder would drop his hoe and accompany his voice with a violent clapping of his hands.

On the present occasion we had surmounted the trials of the present day, but had not yet been invited to the bridegroom's supper, when our attention was diverted from the singing by the arrival of two riders who galloped up to the veranda, hitched their horses carelessly, and in a minute or two were seated like us with their feet over the railing, to the certain disgust of the elder and his brides, for one of them wore a military uniform which the saints detested as the livery of their oppressors. It was the general's young aide, the compiler of the New Year's pastry at Camp Scott, and the author of the countersign of the 8th of January. His companion was

the United States attorney for the Territory.

"Look here, doctor," exclaimed the latter, after the first greetings were exchanged, "the general has shirked a pretty piece of work off on me, and I want you to help me through with it. These military folks (begging your pardon, lieutenant) beat civilians all hollow in shirking. If they can find somebody to indorse a paper over to, and to give them a receipt for it, that's all they ever care for;" and saying this he tossed into my lap a bundle of dispatches which the aide had brought from the camp.

"What is it all about?" I asked.

"Take them inside, and strike a light and read them," he replied; "then give me your answer to-night, for I must send word back what we can do about it, and as the lieutenant goes back to-morrow I should like to send by him."

So I left the three on the veranda cracking jokes upon old Baxter and his wives, whose voices were uplifted just then in the averment, "Oh, that's the church for me!" and, lighting a candle inside of the cottage, I read a series of documents which told the following story:—

Mr. Julian Perego was a gentleman of Spanish descent, who resided at St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, England, and possessed a comfortable fortune. Both he and his wife were Romanists, and in 1852 they put their child, a girl then six years old, at a Roman Catholic school in Norfolk. During the next year domestic difficulties arose between the husband and the wife, and in 1854 Mrs. Perego kidnaped the girl from the school and escaped with her to North America. She was met in one of the Western States by her sister, who had emigrated from England a year or two before. The father received information that the mother and child came first to New Orleans and took passage up the Mississippi. Then he obtained tidings of the meeting with the sister; and then all traces of them were lost. Mr. Perego possessed sufficient influence in 1855 to procure special instructions from the home government to the British consuls at New

Orleans and some other American ports to assist him to regain his child, but when these instructions reached Louisiana Mrs. Perego and her daughter had departed up the river, and all his attempts to pursue them proved fruitless. At last, early in March, 1858, he received a letter, dated at New Orleans, from John Hyde, a well-known Mormon refugee, which informed him that Mrs. Perego was again in that city, and that the child was living in Utah, under the assumed name of "Lucy," with her aunt, Jane Moore, who was a wife of Elder Samuel W. Peckham, an important Mormon dignitary. The following extracts from the correspondence complete the narrative:—

MR. JULIAN PEREGO to the EARL OF MALMESBURY, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs. March 26, 1858.

... "I have not seen either my wife or child since the abduction of the latter in 1854, and I have never been able to hold communication in any manner with my child. Now I am, as your lordship may well believe, most desirous alike to rescue my little girl, now twelve years of age, from the most improper hands to which she has been committed, and from the Mormons' society altogether, and to prevent Mrs. Perego from regaining possession of her; and it is to request from your lordship any aid which as minister for foreign affairs you may be able to afford me that I venture to intrude myself upon your notice. The mode (if any) in which you can best promote my object of saving my child from apparently almost inevitable ruin will doubtless suggest itself to your lordship; but premising that I yesterday addressed a letter to his excellency, Mr. Dallas, the American minister in London, applying for any aid which he in his official capacity can afford me, I would most respectfully suggest that by your lordship's communication with the government of the United States on my case, and recommending it to their attention, they might be induced to issue orders to the commander of their forces now proceeding to the Mormon settlement, to the effect that on the capture of the Salt Lake

City my daughter shall be committed to safe hands till I shall be apprised of the fact and I can go or send for her, or otherwise to aid me in recovering my daughter. The only apology I can offer to your lordship for thus intruding a matter so wholly domestic upon your attention is this: that, so far as I know, there is no course that I individually can pursue which it is at all probable would be attended with success."

BARON NAPIER, *British Minister at Washington*, to LEWIS CASS, *Secretary of State of the United States*. May 24, 1858.

"I have the honor to transmit to you herewith a copy of a letter addressed by Mr. Julian Perego, of St. Albans, Herts, England, to the Earl of Malmesbury, conveying an account of the circumstances under which his only daughter, Henrietta Perego, was abducted when eight years of age from his control and transferred to the Mormon settlement at Salt Lake City. Her majesty's government have instructed me to request that you will lend your good offices towards the recovery of the child by directing the military and civil authorities of the United States to afford such assistance as may be in their power to Mr. Perego, or his attorney, or to any of her majesty's consuls, with the view of securing the personal safety of the daughter and her restoration to her father."

LEWIS CASS, *Secretary of State*, to JOHN B. FLOYD, *Secretary of War*. May 26, 1858.

"I transmit herewith the copy of a communication addressed to this department by Lord Napier, and have the honor to request that you will be so good as to cause the necessary inquiries to be set on foot by the military authorities of the United States, with a view to the restoration of the daughter to her father, in accordance with the wishes expressed by the British government on the subject."

COLONEL SAMUEL COOPER, *Adjutant-General of the United States Army*, to the *Commanding Officer of the Army in Utah*, via Leavenworth City, Kansas. June 15, 1858.

"The secretary of war desires that you cause inquiries to be instituted for the purpose of gaining information respecting the young woman alluded to in the

inclosed letters, and should it appear that she is still among the Mormons that you adopt such measures as may seem to you advisable to bring about her release from their community and her restoration to her friends."

BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALBERT S. JOHNSTON, *commanding the Department of Utah*, to the *United States Attorney for the Territory*. July 27, 1858.

"I presume that the duties enjoined upon me in my military capacity in the inclosed correspondence were expected to be performed in the contingency that the relations of the people of this Territory to the federal government should be still unchanged on the reception of the instructions. Now, inasmuch as there has been an amicable adjustment of the difficulties heretofore existing, and the supremacy of the law is reestablished, I do not doubt that under the circumstances the design of the department will be fully accomplished by my handing over the papers to the civil authority, that such proceedings may be instituted as shall lead to the recovery of the little girl and her restoration to her father, in accordance with the request of the British minister, who asks the interposition of our government for that purpose."

I instantly recognized, of course with some astonishment, that the subjects of these dispatches were the heroines of Bridger's discourse the night before I left the winter camp on Black's Fork, and of Jo Brooks's story on the bank of the Sweetwater, both of which had frequently come back to my mind during the intervening months. Folding up the papers and leaning out of the window, I heard the group on the veranda discussing the chances of discovering the little Henrietta. Baxter and his wives had ceased crooning and hoeing, and had gone to bed.

The attorney was relating how, soon after the receipt of the dispatches, a few hours ago, he had sent a trusty person to Sam Peckham's house to ask if the fourth Mrs. Peckham had come up yet from Provo. The messenger was received by the first Mrs. Peckham, a sage woman, who suspected at once some secret

purpose in the inquiry, and asked for a clearer specification of the wife in question, to which the messenger had replied that her name was Jane Moore, whereupon Sister Peckham denied stoutly that she had now, or ever had, any conjoint wife of that name. Dotson, after cursing the imprudence of the messenger, was declaring his purpose to find the girl and her aunt though he should search for them a year; but one of the others availed himself of the well-worn illustration of the needle and the hay-stack.

I caused not a little wonder, therefore, when I said hopefully to the attorney, "I'll take the case with you, and if Peter will give me the appointment of a deputy-marshal I'll engage to find the girl within a week."

"I won't appoint a Mormon," said Dotson.

"It isn't a Mormon that I want," I replied; "it's a fellow named Jo Brooks, who was one of the men that went to the States with me last winter. I hear he came back this summer with a wagon train; and the chances are ten to one that the lieutenant can lay hand upon him over in the camp within twenty-four hours. If I can't have him, I want Uncle Jim Bridger; and if I can't have Uncle Jim — well, I might be willing to put up with the lieutenant there, if he'll take off his shoulder-straps and enter the civil service."

"What in thunder do you mean?" exclaimed the person last described.

"Don't you remember," said I, "the bogus countersign you sent me down on Henry's Fork last January? Just remember that, and think of names, and you'll begin to get some light about this girl and her aunt."

"By Jove, they are the very pair that old Bridger was talking about," broke out the lieutenant, evidently recalling the evening in the general's tent.

Then in a few words I told them about Brooks and the burying-ground on the Sweetwater.

The lieutenant rode back to camp the next day with a letter assuring the general that the attorney, with my assistance, would undertake the case, and re-

questing a modest remittance of money for the expenses of the search. In reply, Jo Brooks was sent over to report to me; but we were advised that according to the ordinary course of affairs at Washington no provision had been made of any fund for executing the business enjoined in the dispatches; that probably Mr. Cass, Mr. Floyd, and Lord Napier, and the other distinguished gentlemen enumerated in the letters, "counted upon the benevolence of the legal profession." Lawyers, like physicians, were expected to practice free for ministers' families, and here were concerned no less than two ministers for foreign affairs and one at war, besides one envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary.

"I suppose," remarked the attorney dryly, as we finished the reading of the general's unsatisfactory epistle, "that we might throw in Sam Peckham for the fifth minister concerned, considering that he's one of the twelve apostles."

We were too deep in the case, however, by this time, to retreat for any pecuniary cause; and so that very afternoon Brooks was sworn in as a deputy marshal, intrusted with a writ of *habeas corpus* which we had sued out in the father's name, and put on the search for the child. Not to make a long story of his adventures, his previous acquaintance enabled him to discover her and her aunt within a few days, and the writ was served and return was promptly made to it in the aunt's name by Brigham Young's former attorney-general, Hosea Stout, a hot-headed old polygamist, who indiscreetly admitted in the return almost all the facts which we desired to prove.

The hearing before the judges was held in Elder Baxter's cottage, for it contained the largest room of which any of the Gentiles in the city at that time had possession, since Brigham, while granting his followers leave to let us lodgings, had not yet conceded a place for the business of the courts. My board bedstead, turned up on edge and covered with buffalo robes, was the judicial bench; the judges and the counsel were accommodated with seats on barrels and soap-boxes; and Jane and Henrietta occupied

my only two chairs. The chief-justice told me long afterwards, in confidence, that the top of the barrel, covered with a striped Navajo blanket, on which he sat gave way at a critical stage of the proceedings, but that a keen sense of the dignity of his office rescued him from the ordinary consequences of such a mishap, and enabled him to sit out the rest of them on the sharp edge of the staves.

The day before the hearing the general sent us private word that he would order a squadron or two of cavalry over to the city, if we apprehended a violent interruption of the trial; but after a consultation between the marshal and the judges the offer was declined, although, to tell the truth, every one of us was sensible that there would be serious risk of an outbreak. The hour fixed for the hearing was three o'clock in the afternoon, and the marshal took the prudent precaution to pack the room beforehand with all the Gentiles there were in the city. Admittance, however, was given to as many Mormons, and a crowd of one or two hundred saints occupied the yard below the veranda, and gazed curiously in through the open windows. I doubt whether there was a man in the room (the judges included) who did not carry a "six-shooter" in his pocket or under his coat tail, and a single shot would have been the signal for a "free fight." But the trial was conducted quietly, and even solemnly. The testimony of Jo Brooks, combined with the incautious admissions of the return to the writ, made a perfect case; judgment was awarded for the discharge of Henrietta from the custody of the aunt and her delivery to us as the representatives of the father, and at sunset on the 4th of August the marshal, the attorney, and myself were left alone with the child in our possession.

Sam Peckham did not appear in person. The aunt was a neatly dressed woman twenty-eight or thirty years old, reserved in her manner, and bearing a manifest impress of education and polite associations. Remembering Bridger's description of her, I credited the old guide with accidentally telling the truth. Her self-possession and that of the child were

perfect. Evidently they had been instructed beforehand as to the probable result, and had concerted their demeanor. So, when the judgment was pronounced, she quietly delivered the child to the marshal, took Hosea Stout's arm, and swept out of the room with the air of a grand lady. The child did not shed a tear or make an exclamation, and sat bolt upright in her chair while the audience dispersed, nor did she offer to stir when the senior Mrs. Baxter entered the room and began to remove the barrels and soap-boxes, brush the floor, and put the scanty furniture to rights.

The conversation while the old woman was at work was reserved, for she clearly was bent on playing eavesdropper. At last, having garnished the house, and no pretext offering for a longer stay, the elder's wife could contain herself no longer. Perching her left elbow on the handle of her broom for a rest, and shaking her right hand defiantly at the marshal, who had not scrupled to intimate that we wished to be left to ourselves, she addressed us as follows:—

"Ain't you ashamed of yourselves, you despoilers of the helpless and violators of the innocent, to be sittin' here in council over this 'ere ewe lamb? Dog on you, Peter Dotson," she proceeded, directing her indignation specially at the marshal, "if I'd 'a' known what you were a-plottin' this last week, I'd 'a' saved that young thing's soul, and sealed her to a saint in glory, if I had had to make my Josiah take her his own self."

With this the young girl arose from her chair, and walking quickly to the window where I was standing, and from which I turned as she advanced, struck me a sudden and vigorous blow with her clinched fist in my face.

"Glory hallelujah!" exclaimed Sister Baxter, escaping rapidly through the door-way, "the child's got the Holy Spirit in her, and all the powers of hell can't snake it out."

A few minutes afterward we heard the old woman hoeing in her garden-plot and singing dolefully in her usual strain:—

"The trials of the present day
Require the saints to watch and pray,

That they may keep the narrow way
To the celestial glory."

We had found and captured Henrietta. What to do with the little vixen now was the serious question.

IV.

Miss Henrietta Perego was a black-haired, brown-eyed gypsy, bounding with unconscious health, and not overgrown, for her age, in bulk or stature. Her passion was satisfied or exhausted by the success of her assault. She listened with evident interest to our discussion of the disposition to be made of her, but refused to reply to any questions, and did not stir again from the chair in which the marshal gently but firmly replaced her until, hearing the decision that we should ask the chief-justice to take care of her, over night, she arose without suggestion, took Dotson's hand, and did not falter or attempt to escape on the way. It seemed as if she made a nice and accurate discrimination between the lawyers and the officer, regarding the attorney and myself as the active agents, and Peter as the passive instrument of her capture. But on better acquaintance I came to doubt whether her character was mature enough to comprehend such a distinction. In most of her phases she was only a reckless child.

At his little cottage we discovered the chief-justice cooking his own supper with the aid of an Indian boy, whom he had begged or bought from a Uinta chief during the previous winter while I was in the States, and had christened Tom. Tom's most prominent feature was a wonderful shock of coarse and brilliant black hair, as thick as the fur of a beaver, which the judge caused to be closely cropped at short intervals. How he and his master first devised their means of communication I never knew. When I returned to the camp in May, they possessed a system of exchanging ideas through a combination of pantomime with a gibberish of the Ute and English languages, and the kind old man had made some progress towards

instructing Tom, through this obscure medium, in the Christian scheme of salvation.

The object of our visit did not surprise the judge; and he remarked to us, with a dry smile, that he had intended to call at Elder Baxter's cottage after supper to offer the same service which we came to request. During our conversation Tom and Henrietta struck up a familiar acquaintance. The artful reserve of the girl dissipated like a cloud, and soon she substituted herself for the judge in the culinary processes at the fire-place. She also helped to spread the table, and satisfied us by her share in the meal that mental distress had not impaired her appetite. The novel companionship with Tom diverted her thoughts from her past life, if indeed they ever dwelt there seriously at all. Inquiries which I afterwards made about her mode of living in Elder Peckham's family led me to believe that within certain simple limits of restraint she had been free from all instruction, and was more truly at this hour a child of nature than the Indian boy was after his half year's discipline in the judge's service. Tom made up a bed for her, of skins and blankets, in the corner of a pantry that led out of the kitchen. Then in the kitchen he made a similar bed for himself; and before we left the cottage the two children were sound asleep.

The marshal and the attorney walked back with me to Elder Baxter's, and there upon the western veranda, where just a week ago the latter had tossed me the general's dispatches, we resumed consideration of the serious problem what to do with this extraordinary child. The more we considered it the more difficult it appeared. Our hasty and efficient response to the general's appeal to "the benevolence of the legal profession" had got us into a predicament of which I suspect that Mrs. Peckham the fourth was not unconscious when she swept out of the court room on Hosea Stout's arm.

On only one point were we agreed: that was, in cordial imprecations upon Mr. Julian Perego, of St. Albans, Herts, England, for doing his domestic business

by proxy. (I must observe here, in justice to us, though I take part of the credit from the record, that during the whole debate no allusion was made to the pecuniary side of the question, although we justly might have reckoned it into the account as an aggravation of the embarrassment.) Midnight overtook us with no intelligent plan devised for disposing of our ward. The difficulty was to combine safety with any decent and adequate provision for her custody and comfort until we could contrive the means of sending her to Washington. We separated, agreeing to meet after breakfast and exchange any ideas which might suggest themselves meanwhile.

I awoke early with a notion about the subject which I proceeded at once to act upon. The sun was rising when, having succeeded in opening Dotson's barn and saddling my Indian pony without disturbing his household, I rode under Peter's window and listened to the snoring of the good man. Everything he did was done so thoroughly! If I should wake him by calling from the outside at that hour, so I reasoned, I should risk receiving a shot through the window. In those days every Gentle in the city slept with a revolver by his bedside. Scrawling on a slip of paper, by the uncertain light, "*I've gone to Camp Floyd to see the lieutenant-colonel's wife; the C. J. and Tom must take care of the girl till I get back;*" I pushed it under the window-sash.

By following the great southern road down the valley of the Jordan, the distance to Cedar Valley and Camp Floyd was about fifty miles; but I had heard of a cut-off, leading up a canyon on the east and down another on the west of the Oquirrh Mountains, which would shorten the journey one third. So, instead of following the Jordan southward, I forded the river and rode towards the Oquirrh range across the arid, level bottom of the valley. Three villages (or "forts," as the Mormons call them) lay at intervals of six or seven miles along the route. They were disconsolate abodes indeed for human creatures. A thick mud wall, surrounded by a ditch so clogged with filth that the thread of wa-

ter within it seemed to crawl instead of flow, and inclosing a square about three hundred yards in diameter; a row of crumbling adobes and crazy log-cabins abutting on the wall along each side of the esplanade; half a dozen groups of tow-headed children tumbling over one another like puppies at play; a flock of geese, a few sheep closely shorn, and now and then a cow or an ox straying at will; a bronze-faced, hard-fisted woman milking a goat; and here and there a wagon or a tip-cart roasting in the sunshine, with the wheel-tires dropping from the shrunken felloes, — imagine these in the case of one of the forts, and you have the picture of all three. The land around them was entirely incapable of cultivation, for want of water to irrigate it. The only fields inclosed and tilled in this part of the valley lay near the foot of the mountains, along the brooks which flowed down the canyons.

Between the first and second forts my pony cast a shoe, which delayed me at least three hours before I could find a blacksmith to replace it. So it was past one o'clock when I rode under the wall of the third fort and turned into Rose Canyon. The heat was intense, and I was almost choked with the dust which rose from the parched soil at every step. The pony was very tired, and so, being satisfied that I should reach the camp long before sunset, I let him jog slowly, nibbling the tops of the tufts of grass which sometimes were so tall that they nodded above the horn of my Mexican saddle. Wherever a scythe could get a fair sweep between the road and the alders which skirted the babbling brook, the Mormons had been mowing, and in a little while I met a wagon laden with the hay and surrounded by half a dozen saints on horseback, who eyed me curiously. Desiring to confirm my belief that I was in Rose Canyon, I asked them whether I was on the right road to reach Cedar Valley and the soldiers' camp across the mountain. After a brief consultation behind the hay-cart, their leader informed me civilly that I was not, and told me to turn back and take the next canyon to the north; and they were kind

enough to detail one of their number to show me the way. I was cordial in my thanks to the young man, who rode with me across the slopes at least a mile to insure my making no mistake. My sense of obligation was so great that I even lent him my pocket-flask and a plug of tobacco, the first of which he returned to me half empty, and the second he did not return at all. Bidding him a friendly good-by, I trotted into the canyon which he pointed out, pausing only for a moment to cut a switch from a scrub oak, with which I urged the pony into a gallop, while I recalled to mind the New Year's pie and speculated on what the lieutenant-colonel would give me to-day for dinner.

At last it occurred to me that I had been riding quite long enough to have turned the summit of the ridge, according to every description of the route which had been given me in the city. The flowering shrubs around were very fragrant, and the brook was noisy and cooling, and the scenery very picturesque; but I was not diverted so far from the aim of the journey as to forget to look at my watch. That told me it was already four o'clock, and still I was jogging along upon the ascent. The road dwindled into a wood-trail, with faint signs of wagon tracks; this narrowed into a horse-path; and that disappeared among the grass under a clump of pine-trees. I had been ascending abruptly for two or three miles, and now, a few hundred yards above my head, I could see specks of snow along the rocky edge of the ridge which sharply cut the sky. The sun was setting when the pony stood on the summit, knee-deep in a snow-drift, and from his back I could look down three or four thousand feet—not into Cedar Valley. I believe that I should be pardoned here and hereafter for any disrespectful remarks about my obliging Mormon friends which I might have made had anybody been present to hear them.

There was no alternative but to descend the mountain by the same path by which I had climbed it. Between nine and ten o'clock, by the light of a waning moon, I reached a farm-house on the

plain, where I was hospitably received by a saint whose family already had gone to bed. It consisted of two wives and seven children, and the whole household occupied a single room. He gave me a ragged but clean quilt for a covering, and I stretched myself upon the floor with my saddle for a pillow. Pony fared better than his master, for he was picketed within reach of an ample meal of fresh hay. I fell asleep while my host (who, notwithstanding the warmth of the night, was sweltering in a feather-bed) struggled with an argument intended to convince me that the North American Indians are the lost tribes of Israel. The discourse was interspersed with pithy pieces of advice and warning to the two older boys, who got into a fight in bed, and with lamentations over the bad prospects of the crops. In justice to the old man I must add that he was perfectly sincere, and that according to his means he treated me very kindly. His charge the next morning for entertaining me and pony was twelve and one half cents. I put a gold dollar into his hand, and he put it into his pocket before either of his wives could catch a glimpse of it, and blessed me fervently and prayed that I yet might be gathered into the fold by the Good Shepherd. Then I rode away into the canyon from which I had been turned back the previous afternoon, and reached the lieutenant-colonel's quarters before breakfast.

The scenery of Cedar Valley was enchanting. On every side but the south-east it was encompassed by steep mountains; but there, across a broad interval, the eye could follow for fifty miles the snowy ridge of the Wasatch range. In a gap between the hills in the foreground glimmered the blue basin of Lake Utah. Dense groves of the trees which gave their name to the valley skirted its entire circumference. Near one of these groves the camp was pitched, and almost every tent was prefaced with a bower of cedar branches, and carpeted with the fragrant twigs. The general might have fancied himself Judas Macabæus keeping the Feast of the Tabernacles with the Jewish army. The dust,

however, was almost intolerable when it was raised by petty tempests, which came nobody knew whence, and blew nobody knew where, at any and every hour of the day. As I rode up to the lieutenant-colonel's tent, one of these provoking gusts swept away the cloth with which the servants were laying the table for breakfast in the bower, and whirled it against pony's head and shoulders, so that, seizing it, I was able to present myself to its mistress and beg for hospitality and counsel under a flag of truce.

Breakfast over, I stated the case which was perplexing the guardians of our English waif, and found, to my delight, that I had not counted in vain upon the clear insight and sound sense of this excellent lady.

"The girl," she said, "is amused to-day by her new playmate. But to-morrow she will sorrow for her aunt, and become unmanageable. My advice is that you make friends with the aunt and give the child to her charge until you can send her East. If she has any genuine affection for the child she will undertake the charge — especially if you can pay her for her trouble; and if she does possess the influence you say over Mr. Peckham, he, being a man of substance, can be persuaded by her to give you security that the child shall not be lost or come to harm. What kind of security it shall be is a matter for you lawyers to determine. I think that under the circumstances the father will have no just cause to complain of such a risk. If this plan is not practicable, bring the child here to the camp. I will not engage to take care of her myself, but I will promise to find some one here to lodge her safely and comfortably. I know one of the sergeant's wives whom I could trust with her; but I do not hesitate to advise adopting the first course, if it is possible, for the sake of the child's own happiness."

When pony turned the corner from Main Street in Salt Lake City late that night, I knew by two little specks of fire which were glowing upon the veranda of Elder Baxter's cottage that the marshal

and the attorney were smoking there as usual and awaiting my return. Indeed, they had been waiting in that very place ever since sunset. The diagnosis of the case by the lieutenant-colonel's wife was perfect. During the day Miss Henrietta had quarreled with Tom, and after that had behaved as ill as possible, slapping, kicking, and even biting every one within her reach. About nine o'clock Tom had come over to Dotson's with a message from the judge that she had cried herself to sleep.

When I made my report it was voted by our council that the lieutenant-colonel's wife possessed more common sense than the whole bench and bar of Utah Territory, and the marshal was deputed to enter into immediate negotiations with Jane Moore.

She proved to be a person of strong common sense, although the fact of her conversion to Mormonism would be conclusive to the contrary with unreflecting persons. How a woman of her intelligence and good manners, used to all the best associations of the English middle classes, ever came into her relation to Elder Peckham was and still is to me a puzzle. In the days that followed, I opened the door more than once for an explanation of the mystery, but she always avoided a disclosure. She received the marshal amiably, avowed a sincere acquiescence in the decree of the court for the return of the child to the father, pledged her word to enter into no conspiracy or combination with the mother (who, she told us, had also become a Mormon), and expressed not merely a willingness but an earnest desire to relieve us from our difficult position by taking care of the child in our behalf and inducing Elder Peckham to give security for its safety, although, she said, it doubtless would be necessary to make a liberal provision for the maintenance of the child, in order to gain his consent.

When Dotson repeated this conversation to us, such a complete and instantaneous compliance with our wishes seemed suspicious. It was explained, however, by something which occurred the next day, although we did not know

of that until long afterwards. Under pretext of coming to console Miss Henrietta, whose active demonstrations of anger had now subsided into sullenness, Jane Moore procured a private interview with the chief-justice, in which she told him that she loathed her condition and besought his secret aid to enable her to escape from Utah. The plan for her relief did not suggest itself at once, but was developed in connection with the means we adopted later for sending Henrietta to Washington. Meanwhile she served us as a useful ally, although, not possessing the real clew to her conduct, I confess that for a long while I never trusted her completely. Her very astuteness in our interest inspired me with a fear that she was enticing our favor with a sinister purpose. No piece of diplomacy could be more adroit, rapid, or successful than her persuasion of Peckham within forty-eight hours to give us a bond bearing the names of Brigham Young and Heber Kimball and several other wealthy Mormons as sureties, in a very large sum (I think it was as much as \$30,000), for the safe keeping of the child, who was thereupon returned to her care, to the great sorrow of Tom, with whom she had become very friendly again.

One of the stipulations of the arrangement was that the marshal, the attorney, and myself should have free access to Henrietta at all times, and accordingly one of us visited Peckham's house every day to make sure that no harm should befall our ward. By slow degrees her animosity against the attorney and myself (she never, from the first, showed any against Dotson) changed to mere shyness, and then that disappeared and we became good friends. In the course of these visits it became known to all of us at last, in some insensible way, that Jane Moore desired to escape from her Mormon associations. I do not remember any one conversation in which she told us so, and our knowledge did not come from the chief-justice. He never mentioned her secret interview with him until the moment when it became possible for us to aid her flight.

V.

Thus the summer wore away. We had written to Mr. Perego immediately upon the recovery of the child, but in those days four months was the ordinary interval between the dispatch of a letter to England and the receipt of a reply. We had written also to the British minister at Washington, but September drew towards its close without our hearing from him. We learned afterwards that he forwarded the letter to his home government, and awaited its communication to Mr. Perego and formal instructions thereupon before answering us. No opportunity for sending the child East with a suitable escort had presented itself.

The Three Guardians of Miss Henrietta (for thus the marshal, the attorney, and myself had come to be styled by our little Gentile community) were again in consultation one star-lit Sunday evening on the veranda where so many of the scenes in this history were acted. Elder Baxter and the two Mrs. Baxters were silent. Their sacred melodies ceased with the harvesting of the crops. A cool breeze was blowing a suggestion of the coming winter down from the snow-clad mountain tops. Henrietta was the topic of our conversation, and we were agreed that unless some lucky chance should soon occur, it would be necessary to keep the child until spring, for it would not be reasonable to expose her to the hardship of a journey across the plains after the wintry weather had set in. Just then the flickering light of a lantern advanced down the yard, shining on the glossy head of Indian Tom, who was its bearer. He never could be made to wear a cap, although he readily adapted himself to trousers and a shirt and jacket. Behind him trudged the chief-justice. The hour of an unexpected deliverance had come.

"My good friends," said the old man, "I find myself of little use in Utah Territory, and I have made up my mind to go back to where I came from,—probably never to return. All of us here are

hard-shell democrats, except the doctor yonder, who is the blackest kind of a black republican; yet, black as he is, he cannot think worse than you or I of the doings of our democratic president in this Mormon business. The Utah expedition has been a political and pecuniary swindle from the beginning to the end. I am going to Washington to free my mind on the subject, and it scarcely will be likely that Mr. Buchanan will desire to retain me in his service after he has heard what I have to say. I want to start within a week, and I have a proposal to make about the little English girl. If you will send her East, with her aunt to take care of her, I will furnish the mules and wagon and driver. I shall travel, myself, in another wagon, with Tom to take care of me. You must provide for the expenses of the girl and her aunt after they reach the frontier, and I will see them safe to Washington. Mr. Peckham, as you know, is absent on a journey to the Southern settlements, and cannot return for a fortnight."

The next Sunday morning two ambulance wagons, each drawn by an excellent span of mules, rolled out of Salt Lake City, ascended the bench at the foot of the mountain, and soon disappeared within the mouth of Emigration Canyon. Tom was the driver of the first one, and on the seat behind him sat the chief-justice and Miss Henrietta, among rolls of blankets and packages of cooking utensils and provisions. I was the driver of the second wagon, and the marshal and attorney were my companions. At noon we made a halt for lunch, and then resumed the journey. About four o'clock in the afternoon we turned the crest of the mountain, and soon afterwards hauled off from the road into a sheltered ravine, where we prepared to encamp for the night.

It was a wild and gloomy spot, secure from the sight of any passers on the road, and while the rest of us unhitched the mules, Tom and the attorney, first cutting some alder twigs from bushes that hung over the brook which rattled down the glen towards the Weber River, walked back and effaced the tracks

of the wagon wheels for some distance from the place where we turned from the traveled path. After dusk we suffered the fire to burn low, and sat long around the glowing embers. About two o'clock we heard the crunching of gravel on the road, as a wagon was driven cautiously down the descent from the west. Every noise was audible with startling distinctness, in the dead stillness of the night, above the monotonous rattle of the torrent. The sound ceased for a moment when the wagon reached the point where we ourselves had left the way. Then it was resumed again; and then it changed into a different kind of crunching, as if the team was moving upon turf. Soon the wagon turned the bend in the ravine and approached our camp-fire. Jo Brooks was the driver, and Jane Moore was his passenger.

The Three Guardians of Miss Henrietta reëntered Salt Lake City the next afternoon.

Late in October I bade farewell to my two associates, and to Utah altogether, and returned to my home in an Eastern city, which I reached a few weeks before Christmas. I found awaiting me two letters from the chief-justice, which told in a few words the rest of Henrietta's story. In the first letter, dated at Washington, he wrote:—

"I arrived home in Indiana a week ago. Whatever you choose to think of the English girl and her aunt in other respects, I can convince you, when we meet, that they are good campaigners. We were not delayed an hour by either of them, from sickness or any other cause, on the long journey. Jo Brooks parted from us at Leavenworth City. After staying two days with my family (whom, you know, I had not seen for more than a year) I left Tom with them, and came here without any other delay, and within an hour after my arrival I presented Jane Moore and her niece at the British legation. It will amuse you to know that Lord Napier was quite as much embarrassed about the disposition of them as you were. He did not dare to run the risk of putting them at a hotel, and so they had to be kept at the embassy, and

really Lady Napier has been excessively kind to them, and has become much interested in the little girl. Mr. Perego has not been heard from. It has been determined not to wait longer for instructions from him, but to send Jane and the girl to England by next Saturday's steamer, under the charge of a queen's messenger. Shortly after our arrival here I received a letter from my wife, with the news that the next day after I left home Mrs. Perego, Henrietta's mother, came there and demanded her child. She appeared here yesterday, and was permitted by Lady Napier to see the child in the presence of Jane and a trusty attendant. I was myself present during a part of the interview. Without going now into details, I believe that Jane is steadfast in the resolve to lead henceforth a worthy life; and Mrs. Perego declares her intention to return to England on the same steamer and seek a reconciliation with her husband; but I mistrust her even more than you did Jane."

I add the next letter entire:—

ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK, }
November 13, 1858. }

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—I have just come from the dock, where I waited until the Cunarder put to sea. By this time she is outside of Sandy Hook. It is a beautiful Indian-summer day, and Jane and Henrietta and her mother, with the gentleman who has the child in his care, stood on deck waving hands and handkerchiefs to me as long as we could see one another. Almost the last words of the child before bidding good-by were a message to you, which she made me promise over and over again to be sure to deliver. "Tell the doctor," said she, "that I said I was *very* sorry that I struck him, and that I would n't say that I *was* sorry if I *was* n't."

VI.

Twelve years passed before I again saw Salt Lake City, this time as a passenger, with my wife, on the Pacific railroad, the next summer after the silver spike was driven at Ogden. Twelve

years full of wonderful changes! Over the wastes which I plodded in my dreary journey with the dispatches, villages had sprung up at every railroad station. The day for such adventures as those of 1858 was past forever.

Many of my old acquaintances had been swept away in the whirlwind of the civil war. The general fell at the head of the rebel army in its hour of victory at Shiloh. The marshal, a West Virginian, fighting I do not know on which side, was killed in the Wilderness. The judge died in bed at home, the second year of the war; and I was sorry to hear that he died a "copperhead." Even if it was so, I am sure that the old man was honest according to his light. The attorney was living in Montana, grown rich by mining speculations, and was a candidate for Congress.

Dotson's house had disappeared with the growth of Salt Lake City. So had the garden where the Baxters hoed and sang. But Elder Josiah's cottage still was standing, with the veranda, though its western view was cut off by a row of prosperous shops. After visiting this, we mounted the hill to see if any trace was left of Elder Peckham's house. He had long been gathered to the patriarchs whose example he copied so literally. There it stood, but with another polygamous tenant: a long one-story building with a dozen doors and twice as many windows,—each door opening into the former quarters of one of Peckham's wives. As we loitered in the yard, a young couple turned the corner of the building, sight-seers like ourselves; they were a square-shouldered, ruddy-faced Englishman, and his young wife, who were stopping at the same tavern with us. He was an officer of the British civil service in New Zealand, who had come up from Panama on a recent steamer and was on his way to England. We had met them first a week before, at the little inn on the shore of Lake Tahoe, that enchanted sea in the bosom of the Sierras. It would be beginning another story to tell how at last in this demure little lady I recognized the elfish WARD OF THE THREE GUARDIANS.

A. G. Browne, Jr.

COMPANIONS.

A French writer (whom I love well) speaks of three kinds of companions : men, women, and books.

SIR JOHN DAVIS.

WE have companions, comrade mine:
Jolly good fellows, tried and true,
Are filling their cups with the Rhenish wine,
And pledging each other, as I do you.
Never a man in all the land
But has, in his hour of need, a friend,
Who stretches to him a helping hand
And stands by him to the bitter end.
If not before, there is comfort then,
In the strong companionship of men.

But better than that, old friend of mine,
Is the love of woman, the life of life,
Whether in maiden's eyes it shine,
Or melts in the tender kiss of wife;
A heart contented to feel, not know,
That finds in the other its sole delight;
White hands that are loath to let us go,
The tenderness that is more than might!
On earth below, in heaven above,
Is there anything better than woman's love?

I do not say so, companion mine,
For what, without it, would I be here?
It lightens my troubles, like this good wine,
And, if I must weep, sheds tear for tear!
But books, old friends that are always new,
Of all good things that we know are best;
They never forsake us, as others do,
And never disturb our inward rest.
Here is truth in a world of lies,
And all that in man is great and wise!

Better than men and women, friend,
That are dust, though dear in our joy and pain,
Are the books their cunning hands have penned,
For they depart, but the books remain;
Through these they speak to us what was best
In the loving heart and the noble mind:
All their royal souls possessed
Belongs forever to all mankind!
When others fail him, the wise man looks
To the sure companionship of books.

R. H. Stoddard.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

WHETHER or not the complacent induction be true, that the world's judgment in literary matters never does injustice to what really merits remembrance, we cannot deny that the great stock-taker, Time, awards value to books in a way not easily foreseen. Rarely is an author's intention allowed to put its impress on the sealed opinion of posterity. His own generation, also, is fertile in resources for baffling or mistaking him. Fame he may perhaps get hold of by waiting, as a woodsman traps indifferently a partridge or a rabbit with his artful noosed cord and bent sapling; but it may not be the fame he hoped for. And how perplexingly is the award made! Constant efforts in one direction will sometimes gain the prize; yet books thrown out at a venture succeed quite as often. Appreciation and depreciation, it would seem, travel around the halves of one circle; but as the secant is always changing direction, you can hardly tell just at what point these powers are going to meet when about to agree on a new celebrity. Lamb was more or less sanguine about his larger compositions; did he guess how well the Essays of Elia would hold their freshness in the restless heat of the last half century? Fielding's fame—it is an old story—grew out of a take-off on Richardson; and Malebranche was drawn by a chance to write the works which gave him distinction. Unpremeditated triumphs of this sort occur less often in poetry; for it is both a virtue and a necessity in the singer to expect magnificent successes. Yet in the lighter kinds of verse, that nonchalance which so particularly recommends to favor would appear to be admissible. An assumed carelessness will not do. The easy indifference must be real; and—what is quite as important though it is never remembered by imitators,—this real indifference must be sustained by real merit. The combination is so infrequent that the order of thing

may well be excused for liking it. It existed in Fitz-Greene Halleck, and he was liked. How far the latter fact depended on the former it is not worth while to inquire very minutely; but there was a mutual reaction in Halleck, of literary ability and literary languor, which it will be useful to keep in mind while we are discussing him. These qualities confront us suggestively in the so-called Croaker poems, written in company with his friend, Joseph Rodman Drake

I.

It was in March, 1819, that Drake's address To Ennui, the first of the Croaker series, appeared in the New York Evening Post. The Culprit Fay, commonly reported to have been composed in the same year, had been written three years before this time, but was not then published; and this brief newspaper ode was the first of the young poet's pieces that attained notoriety. It was followed by several others equally successful; and then Halleck became a partner in the clandestine work. The two men had made acquaintance in the right poetic way: they were together in a group of idlers one day, just after a shower, and, remarking the beauty of the rainbow, "I should like nothing better," Drake exclaimed, "than to lie stretched on that rainbow with a copy of Tom Campbell in my hand!" Upon this, Halleck grasped his arm cordially, and said, "We must know each other." This frank spontaneity formed a most desirable basis for the literary frolic upon which they soon after entered. It is amazing to read of the hubbub which their joint compositions caused. The *furor* heightened their spirits, and Drake, in an exhortation to his comrade as Croaker Junior, makes this cheerful prediction, which seems to show that after all they had something of the sanguineness of young poets:—

"Together we 'll range thro' the regions of mirth,
A pair of bright Gemini dropt on the earth,
The Castor and Pollux of quizzers."

"The town" buzzed delightful curiosity around them, and one can sympathize with Drake's gratification when, one day, looking over with Halleck the printer's proof of a forthcoming Croaker, he laid his cheek for a moment against the sheet, crying out, "O Halleck, is n't this happiness?" It *was* a happiness, and one which probably no other man will ever enjoy in the same way and place. For some time the two jesters kept their personality entirely concealed from even Coleman, the editor of the Post; but, after repeated urgings printed in the paper, they finally presented themselves at his mansion in the honorable region of Hudson Street, — now given up to second-hand shops, saloons, and freight-cars. When they made themselves known, Coleman could not conceal his astonishment. "My God!" he burst forth: "I had no idea we had such talents in America!" Only in the infancy of American journalism could so ardent an expression have been wrested from a managing editor. Who is there at all literary by profession or sympathy that does not feel a certain tenderness for the memory of Coleman, on the strength of the honest enthusiasm here recorded? Yet it would be impossible to blame the editor of to-day should he fail to be impressed by the Croaker pieces, supposing them to be now written for the first time and offered to his paper. Standards have greatly altered since 1819; and not solely because of the growth of this country, but also because of complex refinements in the practice of verse-making introduced in Europe since then. Out of the twenty-five Croakers, as finally collected, one can choose but few lines or stanzas which will bear quotation. Let us examine a few of these. On one page appears A Loving Epistle to Mr. William Cobbett, of North Hempstead, Long Island, in which that active renegade is addressed as follows: —

"Pride, boast, and glory of each hemisphere!
Well known, and lord in both, — great Cobbett,
hail!

Hero of Botley there and Hempstead here, —
Of Newgate and a Pennsylvania jail."

The best stanza is the last, which repeats the empty jest of Horace and James Smith against the larger Bradlaugh of that day, about unsold copies of the Weekly Register, — Cobbett's organ, — which in reality was a most successful publication: —

"In recompense that you 've designed to make
Choice of our soil above all other lands,
A purse we 'll raise to pay your debts, and take
Your unsold Registers all off your hands.
For this we ask that you, for once, will show
Some gratitude, and, if you can, be civil;
Burn all your books, sell all your pigs, and go —
No matter where — to England or the devil."

This is a fair sample of the wit employed in the Croakers. It would be tiresome to copy much of it. The Ode to the Surveyor-General, on another page, is dimly and remotely amusing in its scorn at his choice of new names for new towns in the west of New York, — Homer, Milton, Hampden, Galen, Livy, Ulysses. Then we find some laughing lines to Captain Seaman Weeks, Chairman of the Tenth Ward Independent Electors. They give us a glimpse of the local politics of the time. The writer pretends a gushing gladness at having found at last a thoroughly independent politician, and complains of "Clintonians, Coodies, and Feds" as far below the mark of Captain Seaman Weeks: —

"In vain I endeavor to give 'em a hint on
Sense, reason, or temper, — they laugh at it all:
For sense is nonsense when it makes against Clinton,
And reason is treason at Tammany Hall."

Tammany and canals, it would seem, were as fruitful of scandal, chicane, and satire then as now. Political records tell us of the bitter fight over the proposed canal system in those years, and the verses To Ennui refer to it: —

"I'm sick of General Jackson's toast,
Canals are nought to me;
Nor do I care who rules the roast,
Clinton or John Targee."

There is, by the way, a song in Halleck's Fanny which represents beer as the moving force of Tammany politics. If we substitute whisky for beer, we shall have a very good notion of the advance which a certain kind of state-craft in New York has made since that time. Although

Drake's and Halleck's squibs are very much restricted in their interest by their local allusions, it will be found that a slight familiarity with the affairs of the Empire State in the present throws a comic light back upon these early satires. The very fact that the story has now become too well worn to excite more than a fatigued smile gives to the energy of these satirists a surprising freshness. Clintonians, Coodies, Federalists, Bucktails, Democrats, Republicans,—these were the names on which the fortunes of the State then hung. We were ever an inventive people. The variety of party titles in America seems to bear some affinity to our national fertility in mixed drinks.

Besides the political matter in this pamphlet of verses there is little local quizzing that is other than dull. Ode to Fortune makes perhaps as much as could be made out of the life of a well-to-do idler in the metropolis at a time when its population was about one tenth of what it is to-day :—

ODE TO FORTUNE.

" Fair lady with the bandag'd eye !
I'll pardon all thy scurvy tricks,
So thou wilt cut me and deny
Alike thy kisses and thy kicks :

" My station is the middle rank,
My fortune, just a competence,—
Ten thousand in the Franklin bank
And twenty in the six per cents :

" The horse that twice a year I ride
At mother Dawson's eats his fill ;
My books at Goodrich's abide ;
My country-seat is Weehawk Hill ;
My morning lounge is Eastburn's shop ;
At Poppleton's I take my lunch ;
Niblo prepares my mutton-chop ;
And Jennings makes my whisky punch.

" When merry, I the hours amuse
By squibbing Bucktails, Guards, and Balls ;
And when I'm troubled with the blues,
Damn Clinton and abuse canals :
Then, Fortune, since I ask no prize,
At least preserve me from thy frown ;
The man who don't attempt to rise
'Twere cruelty to tumble down."

The brief extracts just given show for what sparing outlay of art or idea the authors received their large return of distinction. They rhymed as easily as Peter Pindar, whom they were thought to rival. Perhaps it would be nearer

the truth to say, they imitated. Something of their free-hand drawing they probably learned from that too industrious doctor; but they had wit enough of their own to give all the flavor of originality. At least they deserve great respect for not emulating the English satirist in the tenacity with which he maintained the habit of doggerel through a long life-time. Moreover, one's attention is seriously challenged by the implied air of superiority, the *unexpressed* value of these estrays: even when you know that they are by Drake and Halleck you may expect very little from them, and yet on reading them fairly through you will be inclined to wonder what it is that makes them seem so much better than they are. This, possibly, is a fancy of my own; but it seems to me a noteworthy instance of finer quality in the men making itself felt in work that is but little above mediocrity. Twice or thrice, also, the Croakers broached sentiment: Drake wrote *The American Flag*, and his friend a meditation evidently inspired by Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*, beginning, "There is an evening twilight of the heart," together with this song:—

" The world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine,
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom Pleasure's shrine," etc.

But so soon as we come to consider the sentimental poetry, we find ourselves at a point where the Castor and Pollux of quizzers diverge. The Croakers were penned in the antechamber of life. Two or three years after they had come to light, Drake died. Halleck lived nearly fifty years longer. His later career—both by the fame it secured and the taciturnity that fell upon his genius—shows the futility of telling what a man might have done if he had lived. "I cannot help thinking," Mr. Bryant has written,¹ "that if his death had happened forty years earlier, his life would have been regarded as a bright morning prematurely overcast. Yet Halleck's career may be said to have ended then," that is,

¹ Some Notices of the Life and Writings of Fitz-Greene Halleck, read before the New York Historical Society, 1869.

about 1830. "All that will hand down his name to future years had already been produced." Notwithstanding this example, it is difficult not to speculate as to what would have been the maturer development of Halleck's friend and literary partner, Drake. Had his voice not passed away so soon, borne out of hearing on the seaward wind of death, it might have enriched us with strains as cherished as some from the other poet's lyre that echo still. Fragmentary and unfinished as we find Drake's scroll, which he himself condemned to the flames, there are passages to be detected in it that assuredly promise a more ethereal poesy than any which came to fruition in Halleck's longer and much-correcting leisure. Drake, as represented in what he has left, is jejune and too fanciful; a curtain of thin but perhaps impassable dreamery intervenes between him and the domain of more cordial sympathies in which most of our poets have unfolded their hearts. I think he must have liked best to lay his mind open, like a leaf, to the impersonal influence of nature, to reflect the shining of his Bronx's quiet waters, and let the sounds of wild things creep into his fibres. In places, one can imagine that ferns and sylvan flowers have been laid between the pages and have stamped their delicate outlines into his verse. In his failure to get hold of humanity, Drake might have turned out to be a smaller-sized Shelley without the sting. The Culprit Fay, a *tour de force*, executed in two or three days, to prove the feasibility of colonizing legends along the banks of the Hudson, is ingeniously based on the plan of *Paradise and the Peri*; yet it is wrought out with a graceful imagination and a substantial originality. If he could do so much on such slight occasion, it seems not unreasonable to suppose that with fuller power and longer deliberation he might have imparted his dainty excellence to some conception of deeper root. But alongside of his airier energies, Drake seems to have entertained commonplace moods in which he was satisfied to write "Croaker pieces" and lines like those *To Sarah*. The manner of these seems to have been

caught from surface contact with what people were once taught to consider good poetry. That the poet took so much pleasure in his anonymous verses probably indicates a want of discrimination, a failure to grasp consciously his best inspiration; and this he might have outgrown. The Croaker compositions I take to have been a somewhat factitious business with him. It happens curiously that, although Drake was the initiator of them, they appear to have been much more directly in the line of Halleck's development.

If we must abate a good deal from the first reputation of these merry squibs, we may still heartily acknowledge that they showed a masculine touch which it is stimulating to look back to now, that quality being hopelessly absent from a great deal of youthful poetry at present. Even at the time of their freshness, no one could rival the Croakers in their own department. Hundreds of unsuccessful imitations were daily received and mostly rejected by the New York journals. The vigor and simplicity of the originals taken with our conclusion that the Croakers were especially in accord with Halleck's taste may recall a remark of Poe's. "There is something," he says, "in the *bonhomie* of certain of his [Halleck's] compositions — something altogether distinct from poetic merit — which has aided to establish him." Perhaps it was with slightly malicious relish that Poe threw in the clause, "altogether distinct from poetic merit;" yet it is true that Halleck's sketchy descriptiveness, his knack of hitting off in verse affairs of current interest, and his wit would often — but for the jingle — have been just as acceptable in prose. These traits are exemplified in the *Epistle to the Recorder* and in *Fanny*. The latter production put Halleck in the position of being the only American besides Irving for whom Irving's publisher would print; and in a few years copies had become so scarce that they brought twenty times the original price. I confess, to me it is the flattest, tamest, dreariest of comic poems that have won any note. It was thought by some to have been inspired by Don

Juan; but the fine distinction has latterly been made that it resulted from a perusal of Byron's *Beppo*, a poem in the same style and stanza. *Beppo*, however, has a plot, and therefore finishes itself; and Halleck failed to imitate it in this advantageous particular. The second part which he afterward provided does not remedy the defect. A more serious objection is that the wit is thin and scattered. Then the poem is so much taken up with wandering that it has no time for poetry. I find the intercalated song of the Horse-Boat a total enigma, when considered in the light of the praise it has received. Neither does the description of New York as seen from Weehawken appear to sustain the honors which have been bestowed upon it. For example:—

"The city bright below; and far away,
Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay.
Tall spire and glittering roof and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air;
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent.
Green isle and circling shore are blended there
In wild reality."

We can hardly be convicted of arrogance if we pronounce this passage unmistakably feeble. The hints of social existence, also, in *Fanny* are so vague that there is little to be got from them in any way, and in the whole chain of verses there are hardly more than a half dozen brief bits worth repeating. It was probably the surprise which people felt at seeing provincial Manhattan treated in verse of any sort that captivated the early readers of *Fanny*. Halleck's wit and humor appear under much more characteristic guise in the *Epistle to * * ** and in *The Recorder*. The former and shorter of these gives us a sketch of the summer vacation in New York, which though shaded with a pleasant antiquity presents the city under much the same aspect that it now wears in the hot months. The rhymers refer to the tourist at his diverse employments:—

"Or sketching Niagara, pencil on knee
(The giant of waters, our country's pet lion),
Or dipp'd at Long Branch in the real salt sea,
With a cork for a dolphin, a cockney Arion;
Yet as most of "the fashion" are journeying now,
With the brown hues of summer on cheek and on brow,

The few *gens comme il faut* who are lingering here
Are, like fruits out of season, more welcome and dear.

One meets them in groups that Canova might fancy,
At our new lounge at evening, the Opéra Français,
In nines like the Muses, in threes like the Graces,
Green spots in a desert of commonplace faces.
The queen, Mrs. Adams, goes there sweetly dress'd
In a beautiful bonnet all golden and flowery;
While the king, Mr. Bonaparte, smiles on Celeste,
Heloïse, and Hutin from his box at the Bowery."

The Recorder is still racy and delightful in its quick, free humor; for the author hit precisely the right chord in this, and made it a brilliant summary of one phase of American minor politics. It cannot lose its relish so long as we take an interest in analyzing the condition of things that called it forth. How witty is this sharply drawn contrast between the real and the pinchbeck Cæsarism!—

"The Cæsar pass'd the Rubicon
With helm and shield and breastplate on,
Dashing his war-horse through the waters;
The Riker¹ would have built a barge
Or steamboat at the city's charge,
And pass'd it with his wife and daughters."

The reflex of fancy here, which presents the idea of *Cæsar* making up a little family party for a free trip across the Rubicon, the expenses to be arranged at the City Hall of Rome, is an inspiration exquisite of its kind. The comparative neglect into which our once much-sought author has relapsed makes it safe to quote what few now read. And because it throws light on the genius which we are considering, I will introduce another passage from *The Recorder*, which suddenly varies the prevalent tone of banter with a strain of unpremeditated, pathetic sentiment. Garcia, it should be said, was the maiden name of Mme. Malibran, who had sung in New York in 1825, at the first performance of Italian opera in the United States,—three years before *The Recorder* appeared:—

"For me,
I rhyme not for posterity,
Though pleasant to my heirs might be
The incense of its praise,
When I, their ancestor, am gone,
And paid the debt, the only one
A poet ever pays.

¹ Mr. Riker was the new Recorder.

" But many are my years, and few
Are left me, ere night's holy dew
And sorrow's holier tears will keep
The grass green where in death I sleep.
And when that grass is green above me,
And those who bless me now and love me
Are sleeping by my side,
Will it avail me aught that men
Tell to the world with lip and pen
That once I lived and died ?

" No ; if a garland for my brow
Is growing, let me have it now,
While I 'm alive to wear it ;
And if, in whispering my name,
There's music in the voice of Fame
Like Garcia's, let me hear it ! "

The impulsive grace of this unlooked-for compliment to the great songstress could hardly be surpassed. The momentary pensiveness that precedes it has precisely the effect of that involuntary tremor of grief sometimes seen in a lip which gives shape, the next instant, to a seemingly careless jest. It follows a laughing fling at the poverty of poets ; and then, the emptiness of renown after death giving him a sudden pang, the poet seems instinctively thrown upon the thought of woman, and all the pathos he has just caught sight of goes to enlarge and beautify his praise of this one woman greatly gifted.

The Recorder goes so far beyond anything else of Halleck's in the humorous vein that it is impossible not to regret that he gave it no companions. But what Halleck has left, of this sort, only indicates how much more he might have done. I am not so sure that the same can be said of his serious poetry.

The transition from one mood to the other, the connection between them, is interesting to watch for and follow. Perhaps the most perfect of Halleck's poems, excepting the two that have made him famous — his Marco Bozzaris and Robert Burns — is the one called *Woman*, " Written in the Album of an Unknown Lady : " —

" Lady, although we have not met,
And may not meet, beneath the sky ;
And whether thine are eyes of jet,
Gray, or dark blue, or violet,
Or hazel, — Heaven knows, not I ;

" Whether around thy cheek of rose
A maiden's glowing locks are curled,
And to some thousand kneeling beaux

Thy frown is cold as winter's snows,
Thy smile is worth a world ;

" Or whether, past youth's joyous strife,
The calm of thought is on thy brow,
And thou art in the noon of life,
Loving and loved, a happy wife,
And happier mother now,

" I know not : but, whate'er thou art,
Whoe'er thou art, were mine the spell
To call Fate's joys or blunt his dart,
There should not be one hand or heart
But served or wished thee well.

" For thou art *Woman*."

There is something in that train of feeling which recalls Carew and Herrick ; and the rest of the poem, enlarging on the influence of woman over man, is nearly up to the mark set by the beginning. In the penultimate stanza we find the substance of that compliment to *Malibran* which we have so much admired. Here it is said of the poet, —

" If to his song the echo rings
Of Fame, — 't is woman's voice he hears."

But let it be noticed how comparatively trite the sentiment appears, in this form. There is an air of premeditation in the statement, which gives it a falling accent instead of that upward inflection of surprise which captivates us in the longer poem. At the time of writing *Woman*, the poet sought this idea with some pains, most probably ; but when he came to *The Recorder*, it had matured so that he could easily give it a shaping even better than the thought itself. Besides, there is great advantage in the unexpectedness with which the burst of feeling comes upon us in *The Recorder*. This observation will explain in part the dim coloring, the dry, disappointing property of many among Halleck's serious poetic compositions. So fragile was the constitution of his genius, it seemed questionable whether he could nourish any given inspiration into stalwart life. The mere stopping to measure his strength would discourage him. If, then, he could always have begun writing in the gay mood, and from that have thrown himself without forethought upon the current of some fresh, hurrying emotion, he would always have given us his best. I think the generalization will not do him

injustice. Particularizing, we might take this very poem, *Woman*, as an example. The writer plays with his theme in the lightest way, for two stanzas, merely inhaling its first piquant suggestion; then the larger associations take unexpected hold of him, he passes into a phase of earnest homage, and so is carried to his solemn close. In *A Poet's Daughter* he balances the two moods in a more prolonged manner; a little more consciously, too. He talks about what he shall write, and argues with a supposed suppliant for his verse, until the sensation one has is like that of seeing a man execute some feat of balancing a plate or a hat on the point of his stick. He has time to be coy, retrospective, pensive, cynical; at last he is impressed by hearing that he is asked to write for a poet's daughter; and then he catches at one of those charming compliments, for delivering which his genius appears to have been accorded him as a special messenger:—

"A poet's daughter? Could I claim
The consanguinity of fame,
Veins of my intellectual frame!
Your blood would glow
Proudly to sing that gentlest name
Of aught below.

My spirit's wings are weak; the fire
Poetic comes but to expire;
Her name needs not my humble lyre
To bid it live;
She hath already from her sire
All bard can give."

Red Jacket is a performance less good of its order. There is, admittedly, strong characterization in it, but what it has of poetry, although at moments solemnly eloquent, is uneven. It is to the purpose to notice, also, how *Red Jacket* offers in a duller, more obscure state, the contrast between two phases of the author's mind, which we have just been noticing. After a deal of prefatory rhyming in which the poet treats his best reflections with exceeding shabbiness, he grants us a few periods of eloquence:—

"The monarch mind, the mystery of commanding,
The birth-hour gift, the art, Napoleon,
Of winning, fettering, molding, wielding, banding
The hearts of millions till they move as one;

"Thou hast it. At thy bidding men have crowded
The road to death as to a festival;

And minstrels, at their sepulchres, have shrouded
In banner-folds of glory the dark pall."

The rest has the same kind of power, except that twice more the chanter allows himself to be jostled into jocularity. Again in *Alnwick Castle* it is dismal to see the poet throw away his lyre and break his harmonies in mere downheartedness at the unpoeticalness of things. The *Alnwick Castle* is an instance of a sober poem ending in the bitterness of desecrating humor; a reversal of the process in the other cases, where gayety blends itself with a gathering seriousness, as the last daylight melts into russet-purpling dusk.

These various examples which we have reviewed all force us to the conclusion that Halleck instinctively sought, in one way or another, a break in the tune, an abrupt alternation of mood. It was in this clashing of diverse inclinations that he struck out his liveliest sparks of fancy. He sought a certain tantalizing sweetness that floated in the midst of discord. How significant this peculiarity was, how essential a part of his genius, we shall see better after glancing over some facts of the poet's origin and life.

II.

Halleck traced his lineage through his father to a Puritan settler of Connecticut, and on his mother's side was fifth in descent from John Eliot, the "Indian apostle." He was born in 1790 at Guilford, Connecticut, and went to school under Dr. Samuel Johnson, the memorable divine of that State. He invariably knew his lessons, and at the age of seven years spoke in the school exhibition. He had, on the other hand, no taste for sports, but wandered much along the shores of Long Island Sound, and even as a boy held Campbell dearest among the poets. The town library of Guilford was supplied with standard books which he read. The missionary Eliot had, as we know, indulged in versification; and Halleck began to write rhymes at considerable length, while studying his geography. They refer in

great part to emotions aroused by the map of the United States. At fifteen he was placed with a kinsman, to serve as clerk in a country store. For the next forty-four years his life was a commercial one. In his new situation the verse-writing went on from time to time, the young poet having now found a wider range of topics than the atlas afforded. His biographer, James Grant Wilson, has related how he sat in his employer's kitchen during the evenings, reading, or else reciting his latest effusions to the serving-woman, Leah Norton. When he came of age he went to New York to take a place in a banking business there. Eight years afterward the Croakers appeared, and in 1819, also, Fanny was published anonymously. Three years later Halleck made a short tour in Europe; and he published in 1827 a volume containing Alnwick Castle, Marco Bozzaris, Robert Burns, and the Elegy on Drake. The last three gained very wide favor; but Halleck's name had not been appended to them when they were first issued in magazines, and he did not place it on the title-page of his book until 1839. Marco Bozzaris had become familiar to the poet's sister through its popular fame; yet, although she was in constant correspondence with Halleck, she did not know who had written the piece until six years after it first came out. It was in 1828 that *The Recorder* was published over the pseudonym of Thomas Castaly; and then for thirty-seven years Halleck maintained an almost unbroken silence. The only other book which he produced (excepting an edition of Byron and Selections from the British poets) was *Young America*, given to the world in his seventy-fifth year; a weak performance in which it is hard to discern any purpose, artistic or otherwise. Fanny and Bozzaris and Burns, though for a long time not openly claimed by him, gradually became known as the work of Halleck, and won him an enviable reputation. He became the most popular of American poets. Rogers, speaking of his great martial poem, said, "We can do nothing like it on this side of the Atlantic;" men, women, publishers, and versifiers

besought him to write more; but nothing could make the current flow again.

Perhaps the popular applause alarmed more than it could encourage him. Literary labor, too, at that time was poorly compensated, and Halleck's energies were mainly absorbed in mercantile drudgery. But, judging from his choice of themes when most successful, and the uninspired quietude of sixteen years after his retirement from business, we may assume that one of the most serious obstacles to further production was the want of a subject. His strong attachment to Campbell's poetry once caused him to write thus to a friend: "Can you repeat without a book six lines of the *Course of Time*? If so, you have a very good memory badly employed. Can you not repeat without book every line which Tom Campbell has published? Then you have never been as happy a man as you ought to have been." This attachment it partly was, no doubt, which led Halleck to expend his finest powers on material offered by Europe. Probably, too, it blinded him to the great superiority of his own flights over those of his master where they bent their courses in the same direction. Campbell also wrote of Burns and of the Greek struggle for independence, but his pieces are neglected and never had any noticeable triumph. But the situation is oddly reversed when Campbell abstracts the legend of Wyoming from between the very fingers of our native bards. Then his admirer Halleck makes a little excursion to Pennsylvania, and goes over the historic ground in a mood so discomforted by realities that his meditative stanzas on the occasion assume almost the tone of scouting Campbell's romantic invention. As Campbell plucked from the banks of an American stream blossoms that exhaled for him a grateful incense of fame, so Halleck, when he could get far enough away from home, let his voice carol forth music that could make a many-voiced echo. But he could not pitch the note very high or steady when standing on his native heath. He several times attempted this; but *Red Jacket* is disturbed and vulgarized by a forced wit, and the

verses on Connecticut are fragmentary and poor. The Field of the Grounded Arms, founded on the battle of Saratoga, was the outcome of a resolve (conscious or not) to conquer this inability. It must, however, be confessed a failure. It is not poetic, it is not even eloquent. Written in a Horatian measure, it becomes a tedious prosaic monologue, lacking the deep cadences of Marvell's ode on Cromwell and the undulant musical underflow of Collins's Evening, — two poems which the author must have had in his mind when composing his own. Alnwick Castle, too, broke down because an allusion suddenly recalled the writer's mind to America. In naming over the different Percys, he was obliged to mention

"him who, when a younger son,
Fought for King George at Lexington,
A major of dragoons."

Straightway he had recourse to asterisks and wrote: —

"That last half-stanza — it has dashed
From my warm lip the sparkling clasp;
The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,
The power that bore my spirit up
Above this bank-note world, is gone."

The same disgust for things modern and American appears in *A Poet's Daughter*: —

"T is a new world, — no more to maid,
Warrior, or bard is homage paid;
The bay-tree's, laurel's, myrtle's shade
Men's thoughts resign;
Heaven placed us here to vote and trade,
Twin tasks divine!"

From one point of view, this scorn appears to merit our decided admiration, for it indicates a sensitive poetic organization, which would not let the man forget what higher aims he was really born for. But, equally, we are impelled by it to ask, Why then did he not obey the call of his genius? Why did he not quit trade and, if need were, society, and bring his mind face to face with what struck him as the contradiction between life and poetry, until he should discover how to reconcile them? Then he might have gained for his creative faculty a noble and sustaining confidence. The inevitable conclusion is that his inspiration was not ardent enough, his temperament too much averse to the risk and the effort

involved, — in a word, that his genius was secondary, and had not the instinct of discovery, which overrules tradition and makes worlds where it was thought none could be.

"My spirit's wings are weak; the fire
Poetic comes but to expire."

His own words sum up the situation. In 1832 he was asked to write an address for a theatre, and declined, saying of himself (in the third person): "He has been estranged for so long a time from the habit of writing and rhyming as to find it utterly impossible," and that he "is broad awake with both eyes from the morning dream of poetry." But he had always, I conceive, been awake with one eye, and that was fixed too carefully on the schedule of ways and means. He was hardly ready to make great sacrifices, or to tread the laborious path that some of his brother poets chose. To open the way to a great career in the arts, it is sometimes indispensable to risk everything.

In his general disposition there was undoubtedly a certain degree of cynicism too ready to lay hold upon him. It might give a tone of pleasant resistance and sharpness to the geniality which his friends have so much commended, but it must have recoiled morosely upon himself at times. It developed in him, or else proceeded from, a singular coldness, indifference, rigidity, a few instances of which may be cited here. His reserve on the subject of his poems was excessive, and he had a maxim that a man is famous when he has been once quoted. This specious dictum reminds one of Thoreau's decision that when he could make a single good lead-pencil he need never make another. There is a glimpse of truth in each conclusion, more applicable to pencils than to poetry; but at best it is a very slight glimpse. Yet Halleck was apparently satisfied with his reasoning, and with it steeled himself against all appeals for further exercise of his gift. Mr. William Gilmore Simms has recorded Halleck's "sovereign contempt" for the popular judgment; yet it is clear that he relished its decision in his favor. He hated trade, too, we are informed. But

liking city life, and being a good diner-out and conversationist, he adhered to business. Yet his attitude as a poet professing a mercantile character probably constrained him. A man of genius may be unfortunate in treating extraneous social forces without due respect; but he is no less in danger, sometimes, from paying them too great a deference. I am inclined to think that Halleck vitiated his inborn artistic quality by bowing too long and too low in the presence of commercial dignity. But if sundry of his short-comings may be charged to his surroundings, it is certainly a radical distaste for life that crops out in this confession to his sister, written after the suicide of a friend in New York, when the poet was only twenty-seven: "We had often conversed on suicide; and I joined him in the opinion that the world contained nothing worth living for, and he was the most fortunate whose task was soonest ended." Then, too, if Halleck's stanzas on *Love* are to be taken seriously, they reveal a saturnine chilliness of resolution fatal to the free and graceful expansion of poesy. Halleck's friends, who have borne strong testimony to his capacity for genial good-fellowship, have also mentioned with emphasis the taste for raillery often shown by him. He would launch into disputation on divers themes with a vehemence which at first impressed recent acquaintances as being absolutely hostile. But the hostility was only assumed, and soon melted into the mere fun of holding an opposition view for the sake of picturesqueness and variety. Nevertheless I suspect that a radical tendency to sarcasm and discontent underlay these ebullitions. They appear to be connected with a captiousness and an eccentricity of judgment of which several instances are on record. For example, a hobby of his in favor of limited monarchy aroused in the poet what seems an unreasonable dissatisfaction on his hearing Thackeray lecture upon George IV. Before the reading was finished he quitted the hall, remarking to a friend, "I can't listen any longer to this abuse of a man better than himself" (meaning better than Thackeray). Leigh Hunt's *Story of Rimini*

he pronounced "silly" as to incident: it is not set down what opinion he held of Dante. Tennyson and Mrs. Browning he declared had written nothing worth remembering; and it gives a curious notion of the complacency lurking under Halleck's extreme outward modesty to read his complaint in a letter to a lady, written after *Young America* appeared, in 1865. He calls the book merely "verses," but continues: "In these 'sensations' times I cannot expect them to be liked or even tolerated. There is, I am aware, nothing in them resembling Miss Bradton's exciting themes in prose, or Enoch Arden's story of polygamy (so decent, delicate, and decorous) in verse." He failed to see that neither was there anything in the lines at all corresponding to the strength and harmony of a greater poet than himself, and one who was in sympathy with his time. He had been content to enjoy his popularity, thirty-five years earlier, with a quiet scorn for the public judgment which accorded it; and then — having let slip the begging opportunity that attended him lustre after lustre — he allowed himself to feel bitter because, on sending a belated halloo after the moving generation, he found that he was not listened to.

I have dwelt upon this colder, crotchety side of Halleck's personality only because it helps us to understand that clashing of moods which we have already noticed in his poetry. It is obvious that the tincture of melancholy in his temperament was continually depriving his dainty poetic sensibility of its zest for beauty, and arresting his sweetest strains with a sudden, prosaic self-consciousness. He was proud and reserved, yet genial; he was prudent to the point of lavishing all his best energies upon book-keeping, yet full of enthusiasm for certain kinds of poetry. This conflict of temperament and genius was heightened and complicated by the difficult circumstances of birth in a new country, and the absence of a highly developed society which could stimulate instead of limiting and repressing him. He was indubitably hurt by his surroundings, and had not the strength to modify them.

This he might in some degree have done had he clearly comprehended his situation. That he did not comprehend it, and did not struggle away somewhither to find a less vexatious atmosphere, I have already suggested as a reason for holding his endowment to be secondary and defective. Genius which does not carry with it the self-preserving power, and the instinct of experimenting with conditions until the adverse forces are reduced to a minimum, is necessarily more exposed to maimings or extinction than genius which is provided with those defenses. This conclusion, however, relates only to the constitution of Halleck's genius; it accounts for his failures, but it cannot throw the least discredit on his successes. In fact it makes these all the more remarkable; it is a marvel that a man so apathetic as Halleck, and so hampered by his other occupations, should have written what he did. But the height to which he several times attained makes it the greater pity that his productions should have been at other times so ruinously flawed.

When we have left out parts of The Recorder, we may dismiss the rest of Halleck's comic poetry as of no intrinsic worth. There is a tremulous beauty about several of the slighter lyrics that will bestow refreshment from time to time upon the few who may come upon them in the nooks of libraries. Three pieces remain which have secured a wide renown likely to last for that indefinite period which is practically an immortality; these pieces being, of course, the monody upon Drake's death, the meditation on Burns, and the Marco Bozzaris. But are we to rate the author of this splendid martial ode as a second-rate genius?

I take it we may not inaccurately mark three grades of genius in poetry, — master, workman, and amateur. The master will accomplish great things and minor things, but he will leave always the imprint of largeness on his handiwork. The workman may be more perfect in finish than the master cares to be; he, too, may make the emotions bow to him at times, though scarcely with the

sure and continued sovereignty of the higher-ranked poet; and he stands good chance of covering his failures with the veil of dexterity. The amateur boggles his way through bathos and beatitude, but can touch far and deep in an unforeseen, lucky moment; there are also misleading scintillations of workmanship, and even of mastery, in the quartz he brings to light. Halleck was so much an amateur that if he had not been so much more a real workman, he would have fallen into the third rank. It was amateurish, his failure to know at once, on finishing Marco Bozzaris, that he had written a great poem. He handed it to a business companion, asking, "Will that do?" But when we read it, we say, "Cannot this man do everything?" There is brilliant, perfect workmanship in it; there is splendid command of the sympathies. Is not the writer a master? One hour's crowned session on the throne makes a king; but I do not think that one effort of power, even so impressive as this, gives a right to the title of master, in poetry. Halleck gives us too many blurred pages and broken staves.

He himself laid no claim to high rank. "I have published very little," he wrote, near the close of his life, "and that little almost always anonymously, and have ever been but an amateur in the literary orchestra, playing only upon a pocket flute, and never aspiring, even in dream, to the dignity of the *bâton*." . . . No; the master cannot fully breathe unless he sing; everywhere as he walks through the world, flowered lanes of poetry open out before him, and others as they tread that place know that his passing made its beauty; his voice does not shrivel in his throat when life is but half over; things do not go entirely by chance with him. But Halleck was for the most part so conscientious — whatever his practice, his creed in song was so strict — that he deserves for his great accident of Bozzaris a credit similar to that which a complete master should receive for a burst of power as grand. Still, we must remember that it was the work of an intellectual dependent. Halleck, in answer to solicitations, refused to write anything about our

civil war, because, as he said, it was "a monster mutiny." His silence does not appear to have been that of an anguished sorrow too deep for words, but merely the silence of indifference. There is no knowing how the Greek insurrection would have affected him had it not been approved by Byron and Campbell. And again it will not do to forget that Halleck's confessed idol, Campbell, had shown him how to write war poems, in *Hohenlinden* and *The Battle of the Baltic*. Halleck's greater power has been mentioned in a previous part of this paper; but, though the comparison by no means covers the case, there is something in his superiority to Campbell which suggests the finer skill of a musical virtuoso contrasted with the original impulse of the composer.

Halleck's place in our literature has been said to resemble that of Horace in the literature of Rome. The suggestion may have been intended more as a compliment, a friendly fancy, than as a critical summary of his merits. But the tendency in this country toward an American Literature Made Easy may excuse a wish that this sort of parallel might be avoided. It is true that

"parvus operosa
Carmina fingo"

will apply to the Connecticut as well as to the Venusian poet; both writers also dealt with the municipal life around them, parading it in the form of satire; but beyond this it is hardly necessary to go, in considering them together. Halleck's satires do not live, nor do his lyrics by any means form a compact body of song representative of the national life. On the contrary, it is particularly and regrettably noticeable that the national life does not enter at all into his best pieces. I find it perfectly possible to enjoy his poetry keenly, and to read patiently what I do not enjoy in it, without losing sight of the fact that Hal-

leck, like so many another cherished poet, is only a brilliant amateur. There have been few of his degree so charming and so changeful. At one moment he is a nimble lampoon writer; but suddenly his glee escapes, his page darkens, his lids grow heavy; he mourns the death of a brother poet. That elegy on Drake is like a funeral torch held out at night, dropping its reflection across each stanza as if upon the slow incoming waves of a dark Stygian stream. As another phase of the same poet we may take the arch earnestness of *Woman*, or *A Poet's Daughter*, among *vers de société* of the same scope not easy to match. But while we are still lingering over their evanescent charm, the resonant tones of Bozzaris — pæan and requiem blended in one — shall burst upon us, and rouse to impassioned sympathy. From one point of view, how versatile and susceptible was this man! from another, how chilly and limited! But his self-divided genius causes him to stand forward as a peculiarly apt representative of that large class of minds that are potentially poet-minds, but never find means of expression. He has the semi-discouragement, the sensitiveness, the occasional bursts of clear energy characteristic of them. And though he did not translate the national life into verse, his mood as traced in his poems corresponds closely to the general tone of a community and period still crude and but half developed on the artistic side. This adds another to the reasons why he will not be forgotten. He would not have been forgotten, even had the city that he loved failed to honor his memory with the first statue erected to an American poet; a statue also honoring the city's loyalty to the poet of her earlier days. Neither overstated nor unduly stinted praise can shake Halleck's claim to what he has called

"That frailer thing than leaf or flower,
A poet's immortality."

George Parsons Lathrop.

MR. EDWARD FITZGERALD'S TRANSLATIONS.

MR. EDWARD FITZGERALD is a poet whose popularity lags singularly far behind his merits, and whose apparent indifference to winning fame has been met with corresponding slowness on the part of the public in conferring it. It is often said that a man is taken for what he gives himself out to be, and although not every man who announces himself a genius is believed, yet there can be but little doubt that confident belief in one's own powers goes far in breeding the like belief in the minds of others; and it is surer still that a man who distrusts himself will find his own valuation accepted with singular readiness. An author who is anxious to make himself heard will choose with care his time of speaking, and will not be silent until he has attracted notice; but a man who throws a book out into the great stream of literary production, and leaves it to its fate, will run but little chance of finding others more zealous in his interest than he is himself, and he need not be surprised if his work is never spoken of. There is, however, one thing better than winning approbation, and that is deserving it, and this Mr. Fitzgerald certainly does.

There are many translators of verse whose merit lies not in their power of poetic expression, but in their prosaic determination to make their work complete; and too often, while they give us the actual substance of the original, the informing grace and beauty are missing. Yet this thoroughness makes the translations valuable for reference, and the reader who seeks only a conscientious rendering and a sort of inventory of the author finds what he looked for. Now all of Mr. Fitzgerald's translations have beauty of their own, and deserve to be admired and criticised on their own merits as poems, and judged not merely with regard to their mechanical accuracy. They are intended to be for us

satisfactory equivalents of certain poetry, and that, it is fair to say, is what every translator of the higher sort tries to give us, however different the means used for this end may be. Everywhere Mr. Fitzgerald seems to have considered first the poetical quality of his work, and hence the public, not being tempted by the promise of exact literalness, lets itself overlook what in fact so well repays study. The imaginative beauty of his work is a most striking trait, and while the question of the literalness of his different translations is of importance, this may be better considered by discussing them separately.

The story of his literary career is brief. What first attracted anything like marked attention was his translation of the *Rubáiyát*, or Quatrains, of Omar Khayyám.¹ This Persian poet had up to that time been almost unnoticed in the Western world, and although according to his French editor and translator, M. J. B. Nicolas, his poems, written in the eleventh century, are still popular in Teheran, there is yet other, though less direct, evidence that even in his own country he had met with neglect. Many other Persian poets have been much more famous, and their celebrity has spread even into Europe, but until Mr. Fitzgerald's translation appeared, Omar Khayyám was nearly unknown to his more recent public. In Sir Gore Ouseley's *Biographical Notices of Persian Poets*, prose renderings of half a dozen of the quatrains are given. Two are to be found in Mr. Emerson's *May Day and Other Poems*, and one first appeared in an article on Persian Poetry, by Mr. Emerson, in *The Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1858, since reprinted in his *Letters and Social Aims*. This article gives an account of Von Hammer's *Geschichte der Schönen Redekünste Persiens*, and contains translations of many other Persian poems from

¹ *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, the Astronomer Poet of Persia* Translated into English Verse

London: Bernard Quaritch 1st Ed., 1869; 2d, 1868; 3d, 1872

the German version. It was here that Mr. Emerson said: "Ferideddin Attar and Omar Chiam promise to rise in Western estimation;" and certainly half of his prophecy has come true. In his valuable volume which appeared in Vienna, in 1818, Von Hammer translated twenty-five of the quatrains of Khayyám, which are prefaced by a brief notice, biographical and critical, of the poet. He there regrets that his limited space does not permit him to give the translation of the whole three hundred — not two hundred, as Mr. Fitzgerald says in the preface of his version — contained in his MS. of Omar Khayyám, "for nearly all," he says, "are of the same merit as these." Like Mr. Fitzgerald, he preserves the fine-sounding measure of the original. In his short introduction he speaks of Khayyám as the poet of the freethinkers and scoffers at religion, as the Voltaire of Persian poetry, a view which is directly opposed to that of M. Nicolas, who sees the mystical expression of devotion in everything that most shocks the German scholar. The question is one that concerns a good deal of Persian poetry, for Hafiz was forbidden the rites of burial, and at a later period the reading of his poems was prohibited on account of his great exaltation of material joys, until it was ingeniously suggested by an admirer that what seemed erotic and bacchanalian was really only symbolical of a diviner glow, when they were again received into favor. Omar Khayyám has been attacked for the same fault and defended in the same way, but any one who reads the mystical poems of the most prominent Sufi poets, such as Ferideddin Attar and Jelaeddin, in translation at least, cannot fail to observe the great difference between their transparent allegory on the one hand, and on the other the candid avowal of want of faith in Khayyám's poems, or the open, unblushing sensuality of some of those of Hafiz. To confuse the two would seem as impossible as the inability to distinguish a German student's *Commersbush* from a collection of psalm tunes. Hence nothing sounds stranger than the attempts of M. Nicolas to read

in Khayyám's most despairing lines protestations of orthodoxy, or even of the wavering orthodoxy of the Sufis, who, while they maintained an outward semblance of belief in Islamism, really held to the hope of reaching by self-abnegation a sort of pantheistic absorption into the deity. This tendency to pantheism existed in many Oriental religions, and notably in Brahmanism, for instance, as is expressed in Mr. Emerson's famous poem, *Brahma*, which is itself almost a literal translation from the *Bhagavad Gita*. Moreover the Sufis held, with a fervor that would have delighted the heart of Schopenhauer, that the world was but illusion. Their poets, it is true, used many expressions with mystical meaning, various forms of material joy standing for the rapturous contemplation of divinity, as in the *Song of Solomon*, and the whole trouble of the interpreters is to know how much is literal and how much figurative.

Injustice would be done Mr. Fitzgerald's impressive version of Khayyám if the idea were given that it is made up of nothing but scoffing and jeering at religion, and smoothly worded blasphemy. Noisy unbelief and sneering at holy things are common enough and need no discussion here; they indicate the absence of thought, the willful determination not to think, while these quatrains are of importance because they express the despair of a man, a thinker, who is unable rather than unwilling to believe, who cannot reconcile what he is told of the goodness of God with the misery of the universe, with man's fatal proclivity to sin and the certainty of punishment for wickedness: —

"What! out of senseless nothing to provoke
A conscious something to resent the yoke
Of unpermitted pleasure, under pain
Of everlasting penalties if broke!"

His determination to grasp present joys in despair of getting any satisfactory explanation of all these puzzling questions is very different from crude delight in sensuality, and it would be a great mistake to regard Khayyám as nothing but a careless epicurean, whose only interest was his own physical well-being.

He was in earnest, and he struck that note of wonder and regret which so many hopeless, skeptical souls have felt in all countries and at all times. Omar expresses a feeling that is as old as the world, —

“Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,”

and is sure to awaken a responsive thrill in the heart of man, or at any rate of that portion of mankind more given to thought and dreamy speculation than to action. His life, however, was not one of repining: he was an eminent mathematician; indeed, to many scholars he is best known as a distinguished man of science who wrote verses as a recreation; and he composed a treatise on algebra which was edited and translated — in his twenty-fourth year, by the way — by the celebrated scholar, Franz Wœpcke,¹ a brief but touching memorial of whom is to be found in Taine's *Nouveaux Essais d'Histoire et de Critique*. This algebraic treatise was famous among the Moors in Spain three centuries after it was written, and three centuries more did not diminish its reputation. Its especial value, according to Wœpcke, lay in the method it indicated of constructing equations of the third degree, which was a step in advance of what had been done by Greek mathematicians. In it Khayyám bemoaned that the times were unfavorable for science, that the number of its followers was diminished, and that “the majority of those who have the appearance of scientific men hide the truth under falsehood; and confine themselves to imposture and to scientific ostentation. If they meet a man distinguished for honesty and the love of truth, who tries to get rid of pretense and deceit, they make him the object of their scorn and sneers. It is God whom we constantly implore, and he is our refuge.” Perhaps he was here complaining of the persecution which he suffered on account of his religious opinions, for in an old MS., translated by Wœpcke, it is stated that he was much

blamed during his life-time for his skeptical views, although he was acknowledged to be without equal in astronomy and philosophy. It also says that after his death the Sufis interpreted his poems according to their own tenets, and that he was the object of their discussion both at home and abroad. As for his skill in astronomy, it is known that he was one of eight men who were chosen to reform the calendar, and who, according to Gibbon's testimony, corroborated by that of others, established “a computation of time which surpasses the Julian, and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style.” In spite of the poet's dictum the sane astronomer may be undevout, but in Omar's poetry we find what is possibly the best expression of the earnestness which fails to become devoutness and turns into despair, which is one of the most touching sights in the world, and is the counterbalancing evil of intellectual power with refinement and cultivation, just as narrow arrogance is that of moderate culture, and superstition that of ignorant devotion.

Omar Khayyám — Khayyám means tent-maker, and was probably chosen in lieu of a finer-sounding name like Firdusi, “the celestial,” or Hafiz, “the preserver,” as a modest indication of his father's occupation — lived in the latter half of our eleventh century and the first quarter of our twelfth. He with two of his school-mates agreed that if one should rise to power he should not fail to aid the other two. One, Nizam-ul-Mulk, became vizier, and according to his promise gave the other, Hasan Ben Sabbâh, a place in his government, which kindness was rewarded with treachery, while Omar asked only for a modest competence that he might devote himself wholly to his studies; this was granted him, and thus he passed his life in congenial work at Naishapur, where he was born and died. Another patron of his was Abou Tahir, whose praise is found in the beginning of his algebraic treatise. “His presence,” he says, “dilates my chest, his society heightens my glory; my cause grows in borrowing from his splendor, and my force is augmented by his munifi-

¹ *L'Algèbre d'Omar Alkhayyâmi*. Publiée, traduite, et accompagnée d'extraits de manuscrits inédits. Par F. Wœpcke. Paris: Duprat. 1851. 8vo

cence and kindness." To return to Mr. Fitzgerald, he has certainly done his part justice. As has been said, he has preserved the impressive metre of the original, of which an example has been given in the quatrain above quoted, where the first two lines rhyme, and the third introduces a change which the ear awaits in the fourth, where the original rhyme is repeated again with singular solemnity, as when the regular measure of tolling is interrupted, and the bell, turning over on itself, comes down with a more powerful note.

It is not, however, as a miracle of verbal ingenuity that his work demands praise, but rather on account of his skill in giving us a poetical equivalent of the Persian original. He selected of the *Rubáiyát* a little less than a quarter of the whole number, giving, as he says in his preface, a smaller proportion of those in praise of wine, but otherwise representing fairly the Persian poem. Any one pushing too far the question of the exactness of the translation would be brought to a stand-still, not merely by Mr. Fitzgerald's constant practice of giving the spirit rather than the letter of the original, but also by the great discordance of the various MSS. Von Hammer, for instance, gives some verses which are not to be found in M. Nicolas' collection, and Mr. Fitzgerald some which are to be found in Von Hammer, but not in the French edition, and others which can be found in neither. Some also that Sir Gore Ouseley translated do not appear in any of the other collections. This only confirms the statement that it is for its poetical value especially that Mr. Fitzgerald's version is to be read. He has added to English literature what is remarkable for being one of the most beautiful as well as one of the earlier of the utterances of resignation in the world,—of a man who has vainly striven to convince himself that there is a better one:—

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

"Earth could not answer; nor the seas that mourn
In flowing purple, of their Lord forlorn;

Nor rolling heaven, with all his signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of night and morn."

What seems to him the only refuge is the enjoyment of the pleasures he sees about him:—

"Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
Your winter garment of repentance fling:
The bird of time has but a little way
To flutter,—and the bird is on the wing.

"Here with a little bread beneath the bough,
A flask of wine, a book of verse,—and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness,—
Oh, wilderness were paradise enow."

Those who are familiar with the poem will recall the rest of it, and those who are not can easily lay their hands upon it. They will find among other things what is in another but somewhat similar way expressed by Horace, the advice to take the world as it is, a saying which is trite enough, but one that will always find listeners when put in an eloquent or really poetical form. It is hardly necessary to comment further on the beauty of Mr. Fitzgerald's rendering; that has been so often done—though hardly often enough for the worth of the book—that there is at present no urgent need of repeating what has been better said by others. Its history has been a singular one: the first edition appeared in 1859; consequently Miss Thackeray's putting a quotation from this version into the lips of one of the characters of *Old Kensington* before the time of the Crimean War is, it will be noticed, an anachronism, although a pardonable one; the second in 1868, and the third in 1872. From the first almost nothing was said about the book, but yet there must have been some demand for it within the first nine years to warrant the appearance of a second edition. However this may be, there was no public recognition of its merits until a warm and admiring notice appeared in the *North American Review* for October, 1869, and since that time it has slowly worked its way into favor in this country, although by no means as yet into popularity, while in England, where it was published, recognition of its worth has been even tardier. An article appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* soon afterwards, deriving its inspiration from that in the *North American*, and there was a

long and laudatory notice in the Contemporary Review for March, 1876, from the pen of Mr. Schütz - Wilson. The first edition contained seventy-five quatrains; the second, one hundred and ten; the third, one hundred and one. The changes in the later editions, which are generally slight, may, on the whole, be considered improvements, and when the third is compared with the first edition they will be found to be decidedly for the better.

This was not Mr. Fitzgerald's first translation from the Persian, although it is decidedly the most important. In 1856 he published a translation of Jâmi's *Salâmân and Absal*,¹ which is a short poem of less than fifty pages. It is the second of the collection called the *Heft Aurang*, or *Seven Thrones*, which was made up of Jâmi's romantic poems. This one tells in a somewhat mystical way the story of a prodigal son, and although it contains many beautiful lines, it is so marked by the unfamiliar expressions and ways of thought of the Orientals that it somewhat repels the chance reader, while the main interest of the volume being its singularity there is nothing to make him overlook these external faults, if faults is not too harsh a word for what are only geographical differences of taste. Omar Khayyâm had qualities which have made him a classic, while Jâmi, in this poem, at least, comes nowhere near his level.

This is a fair specimen of one of the interludes. Sulayman and Balkis are Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, respectively:—

“ Once upon the throne together
Telling one another secrets,
Sat Sulayman and Balkis;
The hearts of both were turned to truth,
Unswayed by deception.
First the king of faith, Sulayman,
Spoke: ‘ However just and wise
Reported, none of all the many
Suitors to my palace thronging
But afar I scrutinize;
And he who comes not empty-handed
Grows to honor in mine eyes.’
After this Balkis a secret
From her hidden bosom utter'd,

Saying, ‘ Never night or morning
Comely youth before me passes
Whom I look not longing after.’ ”

Mr. Fitzgerald's translations from the Spanish demand careful consideration. The first volume² contained the following plays: *The Painter of his own Dishonor* (*El Pintor de su Deshonra*); *Keep your own Secret* (*Nadie fie su Secreto*); *Gil Perez, the Gallician* (*Luis Perez el Gallego*); *Three Judgments at a Blow* (*Las Tres Justicias en Una*); *The Mayor of Zalamea* (*El Alcalde de Zalamea*); *Beware of Smooth Water* (*Guárdate de la Agua Mansa*). In the preface he says, “ I have, while faithfully trying to retain what was fine and effective, sunk, reduced, altered, and replaced much that seemed to mar the breadth of general effect, supplying such omissions by some lines of after narrative.” The translations from Calderon into English up to that time could have been counted on the fingers of one hand, and even since then but few new competitors have entered the field, the interest in Spanish literature having been much less in England and America than on the Continent. Mr. D. F. MacCarthy has done his best to atone for this indifference by the admirable fidelity of his translations, which give the original almost *verbatim* and with wonderful smoothness, blending the rigid metrical form that Calderon used with the freedom of English in a way that can hardly be excelled. Mr. Fitzgerald's aim was avowedly different: in his opinion our familiar blank verse, occasionally enlivened by rhyming measures, would produce the same effect upon us, accustomed to that form, as would the short line and assonance upon the fellow-countrymen of Calderon. At any rate these translations, although not strictly literal, are yet sufficiently exact to be of service, and hostile criticism has been further disarmed by Mr. Fitzgerald's statement in the preface that he had “ not meddled with any of the more famous plays. . . . Such plays,” he added, “ as the *Magico Prodigioso* and

¹ *Salâmân and Absal*. An Allegory. From the Persian of Jâmi. London: John S. Parker & Co. 1856.

² *Six Dramas of Calderon*. Freely translated by EDWARD FITZGERALD. London: William Pickering. 1853

the *Vida es Sueño* . . . require another translator and, I think, form of translation." Since then, however, he has translated them both, if the word translation can be rightly used of such free adaptations of the original.

A poet has abundant precedent for writing a free translation; and if he does it well enough he is sure to be forgiven for any liberties he may have taken with the text. The dangers of this form of execution are manifest: if every translator is free to alter the original at will, confusion is tolerably sure to arise, the door being opened to great latitude of opinion with regard to what changes are to be deemed poetical; and actual merit alone can or should atone for such boldness. Now Mr. Fitzgerald has made such use of these two plays of Calderon as seemed to him good, adding whole pages here, omitting scenes there, disregarding the measure of the original; in a word, rewriting them to suit our Northern taste. Calderon's marvelous facility of execution is wholly lost sight of; in place of the swiftly varied action of his plays, which is sometimes so irresponsible as to seem almost like that of an opera, we have plenty of reflection, of that description of internal struggle which forms the core of those plays we are taught when young to like the most. The *Magico Prodigioso* was translated in part by Shelley, it will be remembered, who strove for literalness, but in this version there is much not in the original. The following is an example; it is taken from the first scene in which Lucifer and Cipriano are talking together. Lucifer says:

"Trouble yourself no more with disquisition,
That by sad, slow, and unprogressive steps
Of wasted soul and body leads to nothing:
And only sure of life's short breathing-while,
And knowing that the gods who threaten us
With after-vengeance of the very crimes
They revel in themselves are nothing more
Than the mere coinage of our proper brain,
To cheat us of our scanty pleasure here
With terror of a harsh account hereafter, —
Eat, drink, be merry; crown yourselves with
flowers,
About as lasting as the heads they garland;
And, snatching what you can of life's poor feast,
When summon'd to depart, with no ill grace,
Like a too greedy guest, cling to the table
Whither the generations that succeed
Press forward, famish'd, for their turn to feed.

Nay, or before your time self-surfeited,
Wait not for Nature's signal to be gone,
But, with the potion of the spotted weed
That peradventure wild beside your door
For some such friendly purpose cheaply grows,
Anticipate too tardy Nature's call:
Ev'n as one last great Roman of them all
Dismiss'd himself betimes into the sum
Of universe; not nothing to become, —
For that can never cease that was before;
But not that sad Lucretius any more."

There is a sort of echo of Omar Khayyám in some of these lines, and they are surely of a kind that Calderon would never have written, there being but little resemblance in this defense of materialism, with which the evil one tries to mislead Cipriano, to the almost trivial arguments the pale devil of the original makes use of. The true-believing Spaniards who first saw Calderon's plays acted did not need to see the devil tripped up, even by a pagan, by means of a protracted discussion; a very brief argument seemed enough to dispose of him, and they were very ready to leave him to his legitimate revenge of supplying dramatic temptations to the other characters. This marks the difference between Calderon and the Northern playwrights, who would care less for quick and varied action than for the clashing of opposite, and eternally opposite, modes of thought. Instead, then, of Calderon's play we have one not intended for the stage, with part of the incidents left out and a good deal of reflection put in by a poet of another country, with different traditions and a wholly different method. The other play is a paraphrase of the *Vida es Sueño*,¹ which is certainly one of its author's masterpieces. Its plot is briefly this: the king of Poland, alarmed by prophecies of his son's future violence, has him imprisoned in a lonely tower; at length, when anxious to lay aside his power, he brings the prince forth drugged, to awaken as the ruler of the land for a day, to continue on the throne if he prove a wise monarch, to be drugged again and carried back to his prison if he act indiscreetly. Naturally enough Sigismund, the prince, does not fail to show his lack of training,

¹ *The Mighty Magician*. Such Stuff as Dreams are made of. A Drama. Taken from Calderon's *Vida es Sueño*. No title-page

and has to be returned to his cell, where he is told that his brief enjoyment of power was but a dream. When a speedy revolution again sets him on the throne he is found to have learned the lesson of the uncertainty of all things, and he bids fair to become a wise ruler: here the play ends. This is certainly all improbable enough, but it is also fine. In the original there is a secondary plot not in this version, where its place is taken by a fuller development of the character of Sigismund. The vivacity is lost, but the seriousness of the play is more clearly brought out; how this is done may be seen by comparing Mr. MacCarthy's close translation with Mr. Fitzgerald's paraphrase of Sigismund's words at the end of the play. Mr. MacCarthy's, following the original, runs thus:—

"Why this wonder, these surprises,
If my teacher was a dream,
And amid my new aspirings
I am fearful I may wake,
And once more a prisoner find me
In my cell? But I should not;
Even to dream it is sufficient.
For I thus have come to know
That at last all human blisses
Pass and vanish as a dream,
And the time that may be given me
I henceforth would turn to gain;
Asking for our faults forgiveness,
Since to generous, noble hearts
It is natural to forgive them."

Part only of Mr. Fitzgerald's longer version may be given:—

"A dream it was in which I thought myself,
And you that hail'd me now then hail'd me king,
In a brave palace that was all my own.

Such a dream
As this in which I may be walking now;
Dispensing solemn justice to you shadows,
Who make believe to listen; but anon,
With all your glittering arms and equipage,
King, princes, captains, warriors, plume, and steel,
Aye, ev'n with all your airy theatre,
May flit into the air you seem to rend
With acclamation, leaving me to wake
In the dark tower; or dreaming that I wake
From this that waking is; or this and that
Both waking or both dreaming; such a doubt
Confounds and clouds our mortal life about.
And, whether wake or dreaming, this I know,
How dreamwise human glories come and go;
Whose momentary tenure not to break,
Walking as one who knows he soon may wake,
So fairly carry the full cup, so well
Disorder'd insolence and passion quell,
That there be nothing after to upbraid
Dreamer or doer in the part he play'd,
Whether to-morrow's dawn shall break the spell,

Or the last trumpet of the eternal day
When dreaming with the night shall pass away."

Undoubtedly the finest of Mr. Fitzgerald's translations, with the exception of that of Omar Khayyám, is the one of the Agamemnon of Æschylus,¹ which has been recently published. Even those who might object to any modification of the *Vida es Sueño*, which is often acted in the theatres of Northern Europe, would find it hard to defend the literal presentation of what is incomprehensible to us in this play. Time has hidden from us much that was once intelligible, and the corruption of the text has helped to make much uncertain; moreover it is impossible for us to divest ourselves of our later training, and to put ourselves into full sympathy with the author's and spectators' feeling. All these things tend to keep off readers from one of the greatest of the short list of great poets. Translators have struggled with this thick fog of obscurity with more or less success, and those who have not been frightened by the difficulties, who have been willing to forego complete comprehension, have had their reward in the enjoyment of the magnificent dramatic action of the play. The sudden opening, the crowded march of incidents, the terribleness of the tragedy, the sharp contrast between the joyful return of Agamemnon and his sudden murder, the brazen guilt of Clytemnestra, and the foreboding of further sin and misery with which the play ends stand out clear and immortal, unobscured by the mists of many of the choral passages, which, even when intelligible to scholars, are curiously deadened when put into literal English. In his version Mr. Fitzgerald has aimed at giving the reader the spirit rather than the letter of the darker parts of the play, and in doing this he has written a most impressive version of the Agamemnon, the greater part being a translation sufficiently close for the satisfaction of the scholar, and of sufficient poetical worth to fascinate the reader, who finds the obscurity replaced by an intelligible paraphrase. Here is a

¹ *Agamemnon, a Tragedy taken from Æschylus.* (By the translator of Omar Khayyám.) London: Bernard Quaritch. 1876.

fine bit of translation; it is Clytemnestra's speech: —

"Hephaistos, the lame god,
And sprightliest of mortal messengers;
Who, springing from the bed of burning Troy,
Hither, by fore-devised intelligence
Agreed upon between my lord and me,
Posted from dedicated height to height
The reach of land and sea that lies between.
And first to catch him and begin the game,
Mount Ida fired her forest-pine, and, waving,
Handed him on to the Hermean steep
Of Lemnos; Lemnos to the summit of
Zeus-consecrated Athos lifted; whence,
As by the giant taken, so despatcht,
The torch of conquest, traversing the wide
Ægean with a sunbeam-stretching stride,
Struck up the drowsy watchers on Makistos,
Who, flashing back the challenge, flashed it on
To those who watched on the Messapian height;
With whose quick-kindling heather heaped and
fired
The meteor-bearded messenger refresht,
Clearing Asopus at a bound, struck fire
From old Kithæron; and, so little tired
As waxing even wanton with the sport,
Over the sleeping water of Gorgopis
Sprung to the rock of Corinth; thence to the cliffs
Which stare down the Saronic Gulf, that now
Began to shiver in the creeping dawn;
Whence, for a moment on the neighboring top
Of Arachnæum lighting, one last bound
Brought him to Agamemnon's battlements."

This is exceedingly near the original, and gives its swing and hurrying movement as much better than creeping prosaic exactness does, as a fine portrait is better than wax-works. It is in the choruses that the work of excision and modification has been most marked, as here: —

"Some think the Godhead, couching at his ease
Deep in the purple heavens, serenely sees
Insult the altar of eternal right.
Fools! For though Fortune seem to misrequite,
And Retribution for a while forget,
Sooner or later she reclaims the debt
With usury that triples the amount
Of Nemesis with running Time's account."

This is a noteworthy example of the smoothing of the ruggedness of Æschylus which does so much to making this version very readable; the fine vein of poetry that runs all through it surely ought to temper the criticism of even the most enthusiastic sticklers for literal accuracy. It is Æschylus classified and simplified that the reader finds here, and not the obscurity of a precise rendering of word for word, which itself requires a commentary before it is intelligible. Any one who takes the pains to compare

Mr. Fitzgerald's version with the original will find that the translator has been very faithful to the spirit of the play, while he has omitted what would tend to the reader's confusion. On the whole, this is more nearly literal than the rendering of Omar Khayyám.

This book ends the short list of Mr. Fitzgerald's contributions to this branch of literature. In all of them, or at least in the *Rubáiyát of Khayyám*, in the volume containing the *Magico Prodigioso* and the *Vida es Sueño*, and in the *Agamemnon*, we find the problem of the translation of some difficult, obscure, or unfamiliar poetry treated in the same way, that is, by throwing overboard whatever would clog the movement of the poem and preserving the animating beauty of the original, and, as has been shown, adding at times what the original lacked. The experiment is always a bold one, for he who undertakes it must silence the clamor of the sticklers for verbal accuracy by the generous supply of what shall be really poetical. It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Fitzgerald has succeeded well; he has enriched English literature without making that of Persia, Spain, or Greece any poorer. He has shown the highest sort of poetical comprehension of, and literary sympathy with, the work of great writers. By thus slipping in between exact translators and original poets he has, to be sure, missed popularity; but he has won, though tardily, an honorable place among the real poets of the present day. There are many of these who trick themselves out in the cast-off raiment of past ages, some putting themselves to much trouble in order to acquire Chaucer's simplicity, others going back to the past to exhume forgotten subjects and methods, just as fashionable young women ransack dusty trunks in the garret for brocades and fineries they were brought up to laugh at. Mr. Fitzgerald's method is different: he redelivers a poetic message in a poetic way, and what strikes the reader most forcibly is the genuineness and manliness of his work. There is reason to hope that his fine poetry will be read when some of the verse makers of the present day shall

be wholly forgotten, but he deserves attention at the time when it is most the fashion to praise the others. What he has written is good enough and simple enough to endure the damaging approval of those who affect the admiration of a thing because it is not widely known,

as well as the indifference of those who disregard it for the same reason. Mr. Fitzgerald's audience, small as it is, is found almost entirely in this country, and it is to be hoped that the recent publication of the Agamemnon will tend to enlarge it.

Thomas Sergeant Perry.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It seems to me that it is time for some one to come out and face popular adulation with the unpalatable remark that Mr. Edward Payson Hammond's *Sketches of Palestine*¹ is an overrated book. I make and record that remark now. I do it without passion; I am not influenced by envy or spite. I believe that the present frenzy of admiration for this work has diseased the public mind and greatly impaired the value of its verdict. I believe that the same cause has produced the same effect with the professional critics. This frenzy will not last, but will run its course and die, like all that have gone before it; and I feel sure that when that day comes the world will say, as I say now, It is an overrated book.

Understand me, I do not claim that it is *greatly* overrated. I do not go so far as that, — except as regards a few passages here and there. These few have certainly been greatly overrated, and I think I can show it. In truth, I can subscribe to much that the Rev. Robert Knox, D. D., says of the poem and its author, in the introduction. I can say with him that "I have read the work with intense interest, and" — under certain limitations — "with profit." I can say with him that the reading the work "very often compels the reader to realize and confess that he is in the presence of a man of power;" and that

"the creations of the author's imagination indicate poetic genius of a high order." I admit with him that the author "possesses a rich and fervid imagination." I go all these lengths cheerfully and willingly; and yet I still say, as before, the book is overrated; Edward Payson Hammond has been placed too high on the roll of the poets. Let me make a few quotations.

The opening lines of the poem have been intemperately lauded, both here and abroad: they describe the wedding of Edward Payson Hammond and the bridal journey to Niagara. The adulation of these lines, which follow, has been still more intemperate: —

"Then they landed at Niagara.
There they heard their Master calling,
'Go and work within my vineyard,
And my presence shall go with thee.'
Quickly they obeyed the summons.
On the lovely banks of Erie,
With the godly Mr. Howland,
There they gathered in the harvest,
Working with the Holy Spirit,
Winning souls to Christ, their master."

Mark how far an incautious partiality can carry a man! Speaking of the above passage, Mr. Hallet, the highest critical authority in England, says, "There is nothing in Shakespeare like this." The lines are certainly fine, but they hardly warrant such strong language. There is one defect which has escaped every one's notice: that is, the absence of any expressed opinion as to Niagara. It seems

Knox, D. D., Pastor Linen Hall Presbyterian Church, Belfast, Ireland. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

¹ *Sketches of Palestine*. Descriptive of the Visit of the REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND, M. A., to the Holy Land. With Introduction by the REV. ROBERT

to me that the transition from Niagara to the ministerial field is too abrupt:—

"Then they turned their steps to Rockford,
Where the Sabbath-school convention
Met for mutual instruction
In the truths of Zion's welfare."

These lines have received more praise than they really deserve. They are too smooth, for one thing; the rhythm should be more broken up. This could have been compassed by the substitution of "edification" for "instruction" in the third line, since the former falls trippingly from the tongue, while the latter does not.

The bridal party continue their journey, and sail for Europe from the port of New York:—

"As they journeyed ever eastward,
They observed their watches losing
Day by day some twenty minutes
With this fact was taught a lesson
E. embodied in some verses."

Where is the justification for De Lisle's assertion that the above lines are "resplendent"? The suspicion is forced upon us that they have been improved in the French translation. One of the "verses" which "E." wrote under the inspiration of the foregoing episode contains a figure which I am willing to admit is worthy of the enthusiasm which it has called forth:—

"Yes, we can tell them we have not
That *longitude of soul*
Which we once had when we set out
To reach the heavenly goal."

There are some fine descriptive passages in the book. Perhaps the finest is one which I need not quote, since it is so familiar to everybody. I refer to the passage about the departure from Lake Zurich:—

"When, with Dr. B., from Brooklyn,
And his wife, the happy couple
Sailed for Rigi,"—

a passage which closes with these often quoted lines:—

"Till at length the veil of darkness
Quite was lifted from the landscape,
Showing them where had been sleeping
'Leven lakes of matchless beauty."

The poet, with a multitude of tourists, witnessed the illumination of the Falls of Giessbach with Bengal lights:—

"Thus when truth is made attractive,
Sinners flock to see its beauty.

Then they thought of living Christians,
All whose 'springs' are in the Saviour,
And who, while they 'water others,'
Are themselves thus always watered;
And of Jesu's precious promise,
'He that drinketh of the water
That by me is freely given,
He shall thirst again, no, never.'
Then it was that Edward Payson
Wrote some simple lines of poetry,
Setting forth this truth important."

Let us quote one of the stanzas, since the lines italicized by the poet are the ones of which the great German critic, Von Schlechter, has said, "You may search Dante in vain and not find the fellow to this passage:"—

"Thus the Christian, much with God,
Watered with the heavenly dew,
Brings from the divine abode
Blessings that are fresh and new
He can ever truly say,
'All my springs, Lord, are in thee;
Watering others every day,
Still, my Father, water me.'"

It may be true that one cannot find a passage just like this in Dante, but I contend that he can find more than one that is just as good. I have been openly insulted, at a social gathering, for making this remark; but I nevertheless repeat it, for I believe it to be true.

"Up Mount Lebanon so lofty
Quick they flew with fleetest horses
Feet five thousand and six hundred
Was the height they soon attained to
To the left they saw Mount Sunin,
Rising feet full twice five thousand,
Clad in robes of snowy whiteness.
On the left then stood Mount Hermon,
Towering high in feet ten thousand,
Robed in snow of shining whiteness"

Critics have mightily glorified the "marvelous effect" produced by the repetition of the figure describing the brilliancy of the snow. I regard this matter differently. In the first place, the figure is not new; in the second place, it does not stir the soul; and lastly, its repetition is mere bald tautology, and would argue poverty of invention in a poet who was not the spoiled pet of the universe, but had to stand upon his merits. Every enthusiast claims that the triangulation of a mountain's altitude has never been done in poetry before. I fail to see why it should have been done this time. The flow of a poem ought not to be interrupted by statistics; these belong more properly in foot-notes.

De Ruyter asserts that the above passage is "Miltonic." At the Hague, where he is best known, this critic's opinions are not considered to be unpurchasable.

"Quick the heart of Edward Payson
Was inspired to write some verses.
Well he knew he was no poet,
Still to him it was a pleasure
To jot down these lines, tho' simple,
Which so quickly pressed upon him
I shall venture to transcribe them
Word for word as they were written
In the carriage o'er the mountain."

Then follow the famous verses, familiar to every school-boy, beginning, —

"Mine eyes on Hermon rested,
Just at the break of day."

It seems to me that this poet's frequent petting references to himself as "E.," and "Edward Payson," etc., are in bad taste. It would be better style to maintain a more dignified distance between himself and his reader. His surname is Hammond. There is no rhythmical reason why he should not say, "Quick the heart of Mr. Hammond." It is better than the other form, and pleasanter. But I will not dwell upon this matter.

"The first day they rode eight hours,
Passing close along the sea-shore
Where 't is said the Prophet Jonah
Once escaped from the embraces
Of that huge aquatic monster."

The word "embraces," here, is not accurately descriptive.

Rev. Mr. Hammond goes on to speak of "Great Sidon:" —

"Then they called to mind its capture
By the Persian Shalmaneser,
B. C. seven hundred twenty."

That is not poetry. It is nothing but the most degraded prose.

"Their next rest was at Meis-el-Jebel,
In a sheik's house filled with insects
Far too numerous for their comfort
But they helped to start them early
The next morning on their journey."

Neither is that poetry. It is mere statistics. The same may be said of the following excerpts: —

"Ducks were swimming in the fountain
But a stone's-throw from the waters
Side which Jesus fed five thousand.

Having laved their limbs so weary
In the hot baths of Tiberias, —
Fahrenheit one hundred forty.

Oh, how strange were their sensations,

While at Jacob's well they lingered,
Reading from their Bagster Bible.

As the party passed their houses,
At them they threw stones most rudely;
Yes, and one of them struck Ida.
Mrs. B. was much astonished
When she found within her pocket
Some one's hand, to her a stranger."

And this, about St. Peter's at Rome: —

"Every day the church seemed larger,
Till at last they were quite ready
To believe the fact that fifty
Thousand could be stationed in it,
And that it was more expensive
Than the churches of New England, —
That it even cost more money
In its structure than the churches
Of those States all put together."

Rev. Mr. Hammond's poetical account of his daily wanderings among the holy places of Jerusalem has been greatly lauded. I nevertheless cannot bring myself to admire that account. I think that almost any clergyman, suffused with the same devotional spirit, could have written it. I regard it as inferior work, from the opening verses all the way through to the poem beginning with the familiar line, —

"Now say — O Lord! — I pray."

Rev. Mr. Hammond's account of the bath in the Dead Sea has fine points, unquestionably, but it does not deserve all the praise that has been lavished upon it. What I mainly object to is that so many should call it Homeric, — a misapplied term, it seems to me. Here it is; let the reader judge for himself: —

"On his back one of the party
Sought to read within his Bible,
But the heavy swelling water
Quickly turned him, rolled him over,
And beneath the briny surface
Went his Bible, wet entirely.
Edward also, most unwisely,
Tried while lying on the water
First to see if he could read from
The American Presbyterian;
Like the doctor, he rolled over, —
Filled his eyes with bitter water, —
Spoiled the paper he was reading.
When their eyes had once done aching,
Loud they laughed at their endeavor."

The power is not uniformly sustained throughout that passage.

The foreign editions of this volume have suffered much alteration: sometimes by the subtraction of words, sometimes by additions which mar the rhythm. A notable instance of the latter is to be

found in the last English issue. In our American edition we have it that the bridal party journeyed

"Up the sides of Mount Gerizim
By a path not often trodden,
Led by Jacobs, a Samaritan."

In the English version we find the words "the original" inserted after the word "by," in the third line. To lug in a valueless historical fact at the expense of the musical flow of a poem seems hardly justifiable.

But enough of this book. The Rev. Edward Payson Hammond is a very celebrated revivalist preacher, not only here but in Europe. Let him enjoy that fame; I have nothing to offer against it. But while I still echo the assertion of the Rev. Robert Knox, D. D., that "the creations of Mr. Hammond's imagination indicate poetic genius of a high order," I also still aver and still maintain what I said in the beginning, namely: that his book is overrated. The charge that I said his book is worse than Helen's Babies is untrue; I never went to that length. I close with the remark that his much-glorified "vision" is not poetry in any sense of the word, but is nothing but a cheap juggle, a nimble manipulation of names, a paltry trick of jingle unworthy a great master of poesy:—

"Like a vision passed before them
Abraham, Isaac, David, Solomon,
Jotham, Ahaz, Hezekiah,
Nahum, Micah, Jeremiah."

— Save for a certain indescribable flavor of refinement that pervades them like a rich and yet delicate perfume, what is it that really constitutes the principal attraction of Mr. James's longer and shorter stories? They possess few, if any, of what are generally supposed to be the indispensable qualities of the novel. The characters, though not one of them is really commonplace, are none of them, either, of surpassing interest in themselves, manifest no uncommon depth of emotion, no overwhelming power of passion. There is scarcely any plot, and there are almost no events; the whole seems rather to be made up of small incidents. I think I have never, for instance, read a more motionless though by no means lifeless story than *The Amer-*

ican, one going forward so long without apparently advancing a step; where the whole tale at first appeared to consist of nothing but visits to Madame de Cintré and meetings with her brother Valentin, varied by occasional encounters with Mademoiselle Nioche and her father. Yet it is certain that Mr. James holds the rare power of handling his subject in such a manner that we follow not only with interest but with positive eagerness the actions of his most trivial and shallow personages, and the course of the most ordinary occurrences, and that there is about all his work a power that does not easily relax its hold upon us again when once we have been drawn into the charmed circle. And as we look closer we discover that this fascination as nearly as we can analyze it—for doubtless it possesses something of that element of genius, or anything approaching to genius, which is too subtle and intangible to be seized in words or even clearly grasped by thought—is due to his consummate art, the exquisite finish of his figures. He lays on the strokes of his brush—and every stroke shows the touch of a master-hand—as carefully and delicately as some of the modern French painters. Moreover, he understands how to give wonderful vividness to his persons and scenes by small but very clever realistic—rarely unbeautiful—touches. How effective, for instance, to give among innumerable examples only one such, is the mention of the apparently wholly trifling and unimportant detail in the February installment of *The American*, that when Newman awoke in the morning "the sun was filling his window, and he heard outside of it the clucking of hens;" and with what few happy and graphic words is the whole Swiss village in all its beauty and ugliness, and the impression it made on Newman under the peculiar circumstances that took him there, brought before us! The different physiognomies come out as clearly, yet richly, as the figures on an etching, for indeed color is so sparingly used,—though what there is of it is handled with admirable tact and to excellent effect,—and the drawing so decidedly

predominates, that it is of this rather than a painting we are reminded. It is evident, from all I have said, that Mr. James achieves his results by a number of minute marks rather than a few broad, bold, sweeping lines such as those, for instance, in which Tourguéneff sketches his characters.

That Mr. James's figures are not all wholly natural or true to life, some of them even barely possible, makes no material difference in our enjoyment of them. We still contemplate them with the unalloyed pleasure a piece of perfect workmanship is sure to give, without for the moment considering whether such beings as they ever had a real existence or not. Here, indeed, it seems to me, is the heel of Achilles, the mortal spot in Mr. James's work: some of his characters, at least, have no real, living substance, are not blood of our blood and bone of our bone. And whatever might be said in defense of his men, his women strike me more as creations of the imagination than anything else, — nay, I am tempted to say he has not so far succeeded in drawing a female character at all. Madame Blumenthal, Madame de Mauves, and Christina Light, — has anybody ever known such women? However many true and striking *single traits* may enter into their compositions, and however weak and whimsical, incomprehensible and unfathomable women may be, — and perhaps still more appear to men, — yet, taking these figures as a whole, I cannot believe that combinations of such contradictory qualities, swayed by such unaccountable impulses, and governed by such fantastic motives ever lived, moved, and had their being on this earth. Even Madame de Cintré is partially unreal; so far, at least, the springs of her actions are by no means clear to the reader, for it is somewhat difficult to see both why she accepts Newman and why she so suddenly cuts him off. Whatever his short-comings in this respect, however, Mr. James has undoubtedly struck out a new and original track for himself among the much-beaten paths of fiction, a track where as yet he stands without even a rival.

— Every poet ought to be a ready free-hand artist. His sketch-book and pencils could then serve his turn where mere descriptive notes would entirely fail. To illustrate my meaning, let it be taken for granted that in a poem, as in a drawing, the best evidence of high art is that the creation bears the marks of a sympathetic and sincere knowledge of nature, without discovering any effort in the direction of mere copying. “*Ars est artem celare*” may then be translated, “Creation, in art, is that process by which a true genius puts together and molds into perfect shape a mass of materials gathered he cannot recollect where, and blended no one can tell how, but full of the life of the creator.” During his rambles among men and in the solitudes of nature, if the poet were able to catch with his pencil many of those flitting phases of movement, attitude, color, shape, and expression, — humorous, pathetic, grand, graceful, ironic, — just as they show themselves, and fix them with something of their suggestiveness out-cropping, what a wonderful commonplace book he would soon have! Imagine Hawthorne's Note-Books supplemented by Hawthorne's Sketch-Books full of pencil-drawings of those sweet, half-weird light-and-shade manifestations of nature so subtly rendered in all of Hawthorne's writings! The poet's annotated sketch-book is what I am trying to suggest, — a sketch-book whose margins are filled with snatches of verse and bits of tentative phrasing, whilst underneath each drawing appears a cumulative description in prose of the subject's peculiar features, together with some artistic suggestions and poetical hints. Perhaps you think Rossetti ought to be considered an example in point, — a “practical example” worth studying. After a little examination, however, you will see that he has fallen far short of my liberal theory in his restricted practice. Take these verses from *The Stream's Secret*:

“Say, hath not Love leaned low
This hour beside thy far well-head,
Murmuring with curls all dabbled in thy flow,
And washed lips rosy red?”

and these from the first Willowwood sonnet: —

"Then the dark ripples spread to waving hair,
And as I stooped, her own lips rising there
Bubbled with brimming kisses at my mouth."

If all these, and a hundred more like them, had been found in Mr. Rossetti's sketch-book, the drawings themselves would have been ludicrous in the extreme. My criticism is not more realistic than Rossetti's drawing. It may be added that art for art's sake somewhat stiffens and almost offensively burnishes all his otherwise exquisitely beautiful poems. He has sketched from art more than from nature, — from "the flat" much more than from "the round."

But to turn now to Tennyson: his sketch-book would be a delight forever. He would endeavor with pencil as with pen to express the charms of nature by art, — not the charms of art by art. The difference is a vast one. A comparison may make plain my meaning. Rossetti says, —

"But the sea stands spread
As one wall with the flat skies,
Where the lean black craft like flies
Seem well-nigh stagnated,
Soon to drop off dead."

Now this is very fine as a marine sketch, but does it not suggest that it is drawn from a painting and *not* from nature? The ships on a *sea* can never suggest clinging, benumbed flies, but the ships on a *canvas* might. Compare Tennyson's verses: —

"To pore and dote on yonder cloud
That rises upward always higher,
And onward drags a laboring breast
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire."

A strong free-hand sketch from nature, with bold outlines and a few vivid dashes of color, is at once before you. To be sure, a hint of superfluity is discovered upon close scrutiny of the phrasing, but it is a picture, — a true, great picture. Equally true, but more labored (*labor limæ*) and less sincerely natural in its strokes, is this: —

"Move eastward, happy earth, and leave
Yon orange sunset waning slow;
From fringes of the faded eve,
O happy planet, eastward go;
Till over thy dark shoulder glow
Thy silver sister world, and rise
To glass herself in dewy eyes
That watch me from the glen below."

Nevertheless you would never dream

of its being a copy, or a study from the flat. The last two verses seal it a study from nature.

— Could Hawthorne have been other than a story-writer, I think he might have made a famous chemist. He had in a remarkable degree the analytical mind which loves experiment, which delights in laboratory work. He would have made a capital assayer to find out precious metals in unpromising ores. A study of Hawthorne's Note-Books reveals this chemical side of his genius very clearly. Here he has set down page upon page of hints for stories, — some of them only half-thoughts, a word, a name; some incidents to be amplified into chapters; some written only to be rejected, others to be remodeled, still others to be wrought out into the perfect form and grace of a Twice-Told Tale. And these hints bear no little likeness to the formulas of the chemist. Here is one: "To picture a virtuous family, the different members examples of virtuous dispositions in their way; then introduce a vicious person, and trace out the relations which arise between him and them, and the manner in which all are affected." To turn this into the chemical dialect is by no means difficult. A group of metals, pure, lustrous, without a crack, without a blemish, is subjected to the slow, insidious action of a corrosive acid. One the subtle enemy attacks in vain; another it defaces with an ugly mark; it eats into the heart of a third; a fourth it ruins beyond all recognition. Take another example: "To trace out the influence of a frightful and disgraceful crime in debasing and destroying a character naturally high and noble, the guilty person being alone conscious of the guilt." Read gold and aqua regia; romance becomes chemistry, and the study is a laboratory. "A change from a gay young girl to an old woman: the melancholy events, the effects of which have clustered around her character and gradually imbed it with their influence, till she becomes a lover of sick-chambers, taking pleasure in receiving dying breaths and in laying out the dead." Here the experiment is a long one. The method is the same, but the time and the

elements have changed. We have a bright pebble on the sea-shore, brilliant with a score of dazzling colors. Wind and surge and tempest beat upon it. Peaceful days come seldom, and the waves lash it pitilessly. Slowly its bright colors fade out. It grows weather-beaten, gray, wrinkled, sombre-looking.

Amplified from hints into stories, these formulas grow into the carefully worded memoranda of experiments. Hawthorne has shown himself a theoretical chemist, an ingenious deviser of tough problems; he is now to carry his theory into practice, and to solve his problems. No chemist ever loved better to look into nature's heart than did Hawthorne to look into the heart of humanity. No philosopher calculated more closely the delicate relations of cause and effect. The chemist combines two different gases, and watches their action and reaction. Hawthorne associates different natures, and watches the influence on each, — Miriam and Donatello, Clifford and Phoebe, little Pearl and Hester Prynne. The chemist tests with acids, with heat or cold. Hawthorne tries his characters with sin and grief. He places them in different surroundings, inspires them with loves and hatreds, makes their lives happy and sorrowful by turns, and stands by through all, anxious and attentive. He is a mental chemist with human passions and emotions for his chemicals. Study the plot of almost any of his stories, and this chemical side of his genius can scarcely escape detection.

His subject is a young New England minister, endowed with a nature exquisitely sensitive to pain and sorrow. Upon this delicate character he proposes to try the effect of that corrosive element, remorse. He burdens his conscience with a hidden sin, and the evil begins to work upon his heart. A dozen subtle devices are brought in play to keep the acid influence ever strong and active, — Hester Prynne, patiently enduring the shame and punishment which are rightly his; little Pearl, the living emblem of his sin, frightening him by the strangeness of her look and action; Roger Chillingworth, getting closer and closer, day by day,

into the secret places of his heart; the people of his church, torturing him with praises of his holy life. Hawthorne lays bare all the workings of the young man's heart. We are looking at an experiment rather than reading a story. We wonder what this strange combination of emotions, this curious blending of human chemicals, will effect.

The Marble Faun is a similar problem. Donatello is the opposite of Arthur Dimmesdale. One is the type of intense intellectuality; he is all mind, heart, conscience; and his body is comparatively weak. The other typifies the physical in man; he is an animal, speaking and thinking; he is an Adam before the fall, his heart full of simple joy, his life empty of cares and sorrows, the trusted friend and playmate of nature. Remorse has now to act upon a stronger subject than Dimmesdale, and itself is weaker than before. The attendant circumstances, which in *The Scarlet Letter* tended to sharpen pain and to quicken its action, now act to soothe it. Hilda brings her purity; Kenyon, his friendly care; Miriama, her love. The Faun is changed indeed, but for the better. That supreme moment of self-denial, that release from the bondage of a purely selfish sorrow, that glimpse of something really worth while to live for, which came to Arthur Dimmesdale only in death, brought added life to Donatello. The test had put a new element into his being. Remorse had developed him. "In the black depths, the Faun had found a soul."

I find no little pleasure in reading Hawthorne with this idea in view. Looked at as experiments, as problems, as essays in what might be called psychological chemistry, his stories assume an added interest and fascination.

— I fear that nowadays situations in novels are getting to be anything but novel situations. In the new story, Pauline, which is running through Blackwood, the hero and heroine meet under circumstances which every novel-reader knows by heart. I quote from the first chapter: "The tide was still in the ebb; the short cut across the rocks would be

passable. . . . All went well for a time. . . . Too far gone to retreat. . . . Suddenly she became aware she was not alone. . . . Both hands clutched the rugged rock in front; he advanced, and one was unwillingly loosened and put in his own." The reader can easily fill out the incident. Of course it ends *comme il faut*, and doubtless the acquaintance-ship thus begun will result in marriage. But surely this rising of the tide has been done to death.

— I have no hope that the Lost R's will be found in the company of the Wandering G's, anywhere in New England. The letter R, not to sound which in Pennsylvania and throughout the whole West is always regarded as an affectation, is really extinct in the old Puritanic borders. One of the most cultivated persons of my acquaintance pronounces warrior *wawyan*; and in New Hampshire I heard a countryman boast that he had killed a checcadadda. On research his victim proved to be a checkered adder.

— May not a few passages from M. de Molinari's last-summer's letters from this country be possibly of some interest to your readers? "The old part of Boston," he says, "consists of a net-work of streets in which is concentrated all the bustle of business, but the city is beginning to spread indefinitely beyond the *Commons* [*sic*], a magnificent park which separates the old part from the new. It is easy to see by a number of characteristic indications that one is in a place of firmly established wealth, where everything has acquired a degree of stability not to be found elsewhere. The railroad stations, generally so neglected in the United States, are large, convenient, and handsomely decorated; the horse-cars are neat, the streets are generally paved; one finds at every step not only churches, — that goes without saying, — but second-hand book-shops, and stores for the sale of *objets d'art*. Among the churches there is one, *Old South*, covered with huge placards, whence issue cries of indignation and vehement appeals to the patriotism of the Bostonians to save it from contemplated destruction. . . . It is to be hoped that Old South — between

ourselves, a tolerably ugly bit of brick-work — will escape the impious rage of the Vandals."

"During my stay in Boston, Mrs. Woodhull, the most notorious apostle of the emancipation of women, came there to open a series of lectures on the human body, the Temple of the Divinity, but — who would believe it? — all the halls were closed to her, . . . so that Mrs. Woodhull was obliged to take her Temple of the Divinity back to New York. In this connection I would say that the religious, moral, and other eccentricities do not have in the United States the importance which one is pleased to attribute to them on the faith of certain sensational writers, such as Mr. Hepworth Dixon. They find no favor among the mass of the public, and often no tolerance. . . . There have arisen in Russia, for instance, under the most absolute of despotisms and of religious monopoly, sects more immoral and dangerous to society than those to which the political and religious liberty of the United States has given birth. There are here no nihilists, and I have looked in vain for a socialist newspaper. As to the revivals and camp-meetings, these Methodist pilgrimages resemble our own, and the Free Lovers are spotless lambs beside the frightful Skopsi. This is not the land of dreams, and if there is no lack of eccentricity, it takes care not to waste itself over Utopias which 'do not pay.' Like everything else it has a practical turn. It has put itself in the service of dentists and pill-makers; it constructs prospectuses and advertisements, and makes more dollars out of them than Fourier and Saint-Simon made from the *Théorie des Quatre Mouvements* and the *Nouveau Christianisme*."

In his wanderings M. de Molinari visited Harvard College, which he describes briefly, saying that not many months ago a certain number of French liberals had formed the plan of a free and liberal university, to be built and supported by subscription. A place for it had even been chosen, not far from Paris, but safe from its temptations, and the whole list of officers and professors

had been made out, so that nothing was wanting except the money. Unfortunately Haytian and Turkish loans were preferred by those who should have subscribed, and the university was never built; it remained a dream, but this dream he says he found realized at Cambridge. Speaking of the Girls' High School in Boston, he says that the courses of instruction are most numerous, comprising Latin, Greek, French, German, physics, chemistry, geography, trigonometry, algebra, photography, rhetoric, and ethics. "I find no fault with that," he goes on, "but I must say that American ladies have very incomplete knowledge of living languages, the English alone excepted, and perhaps they would derive more profit and even more pleasure from a more thorough acquaintance with French or German, even if they had to neglect Latin and Greek. That is not their opinion, however, and I confess I found very little to say to the argument *ad hominem* which an amiable Philaminta brought forward in talking to me. 'Why are boys taught the dead languages? Because it is acknowledged that no study is better suited to strengthen their minds. Well, would it be just to deny to women the use of this valuable means of culture and civilization? Would you not consider it disgraceful that we should be denied traveling by rail, or the use of the telegraph? One of two things, — either Latin and Greek should be taught to the two sexes or to no one at all.'"

— Some one has asserted here that George Eliot is a "literary dissector," using the scalpel with wonderful dexterity; that history is therefore her peculiar province, "since historians only stand over dead bodies and tell us what the life has been;" and concludes that as novels *Middlemarch* and *Deronda* are failures, since "this author lacks the dramatic quality of making her characters directly confront her readers."

This is not alone an individual opinion, but a broad statement of a charge constantly brought against the greatest living novelist. Is the criticism a fair one? Does it not arise from a misconception of the novelist's position? A

dramatist simply holds the mirror up to Nature, and behind it is concealed. He can have no personality without obtruding upon the stage a figure alien to the life represented. But a novelist is, in Saxon interpretation, a story-teller, and by virtue of his office visible and welcome. You stretch your feet before your glowing fire in the dusk, and the voice which tells you the story of the day or a long-past adventure plays a finely important part. You see from the narrator's stand-point, and supplement his truth with your own. If he lingers to tell you what fresh thought came to him from a new mingling of the lights and shades, you do not murmur. We demand that Hamlet, or Othello, or Falstaff shall speak, and not Shakespeare. But who that has ever dreamed over *The Marble Faun* wished to detach from it the author's brooding delight in the tale?

That "fiction creates and should not explain" is a one-sided truth. If fiction creates it must be by the skillful blending in new combinations of certain elements or characteristics of human nature which it finds "created." Dickens said, "I knew Uriah Heep; I would never have dared to imagine him!" In this sense, Dorothea, in *Middlemarch*, is a being nobly conceived by a brain which caught and fused certain strong and pure elements. And her "creator" may explain her because the laws of her being are just what we need to know. That Lydgates are drawn to Rosamonds is a fact long observed, but we are greatly indebted to an insight that finds some of the subtle reasons.

The limitations of history are more narrow than those of fiction. George Eliot's genius has made of Savonarola a more interesting and a nobler figure than do any of his historians; yet students will remain divided as to whether her outline of his character, seen dimly through the years, is more truthful than theirs. But the life that she studies from materials at hand, and which is reproduced in *Adam Bede* and *Maggie Tulliver* with the earnestness of conviction and the sure comprehension which is sympathy, is illuminated for us by the very psycho-

logical tendency of which her critics complain. Assuredly the readers of *The Atlantic* do not need to be reminded, in the language of another contributor, that "to him who reads only the story, the story is never fully told."

— Why do not some of our character-painters, in search of new subjects in American life, take some studies from the outer suburbs of the literary world? It is an almost untrodden field. In most of our large cities there are men and women living by their wits (and very efficient, able-bodied wits, too), who bear the same relation to the recognized accredited body of authors and journalists that the guerrillas and human jackals which follow an army do to orderly, disciplined troops, or the rank, virile weeds of the roadside to trim garden blooms. Occasionally the literary Free Lance contributes an article to a magazine or publishes a book, but it is only to give color to his other proceedings. To define these would be to give the history of each of these intellectual "dead-beats" and his secret of success. I venture to say there is not an editor or writer in the country who reads this that will not recall his experience of the tribe with a chuckle or a groan. Society in general does not know just now how to deal with the ordinary tramp, but what is the editor to do with this fellow, who has as many books as Reynard de Fuchs? He is of the same class as the whining beggar on the doorsteps, though of different rank: one is satisfied with money, the other draws on us for sympathy and friendship beside, and nine times out of ten he gets them. He has the same drop of vagabond blood as the tramp, keen love of adventure, antipathy to work. He (or she, for women take leading parts in this profession) is an actor, with more or less genius to put into his rôle; he takes just as much delight in cheating his audience of one as ever did Kean in seeing the pit rise at him. He gives as much time, thought, culture, and real ability to this private dramatic business as would bring him in a comfortable income in any other trade or profession. It would not be possible to describe his weapons or mode of attack. He is not

dangerous if not original; he and each of his confrères has his own trap, or may be a new one every day. Sometimes one of them makes a raid into the provinces, bringing home booty galore, and leaving a stunned, horrified memory with his victims. But usually they reap their precarious harvest in the crowds of cities, being hunters whose game is man. A common device among them is letter-writing. One, a Napoleon of his tribe, not unfavorably known ten years ago among American authors, found his legitimate work yielded him a paltry income of hundreds, while begging-letters brought in thousands. They edit blackmailing sheets, they attack one church in a pamphlet which they sell among the members of another, they personate foreign noblemen, decayed clergymen, martyrs of every creed and name. There is no bigotry nor weakness (especially if it be feminine) which they cannot work to bring grist to their mill.

After all, there is something attractive to the soberest of us in these sudden ups and downs.

Now what is to be done with these Brahmin tramps? They are not wholly bad. We can't send them to perdition and be done with them, as we would like to. As women, they are not always immodest; they are by no means hard, or cruel, or greedy people, but oftener kindly, generous, with a keen refinement of feeling. Neither is it for money alone that they ply their dangerous trade. I have known them throw up positions which yielded them luxurious incomes and take to the road to starve. The Catholic church provides for such unquiet souls; she knows that women, at least, who will not submit to matter-of-fact duty will perform heroic sacrifices sustained by a dress and surroundings which appeal constantly to their fancy and emotions. The disease is simply vagabondage. Had not Goldsmith just such a maggot in the brain, Leigh Hunt, Dick Steele himself? Morality, of course, teaches that the butterfly must freeze in the winter, while the ant scowls out of her comfortable den at her. We all know the picture—and how the poor dancing-girl starves on the

threshold, and the matron munches within. But which of us does not want to take the loaf out to the poor, guilty cica-da?

— One prime qualification of a reformer is that he should leave room for some one else to supply the links. If he does not excite the amiable little vanity in other minds that *they* can show *exactly* how to do what he proposes only in a general way, he will be left to carry out his scheme alone. Mr. Waring, it seems to me, has that qualification. His articles in Scribner's Monthly for April and The Atlantic for May are among the most important contributions that have been made to the discussion of American rural life; but is it not strange that he should pass over so entirely the first steps toward organizing farm-villages? He shows as much confidence in the movableness of the farmers as Mr. Tyn-dall professes to have in the promise and potency of matter. But I, for one, inhabiting a solitary farm, do not see how my little cell is going to work itself into the tissue of a community. I have no money to put into an enterprise of that sort. The snail may "put his back up" on a question of migration, and carry his roof on the back after it is up; but I am snail-like only in my progress toward society and a competence. I might club together with my neighbors, who make such large blank spaces in the census by living from two to six miles apart all through the township; but a club of that sort would deliver only the same old knock-down argument, — no money. What am I to do, then? I conclude that I'm not to do at all, but to wait for help from the cities. Dr. Maudsley, that penetrating observer of insanity, has distinctly said that the pressure of modern business, so vast and various in its competitions, is one of the chief causes of mental alienation in this century. On the other hand the statistics of some of our American asylums show that the farmer class yields a very large proportion of insane patients. The merchants are suffering from overwork on a splendid scale; we farmers suffer from the same thing on a mean, harassing scale.

Both classes tend toward extremes, and the extremes meet in similar evil effects. Now it seems to me that the merchants, who are injured by an excess of moneyed interests, ought to come to the relief of our indigence. I am not joking; the subject is much too serious. I mean simply that our men of business should establish such interests in farming regions as would benefit the country and benefit themselves. You see men of great wealth in the cities constantly making an effort to transplant themselves to the country, wholly or partially; but their efforts are with very few exceptions total failures. They go the wrong way to work. Some build or buy splendid villas which amuse them for a few years; but an astonishing number of these are sold again in a short time, partly because the amusement comes to an end, and partly because they absorb so much money. These places do not "develop the country," owing to their being for the most part large cities, where the land is all in use for market-gardening. They develop only extravagance and disgust. Then there is another set of rich men, fewer in number, who — led by some vain or half-romantic impulse they would despise if it came up in business affairs — try to form great estates farther away from the cities. They surround their mansions with a park-like solitude, and spend uneasy hours trying to enjoy their dignity where

"Silence hems round one burning spot of life."

But for such natures the trees offer only a barren sort of homage; these men need other men for admirers. If they stick to the estate through a life-time, the sons are all the readier to split up and sell the property as soon as it comes to them. Still another class, with less money in pocket, finds solitary country life too great a change from the city, and must therefore go to some village that is one quarter town, and half dependent on another town somewhere near. The remaining quarter has a dull time of it.

Why cannot all these city people, who sooner or later want to have a home in the country, combine their interests with those who live there all the year? The

very rich men, instead of annoying themselves with big villas and lonely parks, might build a small farm-village on Mr. Waring's plan, and then sell part of the adjoining lands and lease others, leaving the village community to put up its own churches, or sharing with them in these, as is now done by the richer inhabitants of small towns. Some one will of course object that this is establishing landed gentry and a peasant-like tenantry. But is it any more alarming than the tenantry in cities, who surely are very much oppressed in the matter of rents? Moreover, this building of villages is only to give the farmers a chance to leave their old homes and get into the better ones, of which they can soon become owners. Meantime, the builder of the village will have become interested, will have formed associations with the place (if he had none before), and has a home near a cheerful little community, to which he can finally retire when he needs or wishes to. The second class of wealthy people will also find a place to centre upon, and thus shall come to pass what we have so sorely needed in the United States,—the distribution of cultured and agreeable people through the more sparsely settled regions. The agricultural society assembled in the new villages will gain a great deal by the breaking up of the old, lonely habit of life; but they would gain still more by the accession of a few people from the business centres. The people from the cities would also find attractive points, I think, in the community of yeomen. Both elements are interested, therefore, in the proposed change. It is a fair field for the employment of capital from the cities.

—J. H. T.'s rendering of Mr. Longfellow's sonnet into Massachusee, in the last number of the Contributors' Club, has naturally attracted a great deal of attention in New England, and particularly in that section of the country in which I chance to reside—Ponkapog, namely. In this old Indian village the study of Massachusee has long been one of the lighter relaxations of the inhabitants. At fashionable evening parties in Ponka-

pog the conversation is carried on almost exclusively in that tongue. As in Concord the children "dig for the infinite" instead of making mud pies, like simpler children in less favored localities, so in Ponkapog the very urchins in the street chatter Massachusee over their tops and marbles. The increasing interest in this beautiful but too much neglected language warrants me in pointing out one or two imperfections in Mr. T.'s otherwise faithful translation of Eliot's Oak. To begin with, *koonepogquash*, in the first line, is obviously a misprint for *rackoonepogquash*. Elisions are not permissible in Massachusee. The omission of the circumflex accent over the fourth *a* in *wadtauatonqussuonagâshnish*, in the line below, is also probably a typographical error, but it is a singularly awkward one, since it changes both the gender and the tense of the word. However, these are blemishes which cannot have escaped even the most careless reader of The Atlantic. I pass to what seems to me a grave misconception of the original text. The sixth line,

"Kah nishnoh howan nootam nehenwonche wut-tinnontoowaonk ketohkaîn,"

strikes me as being a very inadequate rendering of

"Thou speakest a different dialect to each."

If, as the translator gives it, "every one hears his own language when thou [the tree] speakest," there would be no difficulty whatever in understanding that Talking Oak; anybody might sit down on an exposed root and have a free and easy powwow with that accomplished old son of the forest. But Mr. Longfellow distinctly states, in the first quatrain of his sonnet, that the

"Myriad leaves are loud
With sounds of unintelligible speech."

Clearly, J. H. T. is wrong, and has dropped into some unintelligible speech on his own account.

In criticising so able a scholar I have allowed my interest in the subject to overcome my diffidence. Even Homer sometimes nods, and J. H. T. may easily be forgiven if he does not always get his Massachusee quite right.

A DREAM.

Words by W. W. STORY.

Music by F. BOOTT.

Allegro.

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked *mf*. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 6/8 time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of two sharps and a 6/8 time signature. The music consists of a series of chords and eighth notes in the treble, and a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass.

mf

The first two lines of the song are in 6/8 time, marked *mf*. The vocal line is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature is two sharps. The lyrics are: 1. I dream'd we were young, and you lov'd me, And the lips that I used to kiss Smiled; 2. Your arms reached out in their longing, You clung to me, face to face; Not

The third line of the song is in 6/8 time, marked *mf*. The vocal line is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature is two sharps. The lyrics are: sweetly as once they smil'd on me With the love that now I miss. I.... yielding a half un - wel - come, A meaningless, cold embrace. I....

The fourth line of the song is in 6/8 time, marked *mf*. The vocal line is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature is two sharps. The lyrics are: dreamed that our life's cruel furrows Were smoothed and gladdened with flow'rs, And we felt the long - van - ished rapture Au - ro - ral above us stream; We loved

dim. *cres.*

breathed the freshness of spring-time, That now is no longer ours. I....
as we loved at twen - ty;—I woke— it was all a dream. I....

dim. *cres.*

dreamed that our life's cru - el fur - rows Were smoothed and gladdened with
felt the long - van - ished rapture Au - ro - ral a - bove us

rall. *ad lib.*

flowers, stream; And we breathed the freshness of spring - time, That
We loved as we loved at twen - ty;— I

rall.

now is no longer ours.
woke;— it was all a dream.

col canto. *a tempo* *dim.* *D. S. F.*

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE life of Charles Kingsley,¹ which we think the American publishers have wisely reduced to one half the bulk of the English edition, is mainly presented in his own letters and the letters of his friends to him or about him, the thread of narrative with which the editor connects them being very slender. Naturally, the work is uncritical, and so much is reserved, through a sensitive regard for what would have been Kingsley's own wish in regard to a memoir, that the reader has not the full materials for making up his own judgment of a writer whom death has remanded to the temporary abeyance all authors must fall into before time settles their true place. Doubtless his will not be just such a place as the generation to which Yeast and Alton Locke and Hypatia came as revelations would have given him. There was really more of ferment than of inspiration in those books, but they were good stories and are not likely to be so much forgotten hereafter as they are now. Nevertheless we think Kingsley's lasting fame will not be that of a divine, or a naturalist, or a *Tendenz*-romancer, however deeply he was himself stirred by questions of theology, science, and social reform, but that of a poet. He was truly a poet of a real and noble sort, and several of his lyrics have the undying quality: the world will be deaf to many tremendous literary and psychic and social noises of the kind which Charles Kingsley himself was the man to be reverently stunned with, but it will not cease to hear the sweetness of such lyrics as the Three Fishers, Thé Sands o' Dee, Be good, sweet Maid, etc. His Andromeda, too, must remain among the few fine English hexameter poems, deserving to rank with those of Mr. Longfellow in technical perfection, and memorable for many eloquent and splendidly descriptive passages.

It appears to us that this subordination of the greatest quality in Kingsley's nature, the poetic quality, to other qualities common to commoner men is what gives that touch of something almost ludicrous in the feverish striving of his life. He was a man of feeling, of emotion, and when he turned to the practical world he wasted his fine

substance against it with an eager, almost anguished intensity of sympathy and longing. He is always in this prodigious excitement about something, so that his letters become painful reading from their inconsequent storm and stress, their utter want of repose and of clearness. He runs terribly to words, and sermonizes and exhorts at a rate hard to bear; and he heats himself over matters that he himself perceives ought to be dealt with only in calm and soberness. Perhaps it is from a lack of explicitness in the memoir that we do not quite know what were his actual feelings in regard to the Chartist movement and the Continental revolutions of 1848; about all that we are able to understand is that he feels deeply for people who are in trouble, and wants them to be very careful how they try to get out of it. But it is possible that the memoir is not altogether to blame for this indistinctness as to his position on political and social questions. His letters upon the woman question are of almost Delphic width of purport, and his long letter to Mill, stating why he has abandoned the movement, is a wonder of prolix inconclusiveness. The idealizing literary temperament is not dismayed when confronted with cases of wrong or suffering which immediate bravery and self-sacrifice may relieve, and so Kingsley's private life was one of beautiful and heroic good works; but we are forced to the belief that his connection with public reforms has been as sentimental as Victor Hugo's, with vastly more vagueness. The real reformers, the John Browns, the Garrisons, are "calm as clocks,"—and clocks that do not go striking twelve all round the dial, and then run down with a whirl. They are quite certain that they know what they want, and are not in dread of being nonplused when they get it.

One can easily understand how these very inequalities should endear Kingsley to those who knew him, and that those nearest him might imagine that he was helping a cause when he was merely suffering for it. In nearly all cases he suffered for the right, but not invariably. He did not, for example, suffer for it in the case of our late war, but he was afterwards willing to offer this

¹ *Charles Kingsley: his Letters and Memories of his Life.* Edited by his Wife. Abridged from the

London Edition. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1877.

republic what reparation he might in urging the establishment of an American professorship at Cambridge; and it is a significant comment upon his emotional way of looking at things that he thought the United States would really take it ill if the professorship were not established. In like manner, when he came among us and found us all such kind, hospitable fellows, with such an exhilarating climate and safe travel and magnificent scenery, he was satisfied that nothing was so much wanting to seal the good feeling between Great Britain and America as to have some American buried in Westminster Abbey, — not foreseeing, good poet, that our demoniacal press would at once offer him all the living national bores for that honored sepulture. There was no harm in that; but such bursts of sentiment are not characteristic of very clear-sighted or far-sighted men. When one reads in Mr. Kingsley's letters that "no man shall know" what he felt upon this or that terrible business, like the Indian mutiny or the revolutions of forty-eight, it is not with the liveliest faith that his feelings were wiser than the average contemporary excitement; nor is it very surprising to find him feeling quite contradictorily about the same thing, and justifying his inconsistency by that of St. Paul.

But all this matters little, and will matter less and less as we grow further away from Kingsley's time, and love him as a poet, and honor him as a good and religious man, so fortunately placed in life as to be able personally to influence vast numbers of people. He had all that is best of English heartiness. He was very simple and downright, and entered with neighborly good-will into the interests of the Eversley people, high and low, and he was quite free from sectarian narrowness. He liked horses and peasants and soldiers; and if he could have afforded it, he would have ridden to hounds; as it was, he was a great friend of angling. It appears that in his youth he had dreams of turning his back upon the vexing problem of Europe and coming to the American backwoods; he had a love and a genius, probably, for pioneering which never died out of him. Late in life he exulted to rush out of church in full canonicals and turn to with the people beating out a fire which had caught in the dry heather; he worked with them all day, and visited them after midnight to encourage them. One fancies the danger as but small compared with that from a burning American forest; but the English

are wrought up to great pitches of excitement by very mild phenomena: an earthquake that jostles their beds fills *The Times* with graphic communications, a heavy fall of snow stops all the cabs of London; and Mr. Kingsley fighting the burning heather was very characteristically if not indispensably engaged. He was always fighting some evil, and took a great pleasure in assaulting diphtheria with bottles of gargle and lotions; he was the sworn foe, also, of typhus fevers and other filth diseases, and he once dismayed an afflicted family, stifling in the foul air of their cottage, by bringing an auger and boring a hole through the wall at the head of the sick-bed.

In spite of all this, however, he himself lived and died in a thoroughly unwholesome house, Eversley rectory lying below the level of some neighboring ponds that kept it constantly damp, and from time to time rendered it uninhabitable. The inmates were frequently sick from it, and obliged to abandon it; it is highly probable that its humidity hastened Kingsley's death, which took place so soon after his visit to our country. There is not much record of this visit which interests the American reader, but it seems to have been a joyous and triumphant experience with Mr. Kingsley, who has nothing but good words for us in his letters home. He is very happy and remarkably well throughout his whole progress up and down, and back and forth across our continent; but it is not improbable that his fatigues were greater than he knew. At any rate, in the winter after his return to England, he was stricken down with pneumonia, while his wife lay, as he supposed, on her death-bed. It is a most pathetic circumstance of this sorrowful case that he died believing that she had passed before him. They could not see each other after his prostration; for a time they corresponded by notes carried between them; this grew too irksome at last. Kingsley's loving heart could not brook the total separation, and at a time when his life depended upon his remaining quiet, and in an even temperature, he risked all by leaving his bed to look once more upon the face so dear to him. He took her hand and holding it said, "This is heaven," and in a little while parted from her forever. His death followed soon upon the exposure. To her recovery we owe this memoir, written with a tenderness and affection wholly beautiful.

—"Barry Cornwall's" success as a poet was more than a success. His songs were

received into the hearts and homes of thousands of people with a tenderness that makes success seem too cold a word to describe their destiny; and he himself, as the writer of those songs, was treated with so much honor by his literary contemporaries, that his fame had in it more of brotherhood than royalty. In this he was enviable. Yet, judging only from his poetry as it stands before us, it is not quite clear how his works should have gained so general an admiration. His songs have not the freshness and passion of Burns nor the delicate finish of Moore; the versatility and liveliness of Béranger are wanting in them; and although he chooses a greater variety of subjects than Heine, the "one-tonedness" of his pieces, which Mrs. Browning refers to, is far more obvious than the German poet's singleness of theme. Nevertheless, in the memorial volume¹ which Mrs. Proctor and Mr. Coventry Patmore have so admirably put together, we find the strongest attestations of how greatly some of the best minds of the century prized Procter. Lamb's playful and sweet sonnet it was of course not necessary to include; but at the beginning of the book we find an impromptu by Swinburne on occasion of reading that sonnet, and at the close of Part I. are reproduced the richer and nobly musical strains which the same poet chanted over the dead songwriter's grave. An extract from a rhymed epistle of Landor's is also given, in which, after characterizing the Elizabethan and the modern poets, the Imaginary Conversationist says to Procter, —

"You, placed afar from each extreme,
Nor dully drowse nor idly dream,
But ever flowing with good humor
Are bright as spring and warm as summer."

Letters are printed from Carlyle, Lord Jeffrey, and others, full of kindness and commendation. Perhaps there is a good deal in Landor's suggestion, "placed afar from each extreme;" much there is, too, in the prettiness, the pensiveness, the conventional verbiage of the poems, and withal the often superior artistic instinct shown in them. Besides, Procter had the advantage of avowedly setting out to supply a deficiency in English poetic literature, the want of short, singable songs. This gave point to his efforts, husbanded his genius, and caused him to be looked upon with a cumulative wonder as the years went by and brought no

other candidate for the particular honors he had won in this direction. But after counting up and analyzing these points, we must not fail to give due weight to the fact that the poet, owing to his attractive personality, his literary modesty, and other fortunate circumstances, became one of those typical and representative figures upon whom the world delights to lavish its good-will. They appear in the ranks of literature only at certain intervals, and in its devotion to them the public atones for its neglect of hundreds of men perhaps as gifted but more obscure and less symmetrically formed. These idols — we mean no sort of disparagement by the word — are more easily found in the second rank than among the supreme masters; for the latter are subject to excessive changes in the popular regard, having either to struggle long at the outset of their careers or to suffer some pitiless reaction of taste in later life. It is essential to successes (since we can invent no other word to express the idea) like Barry Cornwall's, that the writer should make an impression quickly and then survive long after it. We have a very similar case in that of our own Halleck. Procter, like Halleck, became famous while young. Born in 1787, he wrote a very successful play in 1821, called *Mirandola*; between that and 1830 his *Flood of Thessaly* and *Dramatic Fragments* gained considerable renown; and in 1832 he closed his poetical career by collecting his *English Songs*. The period of his literary activity lasted but seventeen years (1815–1832), yet he had the happiness to live thirty-two years longer in the enjoyment of his fame and of a brilliant circle of friends. His association with so many of the famous men of the time, and the fact that so many people had admired his work, to begin with, no doubt had an influence in prolonging and heightening his reputation; so that the merits of tradition were added to those of sterling worth in the man and his writings.

The events of Procter's life "might all be told in a very few pages," says the editor of this volume, "unless, indeed, his friendships may be regarded as its events." And they were so, in a singular and illustrious degree. He went to the same school with Byron and Peel, and as he in one place remarks he was, in the course of sixty years, acquainted with more than one hundred persons connected with literature. Mr. Pat-

¹ *Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall). An Autobiographical Fragment and Biographical Notes, with Personal Sketches of Contemporaries, Unpub-*

lished Lyrics, and Letters of Literary Friends. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

more's memorial is arranged in four parts, the first of which gives an autobiographical fragment and some passages of biography. The main items are that at school he was fonder of reading the British poets than of study; that he was particularly proud of holding his own in pugilistic combats at Harrow; and that, though destined for the law, his literary taste for some time kept him from entering on the study of it. His father left him a good property, about 1816. He began conveyancing, after his marriage to Miss Anne Skepper, in 1824; and afterward he became one of the Commissioners of Lunacy, an office which he held for something like twenty years. He is said to have taken his greatest pleasure in his professional successes and the regular discharge of his commissionership duties. The great event of his latter life was the sudden rise of his daughter Adelaide to poetic popularity. It is hardly to be regretted that he did not complete his autobiography; the fragment he has left shows that his shyness and modesty would have covered up many of the most interesting details now given us by the editor; but it is somewhat unaccountable that he should have made so little record of that various literary multitude of which he saw so much. From time to time he essayed this, and what he actually prepared in this sort is the perfection of reminiscence. The third part of the present record consists of verses, hitherto unpublished, somewhat accidental and unsatisfactory, and the fourth is made up of a charming budget of letters from eminent or interesting persons. But it is in the second section that we must look for the sketches of the poet's literary companions. These he began to write when in his seventy-ninth year, and never completed. Coleridge's much-praised Bowles, the sonneteer, was his first acquaintance of note. About 1817 he met with Leigh Hunt, Keats, Thomas Love, Peacock, Hazlitt, Coulson, Novello the musical composer, and Charles Lamb; Hazlitt introduced him to the painter Haydon; through Lamb he came to know Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey, the Lake poets, for whom, as we know, Lamb was a sort of London agent. In 1820 he visited Rogers, and met Campbell, Moore, Crabbe, Sir Walter Scott, and Macaulay. The *valet de chambre's* apothegm, he says, does not apply to his experience of these famous men. "I saw some of them tried severely enough by poverty, by loss of friends, by opposition from the world, and

other causes. Yet they went through all bravely, heroically." He shows, however, a decided antipathy for De Quincey; and William Godwin, who stuffed his novels with so many fine phrases about generosity, he declares to have been "very cold, very selfish, very calculating." Godwin's whole relation with his son-in-law, the poet Shelley, was a constant process of money-squeezing.

Procter's admiration for his friend Hazlitt was very great. Writing to a friend in the last part of his life, he says that he despairs of an age which has forgotten to read Hazlitt. One curious fact given concerning that critic is that he had absolutely no books of his own. When he wished to write his lectures on the Elizabethan Dramatists, he had read none of them but Shakespeare. Procter lent him a dozen or two of his books, Hazlitt retired to the country, and at the end of six weeks had absorbed the whole and finished writing his lectures. Apropos of the term "Elizabethan," it is startling enough to read the following in a letter from Walter Savage Landor: "How dare you talk so boldly of the gentlemen who are come again so highly into favor? I mean the dramatists who rejoice in the title of Elizabethan, as if that paltry, snarling old b—— ought to give her name to anything so great as even a moderate-sized poet. But all things are now Elizabethan, from poets that nobody can read to windows that nobody can look out of." There are several interesting personal descriptions. Of Keats it is said: "It would be difficult to discover a man with a more bright and open countenance. He was always ready to hear and reply; to discuss, to reason, to admit, and to join in serious talk or common gossip." Leigh Hunt, Procter decides, "was essentially a gentleman. . . . He saw hosts of writers of less ability than himself outstripping him on the road to future success, yet I never heard a word from him that could be construed into jealousy or envy; not even a murmur." Wordsworth, we are told, "was a tall and ungainly man, with a grave and severe face, and a manner that indicated tranquillity or independence rather than high breeding." Concerning Coleridge there occurs an extremely good anecdote, based, as usual, on the opium-eating poet's enormous propensity for monologue in place of conversation. Wordsworth and a friend came one morning to breakfast with Samuel Rogers, and excused the lateness of their arrival by saying that they had been to call

on Coleridge. "How was it you called upon him so early?" inquired Rogers. "Oh," replied Wordsworth, "we are going to dine with him this evening and" — "And," said Rogers, "you wanted to take the sting out of him beforehand."

The correspondence of Procter embraces several letters from Thomas Beddoes, the author of that singular and poetical but little-known tragedy, *Death's Jest-Book*; and letters from Landor, Byron, Freiligrath, and Lamb (who signs himself, "Yours ever and two evers"), together with Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Most of these are very characteristic. Here is an interesting piece of self-criticism from Byron: "As for myself, neither my way of thinking on the subject as an art — nor probably my powers — are at all adapted for the English drama; nor did I ever think they were." Longfellow wrote to him of his poems: "For me they are more suggestive of music than any modern songs whatever that the three kingdoms have produced." And he appends these lines as a fuller expression of his feeling about them: —

"And as swallows build
In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,
So thy twitterings songs shall nestle
In my bosom."

He also speaks of *Evangeline*, just then completed. "I hope you will not reject it on account of the metre. In fact, I could not write it as it is in any other; it would have changed its character entirely to have put it into a different measure."

Hawthorne's letter, written before he went abroad, contains the following: "We know you well, and love and admire you in a measure which those who have you bodily among them can hardly equal. An English poet should come hither to enjoy the best part of his fame; at home he cannot taste the most refined delight of it till he be dead, when I fear he will not greatly care about it." One cannot but be struck by the heartiness and kindliness with which men of the largest calibre and widest fame hastened to offer their praise to this gentle song-writer. His whole life, indeed, as here depicted, is one that the literary fraternity and all persons of taste may study with the most thorough and refreshing satisfaction. It is praise enough of the book to say that in its easy style, its tenderness and cheer, and its

abundance of anecdote, it is perfectly in keeping with its subject.

— Colonel Dodge's book about our Western territory¹ is full of all manner of information regarding that part of the country and its inhabitants. It would be hard to name a book, or collection of books, in which could be obtained anything like the light on the subject that is thrown by this modest volume. It is made up entirely of the author's recollections, not of what he has read, but of what he has seen with his own eyes, and consequently his testimony is of the most valuable kind, and his book is most entertaining.

The opening chapters describe the geological and physical peculiarities of the country: its formation from the detritus of the mountains and by mighty upheavals of the earth's surface, the volcanic remains, the singular petrifications, the cañon, all find mention. In the account of the surface we are told of the appearance of the plains, their treelessness, the rivers with their dangerous quicksands; then comes an account of the climate with its fierce extremes, with the heat in some places rendered endurable by the dryness of the air and the coolness of the nights, while the cold is made more terrible by the terrible wind, and no season is really secure from violent, sudden storms. Under the head of *Travel on the Plains* is a singular statement which we do not remember ever seeing in print before, though many people have doubtless noticed it: "Few persons, with any knowledge of geography or of the points of the compass, have traveled at all without having at some time experienced the curious sensation of being 'turned round.' A man is going up the Hudson River in a steamboat, and, walking from the cabin to the guards, finds himself apparently going down the river. A traveler looks from his book or paper out of a car window, and finds to his disgust that he seems to be going back towards his starting-point. . . . No power of mind or will can change this feeling, which, however, generally goes off of itself after a while, as mysteriously and with as little cause as it came. It does not always go off, and a wrong impression once made may cling through life, as to me Detroit is always in Canada, and New Orleans always on the right bank of the Mississippi, because I happened to be

¹ *The Plains of the Great West and their Inhabitants, being a Description of the Plains, Game, Indians, etc., of the Great North American Desert.* By RICHARD IRVING DODGE, Lieutenant-Colonel

U. S. A. With an Introduction by WILLIAM BLACKMORE. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

turned round when I first arrived in those cities. Under such curious circumstances the features of the best known localities become strange; everything looks different from what it ought to look. This is getting lost in the plains sense."

"The effect on some minds of being really and thoroughly lost or turned round on the plains is most appalling;" and he gives several instances of its effects, one soldier being so badly frightened that when found two or three days afterwards he was a raving maniac, and did not for a month recover his reason. "He recollected nothing but going a little distance off the road for something, and getting turned round and realizing that he was lost." Probably what makes it so terrible and alarming is the resemblance of the feeling to that of a nightmare, the man's reason serving only to mislead him. But the old plainsman, when some morning he finds the sun rising in the west, "knows what this means at once; and unless he has a compass, or is as sure of his locality as a resident in New York would be on Broadway, he accepts the situation, goes into camp, and waits until he gets all right again." The dangers are by no means all outside of the camp; the sudden overflowing of rivers, — a few inches deep at sunset and in a few hours mighty torrents carrying everything before them, — rattlesnakes, horse-thieves, charges of buffalo, skunk bites, for those obnoxious beasts have the habit of entering the tent when hungry and eating the exposed face or hand, and in the Arkansas country this is generally succeeded by hydrophobia, — such are some of the most prominent dangers to be guarded against. But for sportsmen the joys far outweigh the discomforts and dangers which beset the plains, and Colonel Dodge has written a most tempting account of the game to be found there and the proper method of bagging it, all of which is seasoned by the addition of a number of appropriate anecdotes. He mourns the reckless slaughter of buffalo and elk, which threatens very soon to exterminate the breed.

Nearly half of the book is taken up with a very full account of the Indians of that region, the Cheyennes, Sioux, and Arapahoes. He describes their domestic life, their religion, their methods of fighting, and gives many instances of their more than brutish cruelty. His full treatment of the subject allows no condensation here, but in the last two hundred pages may be found a thorough and undoubtedly exact statement

of the conditions of the problem, and a very fair presentment of the difficulties awaiting any solution of the question how to treat the dispossessed red-man. The author has no sentimental affection for the savage, and on the other hand he condemns warmly the many breaches of faith which have disgraced our government. He calls the whole treaty system "a murderous farce." He wants the Indians to be kept to a rigid accountability for their actions instead of, as now, being petted with one hand and cuffed with the other. It is interesting to see how much less mischievous are Indians in British America, where they are treated with more consistency and far less savageness; but then it is not impossible that they there come into contact with a class of white men less degraded than that set of ruffians who hang on the outskirts of our civilization and rejoice in the possession of hardly anything more than its vices. This excellent book is a sound authority on the interesting subjects which it discusses. It resembles nothing so much as the talk of a man who has a good deal to say and knows how to say it. The author's experience has been long and varied, and he is full of curious facts and of amusing as well as blood-curdling stories. The introduction is serviceable, and the illustrations are deserving of commendation. Our brief outline gives but an incomplete notion of various merits of a book which must long serve as the most trustworthy compendium of an evanescent phase of our country's history.

—The present condition of the Eastern Question would be enough of itself to make very welcome any information concerning one of the parties most prominent in the threatening troubles. Moreover, we Americans, who are connected with the most autocratic government in Europe by imaginary bonds of close sympathy, naturally are anxious to know definitely something about our vague friends who, like ourselves, have a vast untamed country to manage, and who enter late, and with that sort of self-consciousness which makes us understand one another, into the race with the rest of the world. But even if the Turk were what he once was, and even if we felt no more interest in Russia than in Tasmania, a book like this of Mr. Wallace's could not fail to find many interested readers. It is not every one who can go to Corinth, but few of those who go

¹ *Russia*. By D. MACKENZIE WALLACE, M. A., Member of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1877.

see what is to be seen there, and fewer still are able to make a faithful and entertaining record of what they have observed and learned. Now Mr. Wallace is a conscientious worker; he never puts us off with reports at second hand when it is possible to see the things with his own eyes; he spared no pains to secure accuracy, and the consequence is that he has written a book which is a treasure-house of information, and he has done it in so pleasant a way that his story is, in fact, what is so often said in compliment, almost as interesting as a novel. He entered Russia in March, 1870, intending to spend but a few months there; but the more he studied the more he found he had to learn, so that before he had finished he had spent many years studying the history and social condition of the country. This large volume describes his life, his method of work, and gives us many personal reminiscences, while it contains in addition to these things the fruits of much research and the record of much that he learned, in the only way such things can be satisfactorily learned, from conversation with the people.

Since he found that by living in St. Petersburg he could not become familiar with the language, he voluntarily banished himself to a distant village where he had to speak Russian or starve, and once there he began to devote himself to examining what went on about him. All of this part of his personal experience is delightful reading: the life he recounts, the scenes he puts before us, remind us frequently of what can be equaled in this country in respect of dullness of life and the absence of interests, as well as in the aspect of nature. Our prairies, agricultural regions, and forests, our huge rivers, the doubly terrible climate, find formidable rivals in Russia; but here, to our eyes at least, the analogy ceases. In that country the tendency is to a rustic life; with us this is combated by a very different spirit, which leads us to crowd into cities, and, moreover, the patient, enduring, unenterprising nature of the Slavs is very different from what exists here. How different it is this book clearly shows. Separate chapters describe the religious life of the people, their observance of outward rites, and the inferior condition of the priests, who have seldom stood much higher than the peasants. Elsewhere, to mention briefly one of the more important matters, we read of the life of the peasants, of the *mir*, or village community, which puts the authority, like that of a New England town-meeting, only

much greater, into an assembly of the property owners of the commune, men and women. It is to be noticed, however, that although women have the right of speaking on all questions concerning their own households, such as a proposal to increase or diminish the household's share of land, there is but little attention paid to them when they speak on the general welfare of the commune. The peasant family is an association in which the members hold nearly all things in common, and the *mir* is, Mr. Wallace tells us, very much the same thing on a larger scale; "the members of a family all farm together, and those who earn money from other sources are expected to put their savings into a common purse; whilst the households composing a commune farm independently, and pay into the common treasury only a certain fixed sum." The whole system of the annual allotment of land is a complex one unlike that at present existing in any civilized country, and while its presence nowadays throws light on much early history, it makes the manner of the future growth of Russia very obscure.

Naturally the history of the emancipation of the serfs takes up a good deal of place in the book. We are informed how serfage, which was in fact exactly the same thing as slavery, although the fact has often been denied, arose, thrived under various emperors, and was finally abolished, as well as what the effect of the emancipation has been on the serfs and their former proprietors. According to Mr. Wallace this slavery was a thing of slow growth, and not the sudden result of a proclamation or of the violence of Boris Godunof, as has been widely stated. The peasants were serfs before the "institution" became recognized by law, and the change from the condition of belonging to the soil and inseparable from it to that of being sold without reference to the land was a gradual but undeniable one. They were almost defenseless against the ill treatment of their owners, and ill treatment was by no means rare; yet when they were emancipated by the present emperor they were not much excited. They had no ardent love of liberty, and they found it no panacea, though that they had hardly expected. The changes that emancipation wrought were principally of a legal sort, affecting the way in which the peasant owned his land, and have had no such seriously disturbing effect as was anticipated. The full particulars of this are to be found in Mr. Wallace's volume, and they bear witness to the great thorough-

ness with which he has investigated this and every question.

In this brief sketch we have mentioned but a small part of the subjects discussed. It would be hard to find any point of Russian civilization which is not here treated. It is to be remembered that Mr. Wallace's experience in the country was of a very rare kind. Few Russians, to say nothing of foreigners, have ever seen so much of their native land or with such good opportunities, for he became intimate with people of all classes of society, and visited the remotest quarters of the empire at times with government inspectors. Since what he sought was the truth, and not facts in support of a theory, he was able to make his book what it is, a record which no student of modern history, indeed no indolent reader of books of travel, can afford to neglect. It is a book of rare merit and interest, deserving the highest praise. One seldom finds so thoroughly satisfactory workmanship as has gone to the making of this volume.

— The gentle reader of this magazine cannot fail to have liked, for their very fresh and delicate quality, certain sketches of an old New England sea-port, which have from time to time appeared here during the last four years. The first was Shore House, and then there came Deeplaven Cronies and Deeplaven Excursions. These sketches, with many more studies of the same sort of life, as finely and faithfully done, are now collected into a pretty little book called *Deeplaven*,¹ which must, we think, find favor with all who appreciate the simple treatment of the near-at-hand quaint and picturesque. No doubt some particular sea-port sat for Deeplaven, but the picture is true to a whole class of old shore towns, in any one of which you might confidently look to find the Deeplaven types. It is supposed that two young girls — whose young-girlhood charmingly perfumes the thought and observation of the whole book — are spending the summer at Deeplaven, Miss Denis, the narrator, being the guest of her adored ideal, Miss Kate Lancaster, whose people have an ancestral house there; but their sojourn is only used as a background on which to paint the local life: the three or four aristocratic families, severally dwindled to three or four old maiden ladies; the numbers of ancient sea-captains cast ashore by the decaying traffic; the queer sailor and fisher folk; the widow and old-wife gossips of the place, and

some of the people of the neighboring country. These are all touched with a hand that holds itself far from every trick of exaggeration, and that subtly delights in the very tint and form of reality; we could not express too strongly the sense of conscientious fidelity which the art of the book gives, while over the whole is cast a light of the sweetest and gentlest humor, and of a sympathy as tender as it is intelligent. Danny is one of the best of the sketches; and another is *The Circus at Denby*, which perhaps shows better than any other the play of the author's observation and fancy, with its glancing lights of fun and pathos. A sombre and touching study is that of the sad, simple life so compassionately depicted in *In Shadow*, after which the reader must turn to the brisk vigor and quaintness of *Mrs. Bonny*. Bits of New England landscape and characteristic marine effects scattered throughout these studies of life vividly localize them, and the talk of the people is rendered with a delicious fidelity.

In fact, Miss Jewett here gives proof of such powers of observation and characterization as we hope will some day be turned to the advantage of all of us in fiction. Meanwhile we are very glad of these studies, so refined, so simple, so exquisitely imbued with a true feeling for the ideal within the real.

— Since as a people we gave up boasting about our achievements, and took to unmercifully deprecating them, there have been few more agreeable offsets to our gloomy self-criticism than the distinction which Mr. Eugene Schuyler, American consul at Constantinople, has won for himself throughout Europe. This accomplished scholar, who many years ago made the first English translation from Tourguéneff, was the investigator of the Bulgarian atrocities last year, and his inquiries enabled another American, Mr. McGahan, acting as correspondent for the *London Daily News*, to spread that whole hideous episode before the English public. These two gentlemen enjoy the singular fame of having taken English public opinion by the forelock, and led it in the direction which the real sympathies of the people and of the popular leaders inclined it to take. Mr. Schuyler has since made his appearance as the author of undoubtedly the most thorough, brilliant, and entertaining work on Turkistan¹ which has yet been given to the English-speaking world. The first

¹ *Deeplaven*. By SARAH O. JEWETT. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

¹ *Turkistan. Notes of a Journey in Russian Turkistan, Khokand, Bukhara, and Kuldja*. By

volume is taken up with describing his journey in 1873 along the Syr Darya (Jaxartes), one of the rivers of Eden; the manners of the Khirgiz of the steppe, and Mussulman life in Tashkent and Samarkand; and the valley of Larafshan, east of Samarkand. The Khirgiz occupy, we suppose (though Mr. Schuyler says nothing about it), the territory of the Massagetæ of the ancients, who were famed for their perhaps excessively prudent habit of killing their parents at a certain age, and for sacrificing horses to the sun, on account of their swiftness. Horses at least play an important part among the Khirgiz; for they have races from twelve to twenty miles long, horses being often given as prizes; and there is a picturesque but too forcible custom of "love chases," where a maiden mounts a fleet horse, armed with a heavy whip which she uses on the persons of those suitors who come too near catching her and whom she does not favor. Both of these volumes are full of graphic descriptions, besides a mass of historical and ethnical information. A traveler like Mr. Schuyler in such a region as Central Asia has to be his own historian and geographer, often bringing back entirely new material and correcting old judgments. In short, he partakes of the honors of discovery, to some extent. The second half of this work is particularly valuable for the luminous insight it gives into the Russian conquests in the East. No one who wishes to understand the questions involved in these can dispense with reading the last four chapters of Mr. Schuyler's second volume. His searching and comprehensive survey of Russian proceedings in Turkistan since 1865, his impartiality in dispensing praise and blame, his candor and his courtesy, are all quite unsurpassable. As the author did not spare, last summer, what Mr. Carlyle in his latest utterance calls "the unspeakable Turk," so he does not hesitate to pass sharp criticism on the Russian, when necessary. But while condemning in some instances, he says that "the Russian movements in Central Asia have been marked by great discipline and humanity." He does not, like Mr. Carlyle, declare that the Russians have "done signal service to God and man in drilling into order and peace anarchic populations all over their side of

the world;" in some cases quite the contrary is shown; but he gives it as his firm belief that Russia has no designs upon India, and has been drawn unavoidably into her latest Khivan conquests and advances on Kuldja, and with disadvantage rather than gain to herself. The human existence which Mr. Schuyler has to describe is queer and distorted enough; but the clear, graceful style gives everything a fascination the reverse of disagreeable. The illustrations, from drawings by the Russian painter Vereschagine (which we recognize as being taken from the latter's *Tour du Monde*), add much to the entertaining quality of the book.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

Even if he is not well enough known to have a place in Vapereau's *Dictionnaire des Contemporains*, the Count de Gobineau has done sufficiently good service in the fields of scholarship and of belles-lettres to win a high reputation among students and readers. His novel, *Les Pliéades*, is one of the wisest of recent works of French fiction, and his position as French minister to Persia gave him an opportunity, which he did not neglect, to offer to the Western world a great deal of information about the ancient and modern history of that interesting country. In this last volume² he has collected half a dozen studies of Oriental life to illustrate some of the most marked traits of the Asiatics, who are but little understood by their contemporaries of the West. In his preface he calls attention to the great points of difference between people of different races, showing that they are much greater than the points of external resemblance in the matter of eating when hungry, drinking when thirsty, and resting when tired. Bring together, he says, an African negro, an Arab, and St. Vincent de Paul, and what resemblance would you find in their three natures? Let a moralist overhear them: would he maintain his favorite hypothesis that all men are alike? People so unlike ourselves as are the Orientals should be regarded, he claims, from quite another point of view than that of the moralist, and in his sketches he has merely given us the representation of certain sides of Eastern life

EUGENE SCHUYLER, Phil. Dr., Member of the American Geographical Society and of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society, etc. With three Maps and numerous Illustrations. In two volumes. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1876.

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

² *Nouvelles Asiatiques*. Par LE COMTE DE GOBINEAU. Paris: Didier. 1876.

without drawing any conclusions as to the moral worth of those about whom he writes. More than that, this volume bears the mark of being a faithful record of what it assumes to describe. The author's familiarity with the people of Central Asia, his knowledge of their manners, methods of thought and action, of their faults and virtues, makes itself felt everywhere. Regarded simply as stories, the first sketch is the most deserving of praise; a few touches bring the different characters before us and open to us what is really a new world, in which the practical has no place and there is no other law than caprice or passion. This story about the dancing-girl is very interesting and is well told, but though this is more complete than the others, they are by no means to be despised, for they all are of value for their excellence in showing certain Oriental traits. Thus, the story of Gamber-Aly describes the career of a young good-for-nothing, a coward and braggart, who owes his success in life to his good looks. The War of the Turcomans is perhaps as characteristic as any, with its account of a campaign and the side light thrown on the habit of universal speculation. These tales may possibly contain a great deal of exaggeration, but it would seem more likely that they do not, and at any rate they do not read like the ordinary misrepresentation of an outsider who detects a conspicuous quality and then devotes himself to ringing changes upon it; indeed, the contrary impression is given by the fact that often the narration seems to proceed from the lips of some Oriental talking to one of his fellow country-people, who will be interested but not amazed by what he hears. *Les Amants de Kandahar* is again a love story; *La Vie de Voyage* really no more than a short account of the charm of traveling in the desert. *L'Illustre Magicien* is slighter yet.

But it may be said once more that it is not as a collection of rounded and complete tales that this volume demands attention, but simply for the views it gives us of the East. It resembles an artist's portfolio, which may lack pictures ready for framing though it may contain hasty sketches which teach us something we did not know before; and yet this comparison would be unjust if it seemed to decry the merit of the book and to make it out anything but interesting. It is a collection of charming sketches, made up of rare and curious although simple material.

— M. Zola's last contribution¹ to modern literature is a book that demands attention on account of its shameless assault on every principle of literature which distinguishes a novel as a work of art from a criminal indictment, to say nothing of the outrages on decency of which the book is continually guilty. This author has already gained some notoriety by his deliberate choice of noisome subjects, and in his series describing the foul adventures of the families of Ronçon and Macquart under the empire he has first and last brought to a high point that kind of denunciatory writing which has its origin in derisive inscriptions on walls and gates. He has a perfect right to detest the empire which has so lately fallen to the ground of its own corruption, but he has surely brought no credit to himself by the means he has taken to discredit his foes. This volume, *L'Assommoir*, is the seventh of the series, and in each one he has bedaubed some man or set of men with his ingenious virulence; but now at last he has passed all bounds of endurance, and he is winning the abuse which he busily employs himself in weaving into a martyr's crown. Such, at least, is the opinion of those who are not more offended than they are sickened by the form of composition he has chosen, and who are not convinced by his preface to this volume, in which he takes up the defense of himself and affirms, among other things, that he is a very respectable, worthy citizen in his private life. Now there is no doubt of this, and after all it is a matter that concerns his family and neighbors more than it does the public, but this is by no means the only case in which men's theories and practice differ, or in which men who lead quiet lives write demoralizing books. It is true that the books one generation calls demoralizing are sometimes much admired by the next and by succeeding ones, but it does not follow that in order to be famous in the future it is necessary to be odious to the present, and yet that is one of the most wide-spread of contemporary delusions.

In this novel we find the narration of a most piteous story. The heroine, Gervaise, a washer-woman, marries out of good nature a workman, Coupeau, and there would seem to be a fair prospect of their success in life until the author is seen to be sharpening his knife and mixing his poisons preparatory to the final massacre. Coupeau breaks his

¹ *L'Assommoir*. Par ÉMILE ZOLA. Paris: Charpentier. 1877.

leg, and after his recovery is transformed from an honest, industrious workman into a lazy, good-for-nothing sot. An old lover of Gervaise turns up and takes a place in the family, and finally, after sinking lower and lower in degradation, which is described at length, Coupeau dies of delirium tremens and Gervaise soon follows him. This incomplete sketch of the groundwork of the novel leaves out what is its real offense, and that is the author's deliberate blackening of every human being in it. There are some scenes in it which are not bad, such as that one describing the wedding, but it would be hard to find a book that produces so strong a feeling of physical disgust as this one does. Much of the book is absolutely revolting: the account of the combat between the two women in the laundry makes Fielding's description of a similar scene read like a Sunday-school novel; the nauseous particulars of the viciousness of Gervaise and of the depths of abasement to which drink brings her seem to make the air stifling with vileness. Those who like this sort of writing call it powerful, but yet it is not a matter of congratulation that a man writes a novel which shows its power by an excess of unsavoriness. If a painter were to paint a picture of some disagreeable subject so exactly that those who saw it would want it covered with chloride of lime, he would then evidently appear to have strayed from the true path of art. But that a writer should do it is held by M. Zola, at least, to be a justifiable thing. He says this novel is the chastest of his books,—it might well be that without exciting raptures,—and he adds that it is also true. Now that is something wholly beside the question. There are a great many things in human nature which cannot be told, however truly. What would one think of a musician who composed a symphony made up of nothing but the clatter of a street and the setting of saws, and then answered his critics by saying that each of those sounds was one he had heard? What sculptor willingly represents deformity? Who carves the statue of a *crétin*? Yet those who most loudly claim that their novels are works of art are the readiest to fall into a fault which needs only to be imagined in another branch of art to appear in all its offensiveness.

It is singular how those who carry on the fight in defense of what they call art for art's sake, while they are discussing the theory, fly to lofty heights of abstract reason, but as soon as they come to put their

reasoning into practice drop down to the sewers to lug something forth to astound the world. So far as they react against a narrow, hypercritical intermeddling of the outside public they are right; but as soon as they think that the world can be managed on that single notion they fail as utterly as would those who should ask for a commission of clergymen, lawyers, merchants, sailors, and farmers to decide on the merits of a book before publication. The one definite *a priori* principle which shall apply to all books has not yet been uttered, but it is still possible to mention some of the things which cannot improve their value, and one of them is trying to produce in readers the feeling of physical repulsion. All of this diving down into unutterable defilement does not belong to fiction. The answer to this would probably be of a galling nature, implying that the sentimental idealist preferred to wrap himself up in day-dreams about the attractive virtues of working people, and to remain in ignorance of all the sin and misery there is in the world. But this would be an inaccurate statement; the place for such things is in books of social science, of political economy, not in novels. It is but a matter of taste, after all. It will not be found to be the best physician who talks about loathsome diseases in mixed company, and that a certain class of French novel-writers should vie with one another in seeing who could go the farthest in this sort of writing does not prove they are the best of their kind. When readers become as familiar with ghosts as with telegrams, care no more for a dozen murders than for a dozen sneezes, and have become stolid to every allurement of vice, the writer in order to produce a physical sensation has to adopt more drastic methods and finds his delight in describing nasty smells, etc., as M. Zola has done with singular unction. But it yet remains true that he is only carrying bad art to its legitimate conclusions. It is not necessary to be alarmed at the seeming success of such men. They of course arouse curiosity, and a certain part of the public that is warned away from their books is tempted by this warning to see what is so deserving of abuse; but literature has survived a good deal of such bad taste in the past, so that we may have hopes for the future even if M. Zola prefer to revel in the gutter and to sing of what he finds there. Moreover, M. Zola belongs to but a clique of French writers, and the notoriety he has brought upon himself should not be put

upon all his fellow-countrymen, any more than, say, Robert Browning should be confounded with Gerald Massey, in forming an opinion of contemporary English literature. Zola fancies, apparently, that he is completing Balzac's work, but Balzac, even when he offends his readers, draws something besides physical impressions; but it would be superfluous to continue the comparison.

So much about the value of the work; it may be worth while to consider briefly how he has performed the unsavory task he set himself. His own style is not attractive, and when any of the characters speak they use, naturally enough, the choicest *argot*, which M. Zola puts down without the use of the dash,—perhaps considering that it would injure the appearance of the page. He lets no chance pass of describing the coarseness of the events of the novel. He not only lets it run on from the beginning to the end without one redeeming ray of virtue, except the brief and unsatisfactory appearance of a good blacksmith, but he goes out of his way to drag in atrocities by the hair of the head, so that his reader gets dizzy with the mephitic air this corruption breeds.

When he tries his hand at it this author can regale the public with choice improprieties, but in this story, painful and shocking as many of the incidents are, it is not their impropriety so much as the coarse indelicacy of the writer that is odious. And then it is possible to object to the rather shallow view of this historian of contem-

porary events, who puts all the blame for arrogance among rulers, discontent among the lower classes, and for vice everywhere, upon the shoulders of the late emperor. There was bad blood in the two families he describes, and that certainly came from older sins and vices. The novel preceding this one had for its object the abuse of Eugène Rouher, here called Rongon, and it described very effectively what his enemies might well imagine the man to be, and showed in a series of coarse pictures the seamy side of life at the late imperial court, which Zola had many opportunities of knowing, for, if we are not mistaken, he was at one time, the Duc de Morny's private secretary.

These novels may be compared with the modern French plays in respect of effectiveness and intensity of impression, but when brought into comparison with the good and lasting work of the past, the over-brightness of the colors, the general exaggeration, the loud-mouthed abuse, become much too noticeable. Then, too, not even the most violent and most exaggerated of modern French plays has shown anything approaching the fierce coarseness of Zola's method. He has yet in contemplation a number of similar novels, in which he hopes to represent what he considers the world to be, and probably he will go on from bad to worse, from necessity as well as from choice. So far as he has now gone he is far ahead of all rivals. It is to be hoped he will remain so for a very long period.

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Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, showing the Operations, Expenditures, and Condition of the Institution for the Year 1875.

Report of the Chief Signal-Officer to the Secretary of War for the Year 1876.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: From Traditional to

Rational Faith; or, The Way I came from Baptist to Liberal Christianity. By R. Andrew Griffin. — A Winter Story. By Miss Peard. — A Modern Mephistopheles. No Name Series.

A. Roman & Co., San Francisco: Seeking the Golden Fleece. A Record of Pioneer Life in California. By J. D. B. Stillman. With Plates.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: Epochs of Ancient History. The Roman Triumvirates. By Charles Merivale, D. D., Dean of Ely. With a Map. — How to Camp Out. By John M. Gould. — That Lass o' Lowrie's. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks.

Seventh Annual Report of the Board of Education, together with the Thirty-Second Annual Report of the Commissioner of Public Schools of Rhode Island. January, 1877.

The Storm in the Isle of Wight, September 28, 1876. And on the Cause of Storms. By G. A. Rowell.

Ward, Lock, & Tyler, London: Hoho and Haha. Their Adventures. Narrated and Illustrated by Sabilla Novello.

S. R. Wells & Co., New York: How to Teach, according to Temperament and Mental Development; or, Phrenology in the School-Room and the Family. By Nelson Sizer.

R. Worthington, New York: Roman Catholicism, Old and New, from the Standpoint of the Infallibility Doctrine. By John Schulte, D. D., Ph. D.

ART.

AMONG the one hundred and twelve pictures and sketches recently exhibited by Mr. Gay at Doll and Richards' were examples of his manner at each successive period of his career, from the time when fresh from the *atelier* of Troyon he began to paint from nature in that great open-air academy, the Forest of Fontainebleau, down to the very recent date of his last visit to Europe and his voyage up the Nile. Besides his early French studies there were scenes in Switzerland and Holland, Bavaria and Egypt, at Rome and at Venice, though American subjects were much more numerous, while by far the greater part of these, and more than half the whole number of pictures and sketches exhibited, were studies of scenery in the immediate vicinity of Massachusetts Bay.

Here, especially along the south shore of the bay, in Hingham, his birthplace, and in the adjoining town of Cohasset, with its rock-bound coast, its dense woods and sunny pastures, its weird cedars and wealth of clambering vines and way-side flowers, has

ever been Mr. Gay's favorite field of study. Here, in more than one sense, he was at home; here his talent found its most congenial material and its best development.

Mr. Gay is commonly spoken of as a pupil of Troyon; and he did indeed pass a few months in that painter's atelier. He was, however, quite as much influenced by other contemporaneous French landscape painters, belonging to what has sometimes been called the school of Fontainebleau. To the sound traditions of that most excellent school Mr. Gay has always held fast; having once found a good method and a style which suited him he has never been tempted to try new and perhaps dangerous experiments. Any differences that may be noticed between his earlier and his later works are due to the gradual development of his own peculiar tastes and sympathies rather than to any change in his methods of working or in his way of looking at nature. There has been no change of base.

In their execution, Mr. Gay's paintings occupy a safe middle-ground between the

careful finish once so much insisted on and the freer handling now becoming popular. His drawing is always correct, though sketchy, missing sometimes the more delicate refinements of form, especially in his trees; always excepting, however, his cedars, which are rendered with rare fidelity and skill. He suggests rather than attempts to express multiplicity of detail; he makes no attempt to simplify Nature; he rather rejoices in her complexity and fullness. He is apt, indeed, to indulge this feeling to excess, to the detriment of the unity and repose of his pictures. He seems to feel but slightly the charm of broad spaces of uniform or delicately graded tint, but loves to break up all his surfaces by a thousand little sparkling accidents; he rarely, if ever, paints a perfectly clear sky. Only in some of his sea-beaches do we remember to have seen a simple treatment of surface.

Though he does not at once and inevitably claim admiration as a colorist, Mr. Gay's color is almost always satisfactory: it is refined and delicate as well as true, an exquisite tender gray running like an undertone through it all, making its occasional richness and fullness all the more effective. His artistic range, both as to choice and treatment of subject, is perhaps somewhat narrow. It is not indeed a broad, but it is certainly a pleasant path in which he has chosen to walk; and if his pictures do not strongly impress us with their power, they please by their uniform excellence. He delights in the simpler aspects of nature, bright, sparkling, and joyous, rather than grand, solemn, or gloomy. Even the low tone of some of his paintings fails to convey the slightest suggestion of melancholy. He rarely, if ever, has painted a storm, and very seldom rainy or threatening weather. The morning hours are his favorites, as though he had more sympathy with the opening than with the closing day. If he does not appeal to our deeper feelings, if his pictures are wanting in sentiment, they are at least wholly free from sentimentality. Their poetry comes from the simple, sincere, and hearty love of nature.

—Immediately after Mr. Gay's exhibition and sale, eleven pictures by Mr. Hamilton Wilde were shown together at Doll and Richards'. All represented Egyptian subjects, and in most of them the Nile was a prominent feature.

Of several American painters who have recently given us their interpretations of the scenery of that ancient river, none, we

are inclined to think, have been more successful than Mr. Wilde in reproducing the local color. The prevailing tints in the landscape and in the costumes of the human figures are the various shades of blue and green, relieved only by the rich brown of the river-banks still wet with the recent floods, the golden sands of the desert, the lilac and purple of distant mountains, the roseate flush of sunset, or the saffron and pearl of early morning.

In these pictures it is evident that the color of natural objects is to Mr. Wilde the chief source of their attractiveness, and that the rendering of that color is the chief object and ambition of his art. He has an intense appreciation of the inherent beauty of certain colors, and a fondness for them for their own sake. With unerring instinct his eye singles out the richest, the purest, the most exquisite tints; and he has the skill to represent these colors with the broad and simple truths about an object seen partly in and partly out of sunshine. No one can better paint that most beautiful object in nature, a shadow thrown upon a white wall. With him *chiaroscuro* and color seem to be inseparable and, as it were, interpenetrative. His color never loses itself in the light nor becomes obscured in the dark portions of his pictures. He never reaches to the top nor descends to the bottom of the scale of light and shade, but keeps in the quiet middle of the gamut, where alone color can be distinguished. In this safe middle of the scale his values are always approximately and relatively true (absolutely true they could not be); the earth and whatever rests upon it is one thing, and the sky another; what is near is clearly to be distinguished from what is distant by differences both in tone and in quality of color. In simple subjects, such as Mr. Wilde usually selects, the result is an extraordinary degree of truthfulness and actuality, but in more complicated scenes, in which a considerable number of successive planes (to anglicize the French *plan*) are to be represented, the resources of his method are apt to prove insufficient. There is nothing in his pictures of what the French call *papillotage*; no juxtaposition of vivid and contrasting colors fatiguing alike to the eye and the mind. His colors, though extraordinarily pure, with no taint of muddiness, are never crude, but are toned to harmony, as though by the intermingling of atmospheric tints as pure as themselves. He has a keen eye for the texture of his surfaces, and understands per-

fectly its effect upon the quality of their color. Some of the faults which thus disturb the pleasure which Mr. Wilde's works afford are so obvious to every one (except, as it would seem, to the artist himself) that it is alike superfluous and useless to point them out. These eleven pictures are, however, tolerably free from the faults in drawing and perspective to which Mr. Wilde is somewhat prone. But in the group of pigeon-houses in the middle distance of the Afternoon near Bellianeh there is a wholly impossible combination of perspective lines, which, together with the incomprehensible rendering of the bank upon which the buildings appear to stand, makes all that part of the picture a bewildering and annoying puzzle.

Mr. Wilde sometimes, in aiming at simplicity, gives us an abstract rather than a generalization of nature. He leaves out rather than condenses. He delights in, as much as Mr. Gay seems to dislike, broad and simple spaces and masses, and his skill in rendering them stands him in good stead in his skies, the wide open heavens, which he paints with rare ability through all the imperceptible gradations from horizon to zenith. It serves him admirably in his Desert at El Kab at Sunset, where a solitary camel is the only object that breaks the solemn unity of the sandy waste below and the glowing heavens above. But in other subjects the effect is not so satisfactory, as in the picture entitled Morning Prayer, in which the river-bank, reduced to its simplest expression and stripped of all the *débris* that would naturally be left by the receding waters, has a preternaturally clean-swept aspect; while, probably from the omission to note them carefully in the original sketch, the forms of the various accidents of the surface are much too vaguely rendered to be at all intelligible.

— Mr. W. E. Norton has recently had an exhibition and sale at the gallery of Messrs. Williams and Everett. His collection, not so numerous as Mr. Gay's, from the greater preponderance of large canvases occupied much more space, and also represented the work of years.

Like his brother artist, Mr. Norton has his own narrow path in which he is content to walk, though in a different and more limited sense. The sea is literally his element: with few exceptions the one hundred and three pictures and sketches in his exhibition were strictly marine views, dealing almost exclusively with the sea and with

ships. There were indeed a few studies of rocky or sandy sea-coast, and one or two inland sketches, but in most cases there was no land whatever in his pictures, or only a distant line of coast.

Whatever may be Mr. Norton's claims as a painter, he has not only a thorough acquaintance with all that pertains to the construction of a ship, but an absolute familiarity with all the details of practical seamanship. He knows when to "carry" and when to "shorten sail," and the precise effect of every change of position in rope or canvas. But his perfect seamanship, so to speak, does not render him insensible to the poetry of the sea and of sea life. He has an eye for whatever there is of effective in the varying position of the ship itself and of its several parts. He feels the poetry of a vessel's motion, especially when she is seen bounding toward the spectator, her hull and spars inclined by a "stiff breeze" and, as sailors say, "carrying a bone in her mouth," — a position, and an effect, which seems to be a favorite with the artist. He knows how to take advantage of all the incidents that break the monotony of a long voyage, the meeting and exchanging signals with or speaking another ship, and the bustle attending the taking in of the light sails to make ready for an approaching squall. He catches for our benefit the moment of picturesque disorder — sails partly filled and partly aback, some in light and some in shadow — which occurs in Heaving to for a Pilot, or he shows us the good ship, her long voyage over, "coming to anchor," with all sails fluttering. He excels in fogs, and perhaps his best pictures were Among the Fishermen, George's Banks, and Crossing the Grand Banks. In each a large ship with all sails spread to catch the scarcely perceptible breeze is making her way through a fleet of fishing boats at anchor amidst a dense fog: but in one the ship is receding from the spectator, in the other she is approaching, "bows on." In the last there is an awfulness in the slow but sure approach of the huge bulk, threatening to override the small craft that obstruct its path. The rocking motion of the boats at anchor is marvelously suggested even to the difference of the movement in those which have no sail set and those which have a mainsail to steady them.

But perfect familiarity with ships and shipping, mere accurate delineation of every part, together with even a keen eye for picturesque incidents, is not sufficient to

make of the marine painter a true artist. Like all who in whatever department aspire to that title, he must have at his command what a recent French critic calls "*la gamme harmonieuse*," that scale of harmonious color without which, he goes on to say, all pos-

sible merit of drawing, the most consummate skill in composition, fail to move. Mr. Norton has yet to add to the solid acquirements he has already mastered the crowning grace of harmonious, refined, and delicate color.

EDUCATION.

THE difficulty—almost the impossibility—of procuring the exact training necessary to qualify one as an "expert" has been a serious barrier in the way of opening to women not a few lucrative employments. Each year increases the demand for teachers in all the natural sciences, while the ever-widening application of chemistry to the industrial arts requires more and more the service of practically trained assistants. For this latter work, requiring nicety of hand and eye, women would seem by nature peculiarly fitted, but there are also absolutely necessary a patient accuracy and precision which many women lack for want of positive mental discipline and rigid training.

Yet no training is so difficult to secure as this on account of the very expensive apparatus requisite. The impromptu work room and experiments of the last generation are no longer possible. The chemist of to-day must have his special laboratory and an outfit of instruments, balances, lenses, etc., powerful enough and delicate enough to penetrate the subtlest secrets of nature.

It is quite apparent that while the demand for a general "liberal education" among women grows somewhat slowly for want of that immediate professional use of it which men have, the desire for various kinds of special training such as will afford means of living is, in proportion to opportunity, increasing far more rapidly.

The laboratory of the Girls' High School in Boston has for some years supplied very excellent elementary practice. Three years ago a class of young women who were fitting themselves as teachers were allowed to enjoy its privileges for study of a more advanced kind. The expense of instruction and of materials for work was borne by the Woman's Education Association, of Boston.

After one year of very successful work, the limited time at the disposal of both teachers and pupils prevented the continuance of the class as a whole, but some of its members went on with their work in connection with the Lowell courses in science at the Institute of Technology in Boston. These courses were almost the first attempt outside of regular college work to supply the want we have described, and the classes have been always well attended, but obviously a special student in any of the subjects would soon pass beyond their limit. Yet in order not to give up so hopeful an experiment, the professors at the Institute have most kindly shared their own already crowded laboratory with the few students who could find room. Even this very limited instruction has been so eagerly sought as to point very clearly to the direction in which an important move might be made for the "higher education of women."

Fortunately, the subject had already been brought to notice in the experiment at the Girls' High School. The interest in it then awakened among the members of the Woman's Education Association has never died out, and it now assumes new activity in the form of a special laboratory for women at the Institute of Technology in Boston.

The undertaking was suggested to the association last spring, and, upon conference with the government of the Institute, it was agreed if funds were forthcoming on the part of the association to fit up suitable rooms for a laboratory for women over the south end of the drill hall and to equip it with apparatus sufficient for a start, the Institute would provide instruction upon the same terms as for young men. A guaranty was added that in any laboratories which might be built for the Institute in the fut-

ure, provision should be made for advanced instruction without distinction of sex.

The association assumed no responsibility, but made a handsome donation from its society fund, and the two thousand dollars necessary to make a beginning were immediately subscribed by its members and their friends. A few contributions came in the shape of valuable instruments, one of them, a Browning spectroscope from the Woman's Club. During the summer, however, the plan was essentially changed for the better in view of the erection of a building for the new "workshops" to be opened by the Institute. Instead of the attic room over the drill hall at first proposed, the laboratory now occupies the entire south end of the new building, with its own special entrance. There are four rooms, covering a space not far from forty feet by thirty: first, the general work room, large enough to accommodate at least twenty students with their tables, sinks, etc. A second room nearly as large is devoted to optical work, the microscope and spectroscope; it includes a dark chamber for spectroscopic work, photography, and the like. The two smaller rooms will be used, one for the library and the balances, the other as reception room and dressing-room. A fifth room communicates directly with the laboratory, which the professor of chemistry proposes to devote to work in industrial chemistry for all the students of his classes. This room will be common ground. The others are specially devoted to the women.

A due proportion of the money subscribed has been spent in instruments which, eked out by the resources of the Institute and by the generous lending of the friends of the plan, will provide a fair working equipment. The wise in such things say that for light and space and convenience, there is hardly such another laboratory to be found. There is plenty of room, however, upon the shelves for more instruments, and there will be faithful and grateful use of them by the students, as fast as the friends of the higher education of women can contribute them.

The course of study is to include—to quote the circular issued by the Institute—"the advanced study of chemical analysis, mineralogy, and chemistry as related to vegetable and animal physiology and to the industrial arts."

Entrance examinations are not required, but it is expected that students will prove themselves competent for *advanced* work.

The terms as to guaranty and fees are the same as for young men: for daily work throughout the school year, two hundred dollars; for less time, in proportion. The laboratory will be open for work nine hours a day, and as no student could work so many hours consecutively, a system of alternation will nearly double the number who can be admitted.

The students in the laboratory will also be admitted to other advanced courses in the Institute. Ten such are already advertised.

So much as to preparation. The actual success must, of course, depend upon the number and character of the students. Seventeen had already applied, the first of October. In this as in the college work for women, the question of money must be of great importance, and scholarships to defray expense will be as essential in this work as in that. But the position of the Institute in the centre of a large population will greatly help in two ways: it is within reach of a large number of women who can pursue their studies while living at home; and also the immediate neighborhood of factories, offices, and works of all kinds where skilled persons may obtain employment, acts as an incentive. Almost as this is written, comes an application for a person to test drugs at a salary of a thousand a year. The places are few indeed with the same amount of work and so little "wear and tear," in which a woman could obtain anything like that salary.

One other and yet greater thing the laboratory must have to make its success complete. Without the unwearied painstaking of the professor of chemistry at the Institute, the experiment would have been impossible. Were the chair to be filled by men of other minds, spirited as has been the commencement, the plan could hardly secure a fair trial, for much of the work must be done in addition to regular duties. The endowment of a professorship is no light proposal, but if the laboratory for women has but moderate success, it will require a large part of the time of an able professor. To make it of the widest use, it will need a professor of its own.

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It was organized twenty-four years since, and its plan from the beginning has been eminently liberal and comprehensive, free alike from the narrowness of "fixed ideas" and from the looseness of crude and hasty innovation.

Thoroughness in character and methods of instruction, and an earnest, conscientious fidelity, content to deal with truth as it is, all the way from Elements on to Art, to Science, and to advanced teachings in Philosophy, have pervaded its entire growth. Without parade, with no clamor of pretensions, but with diligent painstaking, in class room, in the contingent culture of morals, manners, and recreations, and in household amenities, this Institute has attained to a rank conceded as foremost among the institutions for women in this country; and educated foreigners have pronounced it a peeress to any school of like design to be found in older lands.

METHODS OF STUDY.—In the preparatory work, not merely the names and formulas of the text-book, but the elemental ideas and truths which yield the terms are sought for. In the higher branches the educator's paramount aim is to aid the pupils to discriminate between the coverings of truths and the truths themselves, to penetrate beneath the outward forms into the vital substance.

PHILOSOPHY.—Not merely to introduce to discussions regarding the most abstract themes, or to dogmatic definitions without any proper apprehension of their meaning, but to familiarize the pupil with the processes which underlie all these; to teach the history of philosophy, so far as necessary to an appreciation, in some good de-

gree, of the most advanced philosophical thought of the modern world, is the work of this institution.

LITERATURE.—In this department it is the aim of Gannett Institute not only to acquaint its students with the names, works, and superficial aspects of noble authors, but to imbue them with their spirit, until they breathe the same atmosphere and are conscious of the same pulse of intellectual, æsthetic, and moral life. It deals with leading authors in all the literatures. For a long period Homer has been carefully studied, by the aid of the best translations, and many other works relating to him, and the young women graduates have not been allowed to be ignorant of the contents of the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*; and Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and others, receive here the same special attention.

ANCIENT CLASSICS.—Gannett Institute believes in the ancient classics, and many an earnest plea has it made for their study. It would that all young ladies had the time and the inclination to pursue the most extended courses that have ever been prescribed in this direction.

It is believed that the studies pursued in Gannett Institute in History, Literature, Art Studies, Rhetoric, and Composition are more thorough and liberal than they can be in any of the colleges for women in which extended courses in mathematics and Latin and Greek classics are made indispensable to graduation; and it is asserted that unless the graduates are to pursue post-graduate studies, requiring several years to be added to the educational period, the Gannett Institute is by far the best adapted to meet their mental and social needs. No considerable number of the pupils here have been accustomed for many years to pursue classical studies, and not a few have graduated at this Institute, having been carefully trained in Latin Reader, Cicero, Sallust, Virgil, Ovid, and Horace, and some, also, in Greek studies; and to all who desire them are offered unsurpassed facilities for pursuing the most extended courses in Latin, Greek, and Mathematics.

THE LECTURE SYSTEM.—From eighty to one hundred lectures are given annually by eminent men, upon History, Literature, Philosophy, Science, and Art, and these do not displace, but *supplement*, the class-room training. In Natural Philosophy and Chem-

istry there are weekly lectures through the entire year to the classes in these branches, making every fourth lesson a review by lecture, with experiments and the use of all requisite apparatus. The scientific lectures are illustrated by charts, diagrams, and specimens provided by the Institute, or obtained from the museums of the city. In order to promote intelligence in regard to the great problem of modern science, as well as a knowledge of the important facts, phenomena, and laws of the organic world, and the methods of study, arrangements are now consummated for the annual delivery to the students in the senior department of a systematic course of lectures upon Biology.

ART STUDIES.—A course of two years is provided in these, for both those who are to graduate and all other members of the Institute who desire it. It includes the History, Literature, and Philosophy of Art, besides the lectures that are given annually to the classes in these studies. The Institute has an improved Sciopticon with powerful lenses and hundreds of slides, representing subjects of greatest interest to the classical and art student. The purpose is to furnish illustrations of the entire history of Art, and of numerous themes in Literature and Science.

THE STUDIO is filled with casts, natural and artificial objects, as well as flats, from which the students are taught to draw.

In the department of Drawing and Painting a resident lady artist of well-known ability is occupied during all the Institute hours.

In French, German, and Italian native teachers are employed, and in French a competent American lady superintends the class-room work, thus allowing the French Professor to devote himself exclusively to the part of the instruction that belongs to him. In this department young ladies are introduced to French conversation at the outset. But while the ability to converse correctly and fluently is kept ever in view, Gannett Institute aims to impart the most thorough knowledge of French grammar; and as the pupils advance they are instructed in the logical analysis of the language, and in the most approved French Classics. It may be added that all the pupils in French have access to a copy of the latest edition of the *Dictionnaire Langue Française*, by Littré.

TEACHERS AND PROFESSORS.—In every department such teachers and professors only are employed as have been enriched by years of eminent success in their work;

and so large is the board of instruction, in proportion to the number of pupils, that an unequaled division of labor is secured. In Elocution, Penmanship, and Physical Culture, special teachers are in service. The physical culture includes attention to all the forms of etiquette.

LIBRARIES.—With a most select and constantly increasing general library of several thousand volumes; with a large and valuable **ART LIBRARY**, and many thousands of the finest illustrative engravings, to all of which the students have access, there is here offered every incentive to reading, study, and research, outside of the text-books.

A HOME is found here for upwards of thirty young ladies and seven of the lady teachers, in the boarding department. This constitutes a family, admitting of the refining intimacies and social culture scarcely possible amid numbers which make well-nigh a congregation.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS TRAINING.—This Institute regards the moulding of character as the supreme end of education. It exalts the moral virtues far above all intellectual attainments. It estimates the Bible as above all the eulogies that have been pronounced upon it, not only as a classic but as a divinely authoritative book. The Christ of God it regards as infinitely superior to all human teachers; and more than this, it would never cease to recognize the truth that in Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge and grace.

The mere outline view now given of this Institute will, it is believed, justify the claim that it holds a foremost rank among the educational institutions for women in our country. Those who desire the most thorough training in preparatory studies, or in the most extended college courses, will find here all that they can reasonably demand. Certainly, in its broad range of studies, in its large and efficient corps of teachers, in its libraries and rich art collections, in its full sets of apparatus, in its Christian home life, in its charming location, it affords facilities for a finished education which can scarcely be found elsewhere. And to crown all these advantages there are the privileges enjoyed by all the students which Boston herself affords in her Museum of Fine Arts, in her Public Library (the largest in the United States except the Congressional Library at Washington), in her Natural History Collection, in her Lowell Institute and other lectures, in her Art Club Exhibitions, and in many other means of culture and refinement.

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